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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Editorial

*Onward and ever on,
Till the voice of despair is stilled,
Till the harem of peace is won,
And the purpose of God fulfilled.*
—Mis: Monroe's Commemoration Ode.

It is fitting that the great series of congresses to be held during the World's Fair should be inaugurated next week by the women; for they who have so long been kept in the background have by their energy, wisdom, and zeal fairly won their right to this post of honor.

THE one ambition to provide the wherewith to sustain life is as paralyzing to the poor man as it is to the rich. Selfishness is a curse all along the line, and the law of love and service holds the laborer's happiness in its grasp just as firmly as it does that of the millionaire.

ALAS for him who, seeing the

value of a dollar, fails to see the value of a kind word! His business vision will soon be blurred and success will bring to him no triumphs. Spiritual vision is as necessary in trade as in the legislative hall or in the pulpit. The spiritual commodities of kindness, forbearance and courtesy are counting-room necessities.

THE gospel of free thought will never convert the world from the pulpit; the power must come from the counting-room, from the manufacturing shop. When our business men come to feel that they are called to free the world from superstition, to lift it out of poverty, to cement it with love, then and not until then may the kingdom of God, the republic of the spirit, be expected.

OUR "field" is the world, and we solicit notes of progress and activity from anywhere along the advance line. A venture in Australia strengthens the purposes of the lonely toiler in Oregon, and a failure in Yucatan may start a saving wave of sympathy from the shores of Labrador. Give to UNITY the good news from everywhere. And it is sometimes good to know of brave sailors who have gone down with their flag flying. There are triumphs in defeats.

SCIENCE will one day emphasize more the measureless power of environment as a modifier of unfortunate heredity, and the possibility of correcting ante-natal biases by post-natal discipline; of rearranging the cellular tissue of the brain, if that is what is needed by training. Gentle women have been made of the daughters of violent mothers. Patient and sober sons have grown up to rebuke rash and dissolute fathers. The misfortunes of birth may be largely overcome by the good fortunes of life.

ARE there any Unitarian churches within the limits of the Western

Unitarian Conference that do not claim to be Free churches, undogmatic in their fellowship, progressive in their methods? All these churches will also admit that there are Free churches within this territory identical with them in spirit and aim, that are not Unitarian in name and antecedent. Would not this conference be coming not only to itself, but to its own, if it called itself the Western Conference of Liberal or Free Churches? Perhaps some day it will rise to its mission, opportunity and calling in some such way as that; not until the word *movement* will be emphasized more than the word Unitarian in the phrase that bespeaks its prophet traditions and the prophetic element in its inheritance. America is making its church. We will not wait for it, but work for it.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, whose name must be dear to every truth-lover, an inspiration to sincerity, and a rebuke to all half-heartedness and halting compromises of statements however innocent, writes to the editor of the *Free Church Record*, as published in the April number, as follows:

I fervently hope that your new Free Church will prove to be strong to live and become the Star of the West. From my soul I sympathize with your movement, and congratulate you and your new society on the boldness, the beauty, and the truth of your new position, "broader than Christian, broader than Unitarian, namely, Human; preferring strict loyalty to truth to the advantages of association unethically acquired." I pray you stand fast by those principles with all the immobility of your own Mt. Tacoma! For they are the foundation of the moral universe itself, and on them you dedicate yourself to the Eternal God. May your brave little company of truth-lovers and truth-servers prove to be that city set on a hill which cannot be hid. I greet you and them with joy, love, and hope, for our cause is one.

How do you like our new dress? Suggestions are in order.

ON BROADENING LINES.

In donning a new dress UNITY enters, it is hoped, on a new lease of life. With no regret for the past, with encouragement for the present, and with high faith for the future, there seems every reason why our weekly message should continue to go forth gathering added strength and resolution for all the duties new and old that shall crowd upon us. The time is opportune for new consecration and high resolves. These Columbian days bring each its fresh suggestion, luring the whole world even into broader, happier paths; making it seem for each and all worth while to widen private and public horizons, to enter into the more blessed bonds of universal and intimate brotherhood. It is the whole of mankind that comes to our doors; all races, all religions, all manner of arts, all discoveries of science, all customs and fashions show forth the varying expressions of human worth and intelligence. But like the architectural beauty of the White City itself, the varieties blend into one pleasing unity of life and being. It is one race, with one aspiration, with one destiny.

UNITY would be false to itself, false to the hour and the inspiration did it fail to catch new life, new vigor from these manifold assurances of wisest co operation, united with fraternal rivalries and emulation.

Carrying our thought still into the religious life of the world, we shall continue our plea for larger boundaries, our determination to more and more bespeak for ourselves and our friends wisdom and charity to make yet broader and broader the lines of human activity and fellowship.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast."

At the same time UNITY knows that there will be battles to fight, victories to be won. We shall not shrink from speaking our fullest, frankest word. But that word, however plain, however uncompromising it shall be, shall carry, we in all sincerity trust, no suggestion of other than friendliest relation with all opposing honesty. Only one thing is forever intolerable, and that is insin-

cerity. All else one must welcome, differ how widely it may from the conviction he is alone able to cherish.

We want to succeed, but in the future as in the past, we will take counsel of principle, not expediency. Bright as the sky appears, we know full well 'tis as yet only the dawn of the new day that we behold. We press still forward, nothing doubting, to the more gracious time prophesied when religious bigotries, bitternesses, hatreds, shall have been banished never to return. This we do not expect by ignoring honest differences, but by respecting them, giving them free play and a fair field, with no *Odium Theologicum* attached to any minority or majority opinion.

In another column will be found our reconstructed staff of Editorial Contributors, with a business word in connection therewith. In that list our readers will miss some of the familiar names; those of tried and true friends, who, from remoteness, preoccupation, or other reasons, have felt compelled to withhold their names from the list of those who will try to regularly enrich our columns. In place of these names our readers will rejoice with us in the discovery of new names that will indicate that slowly UNITY is reaching the constituency for whose sake it came into being, the progressive mind, the devout thinker, the free spirit, not in one communion alone, but in all the different sections of the liberal movement in religion.

We welcome our genial friend and neighbor, Dr. Thomas, the pastor of the People's Church of Chicago, a man whose heart is ever on the sunward side, an heroic representative of the independent movement in religion, which already represents a considerable organized constituency and an immense unorganized element. This element is unrelated to the Unitarian and Universalist tradition, and has but little interest in the machinery of these denominations. But it is intimately related with the fundamental principles and prophetic inspirations of these two movements, and it is to bring a large contribution to the Liberal Church of the future, and is a part of the constituency UNITY would fain represent and serve. Dr. Thomas writes: "I shall be glad to be counted in the fellowship you represent, and will willingly do what I can to help the cause; for I am coming to feel more and more

that we are one in spirit and working for the same great end."

Equally cordial is the acceptance of Dr. Canfield, pastor of St. Paul's Church. The Universalists have their contribution to make to the coming church. They are a part of the forces that are making for the Free Church, the Liberal Church of America. Dr. Canfield's own words are his best introduction.

The prospective UNITY meets with my hearty sympathy and approval. I shall be glad to join hands with you in the great enterprise of providing a working hypothesis which will help to bring order and harmony into our chaotic liberalism. Thirty years of work and observation have convinced me that we can scarcely hope for much further progress until we coalesce, at least so far as to present more of a united front to the outside world. To organize liberty and individuality is a difficult task, but whoever succeeds in doing it will be a greater religious benefactor than Martin Luther or John Calvin, or even Channing or Ballou. We can at least help to prepare the way for him.

Equally cordial are the words of Mr. Mangasarian, representative of the Ethical Culture Society. Ethics is the cornerstone of the coming temple: that which makes for the betterment of man undoubtedly contributes to the glory of God. Mr. Mangasarian says: "You say 'we want to emphasize not our differences but our harmonies.' Surely our differences are insignificant; in spirit we are one, in purpose we are one, in the hope of a larger tomorrow we are one, and it is well that we should draw closer to one another, and give to one another the comradeship of spirit. I like UNITY exceedingly and feel that it has a mission. It is with great pleasure that I accept your invitation to come on the editorial staff."

We place also, for the first time, on the list of our editorial contributors, the names of Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, R. I., Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold of Columbus, Wis., Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., and Sidney H. Morse of Chicago, names so familiar to our readers that they need no introduction. They are of the UNITY household by the law of natural selection and divine appointment. If Mrs. Spencer was to be labeled at all, the name of the Free Religious Association would perhaps best fit her. The next two represent the religiousness of litera-

ture, the preaching potency in culture, the piety of the humanities. Mr. Morse begins in this number some art notes from the World's Fair, and so far as space admits he will help us interpret the world of art, and enlist it in the service of religion.

As to our relation to the Unitarians of America, it will remain the same as ever. With them always in their makings for freedom, fellowship and character in religion, but never forgetting that the movement for truth, righteousness, and love is not coterminous with their name. We may find within their ranks, as within other ranks, antagonism which it will be our duty to oppose and counteract. The same relations of intimate comradeship as have heretofore existed between UNITY and the Western Unitarian Conference we hope will continue. Domiciled together, justifying the intimacy by the exchange of mutual courtesies, we will continue to be its news-gatherer and messenger, which service we will be glad to render to all the other activities represented. We hope for a union by confederation of existing forces, not a destruction of existing organization. We will aim to criticize by creation.

Together we will seek to keep step with advancing thought, to unite reason and reverence, free thought and helpfulness, to discover, teach, and increase the unity among those who would serve character and not creed, and find their adequate bond of union in loving service to the cause of truth, righteousness, and love in the needy world. Will you help us?

THE SOCIAL OPPORTUNITY OF MRS. CLEVELAND;

OR,

THE HERO AS SOCIETY WOMAN.

American society leaders have had two emphatic warnings. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Whitney, on whom rested a large part of the social burdens of Washington for a few years, were both crushed by it.

The demands of formal society in any city where there are "four hundred" or more people to call upon, receive calls from, send invitations to and accept or refuse invitations from, are a tax upon physical and nervous strength which brings no adequate return.

The objects of these formalities are the broadening of sympathies which results from the contact with

different types of personality, and the attendant opportunities to select from the mass of society those congenial units who may become real friends. The latter object is too often defeated by the very complexity of society itself, which leaves no time to cultivate intimacies. The first could be attained in some other way than by house-to-house calling and crowded receptions.

Here is the great opportunity for the "Hero as Society Woman," in Carlylese. She must be a social genius. Mrs. Cleveland is everywhere credited with being this. She, or some leader of society in Washington or New York, could set an example which would be copied from Bangor to Spokane. She must aim at simplicity, and at the substitution for empty social forms of forms which she shall devise and which shall be useful and elevating.

A suggestion of the method of this reform is not original with me. It is that all the society people in a city or a "set" build a club house, which shall be a social clearing house. Weekly or fortnightly receptions could take the place of calls and "at homes," and leave the remaining days for home, children, friends, study, charity, etc. The club house will naturally be the center of literary, artistic, charitable, and educational clubs, as well as smaller social clubs. The members will unite in pursuit of some worthy aim other than the display of costumes and furniture. Men and women will both belong to the club, with both separate and common parlors. Strangers coming to live in the city will be carefully looked after.*

Society women now have often to deny themselves culture, benevolence, and intimate society of dear friends on account of the undue pressure of formal life. The new century must see a new departure. F. G. B.

NOBLE LIVES AND NOBLE DEEDS.†

This is one of the best series of character lessons yet published by either our Eastern or Western Sunday School Society; best by its plan. The plan is to concentrate each les-

*Why not make this "Club" the Free Church Home, open seven days in the week, teaching, helping and working, as well as the above work?—ED.

†A Series of Lessons for Sunday Schools. Published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston. Price, per copy, 1 cent; per 100, 75 cents.

son-topic, as self-control, honor, courage, etc., upon some one or two noble persons who in life have royally illustrated that especial virtue. Each lesson thus becomes a little biography, and this two-page biography is long enough to show an outline of the life, with interesting anecdotes. To this outline many other suggestions, questions and references are added. Thus No. 1 is in topic "Self-Control;" the noble life is "Washington." No. 2, in topic, "Concentration;" the noble life, "Mary Carpenter." No. 3 is "Honesty," with "Abraham Lincoln" to illustrate it. No. 4, "Duty," and "Sir Walter Scott." No. 14, "Honor," and "Chevalier Bayard." No. 16, "Affection," and "St. Francis." No. 26, "Ambition," and "Havelock" (this is one of the best). No. 31, "Courage," and "Dr. Kane." No. 35, "Mercy," and "Dorothea Dix." Of the forty lessons these named seemed to us, in an hour's reading, among the best. Twenty-three friends have taken part in the making, most of them contributing a single lesson; but Mrs. Kate G. Wells gives five, and the earnest secretary, Mr. Horton, a round dozen. They are by no means equally well done. "Good" and "fairly good," we say, as we pass along; yet very few suggest that the writer said to himself: "Let me try to make this a little masterpiece." It would have been well worth while to say exactly that and to write and rewrite, touch and retouch, until each virtue stood out a clear-cut, shining, not-to-be-forgotten face. Now and then the fitting of the life and topic seems to fail; you see the face, but not the special virtue in it which it is meant to illustrate. But the plan of the lesson is good enough and new enough to dim all blemishes and earn our hearty welcome for the series. In the Western "six years' course," the subject plotted for the last part of the fourth year (which is next year) is called "Illustrations of Manhood and Womanhood;" and we are not likely to make anything as good as these lessons to fill that niche. This last sentence, however, suggests a final wonder—how is it that, out of forty noble lives in such a course, but four are women's lives?

W. C. G.

LONG periods of time are required to establish on sure foundations any vital truth, but far longer periods are required to disprove of dead superstitions.

Contributed and Selected

REBUKED.

I am so tired!

There lies my bow unstrung,
Nor strength have I to string it o'er again,
To fix the arrow, or to sight the mark
I've missed so oft. Why should I longer
strive?—

But trail my bow behind me in the dust,
Unstrung,—so tired, so tired am I.

Without my window in the summer air
A spider weaves his web. Would I had
marked

The times he's strove to fling the slender
thread

From point to point and fasten it. The
wind,

That wanton, breaks the airy thing
Each time, and once a bird's swift wing
Severed the dainty bridge but just com-
plete.

Oh, meanest creature thou!

Shall I, a prince of God's own royal line,
Be shamed by thee? My bow again I'll
bend

With newer strength; more taut shall be
The string, my sight more keen, more fixed
and true

My aim;—and higher place the mark!

Then when 'tis time, I pray

The cord may snap with clear resounding
twang,

Just as an arrow speeds to highest flight!

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

SUNDAY AT THE GATES.

Closed are the gates?

Oh, open the gates!

O impious deed, O action rude,
To close from view one day in seven
The fairest scene 'neath the blue heaven!
Yea, open the gates

Full wide! No son of man exclude.

Behold what man creates!

What folly hideth this display
Of human worth each seventh day;

This glory of the nations;

The e choice abbreviations

Of all the earth's industrial life;

This outcome of a noble strife?

Yea, open the gates:

To the equal fates.

M.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Phillips was a born fighter, but he fought on the side of the weak and oppressed. Extravagant of statement, doubtless, as popular orators are wont to be; hurling his bolts red hot and flaming at a shining mark. "Men blame us," he said, "for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it through their idols." As illustration, when he went to Music Hall to deliver his famous

phillippic against Webster, who had given his support to the Fugitive Slave bill, he knew he must conquer his audience at the start. Calmly he stepped to the front of the platform to begin his speech with the words, "The infamous Webster." Unperturbed, he paused till the fury of the galleries, where the opposing forces gathered, had spent itself. Then, in louder tones, he repeated the same words. Again and again was the battle renewed, but every time Phillips' voice grew louder and sterner, while the mad response of the audience grew weaker and weaker. The enemy had shouted itself hoarse. Phillips then went on to tell why, in his opinion, Daniel Webster had made himself "infamous."

He had grown familiar with mobs, had faced a great number of them, and had nearly always emerged from the conflict victorious. Hissing, eggs, boulders at the beginning; salvos of applause at the end!

On one occasion in Boston his audience was more than ever determined he should not be heard. The moment he uttered a word the noise began. At length he shouted: "Then I will talk to the country," and dropping his voice until it was possible only for the reporters in front of him to hear, he went serenely on with his speech. Gradually the tumult ceased, and men began leaning forward, the rioters with others, if possible, to catch his words. Then gradually he raised his voice to the natural pitch. As often as the disturbance was renewed he "talked to the country." Of course he won the fight.

But I remember one fight he did not win. It was in Cincinnati just before the war. The mob, as usual, had possession of the gallery. From the beginning he was met with interruptions of every description. Eggs began flying through the air. One struck him full on his white bosom. He used his handkerchief, but his speech did not falter. Then a stone as large as one's fist came whirring down and struck the floor at his feet. Still undaunted he stooped and picked the ugly missile up and held it aloft toward the gallery from whence it came. Gazing an instant, he said, amidst profound silence: "The man who threw this boulder did not aim to hit me. He aimed it at an idea; but you can't hit ideas with boulders." The applause

that thundered from every part of the house seemed to extinguish the mob's spirit and determine the victory for the orator. But the orator was there to speak his entire mind. The very next sentence lashed the galleries again to fury. Down the stairs the mob, howling, rushed, the cry of "Go for him" heard above the din. A tragic end appeared to be imminent. Phillips, pale but defiant, advanced to the front of the platform. Friends came rapidly from the rear to bodily carry him beyond the reach of danger. Meanwhile the progress of the mob up the aisle had been stayed by the stubborn resistance of one gray-haired old man. He had wrenched a chair from its place and turned on the enemy with such effect that needed time had been gained. The lights were turned off; the lecturer was defeated.

The career of Phillips furnishes a unique chapter in American history. Whatever his merits or demerits as a reformer, he was always a free citizen, above party and creed, neither holding nor seeking office, a believer in the common people—educated by agitation. A gentleman, an aristocrat by birth, and yet a democrat to the core.

S. H. M.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY.

The issue involved in the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday goes deeper than is commonly supposed. The question is not whether the observance of Sunday as a day of rest, that is, as a holiday, is or is not in harmony with Christian tradition, or the present prevailing desire of the Christian church. The state, which appoints the seventh-day rest, conforming to Jewish or Christian practice, does so, not in behalf of and for the purpose of promoting the Christian religion, but solely because the people of the country generally desire a recurring rest day, and have no objection to taking the one the prevailing religious denominations have chosen. Any other day than Sunday would serve as well; it is simply a consideration of expediency. The government here is supposed to be "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," and what the people desire is always in order, save only that the people's will, expressed by the majority, shall never trespass on the reserved rights of the minority; among which is the right of exemp-

tion from all religious interference—a right secured by the Constitutional provision that no form of religion shall be established. The desire of the framers of that instrument is perfectly clear and explicit, and yet the power of Christian zealots has been able from the very beginning of the republic to get engrafted into every State constitution throughout the Union laws that compel the observance of Christian commands and ceremonies. The appointment of chaplains in the two houses of Congress and in the Legislatures of the several States is but one illustration of many that could be given. What are these acts but the establishment of religion in the state; invasions of personal liberty which the Christian church has instigated and continually advocates? The Sunday rest-day, it has converted into a sectarian religious day, and in every State the statutes bristle with penalties for the secular offender. Yet there is not the least warrant in the Constitution for any other than a purely secular day, a day in which the people all may rest from their labors and enjoy themselves, or enrich their lives in whatsoever ways their judgment and discretion shall urge, barring only one thing—they are not to interfere, by the nature of their festivities, with one another. They are to be considerate and mindful of one another and create no disturbance. That is all. That is the whole of it. There is not the slightest obligation to go to church, or refrain from going to a theater or a fair. Do as you please. The church may not say to the theater on that day, "I am holier than thou. I open my doors; you close yours." Not to the Fair, the World's Fair or any other: "Close your gates that people may come to the Christian house of prayer." No; the theater, the Fair, can as well retort by a like demand on the church. But every such demand from whatever source is out of place. The one injunction on which all the people can agree is this: On this universal Rest-day go and do what you please, only let not your going or doing interfere with the same privilege to others—a privilege, a right withheld from no one.

If Christianity cannot hold its own against theater, fair, picnic, or whatever else, under this equal ruling, so much the worse for the Chris-

tian gospel. At any rate it should have no backing from the state.

One would suppose that this plain truth should be pretty well understood and accepted by this time. Perhaps it is, but the whole career of the Christian churches, with rare exceptions, shows only a determination to set at naught or reverse the plan of religious liberty which the Constitution ordained.

Twenty years ago their leading representatives solemnly proclaimed: "First, a nation is the creature of God; second, it is clothed with authority derived from God; third, it is under the dominion of Jesus Christ, the appointed ruler of nations; fourth, it is subject to the Bible, with special revelation of the moral law."

These propositions were deliberately set forth in a call issued for a national convention, whose business it should be to propose and secure, if possible, the adoption by the States of the following "amendment" to the National Constitution:

"We, the people of the United States, humbly acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as of supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the inalienable rights and blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to ourselves, our posterity, and all the inhabitants of the land, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America."

"Nothing can be plainer," as Francis E. Abbot pointed out at the time, "than that the contemplated change, if made, would involve a political revolution of the most sweeping and profound character. It would be the overthrow of the Free Republic and the erection of a Christian Theocracy in its stead."

The call was signed by William Strong, United States Supreme Court, and by a long list of vice presidents, including judges, governors, college presidents, professors, bishops, clergymen and ministers of every leading Protestant denomination, not omitting the Universalist, which was represented by "the Rev. A. A. Minor, D. D., President of Tufts College, Mass.," and the Unitarian, represented by the Rev. A. D. Mayo, D. D.,

one of many "gentlemen of Cincinnati concurring in the foregoing call."

As we remember, this "call" did not provoke a very exciting discussion at the time outside the circle of those immediately interested in the project. And if the project itself has slumbered since then, no one witnessing the extreme partisan, sectarian bias of leading Christian churches and ministers in this last year of grace, can for a moment doubt that it needs only the opportune moment to reanimate the old endeavor and bring it to the front as a great controlling feature of some State or national campaign. That the undertaking will ever be accomplished we do not believe. The whole country, it seems to us, is under too much headway in the opposite direction. Yet vigilance and steady effort in the education of the masses in liberal principles is strictly in order.

In his discourse at the time, which discourse should continue to be a tract for the times, Dr. Abbot did not mince his words nor disguise his horror of the proposed "amendment." He met the four propositions by declaring: "Here are four immeasurable, unfathomable falsehoods." Instead of their being true he proclaimed the following: "1. A nation is the creature of man. 2. It is clothed with no authority not derived from himself. 3. It is not under the dominion of Jesus Christ. 4. It is no more subject to the Bible than it is to the Koran or the Book of Mormon. These counter propositions are all implied in the saying of the Declaration of Independence that governments 'derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' The proposed 'amendment' involves the overthrow of the Declaration of Independence, root and branch, and the erection in its stead of the dismal catechism of the Westminster Assembly as the law of the land."

These judges and bishops and honorable senators of twenty years ago fully understood the meaning of their amendment. They comprehended the situation perfectly. Witness their own account as embodied in their "call." They therein proceed to say that "up to the time of the adoption of the Constitution acknowledgments of the Christian religion were made by all the States. And in the actual administration of the National Government the prin-

ciple is admitted. But the fundamental law of the nation, the Constitution of the United States, on which our government rests, and according to which it is to be administered, fails to make fully and explicitly any such acknowledgment. This failure has fostered among us mischievous ideas like the following: The Nation, as such, has no relations to God; its authority has no higher source than the will of the people; government is instituted only for the lower wants of man; the state goes beyond its sphere when it educates religiously, or legislates against profanity or Sabbath desecration."

Exactly so. And the business of all believers in and defenders of the Constitution as it stands, forbidding the union of church and state, is to see to it that the state shall not in the future "go beyond its sphere," neither to "educate religiously" nor to "legislate against Sabbath desecration," and whenever and wherever it has so done in times past, that it speedily retrace its steps. Let Sunday be a holiday, a rest-day for a free people. Let it become entirely an American Sunday, observed in a truly American fashion.

AMERICAN.

Correspondence

A BREATH FROM THE SOUTH.

DEAR UNITY: Parting with our good friends at Orlando, taking a farewell look at Lake Minnie, with its vividly reflected little world aglow with the morning sunlight, we set our faces homeward, leaving behind us the matins of the mocking-bird and the vespers of the mosquito, though truth to tell, the latter troubled us but little, while the former were a continual delight. The day was hot and dusty, and we wisely, like good travelers, ameliorated our discomfort by studying the ever-varying panorama from the car windows—the groves of stately pines; the lakes, large and small, which abound in Florida, and from which the natives draw much of their subsistence; men, boys, and portly "aunties," the latter with heads enveloped in huge calico sunbonnets, a protection from both mosquito and sun, dotted the banks, rod in hand and line in water, patiently waiting for a nibble; the flora, much of it

new to our Northern eyes; the swamps, with their bare-kneed cypress trees festooned with Spanish moss swaying gently to and fro in the breeze, and the canopy of finely cut bright green leaves lifting themselves out of their gray drapery toward the blue sky above. Now and then we would come to a cut through the swamp, making a cleared waterway or canal through the dense forest of cypress and moss. Here we would catch sight of a dugout, with its solitary dark fisherman plying what we concluded to be the avocation of the cabin dwellers when orange picking and packing was over, and we mused on the past of this land and its future. What will the next decade bring to Florida? All along the line of the road, in the midst of young orange groves, little hamlets were springing up of one-storied frame dwellings with their galerie (as indispensable to a Southern house as a chimney to a Northern one), in the vicinity of a lake or stream, often built around a little lake, that evidently the center of attraction. The country is very flat and very white, for the soil is white sand, which, though it looks uninviting to the agriculturist, forms a fine contrast to the dark glossy green of the orange leaves and evidently the soil in which its roots revel. Grass gets no root hold here, and a green sward is only the result of care and cost, though the woods are gay with flowers. Only sour oranges remain hanging upon the trees until summer, when they will yield a grateful flavor to the drink of the thirsty inhabitants. Florida's rainy season is summer time.

Evening brought us to Jacksonville, where we bade our companion, who took a more direct northerly course, good-by. We were content to retire early, though not to sleep, as we had hoped. The air seemed full of martial music and cheers until a late hour, which were wafted in at our open window. At the depot next morning there were hearty leave-takings among elderly gentlemen and everybody seemed to be either "Colonel," "Major," or "General," save the women and negroes, and we learned there had been a Confederate reunion in the city.

Thursday was as uncomfortably warm as its predecessor, the scenery more varied, the land more undulating, but we missed the lakes or

ponds; the woods, however, were filled with a great profusion of flowers, white, red, purple and yellow. We crossed the Suwanee River, though we saw nothing of "the ole' folks at home," however, the train newsboy informed us, with as much pride, possibly more, even, than a Boston boy might evince in heralding his nativity on Beacon Hill, that "I was born on this rivah."

Dawn next day brought us into Pass Christian, which we found even more beautiful and attractive than we left it eight years ago. This coast town, with its miles of shell road skirting the Gulf on one side, with wharfs, bath houses, trees, resting places, and vast expanse of water, and on the other inviting residences, beautifully cultivated grounds filled with semi-tropical fruits, flowers, and foliage, its wealth of magnolia and live oak trees, its fragrance of roses, its background of Georgia pines, its living interest of humanity—humanity in holiday mood mostly. Little wonder that it is becoming a gay resort the year round—Chicago and the North in winter, New Orleans and the South in summer. Here we stopped only for "How do you do," "Good-by," and a deep draught of beauty, and on to New Orleans—that city so full of oldness, bygone mingled with the freshness and life of to-day, a city peculiarly itself, always interesting, always fascinating, with its French Market, St. Louis Cathedral, and Ursula Convent, with their surroundings and history, the shrines of St. Roch, and numerous monuments. A little one visiting the city for the first time exclaimed in front of the Margaret monument, that beautiful tribute to a hard-working, large-hearted woman, "Why, papa, how many monuments New Orleans has. They even erect them to women," testimonies to a love of the noble in the people.

Sunday morning we went to the quaint little Unitarian church, so permeated with the life and labors of Rev. Theodore Clapp, who gave of himself so largely—not to his own little flock, but to the whole city—gave himself so grandly that when an Eastern brother said to him, after one of those terrible ravages of yellow fever, when he hurried back to the plague-stricken city from an intended summer rest and labored incessantly with the suffering: "You

have done nobly, my brother, and you will surely get you reward." "Get my reward! Why, I am getting my reward all the time," replied the great-hearted Clapp.

What a strange medley church history is. When we go back to the planting of Presbyterianism in New Orleans and find that as usual the ambitious little movement begged all it could and then finished up by running deeply, irrevocably into debt and then extricated itself by getting through the Louisiana Legislature a lottery which they sold for \$25,000, and then sold the property to a munificent Jew whom they knew they could trust to pay the \$20,000 still due and allow them the free use of the property, which he did, though of course he would have been excluded from their communion had he desired it. Yet out of all this faithlessness there came to this city, through this church, this man who held sway so long by the power of his humanity, his devotion to man, his faith in the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, all men, and it was this very spirit, this very loyalty, that transferred him from the narrower to the broader faith and gave to the city its Unitarian Church, which we found rejoicing in a young man who had come for a year at least. They had been ministered unto so long from "day unto day" by "visiting brethren," that a whole man, all their own, was something to hold a jubilee over, and they opened the Southern Conference with his installation. We felt constrained to tarry, at least, to the opening, though it interfered with other plans, and we had stopped merely to give a word of greeting and good-fellowship to the young man and woman who had left home and home folk, congenial surroundings and associations and bravely faced this call to labor earnestly, devotedly, for people who need them; their bouyancy, hope, faith in the future of this band of faithful, determined men and women. The society, on its part, has entered heartily into the work of helpfulness, the Lend a Hand has beautified the social rooms and the parish is full of projects of improvement and furtherance of vigorous work. The church was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers for the installation. On one side of the pulpit a large portrait, on the other a marble bust of Theodore Clapp, be-

longing, not to the church, as we could but feel they ought, but to two of his parishioners. We use the present tense, for he still ministers unto them.

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

Mr. Fenn came, with the strength and freshness of our Fair city upon him, and delighted everybody with the vigor and scholarship of his installation sermon. The next morning we enjoyed the devotional meeting, led by the new pastor, and the business session, deeply regretting our inability to tarry longer and see and hear more of the brethren in this interesting field. As we listened to the reports from the various churches and missions, there came to us these lines of Lowell;

"Endurance is the crown; quality,
And patience all the passions of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaven world
Sets its hard face against their faithful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The ins, tired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe."

Then, amid heat and dust, we took the I. C. limited for home. How we longed for a bracing breeze from Lake Michigan. We were heated through and through; went to our berth fairly sweltering. The next evening we were welcomed at Oakland with, "I've a close carriage here waiting. Muffle up well. Worst blizzard we have had for some time. Awfully cold." And we were whirled through wind and sleet into the hospitable atmosphere of All Souls, with its warmth, its glow, its homeliness, into its home.

S. C. LI. J.

MR. GOULD'S RESOLUTION.

To the Editor of Unity:

All who are in the vanguard of Unitarianism must agree that the aim of Rev. A. W. Gould, as set forth in his "open letter" in UNITY for April 13 is grand and inspiring. But is it realizable? Over against the "no narrower sense" in which certain men and organizations hold the name Unitarian stands, its actual *established* sense, the sense it received in 1865, when the die of Unitarianism was cast, when it became another of the Christian sects. The name Unitarian implies "anti-Trinitarian" and "Christian," whatever else it may represent. These are its ineffaceable features, and with these freedom, *true*, freedom, is in-

compatible. Hence since the broad sense which the W. U. C. proposes to attach to the name Unitarian, cannot in the nature of things be the sense which the whole denomination will accept, what other rational, practical, alternative is there but to say to the denomination, "We recognize the established significance of the name Unitarian, we would gladly indorse a new and broader statement of its meaning; but since we cannot carry the whole denomination in this effort, we frankly reject it because we cannot give our assent to the limitations which inhere in the name.

Until this logical and consistent position is taken, the conflict between words and ideas cannot end. Two principles are at war with each other, authority and freedom, and between them must every man choose; both cannot be held logically and consistently, for they are mutually exclusive. The spirit of the W. U. C. is inspiring to a degree, but it cherishes the vain expectation that the name Unitarian will yet be made to mean just what the conference desires it should imply. Therefore, to use an old illustration, seeing that the Great Eastern cannot be made to go the way of the conference row-boat, let the conference cut the cord that connects it with the Great Eastern and steer its skiff its own way.

To be able to call one's boat one's own and to steer it "toward one's highest ideals" is far nobler than dodging behind the Great Eastern, however handsomely equipped she may be.

Better it is to run the risk of being capsized in the free church wherry than to follow in the wake of the Unitarian steamer when her flag and her course are not such as the free soul respects. Courage and conscience—these are the needs of the hour.

ALFRED W. MARTIN.

TACOMA, Wash., April 24, 1893.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST. By the authors of "Progressive Orthodoxy." Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 233. \$1.

THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 305. \$1.25.

THE GOSPEL OF PAUL. By Charles Carroll Everett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 305. \$1.50.

EL NUEVO MUNDO: A Poem. By Louis James Block. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 16mo. pp. 95. \$1.

UNITARIAN BELIEF.
16 Tracts by 8 Authors, setting forth the principles, doctrines and basis of fellowship of the Unitarian Church. All mailed for 25 cents. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Church-Door Pulpit

NOT INSTITUTIONS, BUT HOMES.

Being the Fourth in the Course on "Applied Religion," Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

God setteth the solitary in families.—Psalms lxxviii. 6.

The boast of modern society is the amount expended in benevolent purposes. Our cities point with pride to their charitable "institutions." Our own city is justly proud in the possession of many such institutions, generously planned, nobly built, comfortably supported, many of them backed by substantial endowments. A report of the Chicago charities for the year 1891, prepared by the Illinois Conference of Charities and Corrections, has a map of the city of Chicago upon which the locations of the permanently located institutions of the city are marked with red numbers. Forty-two such are indicated. Eleven of them are asylums for children, in the way of permanent "Homes." Seven more are classed under the head of "Industrial Schools." The eleven asylums for children sheltered during the year 1891, 3,164 different children for a longer or shorter period, at a total cost of \$103,747, or an average cost per child of a little over \$32. The seven "industrial schools," four of which are boarding or home schools, accommodated 2,507 children at a total of \$103,748, or over \$40 per child. This does not count the 217 children given shelter in day nurseries, or the children, of whom there are perhaps not a thousand, placed in homes by other institutions. Altogether, this expensive and elaborate machinery, with its fifteen or more permanent buildings, many of them reared on very costly ground, gave temporary shelter to about 5,000 children in the city of Chicago. In that same year there were arrested in the city 12,871 minors, 240 of them under 10 years of age, at a cost of \$25 each.

Let me not chill the humane efforts or discount the generous impulses of this city. Let me not be ungrateful for the amount of love given to these little ones who seem to have been thrown upon a loveless world. It is not that these massive buildings, with their "modern improvements," well heated and well ventilated, and in the main well managed, are not much better than something worse. They are providential shelters that have soothed the breaking hearts of little ones and eased the way of thousands along the sad, rebellious paths of premature death. They have taken the hands of thousands more and tried to lead them into ways of industry and into habits of usefulness, making of them self-reliant and self-supporting men and women.

But I believe there is a more excellent way. These institutions will some day appear as cruel, unnatural

and monstrous as now seem the old alms-houses, poor-houses and pauper barracks of a century ago. These institutions are unscientific and unnatural, and consequently fall under such artificial conditions to build up character. A beautiful institution may be a miserable place for the plastic soul of a child. The more excellent its management, the more methodic the administration, the less play is there for individual peculiarities, the less need of self-administration, personal responsibility and direction. I know not which to pity the more, the boy who knows not where his to-morrow's dinner is to come from, through whose tattered clothes the cruel winter winds find easy access to an underfed body and cause it to shiver like an aspen leaf in the summer breeze, or that other boy, dressed in uniform, at least when he goes to meeting, who is scrubbed by rule, fed from a printed bill of fare, who always knows on what days bean or potato soup is to be expected; who knows which are pie and which are pudding days; the boy who is marched to the table, marched to his play-ground, marched to his bed, and who is sure that he will have a methodic funeral if he dies. I say I know not which of these two boys to pity the more, but I suspect that the chances of the former boy to a useful manhood are greater than those of the latter. I have nothing to say against this method in institutions. If institutions are to be maintained, they can be maintained in no other way. All I say is that the military standard is not the one that fits for life. I pity the men who live in barracks, except when called thereto by a high necessity and permeated with a noble cause that leads to self-forgetfulness.

* * * * *

All this would be very ungracious talk did I not frankly confess that these institutions are better than something worse—the exponents of the better side of society, hopeful harbingers of better things, and did I not in the second place believe and insist that there is a better way already feasible, the practicality of which is demonstrated. This way, for the sake of convenience, I will call the Philadelphia method. Ten years ago and more, a few of the philanthropic and progressive women of Philadelphia, who made it their business to co-operate with the institutions for the relief of children in that city, probably no other city in America has brought these institutions to such perfection, grew sick at heart over the pale children, the premature little men and women, the artificial conditions which these institutions necessitated, and their poor results and unsatisfying outcome. For the truth must be confessed, a truth well established by the statistics of institutions in Europe and America, the children who come out of these institutions do not yield

very encouraging results. The pliable, obedient, well-ordered child in the institution who, for from one to ten years has handed over his own will to the matron, who has had his clothes fitted to him, his food prepared for him, his days mapped out for him, enters life with a paralyzed will. He goes into the world, it may be, with a somewhat trained head and somewhat skilled fingers, but without a trained will. He has not been toughened by hard knocks, disciplined by mistakes all his own, and above all, he has not caught the *esprit de corps*, the enthusiasm that comes from the struggle of life, from winning his own friends and struggling for his own money.

These Philadelphia women sought a more excellent way. They organized under a State law the "Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania." They said, "Not institutions, but Homes;" other things being equal, "Not city, but country;" and, to begin with at least, "Not Charity with a capital C, but business: not charity, but justice all around." These women did not ask for a dollar to put into brick and mortar. They coveted no city real estate. They established no soup houses. They bought no cots and made no beds. They simply sought desk room for a very few skillful agents. They constituted themselves a transplanting bureau, transferring children who were homeless and friendless from the close and artificial confinement of the city to the simple but wholesome homes of industrious mechanics and farmers, and there paying for their board, getting family surroundings at lower rates than the child could be maintained at in the institutions of the city. Ten years ago these women found children confined in the poor-houses all over the State of Pennsylvania. They secured the passage of a law making it a punishable crime to confine children in any poor-house in the State for more than sixty days, and then they said to the reformatories and county commissioners, "Give us the custody of these children. Pay us what it costs you to keep them and we will find them boarding places in the homes of good, hard-working farmers, where the child will find his way back into normal relations. We will not give these children away. We will not tempt selfish men and women to adopt them for the work they will get out of them. At first it will be a purely business relation." From the start they found in the State of Pennsylvania ten times as many chances as they could utilize for boarding children at \$1.75 per week in good, kind country and village homes. Having thus made a beginning in rescuing children from the alms-houses and reformatories of the State, they continued their work in providing for the inevitable stream of helpless and dependent children that come from

the police courts, from the sin-stricken and death-stricken parentage of a great city, and at last they found themselves rescuing children from the institutions of Philadelphia, saving the children from the asylums for children, and they have absolutely closed up some of the established institutions of that city. These voluntarily went out of business because they had nothing so good to offer the homeless boy and girl as a chance to live in the clean home of a Chester County Quaker, where he would have to eat in the kitchen, and perhaps sleep in the attic, but where he could play with the dog, go get the cows, watch the calves, hunt hens' eggs, begin to be useful, and where, very likely, at the end of six months, the good Quaker wife would come to the conclusion that Johnny had better stay. The family would relinquish his board money and get a paper from the committee that Johnny should not be taken away so long as his stay was mutually agreeable. All this while Johnny is under the eye of some benevolent member of this "Aid Society," nearly all of whom, I believe, are women, as they ought to be. At the end of a year he may be adopted by the family, though that is a privilege granted hesitatingly, and only after abundant proof that the love life, which alone justifies such a transaction, is well started. Over five years ago I spent two days in investigating the workings of this society. Last summer I visited their rooms again and found the same undramatic, inconspicuous, silent but divine work going on with increasing confidence and widening success, and the possibilities for placing these dependent children of the public in unquestionably wholesome private families, most of them industrious, hard-working, poor, industrious farmers and mechanics, at \$1.75 to \$2 per week, exceeding their demand a hundred-fold. Who will say that such a home, where the child will grow up surrounded by the environments from which he must eventually wring his living, if he is to be an honest man, is not better than any modern, steam-heated "Home," with a capital "H," ever can be, where the child becomes accustomed to conveniences and luxuries which it cannot hope to enjoy when once outside the "institution."

I do not urge this family method of helpfulness for its economy, but for its humanity, for its manifest sense and for its boundless possibilities. But it has its economic phase of much interest. Society divides itself for present purposes into three quite clearly defined classes, viz: First, the unfortunate, dependent class who, for good reasons, are unable to provide for themselves. This class certainly includes the children, the sick and the very aged. Second, a wealthy class who hold an unearned increment as well as a benevo-

lent purpose, who have money but no time or place with which they may help the needy. Third, the self-supporting industrial class who would like to help or care for these dependent ones if they could afford it. They have labor and house and heart-room which they would be glad to put to bread-winning service for themselves and others. It is the existence of this class, and its availability for charitable purposes, that is almost entirely ignored in our philanthropic schemes. All over our country there are those who would be glad of the opportunity to earn a little money in this way. Chicago spent in 1891, in round numbers, \$104,000 upon her asylums for children, without counting her permanent investments. How many comforts, how much light that would have carried into one thousand poor farmers' homes who would have been glad to board, the whole year round, one of these unfortunate children for \$104, or \$2 per week. There are plenty of farmers in Illinois who, with the raw food material at hand, would realize from one such child more income than from any other one source on his farm, and he would be able to give in return to the child what the best city institution ever reared could not give it. The city is constantly robbing the country of its intelligence and its health. Without that constant stream of energy from the farm, this and every other metropolis would collapse. It would wither from inanity. Its manhood would disappear and its womanhood would be lost in the labyrinths of social form and nerveless etiquette. Let the city send back some of its well-earned money, some of its surplus funds. Let what is now being piled up into stone walls in the name of charity be invested in the honest homes of the sturdy and industrious men and women on the farms. Let us pay them for reconstructing the image we have deformed, restoring the outlines that we in the city have defaced, thereby giving them a chance to train up another set of toilers in their fields and kitchens and send back a percentage of them able to cope with the temptations and competitions of the city. Oh, if we can give nothing else to the orphan child let us give it sunshine, give it the cheapest of blessings, plenty of out-of-doors. Let the little one who misses the mother heart know the sweet companionship of the farm-yard, the beauties of the meadow, and the glories of the forest and the orchard.

I have been talking chiefly about child-helping institutions, but the principle is equally applicable to all the institutions where there is no need of expert professional skill, such as in hospitals, schools for the feeble-minded and the deaf mute. But even in these, the cruel classification should be ignored as soon as possible.

The best educated blind people are those who have taken their chances in the public school, who have seen with their ears and through the kindly eyes of their classmates, of whom there are always willing ones for such uses. Our institutions of charity, so-called, represent at best the cruel kindness of the thoughtless and the selfish, those who buy themselves free from the law of mutual service with money. Most of the institutions we are proud of represent a pathos unspeakable. The inmates represent a "happy family" more miserable than that exhibited at the circus. Take our most popular ones, such as the "Old People's Homes." Why should old age be made such an instrument of mockery? What cruel law of kindness is this that shuts sixty or a hundred septuagenarians off by themselves where they must shout in each other's deaf ears and where there must be a universal anxiety about spectacles? It is because it is the best we can do now, but it is not so good as what we shall someday learn to do. In 1891 Chicago had 869 inmates in six different old people's institutions, and it cost to keep them, without making any allowance for the valuable properties involved, which must amount to several millions, \$588,244. What comfortable homes with pleasant people might be secured where every old lady would be "grandma" to somebody and every old man "grandpa" to something, if that money were taken outside this noisy city into the beautiful homes of Lake, McHenry, or Kane Counties. If there is cruelty in these, the tenderest nuances of our institution of charity, how much more cruel is the grouping of people by virtue of their misfortunes, their mistakes and their crimes. What inhumanity there is in these names, if not in these things: "Erring Women's Home," "Foundling's Home," "Home for the Friendless," "Home for Incurables," "Home for Crippled Children," what sarcasm in such uses of the word "home." Who are you who are not in an "erring woman's home?" Who am I that should pronounce any soul "friendless" and should proceed to corral such and call the corral a "home," instead of helping each to where he may make friends if he has none? Where is the line crossing which we become "old people?" I believe it is fixed at sixty years in the charters of some of our institutions, but what of those senile people at forty? and those like Gladstone and Martineau, youthful at eighty? Let us scatter and not congregate these unfortunates so that the divine law of helpfulness, the natural exchange of strength and weakness, the human sympathies, may have their legitimate play. Let us not multiply arbitrary distinctions and magnify accidental differences.

These artificial contrivances have other dangers. It is thus we generate the thing we would cure. Pauper-

ism and dependency grow like weeds in a garden upon our institutional systems. When Kings County, New York, built a noble palace for its pauper children the number suddenly sprang up from 300 to 1,400 applicants. Build this year an institution for 300 crippled children, and it will be filled by next year. Build an annex for 300 one-legged boys, and promptly they will be forthcoming. Put an annex on the other side for one-armed girls, and it would not be long before it also will be filled. Our so-called charitable "institutions" put a premium on dependence instead of being a challenge to self-reliance as they ought to be. Chris Berger, a valiant comrade of mine in the army, came home with his left hand gone and the thumb off his right hand, and instead of going to a "Soldiers' Home," as he might, he went to his family. Wife and children became left hand and thumb to him. So with them "Chris" was almost as good as new, and he went on with that stump of a hand, plowing and teaming, working and planning, and every farmer for miles around was ready to help out "Chris," and he is to-day an independent farmer in Wisconsin. If he had gone to one of the many "Soldiers' Homes" he would have been an unhappy imbecile all these years. The unkindest cut the Government ever gave to its citizen soldiers are these falsely called "Homes," where brave men are allowed to rot in their debauchery. One half of the amount of money invested would have paid for the board and washing of every one of the soldiers who ought not to be neglected. Not institutions, but homes for them as for others. Not more money, but more brains do we want. This higher charity will recognize the cruelty, the brutality of thus robbing people of their wills, robbing children of their individuality. I did and do love and revere the blue that marks the guardian of the best nation on the globe, but oh, how sick I became of three years of uniform, and how my soul leaped up when once more I found myself dressed as an individual with other responsibilities and privileges than that of "covering my file leader, touching elbows to the right, and keeping the regulation step." I look for the new philanthropy that will demolish our institutions, use the money to put our unfortunates, particularly our unfortunate children, into homes, not for "charity's sake," not, at first, for love but for money, fair exchange on business terms.

Charles L. Brace, of blessed memory in New York city, inaugurated a holy work when he gathered the refuse children of New York together, washed and clothed them, brought them West in train-loads and scattered them through the farmer homes of Iowa, Minnesota, and Illinois. This had its dangers. There were some sad consequences, but a child had better be lost on the prairie than

in the slums of New York. There was more show for him in the hands of a brutal farmer than in the den of thieves from which he was gathered. But this Philadelphia plan avoids most of these dangers. It does not give over the children. The officers of the society watch over them, and will relinquish their trust only into the arms of greater love than theirs, and a nearer care than they can exercise.

The great objection to this movement is the crowning argument for it. It means greater personal attention. It means work, love-work, work that will bring no credit, offer no tangible results. The ambition that makes a good institution, clean walls, prompt discipline, gay uniform, the martial bearing and military step and all that, is left out of this method. Let it go, we have had enough of it; too much of it! There is rising in this dawn of the twentieth century a new and a providential class of workers who are about to learn a truer incentive to work than this external parade. It was no mere chance that led to the organization of this Philadelphia society by a body of women, liberal, progressive women at that. Such women are the predestined almoners of the new charity. The exigencies of American life and the triumph of inventions are fast making a leisure class for us here, a class of people who may have some part of every day for themselves if they will, and some portion of every week for the public weal, if they will, and that class is made up of the women of our communities. Into their hands must we intrust much, not all, of this work. When the stone walls, with their cruel exclusions, fall from between the unfortunate dependents of society and the world, there will be built around them a living wall of mother hearts, they will be woven into the sacred tissue of human society. The final completion of this home-making will be intrusted to the hands of her who first built the fire on the hearthstone. When woman comes to her majority and seeks and accepts her share of this common trust, then men will intrust her with the revenues she has aided in gathering. She will see to it that "even the solitary are set in families." City money and country willingness, love and opportunity, will combine in reclaiming the dependent back into independence. Then the country will become the natural asylum of the sick and the poor, and the city will rightly bear its full share of the burden. Let the city pay the country for the work which it now does so poorly itself. Five years ago there were over 300 women in the State of Pennsylvania engaged in this divine farming, and only three or four of them received salaries. I presume it is now managed in the same way.

Let us not go begging of the poor farmers to take care of our paupers,

but ask them to co-operate with us in the mutual work of giving homes to the homeless, making love and wisdom do the work which to-day is imperfectly done by brick and mortar. This will be a slow and difficult task. There will be objections, disappointments, failures, but we must remember that we are not supplanting a faultless system, we can scarcely do less or poorer than we are doing now. We may and ought to do much better. When the church comes down to live on the earth, and with Jesus welcomes the little ones as members of the heavenly kingdom, then we may begin to do some good in the world on lines that will last.

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"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

Notes from the Field

W. U. C. Announcement. The Treasurer of the Western Conference reports the following receipts:

Amount previously reported.....	\$1,419.04
From First Unitarian Society, Greeley, Col.....	10.00
From Unitarian Society, Menominee, Wis.....	10.00
All Souls' Church, Janesville, Wis.....	20.00

\$1,459.04

Each year there come in contributions from churches and individuals at the assembling of the Conference in annual meeting, and the Treasurer will await these. It would be a great convenience to him, however, if these could be sent somewhat sooner, or if he could be notified beforehand of the amounts to be expected from the respective churches having yet made no contribution.

Chicago: W. U. C. Directors' Meeting. A meeting of the Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at 175 Dearborn street at 2:30 p. m., April 25. Present, Messrs. Blake, Gould, Hosmer, Van Inwagen, West, and Miss Hultin. Several resident members were out of the city, including President Shorey. Mr. Van Inwagen was called to the chair. The monthly report of Treasurer Leonard was read by the Secretary, including a letter received by Mr. Leonard from Rev. J. L. Jones, accompanying the latter's payment on Endowment-Fund subscription, stating that said payment was made under protest, and asking that the letter be read at the Directors' meeting. As the Board has hitherto declined to act on the point raised, leaving it to the action of the Conference in annual meeting, no action was taken on the letter.

The Secretary, as chairman of the committee on the Conference program, made a final report. Some discussion as to the best arrangement of some parts of the program followed. It was voted that to the note* ordered at the last meeting to be inserted upon the program, there be added the following:

"By instruction of the Board of Directors, at the meeting of April 25, four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon (May 17) is fixed for the above purpose."

Mr. Gould, as chairman of the committee on the World's Fair exhibit, reported the Unitarian booth as nearly ready for use, and also read letters from Secretary Reynolds, of Boston, in regard to the contribution of the A. U. A. to the exhibit and in defraying the expenses involved. At Mr. Gould's suggestion the Directors voted a present appropriation of \$75. Adjourned on Monday, May 15, at 2:30 p. m. F. L. HOSMER, Sec'y.

*N. B. The note here referred to reads thus: "The Secretary has received official information from some members of the Conference that the resolution, supplementary to the Cincinnati resolution, passed at the last meeting of the Conference, will be brought up for further consideration during the coming meeting, and the Business Committee will provide a suitable time for it."

Western Unitarian Conference.—The program of the Western Anniversaries, to be held in Chicago next week, is given below:

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

TUESDAY, MAY 16.

9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting.
10:00 a. m. Address of the President, Rev. Ida C. Hultin; Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins; Report of Mrs. B. C. Reed, Secretary of the Post Office Mission.

10:45 a. m. Reports of the various branch organizations; brief addresses by representatives of the National Alliance of Unitarian and other Christian Women; the New York League of Unitarian Women; the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Women.

12:00 m. Transaction of Business.

1:00 p. m. Intermission. Lunch served in the Church.

2:00 p. m. Paper: The Effect of Liberal Thought upon the Character and Work of Women; Rev. Mila F. Tupper.

Discussion of the Paper: (a) The effect upon the happiness of women; Mrs. Celia P. Woolley. (b) The effect upon the devotional spirit of women; Rev. Sophie Gibb. (c) The effect upon the practical activities of women; Mrs. W. C. Gannett.

3:30 p. m. Original Poem: The Present Hour; by Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton.

Western Unitarian Conference.

(Thirty-ninth annual session.)

MONDAY, MAY 15.

2:30 p. m. Meeting of Board of Directors.

TUESDAY, MAY 16.

7:45 p. m. Opening Service; Sermon by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17.

9:00 a. m. Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. George W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich.

10:00 a. m. Business session of the Conference; Opening Address by the President, Hon. D. L. Shorey; Report of the Secretary, Rev. F. L. Hosmer; Report of the Treasurer, Mr. Myron Leonard; brief reports of State Missionary work, and of Rev. T. B. Forbush, Western Superintendent of the American Unitarian Association; Appointment of Committees.

12:00 m. Paper: The Free Church and what it will Cost; Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

1:00 p. m. Intermission; Lunch served in the Church.

2:00 p. m. Discussion of Mr. Dole's Paper, led by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Dr. H. W. Thomas and Rev. John W. Chadwick.

4:00 p. m. Special Business.*

7:45 p. m. Paper: The Relation of the Pulpit to the Social and Economic Questions of the Day; Rev. Allen W. Gould, Hinsdale, Ill.

Discussion of Mr. Gould's Paper: Speakers, J. Laurence Laughlin, Head Professor of Political Economy in Chicago University; William G. Hale, Head Professor of Latin in Chicago University; Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House; M. M. Mangasarian, of the Ethical Culture Society; a representative of the Salvation Army, to be announced.

THURSDAY, MAY 18.

9:00 a. m. Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes.

10:00 a. m. (Sunday School Society: v. Program below.)

12:00 m. Business Session of the Conference.

1:00 p. m. Intermission; Lunch served in the Church.

2:00 p. m. Business Session; closing business of the Conference.

8:30 p. m. Closing Service; Sermon by Rev. John W. Chadwick.

*The following note appears upon the program by instruction of the Board of Directors of the W. U. C., March 7:

The Secretary has received official information from some members of the Conference that the Resolution, supplementary to the Cincinnati Resolution, passed at the last meeting of the Conference, will be brought up for further consideration during the coming meeting, and the Business Committee will provide a suitable time for it.

By instruction of the Board of Directors at the meeting of April 25, four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, May 17, is fixed for the above purpose.

†Mrs. Ballington Booth has been invited, and it is yet hoped that she may be able to accept; but word had not been received from her when the program went to press.

Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

THURSDAY, MAY 18.

10:00 a. m. Report of the President, Rev. Allen W. Gould; Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins.

10:20 a. m. A Sunday-school Experience Meeting, with brief talks on: The Teachers' Meeting, by Rev. J. L. Jones; The Talk to All, by Rev. W. W. Fenn; The Blackboard, by Rev. W. C. Gannett; The Infant Class, by Mrs. Effie E. Holway, of Decorah, Iowa; The Religious Aspects of Citizenship, by Rev. C. F. Dole; The Children of Non-Churchgoers, by Rev. A. M. Judy; The Festivals, by Rev. J. V. Blake; The One-Topic System, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland; The Six Years' Course, by Prof. J. B. Johnson, Washington University, St. Louis. General Discussion.

11:45 a. m. Election of officers and other business.

Notice to Delegates and Attendants: Delegate, and attendants at the meetings will report, upon arrival, at Unity Church, Dearborn Avenue, corner of Walton Place. Take either the Clark Street or State Street cars to the North Side, stopping at Walton Place.

Owing to the unusual demand already made upon private hospitality in the city, by reason of the World's Fair, arrangements have been made to secure comfortable accommodations for those so desiring; and a list of these, with prices, will be shown at the church. Lunch will be served each day in the church parlors.

It will prove a mutual accommodation if friends coming to the conference will send their names beforehand to "Unity Church Committee, the Plaza Hotel."

NOTE.—Delegate Membership in the Western Unitarian Conference shall be acquired by certificate of appointment by any religious society or organization that shall have, during the previous year, contributed not less than \$10 to the Conference. Such society or organization may be so represented by three general delegates, and one additional delegate for each thirty families connected with such society or church. And such delegates, together with all officers of the Conference, the officers of the State Conferences within its limits, of the Sunday-school Society, of the Women's Western Conference, and all missionaries at work within its limits, alone have the right to vote.

Delegate Membership in the Women's Western Unitarian Conference shall be acquired by certificate of appointment by any religious society or organization that shall have, during the previous year, contributed not less than \$5 dollars to the Conference; and such society or organization may be represented by two general delegates.

Weirs, N. H.—The sixteenth annual Grove Meeting at this place will begin on Sunday, July 31, and end on Sunday, Aug. 7. As usual, besides the best Unitarian speakers, ministers of several denominations will be invited in the interests of a broad religious fellowship.

Greeley, Col.—The fourth annual session of the Rocky Mountain Conference of Liberal Christian Churches was held at the Unitarian Church at Greeley, Colo., April 28, 29, and 30. Friday evening the opening services were conducted by Rev. R. E. Blount, of Greeley, and Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, of Colorado Springs. The sermon, "Has Religion a Future?" was delivered by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago. Saturday morning, reports of Secretary and Treasurer, appointment of committees, and reports from the churches of the conference was followed by a discussion of "Missionary Means and Methods," opened by Mr. Forbush. The following officers were elected: President, F. E. Smith, Greeley; Vice Presidents, Ivers Phillips, Boulder, and Mrs. C. W. Burrage, Canon City; Secretary, C. E. Montague, Denver; Treasurer, F. Shepard, Denver.

Directors: W. C. Selleck, Denver; Mrs. David Utter, Salt Lake City; Mrs. J. T. Lincoln, Longmont; Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, Colorado Springs; Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena; Mrs. H. R. Wilson, Denver; Mrs. C. B. Sanborn, Greeley; Rev. G. H. Taylor, Rocky Ford.

Saturday, p. m.—Reports from woman's societies, branch alliances, and the Postoffice Mission were given. A paper, "Sunday-school Mission Work in a Large City," by Mrs. H. R. Wilson, was read and discussed.

At six o'clock a supper was served in Odd Fellows' Hall by the ladies of Unity Circle. More than one hundred persons partook, and enjoyed the social and informal reception that occupied the time till the opening of the evening session. There the discussion upon "The Church and Social Reforms" was opened by Rev. S. A. Elliot, of Denver, followed by Senator David Boyd and Dr. H. R. Wilson.

The Sunday morning service was opened by Mr. Blount and Rev. S. Peebles of Glenwood Springs. The sermon, "The True Line of Religious Progress," by Rev. S. A. Elliot, was delivered to a large audience.

Sunday afternoon the Sunday-school session was most interesting. Three papers were read, each followed by an animated discussion, "The Sunday-school and what it should stand for," by C. E. Montague, of Denver; "Sunday-school Work," by Mrs. C. B. Sanborn, of Greeley; and "The Relation of the Church and the Sunday-school," by Miss G. E. Watson, of Denver. The work laid out for Sunday evening was partly omitted for lack of time.

Rev. G. H. Taylor, of Rocky Ford, gave the only address, the subject of which was "The Man or the Machine."

"The Conference has been thoroughly enjoyable," was a remark often heard among those who had been fortunate enough to attend.

S. E. H.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Sunday, May 1, marked the fourth anniversary of Rev. J. H. Palmer as minister of the Universalist Church. The *Gazette* published the sermon in full, with words of praise and warm recognition of Mr. Palmer's work.

World's Fair Notes

Ten days since the President "touched the button" and said (in substance): "The Columbian Exhibition is ready. The gates are open. Enter, behold, admire, be proud!"

What is the fact to-day?

The buildings are up—most of them.

The exhibits are mostly there. One-fourth, perhaps, are in place.

This much is an easy discovery.

The growler has his opportunity.

He drags himself around through the mud and cries: "What a fraud!"

The man who goes there cheerfully and takes things resignedly behaves better and fares better.

This man can only wonder.

As he gradually acquaints himself with the vast scope of the undertaking he marvels that so much has been accomplished.

One of two things were possible.

Either a far less splendid result, complete at the hour the "button" was sprung, or the grand scheme of building and display that has been adopted, to be finished on time, if possible, if not, then *as soon thereafter* as possible.

Let those grumble who will. For one, I would say: "Well done, faithful servants; you made the right choice. Before the summer is on, the world will applaud you."

And to all visitors: Go! go early. Take it leisurely. If you hurry, you will miss much and tire yourselves out ere the day is half done.

You may merely walk about your first day and view things from the outside. The White City seen from without is a vision for a lifetime. Where else in the world has the genius of man brought to view as by magic such a scene of marvelous beauty? In what other land, in what other age, has it been excelled?

If you surmise that this is extravagance, pay your money and go within the gates.

Don't bother much with "guides." Just wander. Chance on things. In true Columbian style make voyages of discovery!

Enter the first door!

Surprises await you.

Already you will find there all you can crowd into your first week's entertainment.

To me it is most interesting to see the workers at their work—opening boxes of mystery. They are a tableaux, a study; these fixers and arrangers there hustling, competent and cross—some of them.

I like to stand and watch them.

They are living pictures; good in tone, never out of drawing.

The United States Government Museum is by this date quite in order. It offers a liberal education by itself.

Go into the apartment of fine arts where France is unpacking what we expect will prove to be the finest display of sculpture in the whole art exhibit. All is confusion, but it is a most promising confusion. What workers these Frenchmen be!

Germany, Holland and Austria have their affairs in better shape.

Germany with her war paintings, triumphal processions, portraits and busts of her emperors and warriors gives to her exhibit a warlike tone. Emperor William III appears with great frequency. His face, imperious, impetuous, open, frank; but not masterful like that of his rejected Bismarck.

Pass on and you shall see how the better things of Germany, like the better things everywhere, do not obtrude. The searching eye must find them out.

Otto Friedrich sends you his painting of the "Death of Dante." This alone repays you for your hour with Germany.

Holland sends the unique paintings of Artz. See one "daub" of a girl asleep on the side of the hill; another of a boy prone on the grass, his head raised.

"Daubs?"

Retreat a few paces; view them now from your seat. Do you say they are not great? This Artz shows how to do things without doing them.

Then there is Vos. Watch for everything Hubert Vos has done in oil or pastel.

The display of American sculpture is already interesting.

French's figure of "Death" arresting the young sculptor's work is beautiful, grandly impressive! It is the work of a master.

Notice Dallin's "Signal of Peace." Simply an Indian on horseback. So chaste is Dallin's art you may not feel its power at first. It does not assail your senses. It waits on your intelligence. Dallin is a son of Utah. A young man, a diligent, truthful worker. His work should make Utah a State.

More anon.

S. H. M.

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- TUES.—A good servant knows how to efface himself.
- WED.—Thy service may lie in thy patience.
- THURS.—He is most my friend who teaches me self-reliance.
- FRI.—We are the slaves of personality in all our affections.
- SAT.—A soul's rays, looking Godward, *must* blend with all other rays thus tending.
- Trinities and Sanctities.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane.
Where the quail whistles low in the wheat field
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the wild grapes purple
In the soft-tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
Red and amber as Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great,
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land;
The sword and the chisel and pallet,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Selected.

THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS.

Many of the dear little children of the kindergarten have heard the story of the little Indian boy Hiawatha, the son of West Wind; how his wrinkled old grandmother rocked him in his linden cradle lined with softest moss and rushes, and told him wonderful stories of the shining stars, of the broad white road in heaven, and of the rainbow where the lilies, the roses, and all the lovely flowers that have faded on earth, blossom again.

On the shore of that same shining Big Sea Water, where so often the little Hiawatha watched the silver moon as it rose from the rippling waves before the door of the wigwam, grows that sweetest and

daintiest of all wild flowers—the trailing arbutus, its rosy-tinted waxen petals bringing to us the fragrant breath of Spring herself; and this is the story the Indians tell of it:

Many, many moons ago, they say, there lived an old, old man all alone in his wigwam among the dark pines and firs. His long hair and beard were white as the snow that covered everything, and he was dressed in the skin of the bear to keep him warm, for all the world was winter then. The little brooks were locked fast with Jack Frost's strongest chains; the wind moaned through the trees, and not even a squirrel or a blue jay dared venture out.

The old man went about searching everywhere for some bits of wood to keep a fire in his wigwam, but he could find none. Then in despair he went back, and called to the Great Spirit to send him some warmth that he might not die. And as he sat there, stretching out his hands over the few coals that were left of his fire, the door of his tent was pushed aside and in came the most beautiful maiden! Her cheeks looked as if the pinkest wild roses were blooming there, her eyes were dark-blue, like clear skies at twilight, and shining like stars, and her hair was brown as the October chestnuts, and it touched the ground as she walked. Her dress was made of sweet grasses and ferns, and on her feet she wore the most beautiful white satin slippers in the world, for they were made of a shining white lily. Her breath was like the south wind when it blows over a field of clover, and it made the tent as warm and fragrant as a June day.

The old man said to her: "My daughter, I am glad to see you; but tell me who you are, that you come to my lodge dressed so strangely? Sit here and tell me of your country and your nation, and I will tell you of my wonderful deeds."

So the maiden sat down upon a mat of rushes, and the old man began: "I am all-powerful. I breathe, and the rivers and lakes are locked fast in icy chains."

"I breathe," said the maiden, "and the violet, the wind-flower, and all the lovely sisterhood spring up to greet me."

"I shake my white locks," said the old man, "and snow covers the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and from the clouds falls the warm rain, each little drop bringing freshness from heaven to the tiny roots that are waiting for it."

The old man said, "As I walk through the trees, at my command each leaf falls to the ground, the squirrels and beavers hide away in their holes, and from the lakes and rivers the wild geese and herons leave their nests among the reeds and rushes, and fly southward."

The maiden said, "At my coming the flowers lift up their heads, the

trees put on their dresses of tender green, the little brooks sing as they ripple over the pebbles, and the blue-birds, the robins, and the merry voices of children join in their song."

So they talked until, as it grew warmer and warmer in the tent, the old man's eyes grew heavy, and at last he slept. Then the maiden knelt beside him and waved her hands gently above his head, and he began to grow smaller. A tiny stream of water flowed from his mouth, and soon there was nothing but a small mass on the ground, and his clothing had all turned to green leaves. Then the maiden took from her dress the most lovely white flowers and hid them all about under the green leaves. As she breathed on them she said: "I give thee my most precious treasure and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee must do so on bended knee."

Then the maiden floated away through the woods and plains with a step so light that she seemed a bit of thistle-down blown by the wind; but wherever her foot touched the ground, there, and nowhere else, sprang up the rosy and white clusters of the fragrant arbutus.—*Helen M. Perkins, in the Kindergarten.*

ESSENTIALS OF CHARACTER.

JUSTICE.

"Stand fast to justice when ye bear witness before God, though it be against yourselves, or your parents, or your kindred."

A UNIVERSAL SENSE OF FAIRNESS.—There is a sense of justice which is born with every human soul, and even a dog will fight more bravely for a bone which he thinks is his own than for one which he would like to gnaw, but upon which he has no claim. Whenever this sense of justice can act unhindered by the baser motives that tend to crowd it aside, it will lift us into the region of God's righteousness.

This sense of justice or fairness ought to be cultivated in all our relations in life. It should begin with our earliest years, for justice between boy and boy and man and man is the ground of true life.

IN THE HOME justice requires exact fairness toward every member of it. Do not take the things of your smaller brothers and sisters because you are stronger, nor from the older members of the household because they will not resent it. Be fair, be manly, and ask no more than justice even from indulgent parents. It will help you in all places in life if you have learned in your own homes to give and take exact justice. Do not try to get things by teasing. It isn't fair; it isn't manly.

ON THE PLAY-GROUND one of the most frequent cries is "play fair," and it ought to be heeded. No game is good where cheating is practiced. Give the smallest child or the clum-

siest player a fair chance. Don't hide the toy you may have broken. "Own up." That is the only fair way. Divide things with an even hand. Don't sneer at an awkward player. It isn't fair. Give him a chance to do his best.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM the boy or girl who loves fairness will not annoy the teacher. It isn't fair; will not slyly eat things in school hours; will not take or give "prompts;" they are not fair. Be frank, open, manly, in all your school life.

IN SOCIAL LIFE justice is so important that the government establishes courts to maintain it, and builds prisons to punish those who violate it. Only where strict justice is maintained is the best development possible, for only there are men encouraged to do their best. In the intercourse of friends and acquaintances the government does not attempt to maintain justice. That must be done by ourselves, but it is just as necessary for the truest and best society. Be just in your judgments of people, and in order to do so, try to see things from their standpoint.

IN BUSINESS LIFE justice is of prime importance. The common term of the street for justice in trade is "squareness." The boy who is "square" in his trades with the other boys, who gives each one full value for what he receives from him, will be like'y to do the same in business when he becomes a man; and though a kind of success may come to the boy or the man whose sharp practices take unfair advantage of his fellows, the best success never comes from such dealings, and he whose every action is "square" builds both a good business and a noble character.

In its highest development the justice of man is akin to the justice of God. His eternal fairness is the foundation of all our trust. Our justice is but the imitation of his. The more we practice justice the more we shall reverence God, for we shall see Him more clearly.

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"It is an exceedingly bright paper, and, what is far better, a just one. I could not do without it."—*Marietta Hooley ("Jonah Allen's Wife").*

"The Woman's Journal has long been my out look upon the great and widening world of woman's work, worth and victory. It has no peer in this noble office and ministry. Its style is pure and its spirit exalted."—*Frances E. Willard.*

"It is the most reliable and extensive source of information regarding what women are doing what they can do and what they should do. It is the oldest of the woman's papers now in existence and has built up for itself a solid and unblemished reputation."—*Julia Ward Howe.*

"If anyone wishes to be informed on the woman question the Woman's Journal is the very best means. It is pure, healthful and interesting—a paper that anyone ought to be glad to introduce into his family for its literary merit alone, even if he did not believe in suffrage. I subscribe for it for my own grand daughters."—*Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace.*

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KNOW THYSELF,

then he will know ALL and have achieved victory not only over mental and physical disease and all forms of earthly inharmonies, but will have conquered man's last enemy as well; he will have become a conscious co-worker with Jehovah. ALL have the Divine Secret within; only prepare your Temple and the Manifestation will surely follow. We want YOU to see a copy of our magazine. Sample 10 cents. Subscription price \$1.00 per year.

St. Louis Magazine, 2819 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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286 Woodlawn Terrace

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Mrs. Kelly's bond as custodian of these funds has been duly filed.

For further information apply to either of the following committee:

- Mrs. R. Howard Kelly, Chairman.
- Miss A. A. Ogden, Room 24, Custom House, Chicago. } Committee.
- Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, 4014 Ellis Ave, Chicago. }

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL
RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN
CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and LaSalle streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

At All Souls Mr. Jones will speak next Sunday morning on "The Strained Relation Between Natural Science and Religion." Suggested by Prof. Shaler's new book on the "Interpretation of Nature."

In the evening Helen M. Gougar, of Indiana, will speak from the same platform on "Universal Suffrage." Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Mr. Jones will preach at 7:30 p. m. before the Christian Union of the University of Chicago, at Cobb's Hall.

BLESSED BE DRUGGERY.—A sermon by W. C. Gannett; 2c, mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Chicago, Ill.

UNITY.

ESTABLISHED 1878.

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Once more UNITY has taken another step forward. And still it is one of many short and feeble steps which have characterized its fifteen years of life. Never much ahead, but always a little better. By this change of dress and increase of size we have greatly added to the expense of publication.

The new company was confronted with this problem: In order to justify this additional expense it must either double the price of subscription, which would then leave it only two-thirds the cost of the journals with which it is compared, and with which it shares a place in the current religious literature of our country; or, to keep it still at the old price and double the number of subscribers within a reasonable time. The company has ventured on this last undertaking. We confidently turn to our subscribers to help us realize this. Only by so doubling can the strain, both financial and editorial, be reduced to its proper limit, and the advance be justly maintained. Over one hundred and fifty new subscribers have been received during the last month while UNITY was at its shabbiest. Give us a Columbian lift. Let old subscriptions be paid and parishes canvassed. Special inducements to agents will be given on correspondence. Subscriptions \$1 per annum. Send all remittances to

THE UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 175 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

The Jenness-Miller Monthly is a magazine devoted to artistic dress, and is a standard in this department. . . The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, but if subscribed for in connection with UNITY we will send this magazine and UNITY for one year (whether the UNITY subscription be a new one or a renewal) for \$1.65. Address the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

5 TRACTS ABOUT SCIENCE AND RELIGION, showing the relation of the two and how the great religious beliefs of the world have been affected by the doctrine of Evolution. Blake, Potter, Powell, Savage and Simmons are the writers. All mailed for 10c. UNITY PUB. COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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In hall or parlor, and new churches unprovided with Hymn Books, will want our Hymn Tracts. Songs of Faith, Hope and Charity, set to old tunes; 51 Hymns with music. Love to God and Love to Man; 47 Songs adapted to "Gospel" tunes. Responsive Service, with prayer and closing chant. Each pamphlet 5 cents. The three bound together, with eight Choral Responsive Services added—a complete little service book—for 15 cents. \$1.50 per doz. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

UNITY PRIMARY CLASS CARDS.

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B. Kindness to Animals. 10 cards illuminated, 15 cents.

C. "Corner-Stones of Character." 12 cards with portraits of Unitarian leaders, 20 cents. To accompany Lesson 1.

D. Home Life. 12 tinted cards with photo, 25 cents. To accompany either Lesson 2 or 21.

F. "Work and Worship." Six plain tinted cards, each having a lesson topic, with appropriate Bible text and verse. 3 cents per set.

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Unity Services and Songs for Sunday Schools. 30 cents; per doz. \$2.50; per hundred, \$15.

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Special Services for Christmas, Easter, Flower and Harvest Festivals. Sample copies, 3 cents; per hundred, \$2.50.

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175 Dearborn Street,
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Character in Religion

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*Sing to my soul, renew its languishing
faith and hope,*

*Rouse up my slow belief, give me some
vision of the future,*

Give me for once its prophecy and joy!

O glad, exulting, culminating song!

*A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—
the conqueror at last,*

*Hymns to the universal God from uni-
versal man—all joy!*

*Women and men in wisdom, innocence
and health—all joy!*

*War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank
earth purged—nothing but joy left!*

*Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy
in the ecstasy of life!*

—From Walt Whitman's "Mystic Trumpeter."

CONTENTIONS and strife concern-
ing great principles ultimately fall
back into the common human heart,
to quicken intelligence, widen knowl-
edge, and to mellow with patience
the human soul.

Hugo, as quoted by the *Liberal Co-
Worker*, says that "to be pointed at
is diminutive of the anathema." But
time tires these pointing fingers, and
at last they fall nerveless, while the
man or woman thus ostracized, if un-
mindful of the pointing, contributes
to the cause that triumphs forever.
Principles are tireless.

WE commend to our gentlemen
readers to visit, while at the Fair, the
Liberty bell to be found in the W.
C. T. U. exhibit at the Woman's
Building, which bears the following
inscription:

*"This bell, cast in the city of Tokyo,
December 10, 1892, by Tsuda Sen, is
made from the metal of tobacco pipes of
more than a thousand men, once slaves,
now freemen."*

A CORRESPONDENT writes concern-
ing the present interest in the Free
Church manifesting itself all along
the line of Liberal thought, "What is
most needed now is close thinking.
Few people have that power." Per-
haps fewer people still deem it nec-
essary in matters of religion. They
assume that the intentions and the
feelings are adequate, forgetting that
both intentions and feelings are de-
pendent upon clear thought.

THE *Liberal C.-Worker* says: "Not to
exclude but to include is our cry and
call." "Every one who puts up a
fence, fences out more than he fences
in." Such sayings as these must not
become trite until they are tried,
tested and applied. Victor Hugo
says: "Rheumatism and easy circum-
stances are fond of keeping each
other company." Churches, denomi-
nations and nations as well as indi-
viduals often suffer rheumatic
troubles from their over-desire for
ease, peace and prosperous condition.

THAT is a beautiful picture of the
true minister given in the sweet and
touching story by Barrie, "The Little
Minister:" He who "carries the peo-

ple's troubles in one hand and the
people's joys in the other; these keep
him erect like a woman between her
pan and pitcher." The minister who
carries his people's concern in one
hand, and his own concern in the
other, be they joys or sorrows, is very
like to eventually grow awry in the
spinal column. The minister who
serves himself is a contradiction.
He may preach, but he is not a min-
ister.

THE name of Noyes is again heard
throughout the land. The American
Board is agitated with the problem
that disturbed it three years ago,
viz.: Is this man, who has some
faint hope that the Pagan who has
had no chance on this side of the
grave may have a chance of hearing
of Jesus on the other side of the
grave and winning salvation thereby,
a fit missionary to go among the
heathen as a representative of that
Board? These questions have less
and less interest to the public. They
provoke a smile, but no anxiety.
The Congregationalists are, in public
opinion, in a more awkward situation
than the heathen. Whichever way
things go in the politics of this de-
nomination, the world will have more
and more hope for the benighted in
and out of Christendom, and will hold
out the light more and more lovingly
for the guidance of the bewildered,
be they Pagan or Christian bigots and
sinners.

DR. BARTOL says that "To dis-
cover and establish the fact that all
denominations, Christian and Pagan,
like rivers to the sea, run from and
into the common heart, is the ten-
dency of our time." This truth is
most true when the word "heart" in-
cludes the mind. All these were
born of human thought and must be
eventually tested in the crucible of
thought. The thinking of the elder
and the Eastern man will eventually
come to be tested by the thought of
the younger and Western man.

DID you ever think of UNITY's potency as a tract? For \$1 you get the equivalent of a book with twelve hundred and fifty pages, a tract more than twelve pages long, at the cost of a little less than a cent. Is it not worth while for church trustees to think of this as one way of propagating their principles and supplementing their pastors? What better use of missionary money could be suggested than the placing of twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred copies of UNITY on their tract shelf every Sunday? What a splendid opportunity for distributing our word during the World's Fair. We would like to place two hundred copies each week at the Unitarian stand in the Liberal Art Building, to be handed out as bread cast upon the waters to the inquiring visitors. One hundred dollars would enable us to do this. This would distribute one hundred and twenty-five thousand pages of our thought. Is there a purseholder somewhere who would like to become a missionary to the world at large in this way?

**

NOR to anticipate the report of the Menominee Congress, we can but echo some of the hopeful strains there heard by the editor, who was present during the Thursday session. Unitarianism as one factor of the Free Church movement, a contributor willing and fertile to the great Liberal religious cause, was there exemplified. Mrs. Gibbs, pastor of All Souls Church at Janesville, read a ringing plea for the Free Church, and it is seldom the lot of Conferences to listen to finer addresses than those which followed the paper, by Messrs. Chunn of Luverne and Schindler of Racine. The Eau Claire society has recently so amended its constitution as to put themselves in line with this non-sectarian search for the people in the interests of religion, not in any way thereby disqualifying themselves from co-operating with Unitarian work and workers. There is something inspiring in this tendency to lay aside loved words in order that they may ever remain; discarding them as badges, that they may come back as inspirations.

**

WE go to press too soon to speak of the gatherings of the women host—a World's Congress of representative women now in session. The two

great halls of Columbus and Washington and seven or eight minor ones will be occupied simultaneously. And the program of all the meetings from May 15 to 21 inclusive contains fifty-six closely printed pages. Its breadth and depth is inspiring. On Thursday, while the Baptist women will be in session in Hall IV., the Universalist women will be occupying Hall XXIV, and the Catholic women Hall XXVI. These last named sisters will discuss among other topics, the "Intellectual Woman of the Early Church," "The Progressive Catholic Woman." On Friday in Hall III. the Unitarian women will gather. On this program we notice names from the far East and the far West, women who have believed in women's organizations, and those who have not believed in them. May the great privilege and high opportunities make these women as thoughtful as they are active; modest as they are courageous. Great things have been done by them; greater things must yet be done by them before they can take their place in the world of thought and morals. On Sunday, the 2nd, there will be great religious services conducted entirely by women. The nominal Western Unitarian Conference will be held in Unity Church this week, but the Conference that will represent its principles in greater numbers, and perhaps with more ability, and probably with as much courage, will be held at the same time in the many halls of the Art Building.

CAN there be a doubt as to the beauty and excellence of the moral verities, the eternal truths of religion? Can there even be a strife or confusion among men regarding the principles of righteousness and justice, of kindness and virtue? These essentials of religion have a tendency to unite, to draw all men together and to make them indeed a common band of brothers. Wherever religion in its essential purity has asserted itself, there dogmatic differences, forms and ceremonies, texts and articles have fallen away, and men have come to regard each other as the members of one family, as the children of one God, who is the one common Father. He who has once realized in thought the full purport of belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man cannot lend himself to the maintenance of partition-walls and barriers between man and man.—*Rabbi Sale, in the Non-Sectarian.*

"WHAT a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives."—*Thoreau.*

"NOT NOMINATED IN THE BOND."

The Directory of the World's Fair voted last Friday, twenty-seven to seven, to open the grounds of the Exposition to the public, on May 21, admitting the public at half price. This step is justified on the theory that Congress controls the Exposition, but not the park, nor buildings not under the general management, such as the State and foreign buildings, etc. The Directory claims that by keeping the buildings which contain the exhibits closed they abide by the bond. Technically it would seem as though they had the best of the argument; but, anxious as we are to have the privileges of this greatest triumph of the human mind in the way of its external projection, available to the greatest number for the longest time possible, we can have but little enthusiasm for this clever strategy; nor even for that which, with more plausibility, argues that Congress in withholding a portion of the appropriation for other purposes has violated its side of the contract, thus leaving the Directory free to disregard the obligation on the other side. This is too grave a question to be settled by technicalities. Unless there is conscience, courage and self-denial enough on the part of those who believe in the religiousness of the Fair, and the cathedral-like service it might render on Sunday, to discharge every letter of the contract with Congress by handing back the full amount of its donation, taking their risks as to whether the Sunday receipts will refund the money or not, we would prefer to have the gates remain closed to the end, grim witnesses to the superstition and bigotry on the one hand, the confusion, cupidity and selfishness on the other, which mark our transitional age. The struggle between liberal and evangelical religion, between natural and supernatural piety, focalizes itself at the gates of the World's Fair to-day. However the question may be temporarily settled, there can be no doubt as to the final outcome. This agitation will prove a striking contribution to free thought; and the agitators who have worked so hard to force a Christian dogma against the consciences, the intelligence and the wishes of an overwhelming majority of the citizens of the world, have

been the most effective missionaries for rational religion that the world has known for many a year.

We trust that the friends of reason will not resort to tactics or to expedients, thus dwarfing the spirit by an appeal to the letter. Let the high issue be kept on high grounds. Let the honor of free thought be kept unsullied, and the religion of character be vindicated by the conduct of its devotees. Are there not free people enough in the United States to pledge the World's Fair Directory a guarantee fund of \$2,000,000 as an indemnity for any loss that may accrue from the full restoration to Congress of all money received under the obnoxious, and, to our mind, unconstitutional conditions which dictate the Sunday closing? Then let the highest use of the whole magnificent exhibit be sought. This is not only a national but an international question. It is not fair to expect Chicago capitalists and the Chicago directors, who have already borne such burdens so heroically and triumphantly, to carry in addition this profound perplexity and high responsibility. Where are the liberal-minded men of fortune who live in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople and Bombay? Are they not interested and responsible in this great struggle between natural and supernatural piety? Between provincial and universal religion? Surely the Jew and the Mohammedan, the Parsee, as well as the liberated Christian, are interested in this struggle for freedom, in this attempt to establish the sanctity of nature, and the sacredness of nineteenth century revelations. Who will start this guarantee fund, and with organized enthusiasm speedily bring to the Directory and the Commission the only condition upon which, as it now seems to us, they can in all honor open the gates? Let the subscriptions come from all over the world in sums of from 25 cents to \$50,000. This is the way to vote at once for freedom and for honor. This Guarantee Fund would also be an element in the discussion, a consideration in logic, an argument which would carry weight.

This appeal to the "Bond" is too easy a way out of many conscience problems. Many things are quite "legal" and seem to be very "good

business" that represent a sad lack of chivalry, very poor comradeship, and a low standard of that ethics that has a care for honor, and is solicitous for the "other one's rights." The disposition to take advantage of a situation which ought not to be, of an opportunity which should not have existence, is too prevalent in the Church as out of it.

It is pathetic to read, in the diaries of Columbus, such records as the following: "Sailed this day nineteen leagues, and determined to count less than the true number, that the crew be not dismayed if the voyage prove to be long." Day by day he records this prudent device. John Fiske estimates that his aggregated lies probably amounted to about five hundred and twenty-five miles. Alas! how many causes are sustained in popular estimation by such sedatives. The so-called "faith of Christendom" to-day, the assumed "peace of the Church," would fain find its lodgment on this expedient of short mileage; some double interpretation of an Andover creed; some apologetic explanation of the theory of errancy of the Bible; some transient reconciliation between Genesis and geology; some fortunate explanation that proves that words do not mean what they say, or that they do not say what they mean. The first of all the integrities to be maintained is the integrity of language; and speech is to be interpreted by the popular intelligence, the idiom of the people, the vernacular of everyday life, and not by the refinings of the dictionary or the subtlety of the jurist. Portia, not Shylock, strained the bond; she was up to the "tricks of her trade." Shylock had, at least, the integrity of speech on his side, the ingenuousness which makes words a medium of communication, a vehicle of thought.

Do we want an open church? Let us say so and work for it in open ways. Do we want open gates at the Fair? If so, let us seek it in open ways. Let us secure them by honorable means, if at all. Let us not ask the Directory to compromise themselves now by evading the consequences of their action. But let us help them to correct the mistake which, under the circumstances, was excusable, by enabling them to hand back to Congress the trust which ought never to have been accepted, which now embarrasses and enslaves them. **LET US RAISE THE MONEY!!**

MEANING OF WORSHIP.

The worship of mankind is deeply pathetic; and it must be so to those who have reflected how profoundly man's religious beliefs and life have entered into the history of the world. We have read lately of the dedication of the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake; a million dollars, and long years of toil, and sacrifices many, went to make that great structure possible. A delusion, do you say? Yes, in part; but a religious delusion, and so true to that people that they have given and suffered for forty years for its realization. Go where you will, and along the shores of oceans, in cities and country, there are the temples erected by the toil of man in the name of some religion—heathen, Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, or some sect of these faiths. One can hardly estimate the learning, the libraries, the sermons, the teachings, and the work done and the sufferings endured, in the cause of religion. And pathetic, sorrowful, indescribably sad the persecutions, the wars, and the crimes of our world in the blind or mistaken service of religion!

I think it was the strong John Adams who once said, "This would be a very good world if there were no religions in it." He was thinking, perhaps, of the bigotries, the narrowness, the prejudices, the crimes in the name of Christ; and when one reflects upon such dark pages of history, he could almost wish there were no such thing as religion.

But such a wish is not of possible realization while man is man; nor could one seriously make such a wish when one reflects what man and the world would be without religion,—man without a rational and moral nature, and life without meaning, end, or hope. When one thinks of the struggles and sufferings and cruelties of government, one could almost wish there were no such thing as governments; but that, again, would leave man a savage, or reduce him to the plane of the animal. When one sees the struggles and the fierce competitions of business, sees the poor often robbed and crushed, he might almost wish that business were not; the abuses of sex relations and the falseness of tongues might lead to the wish that these, too, were not; that the world and man had never been.

In the transition from the lower to the higher conception of worship, the

civilized world has passed away from the old and brutal ideas of human sacrifices, and of the offerings of blood; and in the further progress must be left behind the related heathen doctrine that the literal blood of Christ was offered as a penal satisfaction to justice, or to reconcile an angry God. And with this is passing away the idea of official worship that has dominated the minds of men for so many centuries—the idea that God is seated on a great throne, as a mighty king, and must be approached and worshiped through the meditations of an appointed priesthood.

When the divinity of man is confessed, when man is seen as the child of God, worship will be joyful, and theology will hasten to declare the glory of man as well as the glory of God; and the glory of God will be seen in the greatness of man, and not, as once, in making man little and mean, a despised worm of the dust, that God might appear great.

Now we see the dignity and value of worship; it is the glad recognition and joyful expression of the greatness of man as related to God; it is the soul's reverence and tribute in the presence of worth, of all that is worthy in itself, in humanity and God. And not to have and to cultivate such a generous appreciation and longing to become like, and in one's measure to be, the true, the beautiful, the good, is a loss, a neglect, a deficiency in the education or culture of one's being.

Emerson says, "The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship;" and Carlyle says, "That loyalty, discipleship—all that was ever meant by hero-worship—lives perennially in the human heart." Man dwells in a great world of beauty, of uses, of reason, and moral principles; there is in man that which corresponds to all these properties and qualities; and the fullness, the joy of life, is in the soul's consciousness of sharing in and being a part of all the wonderful wealth of its great place and home in the universe.

That is worship, holiness; that is to walk with tenderness amidst the flowers, and with reverence beneath the stars. That is to live the great life of nature, of man, of God; to move along with days and nights and seasons and years, to journey with the millions from the cradle to the grave; to laugh, to weep, to work, to wait, to pray; to stand for the right, to

pity the erring, to help the needy, to lift up the fallen; to love God and man—and go at last in faith and hope from the worship of earth to the worship of heaven! H. W. T.

"THE LIBERAL CO-WORKER."

Some eighteen years ago George W. Cooke, who has since won fame and position in the East as the author of the best interpretative book of Emerson yet published, and other worthy volumes, started in Wisconsin the *Liberal Worker*, a little missionary sheet published weekly. In many respects it was a remarkable venture, doomed, of course, at its birth, to outward failure, but it was the able John the Baptist preparing the way. And now, on the same soil, in very much the same form, comes another venture with the same name, plus the prefix "co." What suggestive evolution. Then it was a call for *Liberal workers*. Now it is a call for *Liberal co-workers*. This admirably printed sheet of eight pages, promised monthly at 50 cents a year, is published in Racine, with Rev. J. F. Schindler, pastor of the Universalist Church, as editor. Henry T. Secrist, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Milwaukee, is an intimate associate in the venture. Its immediate hope is to unite the Liberal elements in Wisconsin—Unitarian, Universalist, and the unnamed outside both these circles—in co-operative work. Its ultimate hope is to "broaden us all in our thought and our sympathy, and augment the Liberal cause by the freest, fullest, sincerest co-operation" everywhere.

We, who have had fifteen years of experience, are touched with the pathos of the confidence of these brave young brothers that there is an unoccupied field, and that success awaits them. Yea, surely, there is something better than success awaiting them. Pains and disappointments, perchance, will subsoil the fields they had only meant to enrich with a little top dressing.

This is one more straw that indicates the flowing stream that is to carry with it the divisions and subdivisions, the labels and sect badges among the sons of Liberty, as it bears along toward that Open church, that Free home, the school of character, the sanctuary of the searcher.

The *Non-Sectarian* in St. Louis, the *Universalist Monthly* in Newark, the *Free Church Record* at Tacoma, the

Liberal Co-Worker at Racine, and *UNITY* at Chicago, so far as we are able to understand the fundamental inspiration of each, are identical in purpose, working for the same ends, groping for the same constituency. One can but wish that these disconnected ventures might pool their interests, join their energies, and thus make strong one common organ that would become the loved visitor to the widened circle. To this end *UNITY* would gladly lend itself even to the extent of sinking its individuality, merging its name, motto and life in the bigger and better thing.

But such wishing should not blind us to the fact that the law that gives these being must be respected. There is a local coloring, a flavor of personality, that justifies all these ventures. Let us coexist for a while, work for and with each other, urged to our best by divine rivalries until the laws of natural selection, the survival of the fittest combining with what is true in the old Oriental principle of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of soul, will have their play, and the worthy organ be established here in the West that will teach the multitude the holiness of liberty and the liberty of holiness. Welcome, *Co-Worker*. We ask a place in your working band.

Men and Things

The Public School Art League has already shown evidence of its zeal and skill in some of the Boston school-rooms. A description of one of these may interest those people who look forward to seeing similar work accomplished in other cities. This particular room in the English High School building is called the "Roman Room." Its walls are deep Pompeian red, an effective background for pictures and statuary. The pictures include large framed photographs of the Arch of Constantine, the Colosseum at Rome, the exterior and the interior of St. Peter's, and the Temple of Vesta. The statuary consists of busts of Virgil and of Cæsar, a cast of Eros, and a figure of the Marble Faun. To the classicism of the room an American touch is added by the placing of a bust of Franklin draped with the State and National flags over the teacher's desk. An "American Room" in another school has a buff background, a bust of Washington, portraits of Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant, a photogravure from Bronzck's "Columbus before the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," together with one or two Renaissance reliefs and casts. The contrast between these rooms and the usual bare, expressionless school-rooms is remarkable.—*The Home-Maker*.

"To ENJOY a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it."—*Thoreau*.

Contributed and Selected

A MAY TIME PICTURE.

From cushions of crimson the sun arose
beaming
With gladness and light on the beau-
tiful earth;
She waved her green banners all daintily
gleaming
With the buds and the flowers to
which May time gives birth.
The snowy-crowned peaks of the moun-
tains reflected
The rainbow-hued tints that the sun-
light found there,
And into the picture a beauty projected
As bright and as grand as the morn-
ing was fair.

Oh, beautiful May time! Oh, crimson-
hued morning!
What poet or painter can picture thy
charms?
The earth, like a maiden for bridal
adorning,
The sun, like the lover who woos to
his arms,
The flower-dotted prairie, the glimmer-
ing river,
The deep azure sky and the sun's
golden light,
The lovely green trees with their leaves
all a-quiver,
And the glittering mountains so
stately and white!

But over the brightness a shadow is
stealing,
The tops of the mountains are hidden
in haze,
And soon o'er the valley, like chariots
wheeling,
The wind-wafted storm clouds obscure
the sun's rays.
We sigh that the beauty and gladness
are fading:
We count not the blessings the shad-
ows may bear;
Forget that the power directing the
shading
May hold for our winning the crown
victors wear.

But dark grow the heavens, and low
clouds hang o'er us;
When, oh, what a happy, unlooked-
for surprise!
All, all of the beauties of May time be-
fore us
Receive new enchantment direct from
the skies.
For out of the gloom and the somber-
ness sailing—
As hopes pure and bright of our sor-
rows are born—
To drape the fair earth in a soft bridal
veiling,
The white, fleecy snowflakes the pic-
ture adorn.

The cloud passes by, and the sun's
thrilling kisses

Descend to the gladdened and jubilant
earth,
And whispers of beauty, contentment,
and blisses
Are caught in the winged warblers'
singing and mirth.
Oh, beautiful May time, and beautiful
morning,
The morn of the day, and the morn
of the year,
How full and complete in thy lovely
adorning
The lights and the shadows have made
thee appear!

SARAH E. HOWARD.
GREELEY, COL.

Edward Everett Hale on Admission to
the Unitarian Ministry.

The following letter has ap-
peared in the *Christian Register* and in
the *Christian Union*. It will also be
of interest to many of our readers
who may not have seen it. It was
written by Dr. Hale in reply to a
young man in an orthodox theologi-
cal school, and afterwards published
as a matter of wider interest. As
Chairman of the Council of the Na-
tional Unitarian Conference, his let-
ter may be said to carry official
weight, though in the Unitarian fel-
lowship no "final authorities" are re-
cognized; while Dr. Hale's life-long
identification with, and well-known
prominence in and service to this fel-
lowship, give his personal word a
widely representative character and
value. The *Christian Union* remarks
that there is no other fellowship of
churches which does not make theo-
logical belief a condition of recogni-
tion in its ministry. F. L. H.

MY DEAR MR. FAIRCHILD: It seems
to me proper that you should have in
writing the substance of what I said
to you yesterday. You are at liberty
to show this letter to any of your
friends whose position is at all like
your own. For my part, I will have
it printed somewhere, so that it may
be understood to be an official state-
ment.

If you, or any gentleman who has
spent a fit time in preparation for the
ministry, wishes to obtain a license
to preach without committing him-
self to any written dogmatic state-
ment, you have simply to apply to
the Fellowship Committee of the Uni-
tarian Church. This board for New
England now consists of Rev. D.
Munro Wilson, Quincy, Mass.; Rev.
Austin S. Garver, Worcester, Mass.;
and Rev. William L. Chaffin, North
Easton, Mass. Before that commit-
tee you will have to present creden-
tials of moral character, and no per-
son could receive any certificate from
that committee where there should
be the slightest doubt upon that
point. You should also present a certi-
ficate of church membership; and you
should show, in whatever way, that
your wish to enter the ministry is one
which has been tested by some years
of preparation, and is not a sudden
impulse.

Satisfying the committee on these
points, you will receive their license,
without any reference to your present
theological convictions.

I inclose on another page the con-
stitution of the committee, from
which you will see that they under-
stand perfectly well that they have
no right to press an inquiry as to a
verbal statement of doctrine made by
any person whom they license. In
pure Congregationalism no one has
that right but the church to whom a
man is to minister. I do not hesitate
to say that the committee would give
the license which I suppose you seek
to a man who believed in the Thirty-
nine Articles, in the Nicene Creed,
and in the constitution of the Epis-
copal Church, if only he showed the
devotion to the ministry which we
require, and could produce the certifi-
cate of good moral character. Of
course, I do not mean that the com-
mittee would recommend such a per-
son as the minister of a Unitarian
church. I mean simply that officially
it has no occasion or need to inquire
what are his theories as to church
government or as to dogma.

I mean to be distinctly understood
as saying that the application for a
license to our committee involves no
pledge to preach what is called Uni-
tarianism, or any particular dogma
which is supposed to be attached to
our communion. Simply, we have no
written creed, and we do not stand
for any. Our business is to bring in
the kingdom of God. And our Fel-
lowship Committee will license any
preacher who is in earnest for that
purpose, so far as to give him the
permission, for the year which his
license covers, to preach in any pul-
pit where people will ask him. After
that, it is for that people to say
whether they do or do not approve of
his doctrine.

As I said to you yesterday, it seems
to me that an application for this
license is much the most manly and
intelligent course for a person who
does not wish to place himself under
the restrictions of any written creed,
be it new or be it old.

I hope I have not spoken dogmati-
cally; I have not meant to. I have a
right, however, to remember that in
my official position I represent the
oldest Congregational Churches in
existence. The conference which
has done me the honor to make me
the chairman of its executive is a
conference which embraces the
church formed at Scrooby in 1602,
the church formed in Salem in 1630,
the church formed in Dorchester in
England in 1630, the First Church in
Boston, the First Church in Water-
town, the First Church in Roxbury—
in fact, almost every church which
was in existence when Congregation-
alism took its name and its order.
With great respect, yours truly,

E. E. HALE,
Chairman of the National Confer-
ence of Unitarian and Other Chris-
tian Churches.
BOSTON, March 25

DEAD FAITHS.

How sad the days when a faith was dying,
Dying as only our old faiths die;
Not with moans and sighs did we watch it
passing,
But with stony heart and a fearless eye.
How the heart was wrung when a doubt first
entered,
How deeper the hurt when the doubt re-
mained,
How sad the rending of ties that bound us
To thoughts and hopes in the soul in-
grained.
But the old faith passed; like a wraith it
vanished
In the clear, full light of the new day's
dawn,
And one sad day, from the soul's recesses,
With timorous fear we felt it was gone.
But out from the graves of old faiths per-
ished,
Grand and fairer the new faiths rise;
And still from the pangs of cruel transi-
tion,
Great new glories assail our eyes.
To the living soul no truth can be final,
And wider we range with the changing
years.
But the lesser is ever lost in the greater;
Eternity beckons and laughs at Time's
fears.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

ETHICS OF ART.

[From a paper read before the World's Fair
branch of All Souls Unity Club.]

Let us think a little about art and its mission in the world, even if we do not know a great deal about it from the standpoint of the artist or the connoisseur. We all know a good picture when we see one, or fine and true form when we see it, but the reason of this lies in the truth of the objects themselves. This much, at least, we have learned, and we know—that the highest and best in art is that which appeals to the most ignorant of us; a child can tell when a line is true or false. So these true things in art hold and thrill us; they have feeling, artists would say: we will say a soul of life, a truth which makes itself felt. We have only to come into the presence of greatness or genius with simplicity, with inward truth, to appreciate it and be benefited by it. Emerson quaintly relates of himself: "I remember when in my younger days I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied the pictures would be great strangers, some surprising combination of color and form, a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the spontoons and standards of the militia which plays such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of schoolboys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome and saw with my eyes the pictures, I found that genius had left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and the true: that it was familiar and sincere." Further on he says: "The Transfiguration, by

Raphael, is an eminent example of this peculiar merit. A calm, benignant beauty shines over all this picture and goes directly to the heart. It seems almost to call you by name. The sweet and sublime face of Jesus is beyond all praise, yet how it disappoints all florid expectations, this familiar, simple, home-speaking countenance, as if one should meet a friend."

If one's heart is touched by a picture, no matter what the art critics may say, be sure that picture had in it a message for us. As in pictures, so with the best books. The author does not aspire to the grand or great or unusual, but takes the common and familiar life and things about us; sometimes the lowliest and meanest forms of it, but by separating and lifting it up to view it is clothed most unexpectedly with dignity and nobility. This is one of the missions of art. We are surrounded by beauty on every hand; some have eyes to see it and some have not. Pictures are only little bits of this beauty, this often common and familiar beauty, but they confine it, they compel our gaze, and then our thought, as mere contemplation of it in a general way has not the power to do. But while the artist has captured this bit of beauty, he has done something more; that is, if he have the creative power of genius he has constructed something, and something which, while it holds us in thrall, is full of suggestion; it in turn creates within our souls a new world of wonder, of thought, and of knowledge, for something new has been revealed to us.

Another mission of art to us is that of a teacher of history—a truer history than we are apt to find in the printed pages of books so called. This fact gives peculiar value to the rudest attempts at art which reach back into the childhood of the race. They denote the growth, the stature of that nation at that time. Another beautiful lesson we may learn from art is its sympathy. It is the cord of gold which binds together in one common humanity all the nations of the earth. One may talk or write of Italian art, of English or German or French or Spanish or American art, and each of these may differ in their methods, and each be a wonderful study in itself, but after all, they all tell of our common humanity, its loves, its woes, its passions, its events. The artist is compelled to gather his symbols from common nature and from common men and their common life. Art speaks a universal language. It is like true religion. In it there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, rich nor poor. It breaks all barriers down, and when it lifts up to view a grand or noble theme, all hearts own its power and bend before its sway. But there is still another thought about art which comes to me with peculiar power at this time; it is the beautiful hope as well as

thought that in the coming time there will no longer be a division between use and beauty, but each will interpenetrate each and efface all separating lines, and the most useful will become the most beautiful. We who feel our ignorance in this great realm and our littleness in the presence of such high themes may comfort ourselves with the thought that the best of beauty lies in a finer charm than the most skillful lines or color may possess, or that the rules of art may ever impart, a radiation subtle as the influences of character and penetrating as expression in music, a divinely felt spiritual force which finds its way into the deepest attributes of our natures if we are only simple and sincere. Thus do we become inheritors of all the best of all the ages and of all the nations. Thus are we true learners in the realm of art. There is still a thought that has a peculiar charm; it is the fact that all these wonderful achievements have been the outgrowth of human necessity and have been wrought by the human hand.

The ideals which were born in the brain of the artist would have perished still-born had not his hand possessed the cunning to portray them. Like bright-hued dreams they would have melted and faded away unseen, unsung, without the human hand. How closely it knits use and beauty! how it unites the artist and the artisan! In contemplating a great achievement the thought of the human hands which wrought it possesses a thrilling charm. In the stately cathedral, the marvellous bridge, the stupendous machine—all seem almost sentient with the human hands which made them, and we are brought in closer fellowship and sympathy with our fellowmen.

So all honor to the human hand! And here they come to this great World's Fair exhibit with these varied works of their hands. To all we extend welcome; we clasp their hands in fellowship and loving wonder, and it will be hard to say unto whom, artist or artisan, shall be given the greater reverence.

HELEN A. HEATH, M. D.
4016 E. 11th avenue, Chicago.

SWEET EVENTIDE.

Sweet eventide, sweet eventide,
That calls me to my Father's side,
And bids me then in silence wait
My spirit there to elevate.
And when my heart is troubled much,
My soul is longing for his touch;
'Tis then his presence comes to me
And fills me with his ecstasy.
Sweet eventide, sweet eventide,
O, that in love I may abide!
Then, as the shadows deeper grow,
Love's peace may bring its overflow;
And when these mortal eyes shall close,
My soul arise to its repose.
Then God within shall shine as day
And be the light in death's dark way.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE

PRAYER.

This is the day of sifting out the transient elements of religion. In this sifting process, prayer has been summoned to show cause why it should longer have place in human affairs. There is skepticism upon the subject. This skepticism is one of the results of an absorbing interest in physical science and material achievement. There is a tendency to undervalue what goes under the name of intuition, imagination, and sentiment, and prayer issues from this ethereal quarter of the soul.

We want to reverse our point of view and look at prayer, not with reference to changing the infinite will, but in reference to changing the finite will. I shall not argue much for the reasonableness of prayer, but rather to show what it is, and what part it plays in the human life. What it ought to be may be shown in a measure by what it ought not to be. It ought not to be an instrument of covetousness. It is the selfish intent that makes so much praying seem foolish and paltry. On the other hand let us beware of laudation. Beware of overmuch confession and self-abasement. Above all things, in all places let the prayer be a sincere effort of the soul. I am afraid no one who is in the habit of praying in public is always quite true to himself. Sorry exercise is it when praying is merely perfunctory. Some people call on a minister to ask a blessing as they would call on a servant to carve a roast. No man is always in praying mood. Let us be honest in this matter of public prayer, for God knows with what manner of mind we pray.

Expressed in general terms, let me call prayer the soul's sincere effort at communion with the creative Heart of things. It is a mood of earnest longing, drawing the individual out of self into that larger self it conceives to be divine. Every deed wrought out of a high and unselfish aspiration of the soul is a prayer. Let our prayer be a cutting loose from mean motives and selfish desires. Let us pray as Socrates did: "Ye gods, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have may be in harmony with those within." The upward seeking wish of earnest prayer is the prediction of its fulfillment.

Prayer nurtures devotion and the sense of duty to lift the life to higher levels. Prayer will not change the current of divine life, but we use it as the pilot turns his wheel, to change the direction of our life, to guide and keep it in the mighty current that is ever sweeping onward for law and order. I have observed that those who have the clearest vision of spiritual things and the finest hold on spiritual life, believe most in prayer. Let us not vex ourselves too much with philosophical speculation. Call prayer a mere sentiment, if you will. Send-

ment is as much a fact as a whirling sun, and has its law as well. The upward yearning of prayer is a law of the soul no less than gravitation is a law of the body.—George W. Buckley.

DISAPPOINTMENTS — HIS-APPOINTMENTS.

"Learn to spell the word disappointments in a new way, substituting an 'H' in place of the 'D' in the beginning of the word, so that in place of disappointments it reads *His*-appointments."

This was the "golden text" for the day, and I read it with a growing sense of its deep meaning as applied to the petty details of every-day life, as well as to the real trials and sorrows. "What if all these are but *His*-appointments after all!" I cried, and how the shadows lifted with the thought. *His*-appointments, when our plans fail; *His*-appointments, when our hopes come back to us empty and broken! The appointments of the wise, loving Father who "knoweth our need" and wants us to have only what is for our true good! It is a grand thought and may become a real working force for good in daily life, helping us each to "keep quietly to God" and think rightly of all life's meaning and uses.

It is like a strong hand to lead us steadily on and up as we walk faint and weary amid the shadows.

If all our petty plans succeeded—if life brought us no disappointments, no discipline such as only sorrow rightly borne can give; if for us there was only the placid light of worldly prosperity—we should be but weak, untried children at best, content to remain upon the lowlands, and never climb the glorious heights to catch the broader view. It is only when we have gained the mountain top that the full beauty and splendor, the depth and sublimity, of life bursts upon us; only then that we can read God's purposes and get our souls in tune to work with Him. The way may be rugged and steep, but it pays to climb. It is not easy to bear losses and disappointments. We are all grievously hurt when our plans miscarry and our hopes fail; but all this is in the way of true growth, and out of it shall come the "peaceful fruits of righteousness" if we try to have it so. There is no cloud which has not a blessing back of it if we have but patience and humility to seek and find it.


Life's discipline is stern and hard, but blessed. The trials, nay the very sorrows, which seem to us hardest to bear, and from which we shrink with vain pleading, are the ones we could least of all afford to miss. "Show me the love in it," the wise soul cries when the heavy blows fall, and Jacob-like it wrestles until, in the light which dawns out of the blackness of woe and agony, the blessing is given, and the man, born anew through the holy baptism, arises and goes forward, no longer doubting, but trustful, full of the

peace which "passeth understanding"—strong to help wherever there is need—a child of the father rejoicing in his heritage.

"I was a mature woman and had been disciplined by sorrow," said dear old Mother Bickerdyke to me, when I spoke in wonder at the greatness of her heroic work upon the battlefield and in the hospital. "My own sorrows had taught me how to lighten the sorrows of others, and, by suffering, my heart had been made tender for all who suffered. I only did my duty." But she did it as she could not have done it had she not learned to spell her disappointments in the new way, "with an 'H' in place of the 'D.'"

It was said of Dorothy Dix, who had little but hardship and disappointment in her girlhood, "The iron in her own soul, the hardship and privation of her earlier years was transmuted into gold for other children." She, too, learned to spell in the new way, as thousands of noble men and women are doing day by day, as we all must do before we can live up to the ideal set for us by our "Elder Brother." **EARNEST.**

One Way
to fill a barrel with water, is to use a sieve. You can do it—but it takes patience and hard work.



So you can wash clothes with soap and a wash-board—but it isn't the best way. It's slow work—hard work, costly work. It wears out the things you're trying to get clean.

The best and easiest way is to use **Pearline**. That does the washing while you're doing something else—does it without any of the clumsy rubbing that takes so much time and makes so much wear and tear.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." **IT'S FALSE!** Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. 250 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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Church-Door Pulpit

"THESE TWO GREAT THEMES."

Not a few of our readers will remember the name of James H. West, he of the Geneva Church in Illinois, he of the book, "Uplifts of Heart and Will." During these later years he has been living again in the old homes eastward, editing, amid other work, a little paper called "Evolution." From a sermon, a "Memorial of Two Happy Years," just past, with the church in Leicester, Mass., we borrow some passages filled with the old "uplift."

I. First of all, friends, and foremost, I have preached unto you, steadfastly and growingly, *the reality of God*—the helpfulness of God; and helpfulness in God.

But always the *new idea* of God.

At times, in other years, as I have looked out upon the world and seen its great need; seen how the sublime fact "Religion" is despoiled, how the transcendent idea "God" is degraded, I have wondered that wise men, reverent men, have longer cared to continue to cluster the mighty universe's ten thousand uplifting influences, and interpret them theologically,—continue to call them God; though indeed it is true that of late years, more and more, thoughtful, studious, reverent men and women are coming to hold, no longer a heedless, unreasoning, but really an "intelligent" reverence for the One unfathomed yet everywhere manifest Beauty and Power which is the life and soul of all the mighty host of gracious universal influences of which I have spoken. I have felt, at times, that these almost entirely new conceptions, if bearing an entirely *new name*, might strike the hearts and minds of men with truer accent and sublimer force.

But however that might be, I have cared, and do care, to have the divine Fact, the spiritual Reality within all earth's high influences, in some way recognized,—and potently! more potently than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand even of ostensibly "religious" people yet do recognize the divine Fact. For, certainly, God is the All-helpfulness. The progressive, on-leading influences of the natural world, the divine impulses to the Blessed Rest surging higher yet than in any outer Nature in the souls of men, are the expression of that Power which, in its onward, transforming, ever-heightening manifestations has brought into marvelous being, from out of the primeval chaos, through the lapse of undreamed of ages, not only all the external order and magnificence of the worlds, but also all human aspiration and good-will, all human homes and societies, all earthly governments and laws, together with all those high ideals of love and morality, the most exalted, which to day are the hope and life of the world, and which are especially the Message of our Liberal Faith.

The wise man, the truly, highly, deeply religious man, does not ask any longer, as church and council and individual religionists in the past have so largely and persistently asked, that God—this Mystery of immanent Over-soul, this Universe-Power of wondrous, ever-developing Beneficence and Growth—shall be weighed and sifted and analyzed and diagnosed, and named in formal phrase and in detail. Does God himself care very much, think you, what we call him? The Fact—the deep, immanent Fact—is here, and there and everywhere! And the Fact is more than the name. But in the souls of men I *would* have eternally present a consciousness of this Power's unceasing nearness, a consciousness of its ever-indwelling grace and uplifting possibilities, a consciousness of its mightiness to save—if we but work with it, co-operate with it, trust it, love it *in the right way*. The idea, God, in its nobler, its truer aspects, is a helpful and exalting energy in the human soul. Men who miss it—many of them even so-called "religious" men—are men working in the dark. How they can work at all they alone know.

God is the Spirit-life of the worlds. God is *our* life! And when we know of God most, then would we embrace God the most, striving most to be "one" with God. For thus only do we enter into peace.

II. Again, I have preached unceasingly belief also *in Man*;—belief in the divine possibilities of man,—in man's unmeasured might; man's inherent oneness of nature with deity.

A youthful painter found one day
In the streets of Rome a child at play;
And moved by the beauty that it bore,
The heavenly look its features wore,
On a canvas radiant and grand
He painted its face with a master hand.

Year after year on his wall it hung:
'Twas ever joyful and always young,
Driving away all thought of gloom
As the painter toiled in his lonely room.

But the painter's locks grew thin and gray;

His young ambition had passed away;
He looked for years, in many a place,
To find a contrast to that sweet face.
Through haunts of vice in the night he strayed

To find some ruin that crime had made;
And at last, in a prison-cell, he caught
A glimpse of the hideous face he sought.

On a canvas, weird and wild, but grand,
He painted the features with a master hand.

That loathsome wretch in a dungeon low,

With the face of a fiend and the look of woe,

Ruined by revels and stained by sin,
A pitiful wreck of what once he had been,

Hated, and shunned, and without a home—

Was the child that played in the streets of Rome!

Pitiful poem! Pitiful poem, we say. Yet every equally loathsome wretch that treads Boston and New York streets to-day, or slinks down

yonder Mechanic street, Worcester, was once a laughing, innocent babe, with infinite possibilities in him. And the instilling, into his young soul, in the right way, of Moral Purpose, and of self-recognition and self-reverence—the binding of him, with links of love, to the pure heart of the pure, to the strong heart of the strong, to the Moral Core of things, would have been growth and blessing to him forever. But somebody, who knew better, or who ought to have known better, simply failed in duty! Society failed in duty. Religion failed in duty. And in a hundred ways we fail: in a hundred ways society and religion fail.

Who shall spur us up? What shall spur us up? Around about us, always, is blessing; and we let it pass us, and let it pass the world by! The good forces of the world-energy are never absent from us. Beckoning voices ceaselessly call—speaking of man's possible high dignity; of his wondrous opportunities; of his unlimited power, under due self-recognition. Yet man's height of attainment and height of happiness depend altogether on the use he makes of the faculties which are his: on the use he makes of the blessings and means of progress which are his. And so it will always be.

So this also, friends, I have preached to you!—man's possibilities of loss as well as of gain. The divine, on-working spirit of things will not, never does, never can, forsake us. But (so to speak), by not recognizing ourselves aright, and thus failing to urge ourselves on to the Blessed Best, we may flee from the Great Good, and from the healthful results of "harmony." Nature grants us light: we have our choice whether we will walk in the darkness, or in the light which she gives. Here is the blessing of the sun; but we may shut ourselves in a dark room, or put out our eyes. Here are the laws of health, which we may follow—or disobey; the laws of our moral nature, of uprightness, of justice, of personal purity—all of which we may abuse or neglect. Here is our sense of the beautiful, of the ideal, through which our souls may be educated, enlarged, made glorious, made to rejoice in the light and manifest beauty of the world. We may see beauty, we may find helpfulness and uplifting, in every rising sun, in the red of every western sky, in the tree and the flower and the ocean. Said Tennyson of his dead Arthur:

His voice is on the rolling air,
I hear him where the waters run,
He standeth in the rising sun,
And in the setting he is fair.

So may we say of the world-spirit. And all things call us on to recognize the divine around us and the divine within us—God in man, and we as men and women in God! * * *

Friends, it remains only for the world more and more to search out, that it may thus more and more

purify, its ideas of God and man, of morality and real human need, in order for it to "worship" aright, reverence the proper things, labor for the needful results. Then, with such reverence and worship and labor as that which I foresee, will the universe blossom out indeed, for every one of us, into the house of the one only living, eternal, love-deserving deity—the Spirit God of the throbbing worlds. Then will human life be seen to be meaningful and progressive and prophetic of a sublime future. Then will all our souls be filled with true uplifting zeal, both for ourselves and for all about us. Religion will mean something to us. It will compel activity. It will compel the realization of an ideal morality. It will force upon the world the conviction that the universe is on the side of right; the conviction that men cannot fight the Highest things and the Best things, and come off victors; that they cannot prostitute their intelligence, their honor, their virtue, their spiritual nature, and meet anything but defeat—dust and ashes, anguish and suffering.

Let us have our part in all this! Yes, even though we ourselves may never live to see the Greater Good on earth.

The Study Table

LOUIS AGASSIZ.*

This work is an interesting summary of the events in the life of Agassiz, and incidentally an analysis of his character and a sketch of his work in science. It is not intended to take the place of the elaborate life written by his wife, but rather to interest a new class of readers, particularly the young, in his character and in his scientific work. Nothing could be of greater benefit to the youth of to-day than to awaken their interest in the study of natural history, and this book is well calculated to do that, and to inspire admiration for this new hero, who had "no time to make money," but who gave himself with such boundless enthusiasm to his work for science and education. His genius for teaching was as remarkable as his achievements in study and in scientific investigation. Not the least of his benefits to his time were the scholars he trained to continue his work, and the wide general interest he awakened in scientific inquiry. The sacrifices he made for science, and the heroic labors he underwent in her service, will be a revelation to the easy-going students of this generation, and the wide results of his labors and their influence upon the world may well be an inspiration to all strenuous laborers in whatever department of the world's work. Browning's words apply to Agassiz as well as to any man of his day:

*Life and Works of Louis Agassiz, by Charles Frederick Holder, LL.D. In the Leaders of Science Series, published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right was worsted,
Wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise again; are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

H. T. G.

"HEROIC HAPPENINGS, TOLD IN VERSE AND STORY." BY Eldridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cloth, pp. 227. Price \$4.

The author of this book is also the author of "Historic Boys" and "Historic Girls," and one who knows those two books takes up the new one with anticipations of pleasure. The handsome binding, heavy, good paper, clear print, and many illustrations add to the attractiveness.

Beginning with "The Last Conquistador," a story of Spanish Louisiana in 1810, and ending with a poem on Decoration Day, the book holds some twenty stories and poems that thrill one with their heroism. Most of these are of "ye olden time," but quite as good in their noble lesson for these modern times. "The Boy of Genoa" tells of Columbus in his early years. "On the Deck of the Orient," the true story of Casablanca, gives a much nobler version of the story than does Mrs. Hemans' well-known poem. "Twixt Ebb and Flood" tells of the brave doings of a young Canadian lad in 1689, whereby a whole colony was saved from an attack by the "salvages," and "The Penitence of Origen" holds a lesson for us all.

Mr. Brooks has not chosen all of his stories from those that "ended well," and so does not make success, as the world counts success, a condition of heroism, as young persons are apt to think. The keynote to his thought in the matter is the closing stanza of his poem, "Scævola"—the young Roman who held his hand in the flame to show he had no fear of pain or death, and thereby saved his people:

"Then deem it not a wasted life
When striving seemeth vain;
Hold fast, brave heart, thy nobler part:
Life's loss is oft-times gain.

"For faith, and truth, and trust are strong;
God's fire burns deep, but kills the wrong,
And clears the evil stain.
Rise from the rod,
Proud sons of God,
Kings over death and pain!"

It is ever well to keep high ideals before our young people, and this beautiful "Heroic Happenings" helps to do this in an attractive way, and ought to be widely read. J. S.

The seventeenth year book of the State Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., just issued, is a volume of intense interest to any one whose attention has been fixed upon the problem of penal legislation. The experiment then being tried, if it can longer be called an experiment, is one of supreme importance. Given such superintendents as Mr. Brockway, such reformatories would certainly succeed, but in the hands of ordinary prison officials many failures would doubtless result.

But this one institution is a great object lesson, and the world will learn much from it as such. From the classes of young men now studying social science in our institutions of learning, at some future time may be evolved the necessary superintendents for the coming reformatories which shall replace the present prisons throughout the land. Such students should make a careful study of these year books. They will find them not only fascinating but inspiring. Present space will not allow of a digest of the interesting facts and figures of this volume, but we may refer to it more at length at another time.

H. T. G.

"The First Millennial Faith." By the author of "Not on Calvary." Price 50 cents. Saalfield & Fitch, Publishers, 12 Bible House, New York City.

It is with a strange feeling that a liberal thinker of the nineteenth century reads such a little book as "The First Millennial Faith"—a book which has for its motive the restoration of the doctrine of Christ's atonement that was held during the first thousand years of the existence of Christianity—viz., the personality of Satan, to whom God conceded the right and title to the appellation—the Prince of this World; the appearance of Christ as the champion of the human race, who gave his life as a ransom to save them from the clutches of this arch-fiend.

Such doctrines are so totally at variance with the whole trend of modern thought that we fear that this little volume will meet with quite a limited circulation.

HOWARD UDELL.

"Reveries of a Bachelor." By Ik. Marvel. F. T. Neely, Chicago and New York. Cloth, 16 mo. Price 30 cents.

The expiration of copyright throws this little classic of Mr. Mitchell into the open field for new editions and imprints. The above edition is printed in good type, upon fairly good paper, and is neatly bound in white and red.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

"NAPOLEON." A drama, by Richmond Sheffield Dement. Chicago: Knight, Leonard & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp 183.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN." By John T. Morse, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., 2 volumes, pp. 375 each; \$2.50 per set.

"MONTE CARLO; ITS SIN AND SPLENDOR." By One of the Victims. Chicago: N. C. Smith & Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 278; 50c.

"NAPOLEON." By William O. Morris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 434; \$1.50.

"THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE." By W. M. Ramsay, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 493; \$3.

"ARE MEN GAY DECEIVERS?" By Mrs. Frank Leslie. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Paper, 12mo., pp. 301; 50c.

Notes from the Field

ILLINOIS CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

CHICAGO, April 28, 1893.

The articles of organization of the Illinois Conference of Charities and Correction require the Executive Committee to make, first, a list of the institutions which are members of the conference, and which in the judgment of the committee are entitled to public confidence; and second, to issue certificates of confidence, upon application, to the solicitors of such societies. The conference at its last annual meeting, March 11, ordered the Executive Committee to proceed at once to carry out the provisions of that article. The committee have, therefore, prepared such a list and also a form of certificate of confidence.

The object of this certificate is twofold: First, to prevent imposition by unauthorized individuals soliciting contributions; second, to increase public confidence in authorized agents and reputable and worthy organizations. It has long been felt, and has received frequent utterance at our conferences and elsewhere, that there is an increasing want of confidence in solicitors, that the generous supporters of organized philanthropy stand greatly in need of some safeguard against imposture, and that the plan now offered will afford great relief, as this certificate will be called for by every one appealed to for a contribution, and will, when presented, at once set at rest any misgivings. No charge will be made for these certificates, for which application should be made to the Secretary, 101 Washington street, Room 37, accompanied with adequate references and indorsements.

Harvey B. Hurd, President, 101 Washington street, Room 37.

John Visher, Secretary, 101 Washington street, Room 37.

Charles M. Faye, Treasurer, 125 Fifth avenue, office of the Daily News.

Judge R. S. Tuthill, C. H. S. Mixer, Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace, Joseph W. Erant, Milton George, Mrs. Louis Schram, Executive Committee.

Chicago.—There has been delay in the preparation of the denominational exhibits at the World's Fair, as well as in the other departments within the *Liberal Arts* building. The Unitarians were, we believe, the first to have their quarters in order, and the exhibit, so far as received, has been put in place. It will be a point of interest to those within the fellowship as well as to those without. The committee have secured the services of Mrs. Celia P. Woolley as person in charge for the first month, who will dispense hospitality and answer such inquiries as may be made touching the exhibit and the fellowship of churches which it represents. Mrs. Woolley will be assisted by her son, Mr.

Harry Woolley. Credit is due to the builder and contractor, Mr. C. C. Fowler, of All Souls Church, for the personal interest and care which he has given to the building, including the original designs. The little "Parthenon" will not suffer by comparison with the neighboring denominational booths. The English exhibit, which is on the way, is daily looked for. By invoice received, it will contain a full set of the publications of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, photographs of well-known preachers, and other matter of interest.

The newly furnished headquarters have a pleasant and very appropriate addition in the busts which Mr. Sidney H. Morse, the artist, has kindly placed on exhibition there at the suggestion of the Secretary. Some visitors will see his admirable small bust of Emerson for the first time; while the Carlyle and Parker will be new to more. His Parker is considered, by some who knew him well, to be one of the best likenesses of the great Music-Hall preacher. There will also be some later work of Mr. Morse to be seen. A look into his studio shows that he has not been idle these last two or three years.

At the dedication of the Woman's Building, on the opening day of the World's Fair, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, President of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, offered the prayer, having beforehand been asked to do this. It was not so long as that in the opening ceremonies of the Fair, nor was it beforehand set up in type for the evening papers; but we have good assurance that in this matter we are not heard for our "much speaking," as some ancient "heathen" were said to have thought, and as not a few modern Christian preachers would seem to think. We can well believe that both ancient and modern history, as such, are not unknown to the Lord, and that the details of Columbus' voyage of discovery and of the rapid growth of the United States, including Chicago, have come within the range of the all seeing eye. Perhaps the language of public prayer should pass free of remark, so much lying in the spirit rather than the letter; but the prayer in the opening ceremonies of the Fair, as printed in the papers, was not strikingly marked by a *non nobis Domine* strain.

Mr. Blake and Mr. Fenn exchanged pulpits on last Sunday. On the Sunday before Mr. Milsted exchanged with Mr. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor.

Seattle, Wash.—The meager reports received of the meeting of the "Pacific Northwest Conference of Unitarians, Liberal (Christian and Independent Churches," held at this place May 3-5, tells us that the last word in the above title was added, after full discussion at this meeting, in order to make it possible for the Free Church at Tacoma to work with them. Mr. Chadwick, who was present, was charged with the greetings of that body to the Western Conference now in session.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Since the resignation of Rev. Mila F. Tupper, April 1, the pulpit of the Unitarian Church has been supplied by various ministers: twice by Rev. George B. Penney, by Rev. George W. Buckley, of Sturgis, and by our Western Secretary, Mr. Hosmer. Rev. John Snyder, of St. Louis, preached on last Sunday.

Abroad—At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, London, May 25, Rev. Richard A. Armstrong will read a paper upon "Our Relation to the New Orthodoxy," and Rev. Marion Murdoch, now of Manchester New College, will read a paper upon "Women's Work in the Church." Both papers will be followed by a general discussion. On the evening of the same day a *conversazione* will take place at the Royal Institute of Water Color Painters. On the evening of May 23, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke will give the first "Essex Hall Lecture" on "The Development of Theology as Illustrated in English Poetry from 1780 to 1830." Rev. Charles Hargrove, of Leeds, is to preach the annual sermon.

*"White and dazling
In the moon's fair light she looked."*

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WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

"Such uncouthness interpreteth? Do not believe it, sir."

That striding, uncouth, amazonian portrayal of Chicago, lustily crying, "I will," seen everywhere in windows and on clocks, the women of Chicago do properly resent. Some of the men say, "Yes, we know, but then—that is Chicago 'getting there.'"

But the women are right, as they are aptest to be in divinations of this sort.

This "Chicago" has no Future. There is no gleam of hope in countenance or form to be a consolation to any soul.

"Getting there?"
Getting where?

Nobody need care.
Only—may she go a long way and stay there.

It is pleasant to remember that the sculptor was not responsible for the design.

Fronting the Administration Building, with McMonnies' fountain between, stands French's Republic, noble and tranquil, serene and modest: competent for loftiest ideals.

The Fountain is, perhaps, the boldest thing on the grounds. Picturesque, with a wild freedom and power that seems to say, "I came from the Alway back of me, and Alway will I abide. For ages and æons have I seen 'the same old human race, the same within, without,' and am satisfied to continue my mad play."

McMonnies can model with a grand sweep of the imagination.

One likes yet to wander, letting the eye that catches things on the wing, as it were, guide him.

Yes, that is Ben Franklin on the Electricity Building, fifteen feet high, by Carl Rohlsmith. Standing there so high, Franklin can almost reach any kite he ever flew. Quite like himself—a realistic old fellow who could serve the Republic in many ways, besides teaching the saving of pennies. Mr. Rohlsmith has original touch and plenty of nerve.

In front of the Administration building is to stand a Columbus, by Miss Lawrence. The praise of it that has arrived in advance of its placement makes one desire to see it.

By the time the Fair is over there will be countless "counterfeit presentments" of the great navigator, and it will be still harder to say which is the most original and base counterfeit of them all.

One new one has been set up down town, near the Auditorium. There must be some merit in it, for the big dailies that have praised so many trashy things are just now criticising it with no let-up or mercy.

Here is a chance for posterity to pass verdict. If it has no other merit, this statue years hence will have an historical interest attaching to it. "It was put up 100 years ago at the time of the great Columbian Fair." Some

wag (if wags are then in fashion) may add: "They thought that a great show, didn't they? How the world has jogged on."

There is the old cracked Liberty bell. Pennsylvania has it as a great attraction in her building. Not exactly a work of art, but just a quiet reminder of what the whole Fair means. Once so jubilant, ringing: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" If one should listen with an attent ear he might catch yet other words like these: "Liberty to get, not only inside the gates of a Sunday, but into all the buildings thereof. Why keep the people without with only a 'Wild West' show?" Again: "Liberty not to be swindled at restaurants."

Have you been into the New York? Have you seen her Banqueting Hall? My! but that's a place for the Four Hundred. Magnificent! Yes, but not so cosy when you're weary: so home-like and restful. I'd rather sit me a few minutes by the open fireplace in the Wisconsin than feast my eyes on so much gilt and gorgeousness. But—everybody to his or her taste.

Now, if you have entered the Fine Arts Building, you will find the rooms are being got pretty well in order. It is curious—just the atmosphere as you pass from one nationality to another: Canada, Great Britain, United States, France. You soon, without noticing any inscription or asking a guide, learn to distinguish. England with a certain heaviness but with grand themes, and some thoroughly honest and effective work. France, brilliant, deft, seizing salient points. You noticed it the moment you cross her threshold.

In the rotunda welcoming you are the Dubois statues, "Military Courage," "Charity," and three others.

Space and careful setting: How cool and immortal all seems. The painters of France in the apartments beyond are not so absolutely in the front rank. Yet hereabouts one may "loaf and invite his soul" for a week, and then sigh for a small eternity. If you stray, curious for contrast, into the "United States," you will not be cast down. The painters of America go well to the front. Whistler returns like a prodigal son, only not bringing odors of corn husk and swine's flesh. His fine work he has not brought from afar. It is his own. Out of self he spins style, technique and all.

"Technique!"
How many a soul lies buried under that? S. H. M.

"This life is not for complaint, but for satisfaction. . . . Any complaint I have to make is too serious to be uttered, for the evil cannot be mended."—*Thoreau*.

"WHAT business have you, if you are 'an angel of light,' to be pondering over the deeds of darkness, reading the New York *Herald* and the like?"—*Thoreau*.

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"It is an exceedingly bright paper, and what is far better, a just one. I could not do without it."—*Marietta Hooley* ("Jonah Allen's Wife").
"The Woman's Journal has long been my only ok upon the great and widening world of woman's work, worth and victory. It has no peer in this noble office and ministry. Its style is pure and its spirit exalted."—*Frances E. Willard*.
"It is the most reliable and extensive source of information regarding what women are doing what they can do and what they should do. It is the oldest of the women's papers now in existence and has built up for itself a solid and unblemished reputation."—*Julia Ward Howe*.
"If anyone wishes to be informed on the woman question the Woman's Journal is the very best means. It is pure, healthful and interesting—a paper that anyone ought to be glad to introduce into his family for its literary merit alone even if he did not believe in suffrage. It is a bribe for it for my own grand daughters."—*Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace*.

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- SUN.—God is abundant, not only in loving kindness, but in modes of expressing it.
- MON.—Be yourself that which you wish your child to be.
- TUES.—Power brings duty.
- WED.—Flowers spring as gracefully outlined as if they were not to yield up their lovely lives in a night.
- THURS.—The longer self-control is delayed, the harder it is to learn.
- FRI.—Parting plows great furrows in the heart, but it keeps the soil mellow, receptive and fertile.
- SAT.—An absolute monarchy may give more social order, but a republic makes stronger men and women for citizens.

—Gail Hamilton.

FIRST UP.

A brave little dandelion woke from his nap
And hunted around in the dark for his cap;
"I'm certain," he muttered, "it ought to be here,
In the very same corner I left it last year."
He poked all about in the dirt and the dark
For the same little hat that he wore in the Ark—
For fashions may vary with people and clime,
But dandelions wear the same hats all the time.

"What's o'clock?" And he paused while he counted the fuzz
That had crept through his locks, as old age always does;
Then he settled himself to pluck out the old feathers
That had done so much service in all sorts of weathers.

Rather frowzy he looked getting into his hat,
But he knew that the rains would take care of all that
If he only were up; so he pulled on his boots,
And began to push up from his tough little roots;

Kept pushing, still cheerful, still hopeful, till—push!
He rose to the surface close by the old bush.
With the frost scarcely out and the ground hardly mellow,
Here he is on the top now, the brave little fellow!

The first dandelion! Well may we delight,
And call all the children to see the glad sight!

For of all the bright prophets of hope and of spring,
The golden-crowned dandelion surely is king!

—Youth's Companion.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

Only an uninteresting, ragged, dirty little newsboy, one of the hundreds, and it was not until looking into his bright blue eyes that the uninviting appearance of dirty clothes, shrill, thin voice, strained by constant screaming, was forgotten; and one realized this was really a beautiful child.

"Herald?" and a pleading, anxious look in the face seemed to say, "Please buy!" A glance at the bundle of papers under the arm showed fortune was going against the little paper peddler on this stormy night, and one felt impelled to buy of the poor little wail.

Only a few hours later there was an interesting case received into the children's ward of the city hospital. A little newsboy all broken and bandaged lay suffering upon one of the iron cots; and this was the record of the case given by one in charge.

"The little news'y" was a support of a mother who was a drunkard. If the child failed to bring home what money she thought sufficient, she was very abusive. On the night of the storm the child reached his attic to find his mother half-crazed with drink, and in a fury over the small amount of money he brought with him. She took the little human mite in her strong arms and tried to thrust him through the attic window. She succeeded in cutting him badly with the broken glass, but he saved himself from falling to the pavement far below. As he crawled back the same frenzied act was repeated. Again he saved himself; then when he was once more within her reach, she took him and threw him to the floor and jumped upon him. By this time the commotion brought other occupants of the tenement to the spot and they rescued the child and handed the woman over to the police. The child, supposed to be dying, was taken to the hospital. When the physician sat beside him, after he regained consciousness, the doctor had said: "Your mother abused you terribly, didn't she?" The little lad made no reply. The remark was repeated, and the little fellow said:

"Look here, now! don't you say anything against my mother! She'd be all right if it wa'n't for the whisky." And the boy absolutely refused to give any testimony against the miserable creature who so dishonors the name of woman.

What words can paint the heroism of that grand little fellow half so vividly as the simple patience and forgiveness of his attitude toward the fallen one. There is, in the incident from life among the lowly, to me a wonderful lesson. It also gives me a new reverence for childhood. We can learn from these little ones. The

soul is in closer communion with the divine before we harden with years in the battle of life.—*The Housekeeper.*

A BIRD'S SAVING BANK.

In California, the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, in the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn; for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots who seem to delight in this special food. It is then the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar-pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, when there is not an oak-tree within several miles.—*The Examiner.*

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Hurrying howeward one night were two roughly dressed masons, tin pails in hand, jabbering noisily. They had purchased some apples at a street corner, and were fast grinding them between their teeth. They soon overtook an old man in working clothes. He was weary with hod-carrying, his step was not as firm as the sturdy men who passed him, and he answered their greeting, "Ah, boys, you are too young and spry to take my pace, I reckon?" "Yes, Bill, we are in a hurry for supper." Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he threw an apple to him, saying, "Here, take this, 'twill cheer ye till ye get home." The act cheered him. The expression on his face showed that, and I fancied his step was a little firmer. It was a little act, but a thoughtful and timely one.—Selected.

DEAR little Grace at the window stood
Watching that winter night
The great round moon in the far blue sky
Where it shone so big and bright,
Till a cloud swept over its shining face.
Then she turned with a little pout:
"I wanted to look at the moon," she said,
"But somebody's blowed it out!"

—Wide Awake.

ESSENTIALS OF CHARACTER.

XI.

USEFULNESS.

"Usefulness is the measure of the value of all that we have, and all that we do."

MAKE USEFULNESS THE TEST. We should continually apply to the things which we possess, and to the things we do, the test of usefulness. Many times the thoughtless deed that hurts somebody would be left undone if the doer had stopped to think: "What is the value of this to myself or to others?" Let children begin early to apply this test. And not only test their actions but begin to think of useful things that they may do for others.

Boys and girls are apt to think that their time of usefulness is by and by, when they are grown up, and it hardly ever occurs to them that even the smallest of them can be useful now. Everyone desires to be of some use in the world. What, then, can children do that will make them useful to others? Let us look for the places where little children and larger boys and girls can be helpful.

IN THE HOME. Let us begin at home, where all that is best in our lives begins. There the smallest child in the Sunday school may be very helpful if he will only think to stop teasing for what he is told he ought not to have; if he will try to be very quiet when some one has a headache and wants to rest; if he will gather up all his playthings when he is through with them, and put them out of other people's way; if he will think not to scatter his food on the floor; if he will think always to put his cap in the proper place; if he will think not to interrupt older people when they are busy. Then as he grows older he can be useful by caring for younger children, putting away clothing, bringing slippers, papers, books, saving father and mother many steps, and sometimes earning money by the work he does. Let the class discuss the things that they have done or can do at home.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. Boys and girls are apt to think that in the school-room they are simply to receive and not to give; but the best work can be done only in that school where all help. The teacher alone cannot maintain the best order, the pupils must help to do that for themselves. Then if the teacher is relieved from the work of maintaining order she can do much more for the pupils in other ways. By prompt obedience, by attention to lessons, and by kindness and courtesy boys and girls can be useful in making school life a great deal better for themselves and their teachers.

THE PLAYGROUND, too, is a place to be useful. You think that is the place for fun, not for usefulness? Well, then, be useful by making it full of the best of fun for every one. Do not make your fun at the expense of another boy's hardship. Do not play at games that hurt the smaller or weaker ones. If you bring kindness and thoughtfulness to the playground you may be useful to all there and at the same time enjoy yourself more than the selfish and thoughtless do.

Do not be ashamed of doing the smallest thing that is helpful to others. The opportunities for great usefulness come rarely, but the smaller things are always at hand, and he who does them constantly is of great usefulness; and sometimes when the great opportunity comes it is only the one who has trained himself in the little things that have come before who is master of the situation. Be kind, be true, be faithful to all who have any claim upon you. Do not miss the smallest chance to do a favor to those who need your help, and you cannot fail to become useful men and women, and of such the world has great need.

H. C. McDOUGAL.

EVERY discovery which shows us that our world is vaster in space and older in time than we thought puts the Creator of this world farther off without diminishing His greatness; the progress of knowledge forces us every day to lengthen the chain of causes before arriving at the First Cause. Humanity becomes long-sighted as it grows older; Renan will have left it a little more so than he found it. The object looked at has changed neither its dimensions nor its position because the sight of the eye has been modified so as to place it at a greater distance.—*Revue des Deux Mondes.*

"I was glad to hear the other day that Higginson and Brown were gone to Ktaadn; it must be so much better to go to than a Woman's Rights or Abolition Convention; better still, to the delectable, primitive mounts within you, which you have dreamed of from your youth up, and seen, perhaps, in the horizon, but never climbed."

"HAPPY the man who observes the heavenly and terrestrial law in proportion; whose every faculty, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, obeys the law of its level; who neither stoops nor goes on tip-toe, but lives a balanced life, acceptable to nature and to God."

"If for a moment we make way with our petty selves, wish no ill to anything, apprehend no ill, cease to be but as the crystal which reflects a ray—what shall we not reflect! what a universe will appear crystallized and radiant around us!"—*Thoreau.*

"WHEN we are weary with travel we lay down our load and rest by the wayside. So, when we are weary with the burden of life, why do we not lay down this load of falsehoods which we have volunteered to sustain, and be refreshed as never mortal was? Let the beautiful laws prevail. Let us not weary ourselves by resisting them."—*Thoreau.*

"AND how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired the good man of the 6-year-old boy, who was waiting with a tin can in his hand the advent of another boy. "I like goin' well enough," replied the embryo statesman, ingenuously, "but I don't like stayin' after I get there."

Rivers—How are you getting along with that little pamphlet of yours on "How to See the World's Fair in a Week?" Banks (wiping the perspiration from his face)—I've thrown it aside, Rivers, and I'm working now on a big book entitled "How to Get a Glimpse of the World's Fair in Six Months."

TWO MEN discussing the wonders of modern science. Said one: "Look at astronomy, now. Men have learned the distances to the stars and have even found out the substance they are made of." "Yes," said the other, "but the strangest of all to me is how they have found out all their names."

A POOR Irishman, passing through a village near Chester, Pa., saw a crowd approaching, which made him inquire what was the matter. He was answered, "A man is going to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them in the old country."

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The arrivals at Unity Building, 286 Woodlawn Terrace, for week ending May 13, included Frank E. Patterson and wife, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. B. Ward Dix, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Emily Fifield and party of three, Boston, Mass.; D. W. Curtis, Frank Scribner and George Horton, of Ft. Atkinson, Wis.; Miss August's Louise Schultz, Miss Hobart, and Mr. Clarence Hobart, of New York City; W. A. Bedloe, Hamilton, Canada; Messrs. Fred Cye, Jr., and J. H. Parnes, of Colorado Springs; Mrs. Dupee and family, of Glencoe, Ill.; Mr. A. T. Brown, Rockford, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bailey, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Jennie Hendrickson, of Janesville, Wis.; Mrs. E. H. Walker and Mrs. W. A. Cristy, West McHenry, Ill.; Miss Helen Kimball and party of three, Brookline, Mass.; Mr. E. B. Culbertson and party of three, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Durant and party of three, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. A. H. Wellington and party of three, New York City.

The guests booked for the week beginning May 15 include Miss Mabel White and party of two, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Waldron, McHenry, Ill.; Mrs. Lena Wood, Monmouth, Ill.; Rev. Roderick Stebbins, Milton, Mass.; Mrs. H. J. McCaine, St. Paul, Minn.; Carl Rodow, Palamazoo, Mich.; Mr. B. L. T. Bourland and wife, Peoria, Ill.; Miss M. C. Porter, Boston; Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Learned, and Miss Waters, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Poulsen, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Alfred D. Warner and Mr. Clement B. Smyth, and party of thirty-five from Wilmington, Del.

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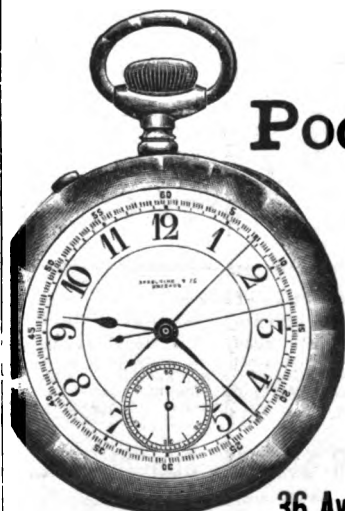
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UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

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CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

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CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 2nd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

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ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

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REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, will preach at All Souls' Church next Sunday morning. In the evening there will be a platform meeting, addressed by the visiting ministers in attendance at the Western Conference.

"WHETHER a man spends his day in an ecstasy or despondency, he must do some work to show for it, even as there are flesh and bones to show for him. We are superior to the joy we experience."—*Thoreau*.

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*Langnor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.*

* * *

*Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue the march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.*

Matthew Arnold.

* *

FOR the sixteenth time we offer to our readers the annual Western Conference number of UNITY. It has

been our custom from the beginning to turn over one issue of our paper to the officials of the Western Conference and associate organizations, that they may present to their constituencies the annual reports of their officers, and such other gleanings from the proceedings of the anniversary week as space permits. Owing to the exceptional pressure and distractions of the week, caused by the many meetings of the multiform Woman Congress, running parallel with the meetings at Unity Church, in the Art Palace, it was found impossible to present in worthy shape the reports in the regular weekly issue of last week. And so at a late moment it was found necessary to combine two weeks' issue in one. Hence we present this double number, which represents a Conference that, in attendance, spirit and outcome, must become historic in the history of religious progress and freedom; meetings that must delight and encourage the readers of UNITY. Next week the editor will again be on the tripod, and, from time to time, he will try to prolong some of the helpful notes sounded, and conserve some of the vital energy generated at these meetings. Meanwhile, we commend to our readers, casual and regular, the cause which UNITY represents—the cause of Liberal religion on its working as well as thinking side. And we commend to you UNITY itself. It awaits your endorsement of its last adventure. It solicits your subscription and co-operation. It offers to make its weekly visit throughout the year for one-third the price of the standard religious weeklies. Can we have a movement along the whole line?

* *

THE report of the Treasurer of the W. U. C. showed thirty-eight churches entitled to be represented by delegates at the annual meetings—this number having contributed to the support of the Conference the past year. The report of the Committee

on Credentials showed thirty churches thus represented, which should be added to the State conferences. But there were attendants from other churches also, including several ministers. Of the latter some were from other fellowships, and were taking their first inside view of the Conference. The impressions of at least one of these might be quoted to the credit of the Conference.

* *

THE Wednesday evening meeting of the Western Conference was prophetic both in the topic discussed and the personality of those taking part. One minister, two college professors, the lecturer of the Ethical Society, and Miss Addams, of the Hull House, the unordained minister of the uneclesiastical church of human helpfulness that is to be. Mr. Gould's paper will see the light in our columns eventually. Professor Laughlin's rebuke to the indifference of ministers to the facts related to the social and economic questions of the day, Prof. Hale's plea for thorough training for the ministry, Mr. Mangasarian's illuminating words as to the essential intimacy between religion and all the interests of life, and Miss Addams' clear sense, penetrating insight, and frank criticism must all go unreported. They must be entrusted to the safe keeping of the minds that heard them and the lives that were impressed by them.

* *

THE Western Conference has heretofore welcomed not a few wise men and women from the East, who have added interest to the programs of its annual meetings. We were glad again to welcome John W. Chadwick and to give a first welcome to Charles F. Dole. Mr. Dole's contribution to the Conference delighted everybody. His presentation of the Free Church in "Texas City" was picture-like in its clearness and charm. We have never listened to an address more illustrative of "sweet reasonableness." Henceforth "Texas City" will

be a real place to those who heard the address, and it will be Mr. Dole's Texas City. Its people will be the people he told us about. Their Free Church, and how they came to have it, will furnish suggestion and hint for other places. After all, human nature is marvelously like.

**

THE contribution in the "Church-Door Pulpit" in our last issue, entitled "Two Great Themes," was wrongly credited in our table of contents to W. C. G. instead of to J. H. West, to whom the high thoughts belonged. Our readers are always glad to hear from either.

**

KERSEY FELL, of Bloomington, is a name familiar to those who have labored in connection with the Western and Illinois Unitarian Conferences. For many years he remained the first and only President of the latter organization; and now, in the ripeness of a serene old age, he has gone to his rest and his reward. The benedictions of a loyal, loving life fall upon us who remain. His faithfulness increases our faith. When such veterans as Fathers Fell and Benneson, mentioned elsewhere, are mustered out we turn wistfully to the younger men and ask, Who will step into the vacant place?

**

WE give the following note deserved place in our editorial columns and join in the tribute therein paid:

"DEAR UNITY: I wish to record friendship's tribute to the memory of Mr. Robert S. Benneson, who left us last Sunday morning, the 14th inst. Though venerable in years, yet vigorous in mind and youthful in spirits, his departure was unexpected, his illness brief and painless. Trustfully and serenely as he had lived, with no fear of death, he passed into the Beyond. A warm-hearted, faithful friend; truly the minister's friend; truly the friend of the Church. He was one of the pioneers of this city—one of the founders of the Unitarian Church here. His sunny courage and helpfulness have supported it through the vicissitudes and emergencies of its more than fifty years; his love for it and fidelity to it have never failed. He was an ardent friend of the cause of Liberal Religion here at the West, ever interested in its progress, ever ready to give generous aid to its work. His cheery, hopeful spirit, his genial presence, his helpful hand, will be missed. His love and the memory of his faithfulness brighten the hour of our bereavement.

C. F. B."

"QUINCY, ILL., May 16, 1893."

THE CONFERENCE OF 1893.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference has passed into history. That word "thirty-ninth" carries significance in the story of any Western movement or organization. It means a rootedness and organic life which only time can give. Never before had an annual meeting to compete with such rival attractions, offered not only by the World's Fair but also by the Women's Congress—a series of meetings of marked significance and commanding interest throughout the week. Many women prominent in our Western Unitarian fellowship, not to speak of their sisters from the East, were upon the program of the Congress. In view of these facts the Conference attendance was good, and at some of the sessions unusually large. The delegate attendance was exceptionally large. The combination of interests brought the more friends to the meetings at Unity Church, if it also took them away for parts of the time.

It is not our purpose to speak here of the thought values of the several sessions, but rather of the general spirit pervading them. That spirit was, all in all, one of earnestness and good comradeship. It was understood beforehand that there would be a discussion in regard to the effect of the so-called supplementary resolution of last year upon the open basis of the Conference. Such a discussion was made necessary by letters received the past year from certain subscribers to the Endowment Fund, which letters the Board of Directors had referred to the Conference for answer. It was also wise, by reason of the fact that there has existed a difference of view, both within and without the Conference, as to the real significance of the resolution of last year. In the program, by instruction of the Directors, a time had been assigned for the consideration of the letters from subscribers to the Endowment Fund; and the whole program was so arranged as to leave time for a free exchange of views in regard to the supplementary resolution, to the end that the Conference might take such action as should seem to it best. The discussion of these related matters came into three separate sessions of the Conference, and occupied, altogether, several

hours; but under the circumstances it was time well spent. The final outcome will be seen in the resolution recorded in the general report of the assistant secretary. The Conference by a practically unanimous vote (there was but one dissenting voice, and that on other grounds than want of sympathy with the open fellowship expressed in the resolution) put its own interpretation upon the resolution of last year, and that interpretation will henceforth have authority and vindicate the continued non-creedal position of the Conference. The unanimity with which the Conference expressed itself was doubtless due to the growing mutual understanding of those who have been looked upon as representing divergent tendencies of thought. There was manifest no air of triumph or of defeat. The various angles of view seemed at last to bring in full vision the action finally taken as the right thing to do. The discussion was earnest and dignified in the main, and courtesy was not forgotten in the earnestness of debate. All in all, the Western Conference seems now in condition for more united and efficient work than ever before.

The resolution in regard to the autonomy of our churches, and reaffirming the purpose of the Conference, as expressed in its Constitution, "to be the promotion of the welfare and work of the several societies that compose it," was readily passed without dissent, as was to be expected of a group of churches wherein the free congregational polity has been one of the most cherished traditions.

In speaking of the spirit of the meetings one cannot leave unmentioned the attentive hospitality of the ladies of Unity Church. The lunches so bountifully served each day not only refreshed the outward life but were opportunities of inward joy and satisfaction in the renewal of old acquaintance and the making of new. This breaking of bread together carried a benediction of its own.

F. L. H.

THE THOUGHT OF THE CONFERENCE.

"With broader view, comes loftier goal."

There was no ecclesiasticism in this Conference, yet it was the most ecclesiastical conference, in a broad

sense, that we have had. The borders of the church that is to be, the conditions of the new church, the principles of the free church, were the themes of the most striking papers, and this was the vital theme in the minds of those who listened.

From the standpoint of the speakers there was a glance at the crumbling creeds of the excluding sects, and at the masses of the unchurched who have ceased to care whether there be any church at all. Doubtless we expect too much from both these quarters. The exclusive spirit finds too much to enjoy in the select company of its chosen fellowships, to be willing for a long time yet to "open the gates on Sunday," or any day; to throw down its barriers for the unlabeled multitudes to pass over at pleasure. On the other hand, the masses love their unchartered freedom, and its full enjoyment in their thought does not lie in the direction of altars and shrines and sermons. As Miss Addams said, preaching tires them. What if the people's church should destroy the preacher's vocation? Some think it will. What matter? Something better takes its place. No one believes that religion will be eradicated from the nature of man.

We have scholars among us, but most of the papers were free from any suggestion of erudition. There were no exegetical essays. There were allusions to the literature of the Bible and to the doctrine of inspiration, but its pages were not cited as a proof of truth or as any authority for belief. Not the special or supernatural in religion are we seeking, but the natural and universal. Jesus is mentioned as symbol, or type, or example; but no longer as master or Lord. Prayers and benedictions are no longer made valid by closing "in his name." Jesus was a man of men, but no mediator or substitute for any rejection of or offense against God.

The thought of the whole series of meetings, business or literary, was large and forward-looking. The conclusion was strong that if the pulpit and the ministry are to hold their place and influence, it must raise, not lower, their requirements. Nothing short of the highest standard and the best attainments can enable the minister to meet the demands and cope with the great questions of the time. L.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

Address of D. L. Shorey at the Opening of the Western Unitarian Conference, May 17, 1893.

DEAR FRIENDS: The church which Robert Collyer founded, and to which he gave the flower of his life, is a fit place for the meeting of this Conference. His benignant influence abides here, and will long abide, surviving the fateful changes of time.

The duties of the President of the Conference, as I know from long experience, are light. The great work is done by our ministers in their several parishes; and especially by the Secretary, who is by far the most important executive officer in the Conference. I shall not anticipate his interesting report, which will be read to you in a few minutes.

We meet this morning, as we and our predecessors have met in our May meeting for forty years, to greet old friends and new, and to consider how the high purposes of the Unitarian movement in the West, so far as it is intrusted to our counsel and guidance, may be best promoted.

The object of the Conference, as declared in the charter which constitutes its fundamental law, is "The transaction of business pertaining to the general interests of the societies connected with the Conference." As a corporate body the Conference has a right to pass by-laws not inconsistent with its charter. Such by-laws continue in operation through successive years and until they are modified or repealed. No resolution of the Conference has such continuing operation. As an expression of the aggregate opinion of different minds with differing intellectual habits, powers and acquisitions, at the best, it can only serve, or be intended to serve, a temporary purpose. The claim that any resolution of a former session expressing an opinion doctrinal, religious or ethical, is binding on the Conference, individually or collectively, ought not to have any support in a Unitarian body.

The societies referred to in the charter, and which this Conference represents, are Unitarian churches and other associations in affiliation with such churches. Each conference annually renewed, as a delegate body, has to determine in the spirit of its charter how it can best promote the interests of the several societies it represents.

I think we all recognize the feeling of comradeship that these annual meetings have generally tended to foster. If there have been any unhappy exceptions, I venture to express the hope that the time has now come for a revival of the fraternal feeling which is needed to unite and impel the Unitarian movement in the West.

We have no new method to seek—we have only to logically follow the method of free examination trans-

mitted to us by Unitarian ancestors in the faith that enlightened reason leads to all the truth that man can know.

The high themes that you will discuss and hear discussed at this Conference will tend to sympathy of feeling, harmony of opinion, unity of action, and to a higher ideal of life in all the parishes to which you will return, and in the communities of which they are a part.

It is a mistake to suppose that Unitarians do not desire to have, and do not, in fact, have, as much real harmony of opinion as is to be found in any of the creed-bound churches.

I invite you to a free discussion of all the questions that may arise at this session of the Conference, and to that frank and honest exchange of opinion which, like fair trading, benefits all the parties to the exchange. I invite you especially to the consideration of those larger questions which, outrunning denominational lines, concern the well-being of the entire community. Such question was considered at our last annual session in the resolution recommending an open Fair on Sunday during the World's Columbian Exposition. It was fitting that this Conference at that session, in view of the approaching reunion of the great religious bodies of the world in "The World's Congress Auxiliary," should earnestly and unanimously declare itself in favor of an open Fair on Sunday. Christian hospitality could not do less, and I venture to say as a question of law, morals and religion that the resolution was entirely right. Jackson Park had been purchased and improved by means of equal taxation and dedicated to the common use and enjoyment of the people forever. For many years it has been the custom of a large part of the people, and especially those who live in crowded apartments in crowded streets, singly and in family groups, to spend their Sundays during the heated term in the open park by the cool lake. To most of them it was their only opportunity to get any summer outing whatever. Nothing could be more innocent than those Sunday gatherings in the park, where, under elevating influences, order and decency prevailed without a fault. The same classes of people, who have heretofore visited the park on Sunday for the same prudential reasons, would continue to visit the exhibition on the same days. Most of them cannot afford to take the time from their week day employment to see the Exposition. Any one may verify this statement by talking with the first group of mechanics or laborers he meets.

The General Assembly went to the limits of discretion when it authorized the Park Commissioners to divert this park temporarily to the uses of the Columbian Exposition. The people, doubtless, have cheerfully acquiesced in that diversion to the ex-

tent necessary for the uses of the Exposition and no further. The closing of the park on Sunday is not only not necessary to the uses of the Exposition, but detrimental thereto. Leaving out of view the question of revenue as affected by the closing of the Fair on Sunday, such closing impairs its most important educational influence to the extent that it deprives a large part of the people of their best, and to many their only, opportunity to study the exhibits.

The closing of the Exhibition on Sundays is, in my opinion, as illegal as it is unwise, ungenerous and unjust. The United States does not own a foot of land in Jackson Park, and for the purpose in question has absolutely no jurisdiction whatever. Sunday legislation, so far as it is valid at all, is exclusively a question for State legislation. Of course it follows that if Congress cannot make a valid law on the subject, it cannot give to a national commission, a creature of Congress, the power to make a rule having the force of law in Jackson Park, or anywhere else in the State of Illinois. The rule of the National Commission, then, closing the Exhibition on Sundays, is void. It does not appear that any damage can arise, legal or otherwise, from violating this void condition in regard to the closing of the Fair on Sunday. Yet the action of the Illinois directors yesterday in voting to return to the General Government on demand the money received will meet the approval of all lovers of good faith.

The resolution of this Conference in favor of an open Fair on Sunday, has, I understand, not only the support of all the liberal churches in this country, but also that of the representative men in many other great religious bodies who think that the cause of religion is not well served by the injustice of closing the Fair, and that it would be better served by keeping it open as parks, libraries and art galleries are kept open on Sundays from Boston to San Francisco.

Report of the Secretary, F. L. Hosmer.
To the Western Unitarian Conference—
Fellow-workers and Friends:

The Report which I herewith submit covers the period from Sept. 1, when I began my work as Secretary, to May 1, with which date we have been accustomed to close our financial year. Though it is a report of but eight months, it will be understood that these are the most active months in our working year. Let me speak first of my

WORK IN THE FIELD.

From the entrance upon my office I have aimed to answer all calls made upon me, whether from individual churches or from the local conferences. It has been my steadfast policy, so far as lay in my power, to bring the Headquarters into increasingly active and helpful relationship with the entire constituency of the

Conference. I have regretfully declined several calls upon my services, both from local conferences and individual churches, by reason of my inability to be in two places at once. In spite of this human limitation, however, I am able to report in these eight months thirty-five Sunday services which I have wholly conducted, besides some half-dozen in which I have taken part. I have also preached ten times on week-days, have given four evening lectures, have participated in five State conferences, three "religious councils," two church dedications, five installations and ordinations, and, in connection with these and other occasions, have made some twenty addresses, not to speak of such small contributions to the common fund of discussion as I have been able to make while in attendance upon our religious gatherings. When I add that this service has been scattered over a field reaching from Cleveland to Sioux City, and from Alton to Duluth, you will readily comprehend the distances traveled by night and by day, and the cost of passage involved, even when the latter is halved by the courtesies of the railroad companies to the minister in the discharge of his professional duties. I am glad to say, however, that our Treasurer's report will show that this cost, in round figures \$300, has been about balanced by the money which has been paid your Secretary in the supply of pulpits. Only four Sundays during these eight months has he been simply a listener in the congregation, and but two week-days, when in Chicago, has he been absent from the central office; and one of these was a local holiday, and on the other he was out upon business connected with the Conference. His

WORK AT THE HEADQUARTERS

has comprised his part in such hospitality as belongs to the place, together with those personal consultations and that wider correspondence which are parts of his official duty. This correspondence, whose involved labor escapes representation by postage-stamp statistics, has been with church committees, with students in our theological schools at home and abroad, with unemployed ministers desiring pulpits, and others seeking a change of field, and, in some seven or eight instances, with ministers in other fellowships looking toward enlistment in our own. It is one of the unpleasant features of the office that the conditions of the field and the smallness of our means have compelled me, as I fear, to seem sometimes indifferent to applications and inquiries thus made; but those who understand the situation will not so judge me. I have conscientiously abstained from assurance and even encouragement which I felt were likely to end in disappointment for journeys undertaken and money spent. Perhaps with a smaller bump of caution I should have acted more

wisely, and—perhaps not! In respect of our free churches, of whatever name, this wide Western field is not "ripe for the harvest," multitudinous representations at our denominational conventions to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is only ready for the planting; and those who would plant must come equipped with something of spiritual insight and constructive power, with an earnest and steadfast purpose, and with patience to endure. For such there is a success to be vindicated at last, though its realization may seem long delayed. The influence of wise and faithful work in the early stages of a movement abides, like a root that reaches to hidden water-courses. There is an out-of-sight period in the story of every finally strong and permanent organization—a laying of foundations, without which no structure can long stand. Nothing, it seems to me, is more deceptive, and therefore more to be taken for the little it is worth, than the touch-and-go reports of new movements that at best are still tentative, catalogued as if they were established churches, to swell the figures of our denominational extension. Such representations captivate the audiences at our denominational dress-parades, but they do not mislead those who know the difficulty of all pioneer work. There is a wide difference between *organizing* churches and *establishing* churches—a difference indeed as wide as that between the spiritual education of men and the listing of names in an ordinary revival movement. No church is really established until it stands in its own strength, financially and otherwise, with reasonable assurance of continuance under another ministry when its present leader passes from it. It has often seemed to me that it would be well if in our year-books there were some indication by which mission stations, denominationally aided churches, and wholly self-supporting churches should be readily distinguished. This would, at a glance, give a truer expression of our collective strength throughout the field, and of the actual gains made from year to year, and would have, I am sure, in many ways a wholesome effect.

NEW LEASE OF HEADQUARTERS.

In view of the fact that our lease of the present headquarters was to expire May 1, the question of re-leasing the same or removing to some more advantageous place was discussed at the February meeting of the Directors. Mr. Van Inwagen and your secretary were appointed a committee to investigate and make report. After careful investigation the committee, at a subsequent meeting called for the purpose, reported in favor of retaining the present quarters, as on the whole better adapted to our needs than any to be obtained at like rental. These could be released for two years at the slight advance of \$5 a month. The committee also recommended for Conference use

the appropriation of the room thitherto sub-rented to Charles H. Kerr & Company, in view of the already crowded space for the different departments of our central office, not to speak of the desirability of more commodious quarters for the reception of guests during the World's Fair. Happily this arrangement gave no disappointment to Mr. Kerr, whose business had outgrown the space once adequate to his need, and who already was contemplating a change of location. The report of the committee was adopted by the Board. The Secretary urged the renovation of the headquarters, suggesting that contributions therefor be solicited from Chicago friends. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley was appointed in charge of this matter, with privilege to associate with her one from each of our local churches. To these ladies, among whom should be specially mentioned Mrs. E. A. West, we owe the greatly improved looks of the central office; to them and to the friends whose contributions, above \$200 altogether, made the improvement possible. We shall now be able to make our Western office a bureau of information and an attractive place of rendezvous for such friends and strangers as shall avail themselves of our ready hospitality. We shall be especially glad during these months of the World's Fair to welcome friends within the various folds of liberal faith, of whatsoever name, for whom the motto of our Conference seal, *Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion*, holds an ideal to cherish and strive for. Such accommodation and service as our rooms afford are freely offered to all such while in the city. The office will be found open daily, excepting Sunday, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. In the absence of the secretaries the office-boy will be in attendance.

To turn again to the general field. Short as is the period covered by this report, it has been marked by

CHANGES WITHIN THE CONFERENCE limits probably unprecedented in number during the same length of time. S. A. Eliot has left Denver (if we may include this point within the field) for Brooklyn, N. Y. We have lost, to New England's gain, H. C. MacDougal from Madison, L. R. Daniels from Big Rapids, Mich., Enoch Powell from Topeka, and O. J. Fairfield from the movement at Youngstown, O., to which he had come equipped with scholarly preparation and a devout spirit. We have not lost, I need not remind you, S. M. Crothers to New England, though we shall continue to lend him now and then to Boston, as heretofore. U. G. B. Pierce and wife (both ordained ministers) have been obliged to leave their brief but promising ministry at Decorah, Ia., for a climate less trying to his health. This, fortunately for that congregation, has been found in Pomona, Cal. Though still happily within the Conference limits, H. D.

Stevens has resigned at Menomonie, Wis., and taken charge of the new movement at Perry, Ia.; Mrs. Wilkes has left her excellent work at Luverne, with the more kindly air of the Pacific coast in view, but could not find it in her heart to resist the appeal of the earnest little band at St. Anthony Park, Minn., where she has tarried to labor through these months; Miss Tucker has withdrawn from the joint parish of Midland and Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; Lloyd Skinner has left Lincoln, Neb., for Eau Claire, Wis.; W. F. Place has exchanged Arcadia, Wis., for Decorah, Iowa; V. P. Brown has retired from the pulpit at Buda, Ill., which is now supplied on Sunday afternoons by J. O. M. Hewitt, of Sheffield, while pastoral service is still rendered by the minister *emeritus*, Father Covel, who ranks us all in years and the deserved regard they have brought. G. B. Penny has resigned at Geneva, S. B. Loomis at Monmouth, Mila F. Tupper at Grand Rapids, and C. F. Niles at West Superior, though we hold them yet with us. G. H. Rice has left Marietta, Ohio.

To balance our loss of those who have gone from the Conference limits, we have welcomed F. C. Southworth from the Cambridge Divinity School to Duluth; George H. Clare to Madison; F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., to Hillside, Wis.; C. E. Perkins to Iowa City; L. H. Soughton, to Baraboo; W. M. Backus to Alton; J. H. Mueller to Bloomington; M. W. Chunn to Luverne and Rock Rapids; F. M. Aunks to Sherwood and Athens, Mich.; and F. E. Matlock to Miner, Minn. Of these the last four have come to us from the (orthodox) Congregationalist ministry, and Mr. Backus from the Universalist. Unity Church, Cleveland, awaits from across the sea the return of Marion Murdoch and Florence Buck to begin in September the work to which they have been called. C. H. Rogers has organized an "All Souls' Church" at Arkansas City, Kan., with promise of continued growth. The "People's Association" of Princeton, Ill., while not enrolled in our Conference list, has always been to us as one of our own family, and we rejoice with it in the coming of its young minister, G. W. Skilling, at whose ordination and installation in December your Secretary gave the right hand of fellowship. The "People's Church" of Peoria, recently organized by R. B. Marsh, formerly of the Universalist church of that city, though not identified with us formally, is not apart from us in spirit, and deserves our recognition as a new movement of the free congregational polity that is the cherished tradition of our Unitarian fellowship.

I have spoken of the ministerial changes within our Conference limits during the eight months covered by my report—and the extension of the eight months to the past year would keep the proportion—as prob-

ably unprecedented in number during an equal period. Whether this fact is due to mere chance coincidence and has no special significance, or is indicative of insidious influences at work, weakening the mutual ties that bind the minister and his congregation, I leave to your judgment, who are equally interested with myself in our Western fellowship and its work. The fact is at least suggestive, and deserves careful thought. We all of us agree, I doubt not, in the general principle that however the case may be in the more strongly organized ecclesiastical bodies, in our scattered independent congregations short pastorates do not make for stability and strength. No man can do his best—unless that best is a rather shallow best—in any pastorate until he comes to know the people he would minister to and the character and needs of the community at large. Till then he must waste more or less force in experiment. And no congregation can take in the real merit and helpfulness of any pulpit appeal—no matter how simple, provided only it be sincere and touch the things of daily life and conduct—apart from some close knowledge of and confidence in the life that stands behind that appeal and is its best commentary and interpreter. Personality is more than pulpit pyrotechnics. I doubt if the latter ever really saved a soul, in the gospel sense or any other. But life, individual and collective, has been steadily lifted by what the great apostle, with characteristic modesty, called the "foolishness of preaching," when backed by recognized worth of character and the daily walk among men. To his help or his hindrance the preacher is himself half of every real sermon he preaches; and this half only a growing knowledge of the man in the community can supply. We may well deprecate, therefore, any tendency to the hasty forming and the easy breaking of these relations of minister and people, and look with alarm upon any influences at work among us to this end. Under our free congregationalism such influences can have no other effect than to weaken our ministry and disintegrate the churches.

I have said that it has been my policy, so far as lay in my power, to bring the Headquarters into increasingly active and helpful relationship with the entire constituency of the Conference. And this leads me to speak in my Report of a principle or view which many of you most experienced in our Western field will share with me, and which has been

A STEADILY GROWING CONVICTION with me for years. When our Western Conference first opened a central office here in Chicago, with such modest functions as it was able then to assume, it was a wise leading, born of the consciousness of growing power and prophetic of larger things. The increasing frequency of our annual meetings in the city, until we

came by tacit expectation and consent to hold such meetings regularly in Chicago, marked the growing sense of organic life and a constituency naturally grouped about a common center. For several years this center of growing organic life was the naturally accepted channel of communication and missionary work by the older and stronger Unitarian organization in the East, with its endowment funds and its annual receipts from the churches of the fellowship for missionary purposes. There was felt some difference of atmosphere, and there was at times mutual criticism; but this was natural under the circumstances, and it was probably beneficial all round, and made for the outward and inward growth of the general fellowship, and of those principles and ideas whose development and spread that fellowship existed to promote. With whatever friction there was at times, there was coming to be, beneath it all, the recognition of natural geographical centers and a growing sense of allied forces working from these. Of the change that has taken place, and of the alleged reasons for that change, I have neither time nor the wish to speak in this connection; still less have I the wish, now or at any time, to speak with any unkindness of action honestly, if unwisely, taken. But I do wish to say, now and here, speaking with such claim as twenty years of active service and some study of the problems in this Western field may have entitled me to, that there can be no worse mistake on the part of the American Unitarian Association than to ignore, instead of contributing to develop, these great local centers that become Bostons to the new growths of our Unitarian movement in the newer New-Englands of the West, and to attempt a policy of holding scattered churches in direct connection with a remote and never-visited office, rather than with those nearer points which are the natural centers of religious life and thought, as they are also of social and commercial life to the region about them. *Federation*, not *centralization*, belongs to the genius of free congregationalism; and this should be the large policy of the Unitarian movement in this country, if ever that movement is to become national and really American.

And in this connection I have a word to say which concerns us of the West. The responsibility for tendencies and conditions to which I have just referred, lies in no small measure at our own doors. It may be better for our action if we see it wholly there. Our Western churches are not awake to the opportunities of the field about them and the demands of the hour. They are not taking vigorously in hand the work given them to do and which they of all can best do. Our associated policy, if it have conscious direction enough to be dignified with that name, is feeble and inefficient. Even our stronger church-

es in numbers, financial ability, and social influence, seem more like moons than suns, shining by a sort of reflected denominational light rather than with the kindling illumination of central fires. The provincial spirit is upon too much of our church life and associated action. Why, for example, to speak plainly, but in all courtesy and kindness, why should the four churches here in Chicago, the metropolis of this great Northern Mississippi Valley, with its business energy, its growing intellectual life, its accumulating wealth, art, educational interests, collect and send money to Boston to be sent back to them again for missionary work at their very doors? Is there not something provincial in this? And why this circumlocution office, when, as we all well know, the more direct the contact in all philanthropic and educational activity, the more is enthusiasm kindled and that activity enlarged. And what I say of this center is in proportion true of other great cities of the West; of St. Louis, of St. Paul and Minneapolis, of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit and elsewhere. Sometime the men and women in our pews will ask themselves these questions, and they will apply the same methods and show the same energy, self-reliance and practical judgment in religious matters which they use in their business affairs. Then there will come a new era in our Western church life and its development. The Unitarian movement will not be represented by one building alone, and that at the extreme East where the movement began a full century ago; but there will be federated centers, kindred activities housed and homed and with a generous and efficient local support.

But it will be said: Do not the Eastern churches through the American Unitarian Association send more money to this Western field than is received in return from it? Yes; many fold more. Is not the balance greatly in their favor, then? In this respect, yes again. But I am talking now not of amounts and balances. I am talking of *methods*, and of methods in the best carrying-on of work that we all desire to promote, both East and West. I take it that this is the spirit which prompts the contributions of our Eastern churches, and not simply to maintain any one particular method or policy, or to vindicate the supremacy of any organization. And I do believe that the methods largely existing in our Western field to-day are not calculated to develop self-reliance in our weaker churches, or the sense of direct personal responsibility in our stronger churches, without which our growth can be only spasmodic and along no definite lines. Not until the Western churches take in hand, more directly than now, the work that properly belongs to them, will that work be done with efficiency. When this work is so taken in hand, there will

come thousands in money where now there come lagging hundreds; for the responsibility will quicken conscious power. Let us keep in fellowship touch with the Association that has done so much and will continue to do much in promoting a higher Christianity and a more rational religion both East and West. Let us contribute a moiety to it in token of that fellowship and in recognition of that service. Let us maintain delegate representation in it. But let us have our own treasury; for he who gives his purse to another, cripples his self-direction and comes short of his proper accomplishment. The spirit of dependence is not the spirit of power.

I cannot close my report without a word, if you will allow me, in regard to the feeling during the past year among some within and without our Conference concerning the passage of the so-called supplementary resolution at the last annual meeting. My own vote was cast against that resolution. But I ascribed to those who voted differently the same honesty of motive that I claimed for myself; and I accepted the action of the majority as the expression of that conference, and in spirit and purpose contemplating no narrowing of our basis either of fellowship or associated work. Otherwise I could not have taken the office to which our Board of Directors unanimously invited me in their autograph letter. I am glad to say to-day that I have yet to see any instance or intimation that my interpretation was a mistaken one. My personal sympathies and position have been well known and understood; yet by none, I may add here, have I been more cordially welcomed and supported the past year than by those who were identified with the passage of the resolution referred to. But we are a band of brothers and sisters in a cause in which we are all at heart one. We create our atmosphere, below and above all formal resolutions, by the spirit we show and the work we do; and that atmosphere, and not our resolutions, will in the long run draw or repel. All conscious attempts to set up fences, as the records of the past show, have resulted not in keeping the vulgar from coming in, but in sending the saints out. And because we are at heart one, I hope at this conference we can say the word all together that shall ease honest scruples of conscience, heal all hurts, and give us the sense of togetherness, with faces forward and hand in hand. To this matter your attention will be called during these sessions.

I recall that first morning in September when I entered upon my office and received installation in the welcome of my predecessor, Mr. Effinger, whose spirit through the years of his secretaryship has made it both easier and harder for another to follow him. I desire personally, and as your Secretary, to recognize here the services of Mrs. Marion H. Perkins, of the

Women's Western Unitarian Conference, who has been largely the caretaker at our headquarters, and in my frequent absences afield has received friends and answered inquiries for both Conferences. I wish also to express my appreciation of the confidence and co-operation shown me in these past months by brother (and sister) ministers and by our churches in the work I have tried with them to do. The circumstances under which I was prevailed upon to take the secretaryship are well known to the Board of Directors. Had I not come to the office from a fourteen-years pastorate reluctantly laid down for needed rest, or had the work been less a strain than in some ways I have felt it to be, I might feel it my duty to serve you longer as Secretary, if so desired. But I feel it necessary to withdraw my name as a candidate for re-election, and this I now do; though I shall gladly complete my year of service if this be the wish of the Conference.

Treasurer's Report of the Western Unitarian Conference.

RECEIPTS.

May 25, 1892, balance on hand... \$16.27

From Churches.

Ann Arbor, Mich.....	\$10.00
Bloomington, Ill.....	10.00
Baraboo, Wis.....	5.00
Buda, Ill.....	7.00
Cleveland, Ohio.....	320.00
Chicago, Ill., All Souls Church.....	200.00
3d Unitarian Church.....	60.00
Unity Church.....	200.00
Church of the Messiah.....	85.00
Des Moines, Iowa.....	10.00
Duluth, Minn.....	10.00
Davenport, Iowa.....	35.00
Greeley, Col.....	10.00
Geneseo, Ill.....	25.00
Geneva, Ill.....	10.00
Grand Rapids, Holland Unitarian Church.....	15.00
Grand Rapids, Unity Church.....	15.00
Grand Haven, Mich.....	10.00
Hillside, Wis.....	10.00
Hobart, Ind.....	10.00
Hinsdale, Ill.....	50.00
Humboldt, Iowa.....	10.00
Janesville, Wis.....	20.00
Laporte, Ind.....	10.00
Milwaukee, Wis.....	50.00
Madison, Wis.....	25.00
Menomonee, Wis.....	10.00
Moline, Ill.....	15.00
Monmouth, Ill.....	20.00
New Bedford, Mass.....	100.00
Omaha, Neb.....	25.00
Quincy, Ill.....	49.51
Rochester, N. Y.....	75.00
Rock Rapids, Iowa.....	10.00
Sioux City, Iowa.....	100.00
St. Louis, Mo., Church of the Unity.....	172.00
St. Paul, Minn.....	87.53
Eberwood, Mich.....	10.00
Iowa Unitarian Association.....	10.00

From Individuals.

Alex. Dunlop, Chicago.....	5.00
Mrs. Osgood, Chicago.....	20.00
Myron Leonard, Chicago.....	87.50
Arthur Scheible, Chicago.....	1.00
Mrs. J. H. Woolley, Chicago.....	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Thompson, Chicago.....	10.00
Mrs. Israel Holmes, Chicago.....	10.00
Mrs. J. W. Savage, Omaha.....	10.00
Mrs. M. S. Savage, Cookville, Wis.....	1.00
Miss J. D. Barber, Meadville, Pa.....	5.00
Rev. G. W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich.....	5.00
A friend.....	1.00
A friend.....	20.00
Miss H. S. Tolman, Boston, Mass.....	20.00
C. H. Williams, Baraboo, Wis.....	2.00
E. S. Rowse, St. Louis, Mo.....	50.00
Mrs. E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo.....	5.00
Mrs. C. P. Damon, St. Louis, Mo.....	2.00
Mrs. E. P. Allis, Milwaukee.....	25.00

Carried forward.....284.50

Amount brought forward.....	1,920.31
From Individuals.....	284.50
J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn.....	10.00
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N.Y.....	10.00
Mrs. M. T. L. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.....	5.00
Mrs. T. H. White, Cleveland, Ohio.....	10.00

Received by the Secretary from the field.....	319.50
Interest on the Frothingham fund.....	291.00
Interest on the Endowment fund.....	120.00
Rent paid C. H. Kerr & Co.....	966.04
Rent paid Unity Pub Co., 2 years.....	220.00
Rent paid Emergency Bureau, 2 months.....	50.00
.....	16.00
.....	286.00

DISBURSEMENTS.

Rent.....	960.00
Conference number of UNITY.....	100.00
Organist and hall rent last year.....	68.00
American Unitarian Association, annual dues.....	10.00
Janitor.....	98.25
Gas.....	5.42
Laundry.....	5.99
Boy.....	199.08
Stamps, stationery, and incidentals.....	54.17
Balance due Rev. J. R. Effinger.....	62.50
Secretary's salary, 8 months.....	1,666.67
Treasurer's salary.....	150.00
Clerk hire paid Mrs. M. H. Perkins.....	73.00
Interest on loan at bank.....	54.37
Paid Rev. Ida C. Hultin for expenses as delegate to A. U. A. meeting, 1890.....	63.00
Secretary's expenses in the field.....	294.30
Balance on hand.....	23.10

3,892.85

TREASURER'S REPORT ON THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

Received during the year as follows:	
Interest-bearing notes of subscribers.....	\$1,860.00
Cash on subscriptions.....	2,219.30
Cash on notes previously given.....	575.00
.....	\$4,654.30
Invested in first mortgages on Chicago real estate, bearing 6 per cent. interest.....	\$13,300.00
Cash in bank.....	849.05
Notes of subscribers, bearing 6 per cent. interest.....	5,910.00

\$20,069.05
MYRON LEONARD, Treas.

Proceedings of the Thirty-ninth Annual Session of the Western Unitarian Conference.

The meetings were all held in Unity Church. Rev. S. M. Crothers preached the opening sermon before the Conference, on Tuesday evening, May 16, taking for his subject "Three Types of Religion." The sermon will be found in full in the Conference number of UNITY.

The business session of Wednesday morning opened at 10 o'clock with the address of President Shorey. Rev. L. A. Harvey, of Des Moines, was chosen assistant secretary. Secretary Hosmer then read his annual report. This was followed by the annual report of the treasurer, Myron Leonard. The latter showed a deficit of \$184 for the year, which sum was promptly raised, Mr. E. S. Rowse, of St. Louis, leading off with \$50. The report upon the Endowment Fund showed that, of the \$26,000 subscribed, about \$20,000 has been paid either in cash or notes, and yields an income. By the terms of the subscription the contributions are payable by May 1, 1894.

Rev. T. B. Forbush, Western Superintendent of the A. U. A., reported for the work in his field. He reported six new churches organized within the limits of the Conference, six or seven missions started, fifty

churches and twenty missions aided by the A. U. A. It has been a year of strengthening churches already established; the new churches therefore were comparatively few. He emphasized the fact that the association seeks to stimulate the local churches and develop local centers. Its policy, so far as possible, is to do its work through the State conferences. The informal reports of the different State conferences, announced upon the program, were passed by, the hour having arrived for the paper upon "The Free Church, and What It Will Cost," by Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The following resolution, brought eastward by Mr. Chadwick, was read by Secretary Hosmer:

Resolved, That the Pacific Northwest Conference of Unitarian, Liberal Christian and Independent Churches, in session at Seattle, Wash., send by the hand of the Rev. John W. Chadwick, to the Western Unitarian Conference soon to meet in Chicago, greeting of fellowship and sympathy in the work of extending liberal religious thought, and promoting the kingdom of heaven among men.

This greeting from the farther West was received with manifest pleasure. Mr. Chadwick, in a brief word upon the Pacific Northwest Conference, whose recent session he attended, stated that the words, "and Independent Churches," had been added to the name to include the Tacoma Church, and organizations and societies in general sympathy with this Conference, though not bearing the Unitarian name.

Moved, that the President appoint the usual committee, for which time was asked, to report at the afternoon session.

The Conference then listened to Mr. Dole's address. It was given without notes, but it is hoped that it may be written out for publication. It was a picture-like and persuasive treatment of the subject, and charmed all who heard it. A recess of one hour was taken for lunch, served by the ladies of the church in the parlors below.

At 2 o'clock President Shorey called the Conference to order and announced the following committees: On Credentials, Joseph H. Hosmer, H. T. Root; on Business, W. W. Fenn, E. S. Rowse, C. H. S. Mixer, J. D. Ludden, Mary A. Safford, Mrs. E. A. West. The discussion of Mr. Dole's paper, and of the general questions involved, was led by those appointed upon the program: Revs. Dr. H. W. Thomas, John W. Chadwick and Arthur M. Judy. Various speakers followed, including Messrs. Hugenholtz, Crothers, Forbush, Fenn, and Mangasarian.

The Committee on Credentials reported thirty churches represented, besides the State conferences.

At 4:20 Mr. Fenn, Chairman of the Business Committee, stated that as the hour had arrived for taking up the "special business" marked upon

the program, he would read the resolution offered by A. W. Gould. It was the purpose of this resolution to remove the misunderstandings which the passage of the supplementary resolution of last May had caused. He thought, however, that the remonstrance from All Souls Church, Chicago, which the directors had been informed would be presented, should first be read. Dr. Shears, of All Souls Church, stated that that church had no remonstrance to present. The remonstrance came from subscribers to the Endowment Fund. It was voted to hear this remonstrance, which was presented by Miss Louise M. Dunning. It set forth the fact that many subscribers to the fund felt that the supplementary resolution so far changed the basis of fellowship that they ought not to give further installments until the Conference stood again clearly where, in the judgment of the contributors, it stood when the pledges were given. Some felt further that the money already given on the basis of the Cincinnati resolution could not rightfully be retained when that basis was modified, as to them it now seemed. The remonstrance was courteous and dignified in tone.

The Conference then moved to consider the resolution prepared by Mr. Gould, which read as follows:

Resolved, That we hail the approaching congress of religions as a great step toward the recognition of that kinship which unites all religions into one vast family; and that we rejoice at the increasing signs that men are outgrowing their old dogmatic divisions, and coming to see that religion is something which transcends all names; and that we hold the name of "Unitarian" in no narrower sense than as marking part of a world-wide movement toward a clearer conception and larger recognition of the fundamental unity underlying all religion, and the inalienable right of all human beings to freedom of thought in religion; and that we renew our welcome to all who wish to join us in our labors, limiting our fellowship and our work by no lines of doctrinal belief.

Mr. Gould said that as a Conference we had been misunderstood by our friends, and it behooved us to remove that misunderstanding.

Mr. Judy moved to amend the resolution by adding the following preamble: "WHEREAS, It has been understood by some persons that the supplementary resolution of 1892 limits our fellowship by a doctrinal test, therefore, be it resolved." A motion to lay this amendment on the table was lost. It was moved (by Mr. Judy) that the following be substituted for the resolution of Mr. Gould, namely, the foregoing preamble: "WHEREAS, etc." followed by "Resolved, That we renew our welcome to all who wish to join us in our labors, limiting our fellowship and our work by no lines of doctrinal belief." This was laid upon the table. Adjourned.

The evening session was one of marked interest. It opened with a

paper by A. W. Gould upon "The Relation of the Pulpit to the Social and Economic Questions of the Day." This was followed by a discussion of the general subject by Professor Laughlin and Professor Hale, of the Chicago University; Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, and Mr. Mangasarian, of the Ethical Culture Society. All these were announced upon the program.

The devotional meeting on Thursday morning was conducted by Elinor E. Gordon and Mrs. E. T. Wilkes. The Sunday-school Society occupied the time until 12 o'clock according to the program. The Conference then went into business session. Arthur M. Judy was first given the floor. If ever there was a time in the history of the Western Conference, he said earnestly, when the best in our natures should assert itself, that time was now. E. S. Rowse, of St. Louis, moved that Mr. Judy's resolution of yesterday be taken from the table. Mr. Crothers moved as a substitute for Mr. Judy's resolution:

WHEREAS, A number of the subscribers to the Endowment Fund of the Western Conference have presented a remonstrance to the Conference, in which they protest against what they consider the narrowing of the basis of the Conference, brought about by the passage of the so-called supplementary resolution in May, 1892, therefore,

Resolved, That the attention of the remonstrants be called to the fact that the Conference has no power, except by amendment to its articles of incorporation, to change its basis expressly stated in its Constitution; namely, the particular object of the Western Unitarian Conference shall be the transaction of business pertaining to the general interests of the societies connected with the Conference.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the subscriptions have been made under the stress of peculiar circumstances, and inasmuch as there have been misapprehensions in regard to the power of the Conference to determine the basis of its work and fellowship by majority vote at its annual meeting, the Conference hereby instructs the Board of Directors to authorize the Treasurer to release any subscribers who state in writing their desire to be released from any legal obligations they may have incurred by their subscriptions.

Mr. Crothers was followed by W. C. Gannett and others. An intermission of one hour was taken for lunch.

The Conference came together at two o'clock. Several spoke upon the substitute of Mr. Crothers, including J. L. Jones, E. A. West, L. J. Duncan, H. T. Root, and others. Mr. Crothers was given leave to withdraw the second part of his resolution, in order that each part might be voted upon separately. After further debate, in which several participated, Mr. Crothers was asked to withdraw the first part of his resolution, in order that a vote might first be taken upon that of Mr. Judy. This courtesy was shown, and the resolution of Mr. Judy was passed with but one dissenting vote. The following resolution was

offered by Mr. Crothers, the same being a modified form of one presented by Mr. Duncan, and adopted: "Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference, maintaining the principles of congregational autonomy, reaffirms its purpose to be the promotion of the welfare and work of the several societies that compose it."

The Business Committee presented the following nominations: President, Hon. D. L. Shorey; Secretary, F. L. Hosmer; Treasurer (Mr. Leonard having declined re-election), James Van Inwagen; Directors for three years, T. G. Milsted, J. V. Blake, S. M. Crothers, W. C. Gannett, J. C. Learned, D. L. Shorey, Mrs. Anna B. McMahon. The nominations were confirmed by the Conference. Mr. Hosmer had withdrawn his name as a candidate, but he stood ready to complete his official year (Sept. 1), and the matter of the secretaryship was referred beyond this to the Board of Directors. By a rising vote the Conference expressed its thanks to the ladies of Unity Church for their generous hospitality. Adjourned.

The service in the evening was a fitting close to a conference marked by earnest thought and renewed fellowship. The sermon of Mr. Chadwick on "The Wandering Jew" was characteristic of this poet-preacher, in its range of thought, its broad sympathies and its literary charm.

LEON A. HARVEY,
Assistant Secretary.

WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

MAY 16, 1893.

For the second time your present secretary brings you her annual report. A year ago she had several new things to say. There was in the first place a rearranging of the working force, whereby the services of two secretaries were made available—one for continuous service, and the other for a portion only of the time. It was the first year in which our new venture of "Religious Councils" had been tried. There were those and other new interests to report a year ago. For the year just closing the work has been essentially the same in outline and direction as the previous one. The office work has been a little more exacting than at first—more correspondence having been the result of our various activities. The Postoffice Mission work will be reported by our Postoffice Mission Secretary, who has had a busy and profitable year. The Loan Library has not been used as much as formerly—not as much as its value demands. The study classes of the past winter, having been engaged for most of the time on topics outside of denominational lines, have not found on our shelves the reference books required.

The plan made at the beginning of the season regarding "Religious

Councils" was not carried out as fully as proposed. Both in the city and at distant points the activities centering in Columbian clubs, where preparations for intelligent observation of the Fair were making demands on the time, pushed aside for the time being, in a few cases, the "Council." This is as it should be. It will prove time well spent.

Our first council for the year was held in Decorah, Iowa, and was one long to be remembered as an especially happy season. Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Forbush gave their time and strength to this meeting. Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Mary Newberry Adams told of the many wise and profitable labors of the Women's Auxiliary toward forming the Congress just (this week) inaugurated. To Mrs. Florence Lounsbury Pierce is due the credit of making our Decorah meeting the success it was. The one shadow on our visit was the inevitable separation of the pastor and his wife from the friends they had made in their brief sojourn in Decorah.

Athens, Mich., was the second place to entertain us, and in spite of March weather, Mr. Hosmer, Mr. Aunks, and Miss Tupper made their own promises good and also filled the places of those who were detained. The Sherwood dedication followed immediately and was a most delightful day. This in turn was succeeded by a council of one day at Sturgis. Mr. Forbush arrived in time to take part in this last session, but Mr. Jones and Mr. Fenn were detained by sickness. By the time that a busy and tired quartette of ministers had completed this itinerary they were in doubt as to whether they were circuit riders or Unitarian divines. The President and Secretary have been present at all of these councils.

Much work has come to the headquarters growing out of the World's Fair activities. The latest work of this kind accomplished by our conference is the joint meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and other Christian women and the Women's Western Unitarian Conference. The programme is completed, is published, and on Friday of this week in Hall III. of the Memorial Art Palace we will bring you the fruits of our joint labor. We offer you such a list of speakers as must insure a large attendance.

Some work is still to be planned for the September meeting. When that is accomplished we will have completed a year of unusual and exacting labors. It is believed that these labors will have abundant and profitable results.

With a wealth of topics and speakers inviting us to the congress every day this week, with the present riches pressing and crowding on every hand, with the question always presenting itself—which speaker shall I hear, which forego?—can I turn your thoughts for one moment away from the present to the prospects of the coming year? My word will be from

the Treasurer's standpoint. We have kept financially a very even pace with last year. Our cash received varies only slightly from the last report, our expenditures very nearly the same.

Last year's generosity has helped us to this creditable showing. We come again with all our debts paid and a balance in the treasury. This balance is what is troubling me. It is small, and, from the point of view of prudence, is most comforting to report. An individual who has no reserve fund we condemn as a spendthrift. An organization aiming to be a missionary body, it seems, ought to keep this reserve at a minimum. We asked you last year to make your contributions reach one thousand dollars. Our appeal was answered generously, but did not reach the mark set. I fear we are not good beggars, but if you could be made to see as we can what beautiful and helpful things we might do with two or three hundred dollars more in the treasury, I feel sure that you would not leave this building until you had passed along some of that "unearned increment" to those less favored than yourselves. If our contributions increase yearly even by small additions we will by and by reach the point we are aiming at now. But by that time, if we are true to our traditions, our stake will have been moved forward and still forward, so that the "unreached ideal" will still lead us on.

Let us hope that your zeal may realize these expectations.

MARION H. PERKINS, Sec.

Report of Postoffice Mission.

Again the claims of the workers in the field of the Postoffice Mission are presented for your consideration, and it is with renewed faith and hope for future usefulness that the following reports are given.

Father Brown is still at his post in Lawrence, Kan., and says: "I have distributed 10,200 tracts and sermons, and under the miscellaneous head are several on civil service reform and temperance, including the excellent tract, 'Don't Smoke,' by Rev. A. A. Livermore. This ought to have a wide circulation. The sermon on 'Temperance,' by Rev. Brooke Herford, has done good service. Nearly four-fifths of the papers, tracts, etc., have been sent to people in Kansas. I have paid nothing during the year for advertising; my work has advertised itself. Having lived in Kansas more than thirty-six years, and knowing personally a great many of its citizens, I have never been at a loss as to whom I should send papers, etc., selected from my large assortment. Of the good seed I have sown, doubtless some has fallen by the wayside, some been sown on stony ground, some among thorns and briars; yet some, I think the greater part, has been sown on good grounds and yielded a manifold harvest. The religious literature which has been furnished me gratuitously by the A.

U. A. and W. W. U. C., and by many individuals interested in the cause of our Postoffice Mission, has been distributed with care and discrimination; I have never sent away a sermon without fully knowing its contents, or without considering its adaptation to the mental, moral and spiritual wants of the person to whom I sent it. Let me, in conclusion, say to all the friends of the Postoffice Mission that I hope to continue my work through another year. In order to do this I must be furnished with means as ample as those of the past year. The friends of the Postoffice Mission are many and well able to sustain it. They can and must increase its usefulness and efficiency year by year. Having now no funds on hand to begin another year's work, I hope for a quick and generous response. As the years pass this mission work grows upon my hands; it also cheers my heart; it affords me a sphere of action and useful labor which I am reluctant to give up."

From Assonet, Mass., comes word of 573 tracts and sermons distributed, 105 papers, 8 books and 4 subscriptions to UNITY. The work has cost \$14.46, and \$25 being received from correspondents.

At Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Johnson has fifty enrolled correspondents, and has sent about 2,684 tracts; \$27.63 has been spent and \$12.96 received from those benefited. Mrs. Johnson tells us that in the four years of her work she has had but two reports of the literature not being satisfactory and helpful.

Sixteen names are on Miss Gould's books at Davenport, Iowa, and 2,121 tracts and sermons and 341 papers have been distributed; \$62.89 the amount expended, \$22.88 received from correspondents, \$59 from other sources. As to organizing and spreading, Miss Gould suggests "cooperation of P. O. M. Secretaries. Special meetings for discussion at the Conference."

Mrs. Savage, of Evansville, Wis., sends to thirty-nine people and has distributed 808 sermons and tracts and 72 papers. With State advertising the year's work has cost \$30.48; contribution of \$50 from a correspondent. The Register is regularly sent to four people, one book lent and two given.

Mrs. Kellogg writes from Fay, Kansas: "I have found it impossible to add to my work even the mite keeping the records would make. The good Father knows, those who have been helped through my efforts know, will it matter if the figures cannot be given? Besides the distinctly Unitarian publications, I have used Youth's Companion, Union Signal, Humanity and Health, Wives and Daughters, and The Christian at Work regularly, and have received between \$1 and \$2 from parishioners."

Mrs. Miller, of Geneseo, Illinois, has thirty names on her list, and the sermons sent number 618,

the papers 1,178. Work has cost \$93.85, and \$34.50 contributed by correspondents, many of whom write of being helped by the literature. Forty books have been given away. Miss Carr, at Geneva, Ill., has distributed about 300 sermons and papers, the receivers in turn doing their best to circulate them "where they cannot fail to liberalize people and make them think." Miss Long also has two parishioners, and writes: "At present I am more interested in Mr Jones' practical sermons that have been coming out in UNITY, especially the one on 'Tobacco.' I hope much from it as an influence on those whose great desire is to uplift humanity."

Mrs. Warren presides over the mission at Hinsdale, and reports about 536 tracts and 85 papers sent, work costing \$3.61.

Mrs. Williams at Kalamazoo, has twenty-six parishioners; \$4 has been spent, and \$1 received from correspondent. Miss French at Kenosha, has sent 80 tracts, mostly "Unity Missions," and Mr. Savage's sermons, besides 256 papers; \$5.30 spent; \$4 received.

Twenty-eight names enrolled at Marshfield, Wis.; received from Mrs. Heywood, 255 sermons and 49 papers; cost of work being \$5.30.

Miss Pervier, of Mineral, Ill., writes: "I almost dread to make out a report of my work, because it is so small as to be scarcely worthy of notice, but yet not too small to be done, for if only one life was enlarged or lifted there would be no estimating the good done. I know many have been helped greatly. Souls have been fed, hearts have been rested, and brains been set

to work. I do not know that many Unitarians have been made, though a few have become enthusiastic ones. I have no sympathy with this desire to 'let go' because large results are not attained. If we could only make people feel that soul culture is a paying business there would be no temptation to let go. Besides that included in the report I have mailed six copies of Powell's 'Liberty and Life,' two of 'Evolution and Immortality,' one 'Faith That Makes Faithful.'" The first is very popular, the latter is a gem."

Miss Hilton, at Riverside, Ill., thinks "shorter tracts are needed, more simple and direct, with more arousing and strength-giving qualities, more aim to help rather than so much to instruct." Miss Hilton also says, "Organize P. O. M. workers and parishioners into a society to meet annually, with the W. W. U. C. to give experiences, compare what is being done for the broad cause and to have a strong, encouraging, social time."

Mrs. Crossman, at Rochester, N. Y., sends regularly to twenty-five parishioners and uses more of Mr. Gannett's and Mr. Savage's sermons than others; \$12.63 spent and \$1.59 received.

Mrs. Partridge guides the mission at St. Anthony Park, Minn. She would suggest that ministers influence their churches to feel the duty of helping this branch of church work.

The six earnest workers at St. Louis, Mo., are responsible for 389 readers, to whom they have sent literature to the extent of 10,759. Some advertising is done, and \$77.16 spent in furthering the work. Correspondents have contributed \$4.50,

and gladly pass on to others the material so helpful to them. Mrs. Keyser continues her work in the city; has carried to the hospitals 1,544 sermons and magazines. Miss Waters, the present secretary, thinks the best way to spread the mission is to advertise early in the year in weekly papers of a large circulation and give a postoffice box and number for the address, rather than the name of a secretary; it inspires more confidence and will call forth more applications from business men and women.

Sioux Falls, S. D., and Toledo, Ohio, have faithful leaders and circulate considerable literature.

Mr. Wimbish, of St. Paul, Minn., gives attention to 130 friends, has sent 6,013 sermons and papers, spent \$82.46, and received \$7.18, and has lent, perhaps, 15 books. A large number of his correspondents write of the great help the liberal literature has been to them, and gladly pass it on.

Aberdeen, S. Dak., Alton, Ill., Baraboo, Wis., are all centers of work. Mr. Covell, of Buda, Ill., writes: "Of course the fruit will be to individual souls; may never show itself in clubs, circles, churches, but it will get into the great life currents of the world and accomplish its destiny."

A friend sends the following extract from the letter of an orthodox minister: "I fully indorse all that the Unitarians believe and teach, and am favorably impressed by their liberality and tolerance with others of differing faith. I fully realize the need of a church that will embrace all true Christians, with the Christian character and morality as the only

Tabulated Statement.

STATES AND CITIES.	LETTERS AND PORTALS.			TRACTS AND SERMONS.							PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.				MONEY.	
	Sent.	Received.	Parishioners.	A. U. A.	U. M.	S. T.	Misc.	Savage.	Chadwick.	Clarke.	Register.	Unity.	Unitarian.	Other Papers and Magazines.	Received.	Spent.
ASSONET, Mass.	25	9		41	50	47	27	184	24		34	71			\$.25	\$ 2.61
BARABOO, Wis.	10	5		120		30	5	45	1		30	10		20		
CHICAGO, Ill.	47	24	49				133									
" Third Church							375				130	200		2		
" Headquarters	302	290	30	348	189	205	60	96	300	248	888	868		1479		
CLEVELAND, Ohio	95	33	0	576	119	171	30	1246	517		40	70		80	12.96	27.61
DAVENPORT, Iowa	29	41	96	222	22	86	408	1032	26		39	59	43	140	22.86	81.86
EVANSVILLE, Wis.	75	53	39	172	27	106	11	47	66	10	37	17		18		30.48
FAY, Kan.								192			104	52			1.50	14.00
GENESEO, Ill.	15	20	7	50	40	50	20	1280	160	18	600	520	12	36	34.50	93.88
GENEVA, Ill.	19	13	30		10		6	579	80		58	40				1.95
HINSDALE, Ill.	21						9	201	95			71		14		2.40
KALAMAZOO, Mich.			26	400											1.00	4.00
KENOSHA, Wis.	72	79		30			6	43			191	63		32	4.00	5.30
LAWRENCE, Kan.	274	270			280		3074	1140	735	611	2340	1569	126		167.2	165.25
MARSHFIELD, Wis.	50	4	28	16	37	64	106	32			12		36	1		5.36
MINERAL, Ill.	30	30	25	14	45	30	110	300	40		2	25			4.10	5.35
RIVERSIDE, Ill.	50	30	3	14	3	21	24	52	13		1	1		50		
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	50	40					5							1	1.59	12.63
ST. ANTHONY PARK, Minn.	30	15	20	40	10	5	300							1		4.05
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	472	366	589	3183	806	706	291	805	338	348	479	1874		1070	4.50	99.16
ST. PAUL, Minn.	130	190	130	492	162	983	365	1951	160	70		150			7.18	62.46
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	30		25					256			32	32		224		4.00
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	9	10	52	50	24	5	1	206	28						50	
TOLEDO, Ohio																
TOTAL	1935	1552	1124	6113	1884	2909	5530	10226	2996	1315	5127	5703	217	3175	\$262.19	\$653.52

test of membership, regardless of individual views."

Miss Dunning, Secretary at All Souls, Chicago, has a list of forty-nine names, to whom she has sent 133 sermons and papers.

The Third Church has since February done mission work. Miss Marshall, Secretary of the Branch Alliance, reports lending a hand to twelve people; Mr. Savage's and Mr. Blake's sermons sent and several copies of Register and UNITY. No advertising has been done, and the expense has been 85 cents for postage. Miss Finch, Chairman of the Publishing Committee, sent 824 of Mr. Blake's sermons to other workers. Individuals have distributed UNITY, Register, and 375 tracts and sermons. We are permitted to note the following in reference to the benefit derived from Mr. Blake's sermons: "I found much satisfaction and delight in reading that 'Happiness from Thoughts' and 'Natural Religion.' The series, 'Religion and the Bible,' 'What Is Religion?' 'Religion and Ethics,' all contained answers to questions that have at some time or other arisen in my mind."

At Headquarters the correspondence is mostly with the workers at various points, but there are about thirty to whom we send sermons and miscellaneous literature. Three hundred and two letters have been written and 290 received. The committee at Unity Church, Boston, have, with their usual generosity, given us 600 copies of Mr. Savage's sermons. Mr. Chadwick's people have also most cordially contributed from 400 to 500 copies as we desired. Ten copies of "Every Other Sunday" are sent to our younger friends, and one little lad in Dakota writes us how much he likes it, and after reading he carries it to his cousin that she, too, may enjoy it.

We have been very much interested in the labors of a friend in a neighboring State, who has been patiently trying to help her townspeople to a larger life. In her last letter she wrote: "We have a sermon read three Sunday evenings in succession and the fourth have a 'Song Service.' I labored hard to secure this last, but finally succeeded, and now all enjoy it. We open with a song, then a chapter in the bible; all repeat the Lord's prayer, another song, then a poem (quite an innovation, I assure you), another song, another poem, or some reading, and so on. I feel quite elated that they have at last become convinced that it is not actually sinful to read a beautiful poem upon Sunday evening. A few weeks ago I read Mr. Jones' sermon, 'Faithfulness.' After the service one lady, a strict Baptist, amused me exceedingly by saying: 'If you read many more sermons like that I am afraid you will make me a Unitarian.' Everyone liked that sermon. Somehow Mr. Jones has a way of appealing directly to one's personality, and even people of poorest education can understand him." There was left

from last year \$15.79 of the money Mr. Gannett gave for Unity Mission and Short Tracts, and 94 cents of the money for postage; so up to date the account stands:

On hand.....	\$.94	Tracts.....	\$ 4.96
Mr. Gannett.....	15.79	Postage.....	53.03
Donations.....	5.79	Postals.....	.30
Record books.....	2.10	Brush.....	.05
W. W. U. C.....	28.00	W. W. U. C.....	2.10
Workers.....	41.47	Mr. Ellis.....	21.51
		On hand.....	11.88
Total.....	\$94.09	Total.....	\$94.09

BETHIA C. REED, P. O. M. Sec.

Report of Unity Publishing Committee.

During the year the Unity Publishing Committee has issued a new Short Tract, No. 33: "What It Signifies to Join the Unitarian Church," by Rev. A. M. Judy. It has published editions of Unity Missions Nos. 2, 4, 20, 34, 35, 40 (two thousand copies each); Nos. 7, 9, 15, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29 (one thousand each); of Short Tracts Nos. 2, 6, 8, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 (two thousand each); Nos. 7, 11 (one thousand each); No. 13 (five thousand); No. 17 (three thousand).

There were new plates for Short Tract 20, which was revised by Mr. Effinger, and new plates for advertising the Unity Mission and Short Tract series; new plate for fourth page of Short Tract 17 and new plates for Short Tract 7; another edition of Hymns and Chorals (1,000), and of Hymns and Services for Sunday Circles. On hand, 30,403 Unity Mission; 31,280 Short Tracts; 1,027 service books.

Treasury contains.....	\$87.76
Due on account.....	58.02
	\$145.28

BETHIA C. REED, Sec. and Treas.

Treasurer's Report of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, from May 16, 1892, to May 16, 1893.

RECEIPTS.	
Cash Balance May 16, 1892.....	\$239.15
Life Memberships.	

Miss Ella F. Hubby.....	\$10.00
Mrs. Chas. A. Warren.....	10.00
	20.00

Contributions.	
Mrs. R. F. Burrell, Portland, Ore.....	5.00
Mrs. A. Tainter, Menominee, Wis.....	5.00
Mrs. R. E. Damon, St. Louis, Mo.....	5.00
Misses Southworth, Cleveland, O.....	5.00
Miss Ella F. Hubby, Cleveland, O.....	10.00
Miss I. F. Chapman, Brooklyn.....	5.00
Mrs. M. T. L. Gannett, Rochester.....	5.00
Mrs. M. J. Miller, Geneseo, Ill.....	5.00
Mrs. E. R. Spear.....	5.00
Mrs. Laura Wilkinson, Chicago.....	24.00
Mrs. S. C. L. Jones, Chicago.....	10.00
Mrs. M. A. Osgood, Chicago.....	20.00
Mrs. W. B. Heiney, Chicago.....	7.00
Mrs. S. W. Lamson, Chicago.....	25.00
Miss Louise Greele, Chicago.....	10.00
Mrs. E. G. Howe, Chicago.....	5.00
Mrs. F. M. Loveday, Chicago.....	5.00
Collection at annual meeting May, 1892.....	13.75
	167.75

Contributions from Societies.	
Davenport, Iowa.....	5.00
Des Moines, Iowa.....	5.00
Kalamazoo, Mich.....	5.00
Athens, Mich.....	5.00
Detroit, Mich.....	5.00
Unity Church, St. Louis, Mo.....	35.00
LaPorte, Ind.....	5.00
Janesville, Wis.....	5.00
Princeton, Ill.....	5.00
All Souls Church, Chicago, Ill.....	50.00
Hinadale, Ill.....	5.00
Sheffield, Ill.....	5.00
Buda, Ill.....	5.00
	110.00

Annual memberships.....	218.00
Receipts from Collections at Councils.....	21.44
Receipts for Geneva Parsonage.....	51.00
Receipts from sale of Record Books.....	9.40
	297.24
	824.14

EXPENDITURES.

Record Book.....	.70
Stationery.....	7.00
Hymns and Chorals, donation to.....	4.63
Printing.....	14.50
Printing Programs.....	15.00
Sherwood Church.....	10.00
Postage.....	16.50
Postoffice Mission Postage.....	25.00
Traveling Expenses, Councils.....	27.74
Traveling Expenses, Presidents.....	50.00
Geneva Parsonage.....	51.00
Salary, P. O. Missionary.....	182.00
Salary, Secretary.....	200.00

Balance in Treasury.....	666.07
	158.07
	824.14

MARION H. PERKINS, Treas.

Proceedings of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference was opened Tuesday morning at 9:30 by a devotional meeting led by Mrs. Mary McDowell, of Toronto. The address of the President, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, was followed by that of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins. The Secretary's report showed a good year's work, and the Treasurer reported a satisfactory balance in the treasury. Following these came reports from the various branches, Chicago being reported by Mrs. H. H. Badger, and St. Louis by Mrs. Waters. Both branches were in a flourishing condition, and reported good work accomplished in the study classes.

Fraternal greetings and statements of work accomplished were made by Mrs. Fifield for the National Alliance, by Mrs. R. H. Davis for the New York League, and by Mrs. B. Ward Dix, President of the Alliance, who suggested a plan of co-operative work in keeping lists of Postoffice Mission correspondents.

A report of the Religious Council held at Decorah, Iowa, was read by Mrs. E. A. Holway, and was full of suggestion as to the value of the meeting.

Mrs. S. C. L. Jones spoke of the brave, self-denying work being done on the prairies of Dakota by Rev. Helen G. Putnam, and moved that \$50 be sent from the treasury of the Women's Conference to assist in the work she is doing. Carried.

The nominating committee reported for officers and directors for the coming year the following names:

President, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Moline; Vice President, Mrs. J. C. Learned, St. Louis; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins, Chicago; Secretary Postoffice Mission, Mrs. B. C. Reed, Chicago.

Directors—to May, 1896: Miss S. A. Brown, Lawrence, Kan.; Mrs. B. C. Reed, Chicago; Mrs. R. E. Damon, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M. S. Savage, Evansville, Wis.; Mrs. V. Richardson, Princeton, Ill.; Mrs. I. G.

Temple, Hinsdale; Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago.

To fill vacancies for one year, Mrs. F. G. Howe, Chicago, and Mrs. E. E. Woodman, St. Paul; the Religious Study Class Committee, the P. O. Mission, and Literature Committee to continue the same as last year.

Miss Tupper reported a union of Liberal women from St. Paul and vicinity as doing a grand work.

After the noon adjournment for lunch the afternoon session was opened by a brief address from Miss Hultin, who called upon Mr. Hosmer to speak his word as to the value of the religious councils, he having been present at several of them. He felt them to be a great help to those who were otherwise deprived of church services. He found the appreciation of the people almost pathetic. In doing this work, he said, one must realize that they were seed-sowing, without much hope of immediate harvest. The printed word was good and valuable, but the living voice has its own especial and pre-eminent value. All religious work, he said, is a work of faith.

After the annual subscriptions were called for and partially collected, the special literary part of the programme was taken up. This consisted of a paper upon the subject, "The Effect of Liberal Thought Upon the Character and Work of Women," by Mila F. Tupper, which was supplemented by discussion of sub-topics, "Its Effect Upon the Happiness of Women," "Upon the Devotional Spirit of Women," and "Upon Her Practical Activities," by, respectively, Mrs. Woolley, Mrs. Gibb, and Mrs. Gannett. The papers were all valuable and entertaining. The concluding exercise was a poem from Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton, so full of beauty as to form a fitting close to a most inspiring day.

SOPHIA H. BADGER.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Address of Rev. A. W. Gould, President of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

For twenty years the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society has been doing what it could to help the world in the right direction. It has been a pioneer in its way. It has been the first to introduce into its service the great thoughts and inspiring sayings that are to be found outside of the Bible as well as in it. Mr. Blake's Sunday-school services have gone forth on a fruitful mission. And it is deemed wise to prepare a new and improved edition. To improve it thoroughly will require about five hundred dollars. Nearly half of that sum has already been subscribed by three or four schools, which simply advance the money they would pay for the new work. When a sufficient number of schools have signified their willingness to enter into

this arrangement the work will be republished and sent forth on a new career of usefulness.

Another pioneer work is the six years' course. It was a large and novel conception. The schools have taken more and more interest in it each year. The first year lay in absolutely untrodden ways, and the second, though touched by modern scholarship, had not yet been reduced to a suitable form for Sunday-school work. The third year has been finished, and we are now entering upon the fourth. Mr. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah, has kindly consented to prepare that subject—"The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion"—and to conduct the Sunday-school Institute during the first two weeks of August in Unity Hall, near the gates of the World's Fair. We hope larger numbers than ever of our teachers will come to the institute this year, combining it with the Fair.

The Sunday school does not make money by its publications. Its income is wholly from the gifts of the Sunday schools and from the dues of its annual and life members. The number of schools contributing is steadily increasing, and the amount is also increasing. But not all the schools who use our books are helping us to pay our Secretary and the rent of our headquarters. We have made both ends meet this last year; but we have not been able to issue the first year's work of our six years' course in permanent form, owing to lack of the necessary funds. Therefore, while acknowledging the generosity of the many schools which has made our existence possible, we would urge upon the other schools to also do their share. And we would urge all Sunday-school workers to help us by letting us know of any topics or methods that they find useful, that we may impart them to all the schools. It is our object to make this society a sort of distributing center. The best thoughts shall be gathered here from the few who are able to give us the best, and then they shall be sent forth to all our schools. But such a distributing center can exist only when having a generous support, both intellectual and financial.

Treasurer's Report of Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, from May 16, 1892, to May 16, 1893.

RECEIPTS.	
Cash balance May 16, 1892.....	\$ 164.05
Received from outstanding bills.....	16.32
outstanding merchandise sales.....	436.69
Annual memberships, \$1 each.....	91.00
Life memberships:	
Mrs. C. M. Woodward, St. Louis.....	10.00
J. Wadsworth, Pasadena, Cal.....	10.00
Geo. Stickney, Grand Haven, Mich.....	10.00
Mrs. E. E. A. Holway, Decorah, Iowa.....	10.00
Geo. Bevier, Sioux City, Iowa.....	10.00
Henry C. Young, Sioux City, Iowa.....	10.00
Mrs. Geo. Mephan, St. Louis, Mo.....	10.00
	70.00

Amount brought forward.....	\$778.06
Contributions from Sunday-schools and individuals:	
New Bedford, Mass.....	50.00
St. Louis, Mo.....	25.00
Chicago, All Souls Church.....	20.00
Chicago, Third Unit. Church.....	20.00
St. Paul, Minn.....	20.00
Cleveland, Ohio.....	20.00
Menomonee, Wis.....	17.00
Rochester, N. Y.....	15.00
Miss Ella F. Hubby, Cleveland.....	13.00
Hon. D. L. Shorey, Chicago.....	10.00
J. M. Wanzer, Chicago.....	10.00
Davenport, Iowa.....	10.00
Hinsdale, Ill.....	10.00
Buda, Ill.....	7.35
Geneseo, Ill.....	5.00
Kalamazoo, Mich.....	5.00
Geneva, Ill.....	5.00
Hillside, Wis.....	5.00
Sioux Falls, S. D.....	5.00
Sheffield, Ill.....	4.00
F. N. Wilder, Chicago.....	3.00
J. E. Oliver, Ithaca, N. Y.....	3.00
Mrs. W. A. Rust, Eau Claire, Wis.....	2.00
Geo. Waite, Marksboro, N. J.....	2.00
Mrs. A. Groninger, Sioux City.....	2.00
T. W. Heinemann, Chicago.....	2.00
J. F. Redhead, Hutchinson, Kan.....	2.00
H. W. Brown, Lincoln, Neb.....	2.00
Milwaukee, Wis.....	2.00
Miss A. A. Ogden, Chicago.....	1.00
Miss Junata Stafford, Chicago.....	1.00
Miss D. Pervier, Sheffield, Ill.....	.28
	300.61
Interest on endowment fund.....	2.00
*Institute receipts.....	120.48
	\$1,01.07

NOTE.—The Unitarian Church of Sioux City paid \$20 for two life memberships, which are acknowledged under that head, instead of contributions. A contribution of \$1 from Buda, Ill., reached the office too late to be included in the totals.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Merchandise bought and publications made.....	\$340.11
Postage.....	31.57
Secretary's salary.....	20.10
Treasurer's salary.....	347.95
Institute expenses:	
Advertising in UNITY, July 21.....	\$30.00
Railroad ticket for lecturer to Spring Green.....	8.05
Paid to lecturers.....	55.65
Board and lodging of lecturers.....	16.00
Secretary's salary.....	15.45
Printing.....	50.00
Express, telegrams, etc.....	18.25
Programmes.....	1.47
	8.25
Merchandise advertising.....	203.10
Expenses (envelopes, circulars).....	56.00
Cash balance, general fund.....	5.50
endowment fund.....	25.72
	1.01
	\$1,201.07

STATEMENT OF RESOURCES.

Cash on hand, including endowment fund.....	\$76.73
Furniture.....	40.00
Plates, books, and pamphlets.....	1,414.68
Bills receivable, net.....	50.17
	\$1,580.93

* NOTE.—The report of the Tower Hill Institute having been submitted at the directors' meeting, the original pencil memoranda were destroyed, and the receipts of the S. S. Institute as separate from the Unity Club lectures cannot now be definitely given.

E. T. LEONARD,
Institute Secretary.
MARION H. PERKINS, Treas.

Proceedings of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 18, 1893.

President A. W. Gould of Hinsdale, in his opening address, set forth the present condition of the society and the hopes of things to be accomplished during the coming year. The first volume of the "Six Years' Course on Beginnings," now nearly ready for the press, will be published in time for the opening of Sunday schools in the fall, it is hoped. But even more important than the publi-

cation of this book was considered the amending and enlarging of the "Sunday-school Service Book." A revision and extension of both services and songs have been in contemplation for some time, and Mr. Blake has already begun the work of revising. On recommendation of the Nominating Committee, Miss E. E. Gordon Chairman, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: A. W. Gould President, Ellen T. Leonard Vice President, Marion H. Perkins Secretary and Treasurer; Directors, for three years, W. C. Gannett, Rochester; Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, Chicago, Mrs. Geo. Patten, Geneva; Samuel Sewell, St. Paul.

The special program, the symposium called "A Sunday-school Experience Meeting," was the literary feature of the meeting. The papers, as many as could be obtained, will be printed in this or succeeding numbers of UNITY.

The hour was so full of good things that could not, for lack of time, be discussed that the listeners went away from the meeting disappointed on account of its brevity.

Pledges were given for the purchase of at least five hundred copies of the new service book when it shall be ready for sale.

M. H. PERKINS, Secretary.

THIS somewhat paradoxical theory upon which the officers of the Auxiliary Congresses have been working was abundantly vindicated during Conference week, viz: the more meetings there are to be attended at the same time the more people will there be in attendance at each one of them. While the attendance at the Western Conference was creditable all the way through, the two dozen or more Halls and Committee rooms in the Art Building were crowded to the full by the various Women Congresses in session. For once the reportorial power of the great blanket-sheet dailies was wholly inadequate, and great meetings with brilliant speakers went by each day without a mention in the columns of the Chicago dailies next morning. If this is true of these papers, the limitations of our little weekly will be accepted by our readers with more patience. To our readers the joint meetings of the Unitarian Women organization of the East, West and far West, held under the auspices of the Woman's Congress, in the Art Palace, Friday forenoon and evening, were of great interest. But, we cannot speak of it in this number except to say that it nobly justified itself, both in its program and its attendance. The audiences would have delighted similar meetings at the biennial session of the National Conference at Saratoga in numbers. In diversity of attendance, intellectual alertness, curiosity, and unpremeditated enthusiasm, it far exceeded such a meeting. At another time we may be able to speak more in detail of these meetings.

Church-Door Pulpit

THREE TYPES OF RELIGION.

THE CONFERENCE SERMON, BY S. M. CROTHERS.

Hebrews X., 11. "Every priest, indeed, standeth day by day ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices.

Psalms XL., 7-9.

Then said I, Lo, I come:
In the volume of the book it is written of me,
I delight to do thy will, O my God;
Yea, thy law is written in my heart.
I have preached righteousness in the great congregation;

Lo, I will not refrain my lips,
O Lord, thou knowest.

Ecclesiastes VII., 25. "Then I turned about, and my heart was set to know, and to search out, and to seek wisdom, and the reason of things."

Most of our judgments in matters of religion are impaired by our imperfect classification. We accept sectarian divisions as final, and are confused by superficial resemblances and differences. We must learn a lesson from the man of science. He finds that he is able to make progress only when he gives up the artificial for the natural classification. He ignores what may seem most important to the untrained eye, and seeks what is truly characteristic.

In like manner, when we consider religion as a great elemental force, an ineradicable impulse in human nature, we see certain types persisting through all changes of creed.

The first type is that of the priest. We see the priest at the very dawn of history, and whether we turn to the book of Genesis or to the pages of Homer, we find the same characteristics which belong to him to-day. The priest is the guardian of the sacred things. To him all times and places are not alike; his piety is not shocked by the thought of vast spaces where God is not. It is enough for him that in one place the Divine glory shines. Thither he turns with solemn anticipation. What if the universe be profane, and life a brutal battle, so long as the sanctuary is inviolate. He looks abroad and sees evil triumphant; gross darkness is over the world. All the more beautiful by contrast is the holy place. Whether it be the holy mountain which the desert wanderer worships from afar, or the holy stone; or the holy tree, symbol of everlasting life; or the temple built by pious hands; each must have its priest. He is the sworn servant of the sanctities, and would give his life to protect them from any defiling touch.

It is characteristic of the priest that he loves repetition. The rhythmic chant is the natural expression of his emotion. The restless thinker is ever seeking for a new idea, and is never so glad as when he feels the

thrill of discovery, but there is a sacred monotony dear to the priestly heart. He never tires of a familiar refrain. He loves to tell "the old, old story," which becomes more sweet with all the associations which it gathers to itself. We often talk slightingly of dead and empty forms, as if thereby we described the liturgical element in worship. Ah, but to the true priest, and to those who come under his influence, the words so often repeated are not dead but are all alive.

Shakspeare, who interpreted the thoughts of all men, entered into the priest's mind. The priest repeats himself, as does the true lover, because "love alters not."

What's new to speak, what new to register,

That may express my love or thy dear merit?

Nothing. * * * But yet, like prayers divine,

I must each day say o'er the very same; Counting no old thing old, thou mine,

I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name,

So that eternal love in love's fresh case Weighs not the dust and injury of age.

Only by recognizing this changeless loyalty of love can we do justice to the conservatism of priesthoods. Students of civilization tell us that the cult survives the creed. Words and forms remain long after their original meanings have been forgotten. But the new meanings may be as vital as the old; and the new faith may make noble use of the old shrines. The epistle to the Hebrews finely touches upon the characteristic love of the priest for repetition when it says: "Every priest standeth day by day, ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices." The writer illuminates another point when he says: "Every priest has compassion on the ignorant and erring." We know the charm which the priestly service has for people of the finest culture, for the priest cares for the beautiful and knows the influence of music and architecture; but he touches even more intimately the other extreme of society. The sluggish mind can not readily grasp a new idea, and the dull conscience is not easily moved by reason. But day by day the priest stands with the same symbols of a love divine, and those who cannot understand, come vaguely to feel a sanctity that rebukes the sin, and a compassion which welcomes the sinner. And when they are tired and disheartened they turn to the priest, and in his words of absolute find rest for their souls.

And so it happens that amid religious revolutions, the priest of a faith discredited in the centers of thought, still finds multitudes who cling to him. After Christianity had conquered in the capitals of the world the men of the heath still worshiped at their old altars. And to-day, in spite of all iconoclastic

forms, the peasant loves "the priest, and the bell, and the holy well."

But, however necessary the mission of the priest may be, he is not the sole minister of religion. Breaking in upon the sacred chant we hear a new voice, clear, strong, thrilling. Hear the cry which startles the worshiper and frightens the priest: "Lo, I come. In the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O, God! I have proclaimed righteousness in the great congregation." Who is this who dares cry aloud with such insistent emphasis upon his individuality? He speaks like a man in haste, who must deliver a message which burns like fire. He is a man with a burden upon his heart; in his tones there is a mingling of agony and exultation.

He is the prophet, and his religion is the religion of private and public righteousness. God does not care for sacrifices, he says, and is not pleased by long prayers; but he has given us a duty to do, and the time is short for its fulfillment. Both the priest and the prophet see in light a symbol of the divine reality; but the light which the priest adores is that which shines on the altar when all else is dark. He follows "the kindly light amid the encircling gloom," but it has nothing in common with the "garish day." The prophet cries, "My God is a consuming fire." This lurid flame shall consume every refuge of lies, every stronghold of oppression. It shall consume your altar, oh, priest, if you think by repeating holy words to atone for neglecting holy deeds!

God is not simply in the past—God is in the spirit of righteous revolution to-day. "He shall overturn and overturn till he whose right it is shall come." The prophet and the priest both believe in holiness, but the priest says, "All ye who love the holy things turn aside from the rude world; come seek with me the place where all is pure." The prophet says, "I will not turn aside, I will not refrain my lips; I will speak aloud in the great congregation; I will say to men 'you must not seek some holy place far from the world's work and the world's sorrow. Your part is to go out into the world and make it holy.' 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me to preach good tidings to the poor.' The mission of religion is to destroy the oppressor; it is to break every bond. So the prophet sees before him some specific work to be done; that is God's work because it is right, and all the passion of his soul goes out to that. His voice is rude and harsh some times; he casts aside impatiently many a sacred form; he tries everything by this one standard of the right. He says, "Now is the axe laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire."

All the forms, all the usages, all the sacred things which show no fruit in practical well-doing, these the

prophets say but cumber the ground, because God loves mercy and not sacrifice, righteousness and not the repetition of sacred words. And the priest never yet understood the prophet. Whenever the prophet has come, whether in Judea and Samaria; whether in the decaying empire where Chrysostom stood, strong in the sense of truth; whether in Florence when Savonarola preached, or in America when Theodore Parker found all righteousness waiting to be done and religion lagging in the work, and denounced the church in the name of the living God; whenever the prophet with his burning word comes, the priest, even the good priest, is frightened at it. The prophet is come to overturn; even of that prophet of Nazareth speaking words not simply of truth and righteousness, but of grace and love, even of him the priests said (and many of those priests I doubt not were true men and reverent) he blasphemeth, he comes to destroy our temple.

But just as the priest does not readily understand the prophet, so there is another kind of religious teacher whom the prophet, intent upon his work of practical reform, does not understand. Listen to this third man of religion. "Then I turned, and my heart was set to know and to search out and to seek wisdom, and to know the reason of things." Beyond the religion of the priest and the prophet there comes the religion of the philosopher—the cool, critical observer of the world. The prophet says: "All the world is divided into two armies; on one side is the right and on the other side the wrong, and we must choose this day between them, and, having chosen, we must fight to the end. We cannot be indifferent, cannot stand aside." When the fervent appeal comes, the philosopher says: "But I must stand aside. I am not so sure that all things are thus divided into the absolutely good and the absolutely bad; and if they were divided, I want to know both the evil and the good. I want to know the reason of things. You say, good prophet, that this world suffers simply because men are wicked; it is a matter of human will. Here are evils, you say, all around you, and if you but will you may destroy them all, and you are impatient until all men join your party, speak your word; then you say we will drive out the evil, and the blessed day of peace and justice will come in at once. Every prophet has said that, every reformer has said that, that there is just one root of all evil in society, and if we can strike at that, striking at the root of the tree, then the good time, the millennium of peace will come. The Hebrew prophets thought that the triumph of Jerusalem was at hand and with it the triumph of righteousness. The early Christian prophets thought that even in their generation the final victory was to come, and Christ was to appear in the clouds,

and all would be well. But the philosopher says: "I must look into this; I must trace these evils further than to that specific source you see. I see something besides this personal element or this moral element in the world. There are impersonal forces; there are laws which have been from the very beginning and are involved in the nature of the universe itself, and I see the same phenomena generation after generation. You denounce evil. I must study it, and to study it I must not take sides, I must not have my brain afire even with righteous indignation; I must study it as the physician studies the disease, not impatient with the disease, not hating or blaming his patient, but studying all. I must see just how far, if at all, the disease may be alleviated; I must have time, by reserving my judgment, to determine whether some of the things you call evil are evil after all. So, good prophet, I cannot join you; I cannot go forth on the fiery crusade under your leadership when you call. I am only standing apart studying the reason of things, seeking to know and to understand before I act, and there are some times and places where I shall refuse to act at all because I do not know." Here are a new set of virtues unknown either to the priest or to the prophet—tolerance, impartiality, the reserve of judgment, the judicial attitude toward all things. And the philosopher says that many times the prophet has failed because he has generalized hastily; things have not come to pass as he thought they would come to pass, because there are other forces that have been working and bringing to naught his predictions.

To the prophet there are three distinct periods of time—yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Yesterday was full of superstition and injustice; it is the land of bondage from which we are fleeing. To-day is the battlefield: to-morrow the final victory will come. But the philosopher sees vast periods of time, both before and after. Yesterday, he says, was not all evil. It was itself the result of what had gone before. Only when you go back to "the day before yesterday," from which it emerged, will you do justice to it. And to-morrow is not a finality, for there must come a "day after to-morrow." When your cause has triumphed, new forces will come into the field to challenge its dominion. When all comes to pass which you predict, then must it be seen that "the end is not yet."

The prophet, in the intensity of his zeal, gathers around him a party, and believes that the future is in the hands of this "saving remnant." If you read the Hebrew prophets you will find how they became impatient with the slow march of events. They could not trust the people as a whole, governed, as they were, by so many motives, and so many of those motives low and mean; but they said a

remnant shall be left and that remnant shall accomplish the renovation of the world. The philosopher says: "I do not believe that; it is not the remnant that does the world's work. The future of any nation or any civilization depends upon the sum total of all the lives and all the thoughts of the people; it depends not simply upon the finest minds or the truest consciences, but it is the average man who is after all to do the work."

"The World Soul knows his own affair,
Fore-looking when he would prepare
For the next ages men of mould,
Well embodied, well ensouled;
He cools the present's fiery glow,
Sets the life pulse strong, but slow."

And the prophet does not understand the philosopher. He seems cold and indifferent. It is only after time has passed and wisdom is justified of her children that we begin to realize that the philosophers have had a real religion. They have taken the wider view of life, they have seen the great forces that govern all, they have traced the law running through unconscious and conscious being, and they have felt a great awe, which has grown into worship. They have worshiped not the little god enshrined in some one temple, not the god of hosts leading one nation to victory, but the One in All. The law behind all life, the universal power, they recognize and they adore. The way of God is in the sanctuary, the priest says. "God's way," says the philosopher, "is upon the great deep."

Now, what shall we say in regard to these three types of religion? Shall we say that one type not only follows another, but destroys necessarily its predecessors? Originally there was the religion of the priest; then came the religion of the prophet, and at last, as we grow in wisdom, there will come to us the religion of clear thinking, from which the prophet's fire and the priest's sanctity have departed: we will see great laws, irresistible forces; will be thrilled with cosmic emotion; but we, ourselves, will be dwarfed. We will hear no voice which appeals directly to us, saying, this one thing do, this one way follow. I think rather that the problem of the church and the problem of the individual is to reconcile these three elements. The true religion must be the religion of the priest, the prophet, and the philosopher in one. The religion of the priest finds its great word in sanctity; the religion of the prophet in righteousness; the religion of the philosopher in truth. And the church must say to the philosopher, "We have need of you. The time has passed when we would restrict your freedom. We rather look to you as guide and discoverer, and we say to you, 'Hold fast the truth, hold fast the liberty by which alone truth can be found;' but we ask you to remember that the most sublime truth and the truth nearest us is one that involves the element of right and wrong. We want you to see what the greatest

philosopher of modern times saw when he said that there were but two things before which he bowed: one was the starry heaven and the other was the moral law." So we say to the philosopher, "We need you; we need your clear thought, but we need it for a purpose; we need it to illuminate our conduct, to help us in the struggle of our daily life."

So the church must say to the prophet, to the reformer: "We need you. We need you, with your clear conscience, with your sense of the demands of the present time; we need you to right the wrong; we need you to lead in the battle which is before us." But we ask you before you begin the battle to be sure that it is the true cause for which you are enlisted. We ask you not to waste your strength any longer upon non-essentials; we ask you no longer to be the slave of prejudice; we ask you to take counsel of the best philosophy, to listen to the words of ripest reason, to learn that sweet reasonableness without which all courage is vain. We ask you not to be impatient, not to be self-confident, not to confound what belongs to your idiosyncrasy with what belongs to the eternal truth. If you do you are to be disappointed. You must learn, through true philosophy, to have great faith in time, and, having done all, to wait for the fulfillment. You must learn, when throwing all your strength into the cause you love, that after all you are but one among millions of men, and that your cause may fail, and yet, through other men and other ways, the right may be done. You must learn that hardest lesson to the prophetic soul, that lesson which the philosopher only can teach you, that "God fulfills himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

And then, when the philosopher and the prophet have been united, what shall we say to the priest? We shall say, "We have need of you, too, O priest of the living God! All about us are the ignorant and the erring, all about us are the little children looking up and asking that the old, old story, that they can understand, shall be repeated; all about us are those who need the symbol and the form, and cannot grasp the reality without it. Every one of us is a child sometimes, all of us children at last, and we need to be taught as little children are taught, line upon line and precept upon precept. And human nature, if it is to keep that which is given it, must bring all these things into itself, must turn the thought into the habit by repeating over and over again the things it loves. There is still the need of the sacred place and the sacred hour and the sacred symbol, and need for the priestly soul to minister at the altar, offering always the same sacrifices. But we say to you, O priest, that you must learn lessons from the philosopher

and the prophet before you may find what the truly sacred thing is. You must learn from the philosopher that God is not confined to your shrine though he may be there, to see that God is in this place only because he is everywhere. This time is beautiful because any time which men consecrate by true thought and devotion is sacred and beautiful. And so it needs that you should know that there is nothing sacred but that which is just and right; that holy lives are more than holy words, and that the holy words have power only when they are spoken from holy souls." When the priest learns this, learns the lesson of courage, learns the lesson of the wider thought, new sanctity comes, the old words become transparent to the light of truth.

Then priest, prophet, philosopher, come to an understanding, one with the other, each bringing his own gift to the common altar—sanctity, righteousness, truth, these three: and these three are one.

THE PRESENT HOUR.

[READ BEFORE THE W. W. U. C. MAY 16, 1893.]
PRELUDE.

"Life is a riddle," cries one,
And another: "It is but a dream,
Which endeth in sleep, and all's done."
"A cipher—but key there is none."
But over the conflict supreme
Rings a voice, "Whence we come, whither
go,
What reck we? Life is for the soul
Opportunity; this is the whole."
Its meaning by looking afar
We may miss; why, then, ask of the star
What the blossom may tell us? Or ask
More of heaven to do, when the task
That is nearest us lieth undone?
To the dreamer inert in his calm
The present shows only—a mask;
To the doer, alone, is the palm,
By the toiler is mastery won.

Life's here and now, Where any
human soul
Is placed—flesh-fettered, pain-stabbed
or sin-blind,
Shut in by circumstances—its lesson
lies,
Read it and heed it, then: here's our
one book.
This world's the dame-school where we
learn to con
Mere alphabet but that's, alone, the
root
Of knowledge; grasping that we firmly
hold
The key of the universe.

Frail baby souls,
We need a confined space in which to
grow;
God sets us here, with time and narrow
bounds
Set 'round us as the stakes about the
plant.
But once we are strong and school-
trained for our work,
He thrusts aside the finite, opens wide

The gates of the infinite, and gives the soul
 For knowledge crude, ripe wisdom; and for time,
 Eternity to do him service in.
 What shall be, let eternity declare;
 What *is* is time's and man's; our place is here;
 All blessings meant for us lie within our grasp,
 All knowledge good for us is within our ken.
 Nature's our nurse, and Time no task-master
 But patient teacher—for one page well conned
 Placing another something more advanced.
 The daily struggle, the falling, climbing higher,
 The straining toward an aim to scorn it won,
 Is but for the expansion of the soul—
 The muscle-play wherewith it molds to strength
 And service all its faculties and powers.
 The sadness, the perplexity, the doubt,
 The baffled, writhing agony of unrest,
 What are they but the spirit's "growing pains?"
 (So smiling granddames call the aching numb
 Of children's joints.) Ay, very things we loathe
 Play haply greatest part in shaping souls.
 Failure itself and sorrow and disgrace
 Mean that and *no* more; they are tools God takes
 To shape the form He means the soul to wear.
 We are His own; He loves us—even the worst.
 He reads us back and forward, sees the end
 In all beginning, sees in fruit the germ;
 And loves the great more for its growth from small.
 Therefore we will not fear, though Sin and Death
 And Pain, and all the vast beleaguering host
 Encamp about the soul; the victory
 Is not for these; they are God's agents
 To make and mold us. In our hand He lays
 A clew to guide us safely through the camps,
 Whispers His secret pass-word in our ear:
 "Love Truth alone. Trust not mere Beautiful
 Or seeming Best; Beauty God's garment is,
 And Goodness His enfolding atmosphere.
 But His own essence is Truth Absolute;
 O cling to it, for Truth, alone, is God!"
 The way is long the aspiring soul must fare,

But step by step is longest journey done.
 The physical life of man, slow perfected
 By growth through æons, climbed from clod to brain;
 The psychic side needs æons more to grow
 And ripen. Soul-powers yet in infancy
 Stir even to-day within the spirit's ken.
 More close the unknown presses on the known.
 The power of virtue widens in slow curves,
 As eddying ripples spread about the point
 Where the stone broke the stillness of the lake;
 And evil of its very nature shrinks
 To less and less, folds in upon itself;
 The skirts of light are widening, more and more
 The "dayspring from on high" puts night to rout.

INTERLUDE.

*Out of the mud of the Nile
 The lotus uplifts its bloom;
 Out of the darkness of Doom,
 Out of the slime of Guile,
 Emerges the soul
 Purified, strengthened and whole.
 Evil may last for a day,
 And sorrow endure for a night;
 Over wrong triumphs the right,
 Joy driveth anguish away;
 As a day in God's sight
 Are our thousand years of blight.
 It is the dawn, O friends, and not the eve;*

Arise and toil while it is yet the day,
 For there is work for us in every field.
 Woman has been no idler; from of old
 She wrought, with skilful hand and tender heart,
 To clothe the body, and prepare the food
 That builds the body and that shapes the brain;
 To nurse and rear the race—set baby feet
 In the first steps of knowledge and of truth;
 To minister with gentle hand to pain;
 To beautify the life of every day—
 Creating art in household and in dress;
 To set in home and in society
 Standards of morals, bulwarks against vice;
 Loaf-giver, nurse, home-maker, comforter,
 Has woman been—as she must always be;
 We do not dwarf the value of past work
 By recognition of the Present's needs.
 The hour is ripe for work in wider fields,
 Work to be done in phalanx, not in ones,
 The mass achieves—where single hands might fail.
 "This century is woman's," Hugo cried.
 The years slip by us fast like golden beads

Along a slackened cord, a few alone
 Aro left—but one's enough to serve our ends.
 Our work's to mold a nobler womanhood
 Out of the faulty clay that lies at hand;
 To preach "the Gospel of the Golden Rule"
 In home and school, society and state:
 Wage righteous war 'gainst ignorance and wrong.
 The perfect rose is built of tiny cells,
 So womanhood includes the separate life,
 The separate work of women one and all;
 No work so slight but it must leave its mark
 Upon the mighty whole.

For us, we stand

New-wakened to new duties. Pent about
 By sheltering walls of home, we hardly knew
 That life meant more than children, love and home!
 We guard the cradle; let us guard the paths
 Our children later tread. The task is *ours*.
 Love is our weapon and our armor too,
 Love is our strength as it shall be our power.
 Love—that outreaches from the guarded nook
 Of inglesides to shield the outcast waif,
 Uplift the fallen, strengthen all the weak.
 Temper stern force with love, add heart to brain,
 You bring—millennium to our very doors.

Clasp the hand *nearest*, sister; that—the next;
 And so we form a chain to ring the world.
 We need the sympathy of hand to hand,
 The magnetism that flows from heart to heart,
 Wisdom of vision that looks eye to eye;
 Shoulder to shoulder marching, tolling on,
 Be love our strength, be highest truth our aim,
 And unity the watchword of the hour.
 Forward, then, comrades. heads high, courage strong,
 The present's ours—and what's eternity,
 When all is said, but an eternal Now?
 Man's not "the fool of space and time;" his goal
 He sees, and marches toward it clear eyed.
 The Eternal Patience waits upon our steps,
 Tolling on, Godward still, through cycles slow;
 The Everlasting Arms are under all.

EPODE.

*The present life and the life to be
 Melt into one when this span is done.
 The eyes of the soul, unsealed, shall see*

All life, in heaven or earth, is one.

*Patience a little, strive and climb:
Into eternity merges time.*

*On the untaught lip all words are dumb,
The speech of heaven, earth may not
know;*

*To the ear that is deaf no sound may
come,*

*Through an ocean of melody 'round it
flow:*

*Patience, patience—the hour's not
yet;*

*The song is lost in earth's noise and
fret.*

But nothing is left to chance alone,

All in the universe moves under law;

*Through ages to come as through ages
flown*

Near to the central Heart we draw.

*Soul, take courage! All struggle
and strife*

But draw us nearer the Life of life.

—Alice Williams Brotherton.

Effect of Liberal Thought Upon the Spirit of Devotion Among Women.

[A paper read by Rev. Sophie Gibb at the
Woman's Conference.]

Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan says: "The sphere of woman would seem to be self-evident, for the normal sphere of everything in the world is that which it is competent to fill, and would fill if there were no serious hindrances.

Man and woman are eternally bound together, for the masculine left brain is interlinked with the more feminine right brain, to make the complete head, and however low woman is borne down by false institutions, the nation is borne down with her, and however high her career, the glory of the nation becomes its expression. Strange is it, indeed, that a truth so emblazoned on all historical records has attracted so little attention from philosophers and statesmen. The nation that tramples on its women goes down with them in the valley of ignorance and humiliation, losing its honorable ambition and public spirit, sinking in social disorder, poverty and crime, until some stronger race becomes its master. And this is stern justice expressed in "the survival of the fittest," for the crime against womanhood is one the laws of nature do not pardon and ought not to pardon. It is the crime of crimes, for it is the unanimous national rebellion against the law of love—the *supreme law of life*, as announced by Christ and confirmed by all substantial ethical science which comprehends the nature of man.

The law of love alone is competent to lead man on the upward path out of barbarism and suffering ignorance to the realm of happiness, prosperity and enlightenment.

The important truth recognized by Prof. Buchanan indicates something of the effect that liberal thought

must have upon the devotional nature when she comes to an appreciation of it. If she represents this great law of love, if she is moved by it and works in harmony with it, if also she appreciates the fact that the nation must rise or fall with her, she must be glad and thankful that opportunities are opening up to her great fields of work for the elevation of the race, and she must be reverent and consecrated in doing that work. As no other system of religion has ever done, Liberalism recognizes woman as the "Mistress of Destiny" and accords to her in that high rank all privilege and power needed, with the confident assurance that it will be her delight to labor for the betterment of the world and perfection of home. True Liberalism is seen not only in the changing fashions of religion, not only in the elimination of hard and cruel doctrines from creed and church, but in the unfolding of great truths, in the practical recognition of the fact that the eternal principles of love and justice must touch the world *at every point of need*. It stands for the fundamental verities of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and all that these great truths imply. It calls for an out-of-door religion, a world-wide sympathy and a unity of all human interests.

To woman, Liberalism is that social and religious freedom which permits her to bless mankind whatever the need. Her native motherhood makes her a conservator of morals, a savior of men. Can she see opportunities to do that which the world has never before accorded her privilege to do? Can she become absorbed with the great work of lifting up and saving the world, and not find her swelling with devotion to God for the privilege? Can she labor for the betterment of mankind, and fail in psalms and prayer? Can she forget the source of her strength, or neglect to drink frequently and deeply, though in secret, at the Infinite Fountain?

If, as Prof. Buchanan says, the normal sphere of anything is that which it is competent to fill, and would fill if there were no hindrances, then truly woman's sphere is that of *spiritual life*. She is at home in the realm of morals, and naturally becomes a teacher of ethics.

She may be a discoverer of truth and builder of theories, if properly educated, but naturally she is a purifier of thought, a cleanser of place and party. Regarding the oft-repeated objection to woman in politics because it is a "dirty pool," dear old Zerelda Wallace said: "That is not a valid objection, for it always was woman's mission to go around cleaning up things." Were it not true, were it not her mission to purify and sweeten and disinfect the world of its corruption, what would be its condition? Liberalism opens to her many opportunities to carry this purpose into the great world, to

ask for cleaner legislation, for better social and sanitary conditions, for truer preaching and holier living. Liberalism has enlarged the boundaries of thought and faith, emphasized human responsibility, taken religion from the narrow limits of faith in creed and made it a *life*, an aspiration toward truth, a high process of character building.

It has removed many cruel barriers to true progress and invited mankind into fields of unlimited research and up the mounts of wisdom and purity. Liberalism stands for and rejoices in the progress of every phase of truth, in the work of all great leaders who are endeavoring to deliver the race from its present imperfect stage of development. No less does it recognize as helpful to the whole every least endeavor of the most common mind to know the truth, and of every puny soul to become superior to temptation of the feeble hand to carry its load, of the faltering tongue to utter a blessing.

It appreciates every attempt to put dimples into the cheek of childhood, hope into the heart of the poor or aged, to inspire one thrill of gladness or paint a single tint of beauty in the most lowly soul or abject human life. All this Liberalism recognizes as divine service; it invites the co-operation of all and scorns the work of none.

It joyfully lifts the weight of depravity from the human soul, assuring it of kinship with the highest. Man is not half so much a creature of sin as of grace—not so much a child of earth, of race, of nationality, of climate, of cramping material environments, as of Mother Nature and Father God—not a fated victim of hereditary evil, but though a struggling, suffering, imperfect being, yet a *son of the Infinite*, able to *overcome evil* and stand as king and priest before God.

Woman, quick to recognize the strength and meaning of advancing thought, to see the possibilities lying before these children of divine inheritance, will with bursting heart of gladness sometimes pause in her consecrated labor to weep tears of joy, sing praises to God, and send to high heaven a prayer for renewed strength with which to do the blessed work of life.

Whatever her formulated faith may be, she will not forget, even when fighting social and political battles for humanity—nay, though her antagonist be the rum power, or any of the many organized and legalized forms of sin—she will not forget that *God is her strength*, and that to him she owes all her powers and all her hopes. For while woman contends with wrong *for love's sweet sake*, she cannot be irreligious, or forgetful of God.

Once her only privilege was to *pray*, Now that she can *work* as well; now that she can think for herself and speak as well, she may not devote as much time to what is called "devotion." Her life will be no less conse-

crated, no less a sacrifice, no less a perpetual prayer, if spent in the slums, in the kindergarten, on the rostrum, or in the home. Her service will be no less acceptable worship. Great minds that have discovered, and are discovering, the footprints of that "power that makes for righteousness" are as truly religious as the most zealous worshiper of Diety. Those with clearest conceptions of their intimate relations to the whole universe have the greatest incentive to right living.

Under the inspiration of liberal thought woman's life will continue to be so filled with the love and labor for humanity that she will outgrow many ills that in the past have been the bane of her life. The effect of cruelly limited environments, the stifling atmosphere of wholly fashionable circles, or the monotony of limited home privileges, will be overcome when she realizes herself a legitimate—yea, an essential—part of the human family. No longer tolerated and supported, but justly recognized and needed.

Long has she beaten bleeding wings against the cruel bars of conservative social custom; long has her true nature revolted at the thought that it is unwomanly to feel the pulse beat of labor, and poverty, and sorrow in the lower world.

The true liberalism that opens the gates of the world to her and recognizes the human family as one is tonic to the woman whose life has been blighted by the poison of exclusiveness.

A new idea is a new spiritual force. A refreshing thought will bring health, happiness, and devotion into a life almost paralyzed by ennui.

The religious nature of woman is enlarged and intensified when she feels that God himself is calling her to do some great work for the world. Sometimes the world is epitomized in her wayward boy, and while her spirit bleeds in anguish she feels called upon to dry her tears and take sword against those public sins that ruined her own. She is now strong to face the world, to meet opprobrium, to sacrifice social approval, and to contend as one called of God.

Hardship and sacrifice cease to be such when they promote some great interest we have at heart.

Can we wonder, in these days of legalized sins that menace home and happiness, that woman coming onto the stage of public life feels that she is delegated by high heaven to lead on many reforms?

No man or woman is or can be a prophet, or savior, until the soul has been caught up into the region where the *Divine will* is visible, until all existence pulsates with the great idea, and all human events are aglow with the one supreme motive that burns and blazes within the soul.

Thus woman has been touched—thus she has been called, by suffering and tears, by intuition and inspiration; and Liberalism says, Go forth,

oh, mother, sister, wife—the world is yours to conquer by love.

In the midst of all this, with this proclamation in her ears, will she forget to pray? Who fears it? The most devout and effective prayer, however, is an earnest and sincere preparation to get out of God's universe that which we need for usefulness.

That prayer may consist of words fitly spoken before God, or in an experimental use of chemicals, or of an energetic use of pen, pick and spade, machinery, brain, heart, hand, tears, or blood, or it may consist in an unanswered knock upon some college door; but if it is aspiration toward and preparation for that which the life needs and must have to make it successful and helpful, it is sufficiently religious.

Then woman's devotion is augmented by and is as much greater as liberal thought has made her conception of truth and duty greater. Truth alone leads to devotion, while the doing of duty sanctifies and exalts the spirit.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF CITIZENSHIP.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Men are slowly waking into a new ideal of citizenship. In fact, we couple religion and citizenship in a sense that could not have been understood in earlier times. For most men used to be slaves, or at least subjects, rather than citizens. Religion was conceived as having to do with another realm than that in which men vote, or serve on juries, or volunteer to fight in the army. (Even with the strong ethical and humane bias of the early Christianity, it was impossible for the average Christian to feel an active and hearty loyalty towards the military and heathen despotism which both plundered and persecuted him.) There had, therefore, to come about a vast change both in men's thought of religion and in their thought of government before they could understand "the religious aspects of citizenship."

What has religion to do with citizenship? some one may ask. Religion in this country is, or at least ought to be, divorced from the control of the state. We do not open the polls with prayer. Men do not think about their religion when they pay their taxes. They have no thought of God when they go to their party caucus. May not the man who never goes to church be quite as good a citizen, stanch, loyal, public-spirited as his neighbor, the church member? What, then, has religion to do with citizenship?

This rather searching question drives us to say what we mean by religion. Our best modern meaning of religion is that thought of life, and especially that conduct of life, which assumes certain deep and abiding relations,

order and not discord, unity and not chaos, good and not evil, life and not death, reality and not shame and delusion; in short, the *fact of God*, call it by what name you like, at the base of the world, and in and through all things. This idea of religion may or may not be thought out into consciousness or acknowledged in words. Nevertheless, whoever thinks of this universe as good and orderly; whoever has any faith in it as true and not false; whoever trusts its ruling laws as beneficial to follow; whoever has any hope about the future of the world or the destiny of the race, so far thinks of the universe and of life as divine. So far as one thinks good of the world, he goes, I take it, the theistic road. But especially whoever acts as he would act, if this were God's world; whoever treats men as not enemies or rivals, but brothers; whoever trusts ideals and labors to bring them to pass, or works on the long lines of principles, whoever decides practical questions on the side of love or humanity, and therefore as if love were a universal principle, so far this man's life is religious. For it moves on the assumption that the world is founded in goodness.

Now, when you think it out, the very basis of the modern popular theory of government is in religion. Who shall persuade me on any mere material philosophy that all men are brothers, that all are entitled to political equality, that I ought to love Negroes and Chinamen, and to establish schools to keep a few starving Indians on the prairies alive? Or if I am a pessimist, or an utter agnostic, who shall persuade me to put the ballot into the hands of all kinds and conditions of men, in short, to trust the democracy? If I believe in men as my brothers; if I treat them as brothers, and in full view of men's obvious selfishness and ignorance, nevertheless refuse to harbor toward them fear, suspicion and hate; if I trust human progress under their hands, I tell you it is on account of some little element of religion, it is an act of faith in God. I, for one, see no other intelligent ground for the vast venture of faith in popular government.

The practical bearing of this ought to be clear. Does some one say that he never thinks of God in thinking of politics, that he never prays as he goes to the polls, that he pays his taxes without religion, and that a man may be as good a citizen without religion as with it? Please set before you, I answer, the most effective temper in which a man may take up his duties as a citizen. It will have to be the temper of a citizen. It will be the temper of one who in politics "never turned his back, but marched breast forward, never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;" it will be the temper of one who has confidence in eternal justice whenever he casts a vote, and who pays his taxes as one makes contributions to a common

cause. Faith, hope, love—all of them religious qualities—rule the acts and decide the difficult questions of duty for every man who needs the highest ideal of a citizen. He cannot be really religious without being a better citizen, and at the same time he illustrates his religion by the quality of his citizenship.

One thing follows. The man who votes and pays taxes and serves on a jury, and discusses political questions on universal (that is, eternal or divine) principles, broadens always in his thoughts of life and the world. He gains larger confidence, he reads the lessons of history and human experience with clearer sense of perspective; his faith widens, he acquires a restful sense, not only of a citizenship in the state, but of a citizenship wherever men are; nay, further, of a universal relation wherever divine laws work, wherever God is. This is no doubt the peace that passeth understanding.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

The new Art Building at the foot of Monroe street, erected under inspiration of the World's Fair, is very much like a success. Spacious, well planned, a fit palace for the accumulating art treasures of the city.

Works of art need space, and here they have it.

As every house should have a doorway, so should every work of art have amplitude of space to set it off.

This week just ending, however, has given the new institute an introduction to the extreme opposite. It is doubtful if such crowds of women will ever again take possession of, besiege, mob, this home of art. From Monday to Saturday no cessation.

It is the Woman's Congress, which has, on the whole, been a fine success. The daily papers have spread over the country amplest reports.

Many more like gatherings the future will welcome. These congresses that collate facts, discuss principles, and carry forward voluntary enterprises are to be commended.

It was a rare privilege to hear Modjeska and the others of her sisters of Thalia "off the stage." Not quite at home, evidently, but each of the four delivering discourses of excellent merit. Will the compliment be refused if one say, even men, on kindred themes, have not done better?

It was, perhaps, inevitable that these representatives of the stage should catch the spirit of the Congress which was reformatory and assertative of woman's rights in any sphere.

When Irving spoke in Philadelphia he was not belabored with the modern spirit. He was not making a triumphal entry on public attention in behalf of sex. He was quite at peace with the world, and his theme ran smoothly.

A decisive victory has been gained for women, but the results are not everywhere confessed. So Modjeska,

so Morris, so all the speakers felt the necessity of saying something "apologetic." Modjeska: "There are as many good women on the stage as in any other station of life."

True; but pity it needed saying.

The address of Georgie Cayvan, as one comes to read it, was a masterly utterance. Evidently she is a young lady who well understands life and her own position. Her plea for the stage had the emphasis of herself and her compeers.

This act of the Woman's Congress in "elevating" the stage to a grand participation in its work is a sign of the time. The vulgar prejudice against the stage loses ground rap-

idly. Its priests and priestesses are ministering to noblest sentiments. What ministers of the church are more loved than Jefferson and Russell? People begin to see how religion cannot be shut within church and pulpit, but diffuses itself naturally in all the avocations of life.

Perhaps more naturally where it is not made mention of. S. H. M.

TO PRESERVE health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtues. We can no longer be useful when not well.—Johnson.

THE first bricks made in this country were manufactured by the Virginia settlers in 1612.



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Directions.

First brush out all the dirt possible. Then, with a sponge, wash the hat with the ordinary Pearline solution (in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pail of water.) Steam it well over the nozzle of a kettle; rinse well with sponge and warm water; press into shape, and dry.

You can do all this at home at a cost of less than one penny. It's simple enough, if you have Pearline—but, with Pearline, every kind of washing and cleaning is simple.

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The World's Fair

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Notes from the Field

Chicago. The Headquarters at 175 Dearborn street have been enriched by a fine life-size portrait of Edward Everett Hale, the generous gift of a few friends in Dr. Hale's church. The portrait is a carbon photograph, and is regarded as an excellent likeness by all who have seen it. There have also been added to the faces looking down from our walls a photograph of Ezra Stiles Gannett, from Rowse's fine crayon, and photographs (from life) of Emerson, George William Curtis, and Dr. Furness. All these are gifts from friends, and thanks are hereby expressed anew to the givers. We hope to add to our gallery other representatives of the Unitarian movement in this country.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant occupied Unity Church pulpit on the Sunday after the Conference, and spoke in the evening at All Souls, where Mr. Learned, of St. Louis, also was heard. On last Sunday Mrs. Julia Ward Howe occupied the pulpit of the First Church.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Western Conference Friday, May 19, President Shorey, Secretary Hosmer and Mr. Fenn were appointed as delegates to represent the Conference at the meeting of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. Mr. Hosmer preached last Sunday at the Lenox Avenue Church in New York on his way to Boston. Mr. Fenn left for the East on Sunday evening, conducting the morning service at his own church, where Mrs. Howe was the preacher.

Conference echoes still continue to be heard, and all of a pleasant sound. The combination of meetings in the city at the time brought many representatives of the liberal faith together, and the friends in Chicago have had a succession of opportunities to meet and hear them, both in public gatherings and at private receptions.

One always welcome presence was missed in the representative gatherings of Conference week -- that of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. But a private letter showed that this life-long friend of rational religion and of the Church of the Spirit was not unmindful of the Chicago anniversaries.

Kalamazoo, Mich. The First Unitarian Church, at the morning service of Sunday, May 14, memorialized the Legislature of Michigan in regard to a bill introduced before that body in favor of capital punishment. The memorial is a strong presentation of the inefficiency of the death penalty in deterring from crime and of its positive influence in lessening the sense of the sanctity of life, and to this extent contributing to the evil it would eradicate. The memorial was signed by the minister and the entire Board of Trustees.

Geneva, Ill. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley has received a call from the Unitarian Church to become its minister, and has accepted the same, to enter upon her duties in September. Mrs. Woolley is so well known in Western Unitarian circles, both upon the platform and in the pulpit, that this formal entrance into the ministry will scarcely seem to change the relations she has hitherto sustained to the working fellowship. Dr. and Mrs. Woolley will change their residence to Geneva, but Chicago friends fortunately will not feel that they have lost them, but will annex another suburb. Meanwhile the church at Geneva is to be congratulated upon the acceptance of its call.

Milwaukee. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gannett spent the Sunday following the Conference in this city, and his former darishioners had the pleasure of listening again to the well-remembered voice. It was his first visit since the Unitarian fold was homed in its beautiful new church, and the preacher came back to Chicago full of praise for its fine architecture and of gladness for the happiness of people and minister in the new career upon which the society seems to have entered. The week following Mrs. Ormiston Chant gave an address in the

church, to the great enjoyment of all who were present.

Marietta, Ohio. Rev. George B. Penney, late of Geneva, Ill., has accepted a call from the Unitarian Church here and begins his work the present month. This is one of the oldest churches in the West, and to its rooted life and associations of an honorable past the new minister brings the vigor of youth and a sympathetic interest in the new movements of thought and the problems of the present hour.

Convention of Women's Progress Adjourns.



Deacon Wonder: "Where's all the wimmen folks goin' now?"
Columbian Guard: "Over to the Manufacturers' Building to see the exhibit of

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One of the interesting features of this exhibit will be a model of the Brooklyn Bridge made from this PURE SOAP.--Come and see it.--This is the soap that will sweeten--brighten--and freshen your clothes.--It is a Sanitary Soap--use it to keep articles in the sick-room clean and wholesom.--Use it in the Laundry, the Kitchen, the Dairy, the Workshop--everywhere that cleanliness should be.--No other soap so pure.

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The Home

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

- SUN.—Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.
- MON.—Sorrow need not come in vain.
- TUES.—Just our anguish brings Nearer those longed-for things.
- WED.—Dare not blame God's gifts for incompleteness; in that want their beauty lies.
- THURS.—Oh, what were life, if life were all?
- FRI.—We have enough, yet not too much to long for more.
- SAT.—Every word has its own spirit, true or false, that never dies.
—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

TAKE COURAGE.

When clouds o'ertake thee, coward heart,
Press on and bravely do thy part:
E'en though the sun is dim awhile,
'Twill shine again with radiant smile;
The darkest clouds at last will rift
And from thy soul the shadow lift.

Thy spirit gird with self-control—
Press forward to thy purposed goal;
Be not a slave to dumb despair,
Within a world so bright and fair:
There is a balm for every ill,
Souls may be free, or slaves, at will.

Beneath the wildest surging sea
Is found an ocean calm and free,—
Adown the steep and rugged hill,
Makes way the clear and rippling rill
That sends its music through the glen,—
Take courage thou, press on again!

J. W. H.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.
"Oh, who, papa?"
"But you must guess."
"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a ve'y wich little boy, wif lots of tandy and takes."
"No," said papa "He wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"
"I guess he was a big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't such a little boy, "and was riding a big, high, bicycle."
"No," said papa, "he wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty, and tired, and thirsty were they. The driver took them up, bleating, to the great pump in Hamilton's Court, to water them. but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to

the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones.

"Then, Jim—then, Joe, I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins, who were watching the drove, fill his old leaky hat, and carry it one, two, three, oh, as many as six times, to the poor suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say tank you, papa?" asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa, "but the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."—*Christian Observer.*

FOUR YOUNG ROBINS.

When I was about 12 years old, my father had a large tree in the front yard cut down. When it was almost ready to fall we discovered a bird's nest high up in the branches, and thought it very probable there were young birds in it. We knew, if they stayed there, they would be killed by the falling of the tree, so my brother climbed up and carefully brought the nest down in his hand.

Sure enough, there they were—four of the homeliest little birds. Their great yellow mouths were wide open, and they had no feathers to speak of. We put them in another tree, thinking the old birds would take care of them; but they did not come, and at night we took them into the house. The next day we put them in the tree again; but the parents seemed to have been frightened away, so I said I would be a mother to them.

We had an empty room in the house, where nothing could harm them, and in a few days they were able to hop over the floor. Mymother's room was directly beneath the one in which they were; and she said she could hear their little feet pattering over the floor as soon as it became light in the morning. They grew very fast, and improved in their appearance, as their feathers were now thick and pretty. I fed them with dough made of cornmeal and water, and with angle-worms.

Two died; but the other two were very cunning. One of them used to take the bottom of my dress in his mouth, as I sat on the floor, and pull so hard as to lose his balance and fall over; but he did not care for that, but would hop up and try again.

After awhile they were large enough to take care of themselves, and father said I ought to let them out doors with the other birds. So one pleasant morning we opened the window, and it was not long before they both flew away. I felt bad to have them go, but consoled myself by thinking what nice times they were probably having.—*Christian Register.*

WEALTH often creates more wants than it supplies. Money and contentment do not always go hand in hand.

WORSHIP OF ANIMALS.

The worship of animals is susceptible of a very simple explanation, and has, I believe, really originated from the practice of naming, first individuals, and then their families, after particular animals. A family, for instance, which was called after the bear, would come to look on the animals, first with interest, then with respect, and at length with a sort of awe.

Animal worship was very prevalent in America. The redskins revered the bear, the bison, the hare and the wolf, and some species of birds. The jaguar was worshipped in some parts of Brazil, and especially in La Plata. In South America birds and jaguars seem to have been the specially sacred animals. The owl in Mexico was regarded as an evil spirit; in South America eagles and goatsuckers were much venerated. The Abipones think that certain little ducks which fly about at night, uttering a mournful hiss, are the souls of the departed.—*Lubbock's Primitive Condition of Man.*

A TRIVIAL FAULT.

A young man who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teachers remonstrated, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do. It is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault."

Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army doing service in the Crimean war. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men.—*Standard.*

ESSENTIALS OF CHARACTER.

XII.

TRUSTFULNESS.

"He is true as steel, and when all others fail, you may trust him in the dark."

THE DIGNITY OF TRUST. The quality which makes one trustful and trustworthy is one of the most beautiful in life. It creates a feeling of security that gives calm and peace. It makes people love you. It creates in you a sense of honor which is uplifting to the soul.

Sometimes parents or teachers give boys and girls something to do and put them on their honor to do it well without watching. This gives them a sense of dignity which can never come to those who must always be watched, and those who do all things "on honor" have gained a nobility of character which will do more to make life happy than a great fortune.

But if children disobey parents and teachers, if things they are trusted to do are neglected, if they

show that they cannot be trusted, then they must be watched, and watching tends to develop slyness, cunning, deceit.

IN THE HOME. Trustfulness makes home life sweeter because parents and children have each other's confidence and grow into closer companionship. Do not let anything destroy the confidence your parents have in you. Above all other places, hold the home as the place where all things are to be done "on honor." Boys and girls often think their parents might give them more liberty; but never take liberty, for to be trusted is better than liberty, and you must show yourselves worthy to be trusted. Don't be suspicious or jealous of other members of the home; be slow to think any evil of them. Show them that you have firm trust in them, and you will help them to be worthy of it. Don't take things slyly from the pantry, or do things secretly that you would not like to have others know; it kills trustfulness.

IN SOCIAL LIFE. In your friendships outside the home be trustful and worthy to be trusted. Never betray a friend's trust even in the smallest things. Do not be angry with your friend because of some vague rumor. Trust him; believe in his good intentions and you will help to strengthen them.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM, be worthy of the trust of your teachers, of your mates. No one enjoys school life better than the one who is loved and trusted by his teachers and his schoolmates, because he always acts "on honor." The boy who has to be watched, who is always looking for a chance to outwit his teacher, who is laying traps for practical jokes upon his schoolmates, is not to be envied for the good time that he has. If you wish for the best pleasure in life do not so act that people must be on the lookout for you. The boy or the man who is watched is not happy.

Play your games so that your playmate will trust you; do your school work so that your teacher will trust you; so act at home that your parents will trust you, your neighbors and friends as well, and you have laid the foundation for a successful and happy life. To be trusted is to be happy, and loving, and loved; to help out others by bringing out the good that is in them; to help the world by filling its responsible positions; to help one's self by continually adding to beauty of character and nobleness of spirit.

TRUSTFULNESS IN RELIGION brings steady confidence in the power that is guiding our lives, so that we shall always look forward with quiet joy to all that awaits in the future.

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KNOW THYSELF,

then he will know ALL and have achieved victory not only over mental and physical disease and all forms of earthly inharmony, but will have conquered man's last enemy as well; he will have become a conscious co-worker with Jehovah. ALL have the Divine Secret within; only prepare your Temple and the Manifestation will surely follow. We want YOU to see a copy of our magazine. Sample 10 cents. Subscription price \$1.00 per year.

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BLESSED BE DRUGGERY.—A sermon by W. C. Gannett; 2c. mailed. **UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Among the guests registered at Unity Building during the week ending May 27th were: W. H. Whitten, wife and mother, of Boston; Miss M. E. Powers and Mrs. Wm. McVey, of Quincy, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.; C. E. Guild and Miss K. E. Guild, Boston; Miss A. E. Peck, of Denver; Mrs. Lucy Stone and Alice Stone Blackwell, of Boston; Rev. Arthur May Knapp, of Boston, accompanied by a Japanese family of three on their way back to Japan; A. T. Chase, of Haverhill, Mass.

Among the guests assigned for the week ending June 3 are: Mrs. H. W. Foote and three young ladies, Boston; Mrs. Nathalia Bent and three ladies, Canton, Mass.; Mrs. Paul E. Derriock, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. Drucilla Barton, Boston; Mrs. M. W. Lockwood, Milan, Ohio; A. N. Fuller, Lawrence, Mass.; Dr. Jackson and two sons, Philadelphia; Wm. Brown and Mfs. B. W. Brown, of Concord, Mass.; F. C. Laird and party of six, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Mary H. Gale, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. M. E. Oldenburg, Carlton, Minn.; Miss L. H. Jackson, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Helen F. Frost, North Cambridge, Mass.; H. G. Bell and party of four, New York City.

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Lavin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

MISS MARY F. EASTMAN will speak at All Souls' Church next Sunday (June 4th) night.

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Once more UNITY has taken another step forward. And still it is one of many short and feeble steps which have characterized its fifteen years of life. Never much ahead, but always a little better. By this change of dress and increase of size we have greatly added to the expense of publication.

The new company was confronted with this problem: In order to justify this additional expense it must either double the price of subscription, which would then leave it only two-thirds the cost of the journals with which it is compared, and with which it shares a place in the current religious literature of our country; or, to keep it still at the old price and double the number of subscribers within a reasonable time. The company has ventured on this last undertaking. We confidently turn to our subscribers to help us realize this. Only by so doubling can the strain, both financial and editorial, be reduced to its proper limit, and the advance be justly maintained. Over one hundred and fifty new subscribers have been received during the last month while UNITY was at its shabbiest. Give us a Columbian lift. Let old subscriptions be paid and parishes re-canvassed. Special inducements to agents will be given on correspondence. Subscriptions \$1 per annum. Send all remittances to

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*"Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?
* * * All labor, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!"*
—Robert Browning.

ONCE more Memorial Day has come and gone, and the grim memories of war have been wreathed in flowers. The graves of heroes have been watered with tears. As time advances it is encouraging to note how tenderness outlives harshness; and, still more, how the lines of sex and section fade in humanity's desire to honor all valor and to commemorate all disinterested service. The blue and gray, the heroine of the hospital ward as well as the hero of the rifle-pit, received common homage on Decoration Day.

THE recent meetings of the Western Unitarian Conference were too

serious for levity, too nobly earnest for flippancy or wit; but once or twice the conference broke into laughter, as it should. Mr. Forbush, in his off-hand speech, scored a point in his humorous paraphrase of Lowell, as follows:

"New occasions teach new methods;
time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must travel in a Pullman, who
would keep abreast of truth."

"A hit, a very palpable hit!"

THE Rev. Dr. Shutter, in an article in the June *Arena* entitled "The Liberal Churches and Skepticism," has rendered a valuable service to true religion. In a short but remarkably full and clear discussion of the problem which confronts those who would minister to the real religious needs of our day, he shows a highly sympathetic appreciation of the position of the skeptic, and sets forth with the utmost simplicity, but with great force, the true way to meet his doubts. In a word, his counsel is to simplify theology and reduce religion to a natural basis. We heartily commend his paper to all truthseekers, and wish that it might be read by every liberal minister in the land.

BEFORE this word reaches our readers the Sunday closing question will probably have reached its final conclusion. However it may be settled, the experiences of the last two Sundays will leave a life-lasting impression upon those who were able to walk through the cathedral aisles of beauty *within the gates* and note there the religious influence of art in its manifold triumphs. There was a church-like serenity, a prayerful hush and exaltation pervading the vast throng. Father, mother and children were ministered to by a spirit they wot not of. Others may call it as they will; we will call it the spirit of devotion, the palpable though unconscious atmosphere of religion compelling devoutness. It was inevitable that coarseness of every kind should be retired, and

that the closing strains of Sousa's great band on Sunday evening should waft the benediction of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" over the impressed and impressive multitude. Surely one having seen that Sunday audience within the gates can no longer doubt the sanctity of such Sunday services.

WE are preparing copy while the World's Congress on Social Purity is in session. Its meetings are presided over by the faithful and wise Aaron M. Powell, of New York, who, in connection with his wife, is editor and publisher of the *Philanthropist*. Through this and other activities, they have won the deserved place of honor and trust in America, as leaders in the most important work of our day, the field of private morals and personal religion. Of this work we will speak more fully at another time. One fact of great interest and significance must be noted now. The most commanding figure of this Congress, standing side by side with Mr. Powell, whose antecedents are of the house of George Fox, is Archbishop Ireland, one of the most distinguished representatives in America of Pope Leo XIII.

SURELY the world does move! At the last meeting of the Congregational Club of Boston, in Music Hall, President Hartranft, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, spoke to a large audience in favor of giving to women the same advantages in the study of theology that are enjoyed by men. He thought it right that women should serve on the corporation of the American Board and on the Prudential Committee, and that they should preach if they felt that they had a message from God. In view of the fact that the *Christian Union* credits Hartford with being the most conservative theological school in New England, Dr. Hartranft's treatment of the famous passage in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians is especially noteworthy. He argued

that it had only a local significance, Paul having thus spoken of women only because of the corrupt social conditions of the time.

**

OUR valued friend and contributor, E. P. Powell, writes us his congratulations over UNITY: "So exquisitely neat and beautiful and good." And in his letter we find the following, which makes a good editorial note:

A great Christian has recently assailed me with a remarkable declaration, "that to open the Fair on Sunday was the greatest outrage on God's people ever perpetrated." He was smoking, and I told him that I had never seen any form of Sabbath desecration comparable, for mischief, with the use of tobacco.

Yea, verily; let the inward foulness be cleansed!

**

WHOEVER has lived intimately with the life revealed at the congresses held in the Art Palace these last weeks will be impressed by nothing so much, we think, as the necessity of reconstructing the popular theory of sex. Such an one is made to realize that valor is not a masculine prerogative, and that tenderness is no feminine monopoly. If one would live more in the light of the intellect, and the other bask more in the sunshine of the heart, it would be better for both. Let women think more and feel less before they act, and men exercise the manly right of emotion more often, and it will be better all round.

**

THE article in the June *Arena* on "Islam, Past and Present," by F. W. Sanders, whom we introduce elsewhere as our new assistant editor on the UNITY staff, is another indication of a rising interest in this faith of and for the desert. At the coming Parliament of Religions in September, the modern attainments and living representatives of this strong monotheistic faith will still further surprise the complacent element in the Christian world. One session of the Unitarian International Congress next September will be given to "Unitarianism in Its Non-Christian Development," at which a representative Jew, a representative Mohammedan, and the eloquent Protab Mozoomdar, of India, are expected to speak.

**

A CORRESPONDENT from a Western State says of a neighboring town:

Universalists are making strong efforts there. They have quite a liberal

class of people. I think the Unitarians would stand a better chance if they could get a foothold.

We fear neither will stand much of a chance, because neither name will fairly represent either the traditions, present inspirations, or future possibilities of such a liberal element in a Western community. A movement fairly accepting the common grounds of universal religion, joining on a purpose to better the world, willing to declare a truce to theological wars that they may make common warfare against evil, a common struggle for virtue, will succeed. Here's the place for the Free Church in name and in aim, and we doubt if there is a place for any other new church in a town that is doubtless already over-churched.

**

THE following address from the Unitarian Women of Great Britain and Ireland to the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition, addressed to Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Vice President, arrived too late to be read at any of the meetings. But the handsome document, substantially bound, has been passed over to the proper authorities, and will find a place in the permanent records of the remarkable rally of women that has now become historic. It is signed by nearly six hundred women scattered throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, among which are the names of Mrs. Brooke Herford, Mrs. Robert Spears, Miss Florence Hill of London, Mrs. Harry Rawson of Manchester, and others:

DEAR SISTERS—We want to tell you that our hearts will be with you in the great meetings to be held in your wondrous city, and our prayers shall be yours for the success of your noble aims. How true it is that thought annihilates space and time. It has been our privilege to know by their writings, and even to see face to face so many of your best-loved people, that we feel one with you in your hopes and aspirations, much as a proud parent would sympathize with a lovely child full of promise. And we are looking to you to accomplish better work than we have been able to do. In your large new country all seems to us younger, brighter, fuller of life than here. You have fewer prejudices to overcome; you are more open to receive new light. No doubt you make mistakes and have your own hard battles to fight, but everywhere we know Truth must prevail. In all your brave endeavors we would cheer you on. You do not forget the mother country, but value

our calm words. May Heaven prosper your righteous work.

**

IN their desire to secure the fullest confidence in the program, and that no injustice might be done either to invited speakers or the public, the local committee on the International Unitarian Congress, to be held in Chicago next September, has thought it best to withhold the detailed program until the report of the committee appointed by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to cooperate with the local committee of Chicago is received. Some seven or more of the speakers invited belong to their territory, and the report of the committee is waited for with interest and anxiety. Meanwhile we again assure the public that the plans in detail for the seven-day meeting are well in hand, and are as far developed as those of the congresses of associate religious organizations. The present plan of the general officers of the congresses is to publish in one pamphlet the programs of all the denominational congresses, as well as that of the Parliament of Religions, for gratuitous distribution. All possible haste is being exercised to bring out this suggestive pamphlet at an early date. But with the Congress of Religions, as with the great Exposition itself, those in charge had to choose between a small thing easily done and promptly completed, or a great thing difficult to do, laboriously and perhaps tardily completed. The latter committee, like the former, has chosen the harder thing to do. But the success of the great cluster of Woman's Congresses in May leaves little room to doubt that the September cluster of Religious Congresses will be the most surprising and noble of the entire group.

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WE have just received the sixth annual report of the Unitarian Church at Oakland, Cal., a busy hive of religious, social, and philanthropic activity. One frequently hears ministers criticised for too much "outside work," yet, when the matter is brought to the test, it seems that this is one of the cases in which one is enriched by what he spends. It would seem to the junior editor of UNITY that the success of All Souls' Church, Chicago—whose pastor not only directs and guides the many and various activities of his own church, but does so much work outside his parish—might well be put in evi-

dence to show that a minister is not spoiled for his special work, but better fitted for its successful prosecution, by general activity outside his pulpit and his parish. But as the relation of All Souls' pastor to UNITY is such as might make a reference to him seem unbecoming, even from UNITY's junior editor, we avail ourselves the more gladly of the case of the pastor of the Oakland church. Mr. Wendte's activity is not only felt throughout California and the Pacific States, but throughout the United States, and even extends abroad. Yet all the time, under his sole pastorate, his church seems to grow stronger and stronger.

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In our correspondence column is a letter from Iowa Falls which is of the kind that does good to the heart of the poor editor who has been obliged to notify his readers that their subscriptions are past due. But, alas, we regret to say that not all accept the reminder so gracefully. The subscription to UNITY, as to all periodical publications, is payable in advance; and when the whole year has passed, and after that weeks lengthen into months, and still the subscription is not paid, UNITY must make a strenuous effort to collect, even though it thereby loses a subscriber, or else go to the wall; and when we remind our subscribers of our need they should not, we think, get angry and stop their subscription, as they sometimes do. Of course we know that they do not realize how much their inattention to this matter means to us, but that consideration will not pay our printers. In the case of a weekly of which the annual price is so small as UNITY's, it must be evident that we can have no margin, even where so much of the work is gratuitous. The expense of time, postage and stationery used to remind delinquent subscribers is a heavy tax upon us, and we do not enjoy sending these reminders any more than our subscribers enjoy receiving them. Will not all who read this help us in this matter, and at least pay their subscription up to date, even though they do not comply with the rule in case of all periodicals and pay for a year in advance? The date on the label of your paper is the date at which your subscription has expired, or will expire, as the case may be.

ANOTHER SPOKE IN OUR WHEEL.

Through the loyalty of a few friends who, for UNITY's sake, have made it possible, we have great satisfaction in presenting to our readers the name of Frederic W. Sanders, who, for the next year at least, will be associated with us as assistant editor. Mr. Sanders has just left the pastorate of the Unitarian church at Asheville, N. C., which position he resigned in order to accept this position on the editorial staff of UNITY. The society, in accepting his resignation, placed on record its

Full appreciation of his untiring earnestness and strenuous endeavor for the upbuilding of our society and the advancement of Christian life in our community. And we do cordially commend him as worthy of full confidence and of the highest esteem, and invoke the Father's blessing upon him in his new calling.

Mr. Sanders was born in the city of New York in 1864; graduated as A. B. from the College of the City of New York in 1883; spent two years in teaching and journalism; and then studied law and was admitted by the Supreme Court of New York to the degree of Counselor at Law in 1887. The next eighteen months he spent as law proof-reader for the Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing Co., at Rochester, N. Y., at the end of which time, for health's sake, he went to East Tennessee, where he practiced law for three years.

Brought up in the Episcopal Church, he early became a "skeptical" as to orthodox religion, and dismissed all churches, Unitarian with the others, for some twelve years of his life. In Tennessee he came in contact with a Unitarian minister of the modern type, which seemed to invite his ruling interests in sociology, ethics and religion, and he determined to enter the ministry. In the fall of '91 he went to the Harvard Divinity School, spent a year in study, chiefly of comparative religions, took the Harvard University degree of A. M., in '92, and soon after took up the work at Asheville, which he has abandoned for this editorial work upon UNITY. He thinks he has found his place; in which opinion his friend and teacher, Dr. Everett, of the Harvard Divinity School, coincides. The senior editor, speaking out of the grinding experience of fifteen years, welcomes him to the delights of hard work, and, none the less sure, the discipline of disappointments. Whether this

will prove his life-work must be determined, not simply by his own industry and consecration, of which we feel assured, but upon the co-operation of the friends of UNITY, old and new. If those who believe in the cause of ethical religion, the church of the Open Fellowship, the piety of the Golden Rule, the ritual of rectitude, with the historic names and their associations when possible, without them when necessary, will take hold and help us find our own, the constituency that needs us, we will try to make a place not only for Mr. Sanders but for many others in this ministry of the pen, the high pulpit of the public press. Slowly the Unity Publishing Company, that came into being on the first of March in order to save and perpetuate UNITY, is getting into shape so that it may offer a paper worthy your patronage and support, and become, if circumstances permit, the maker and seller of such books as represent the growing needs of a people everywhere who cannot do without religion, but who cannot do with religion as it is now expressed in the creeds and the forms of existing organizations. This company would reach out its hands to the discontented aspirants for greater purity and nobler thinking in all the churches and outside of all of them.

Mr. Sanders comes to help in this work, not to do the work of any one previously enlisted in our corps, but to bring another contribution, to do the "several things more" that were waiting to be done. The editor in charge welcomes Mr. Sanders and gladly delegates to him the things he could not do, or doing, did poorly, that he may do better the things it may be given him to do in and for UNITY.

If the wheel is to be permanently strengthened by this spoke, you must help us to complete that two thousand list of new subscribers during the year that ends March 1st, 1894.

We introduce Mr. Sanders to the household of UNITY. Let the household give him not only cordial but substantial welcome.

The Work of the World.

O, the World of Man is a world-wide world,
And the thoughts that shape it are one:
*Do the deed that bodeth no ill to Man
Till the work of the world is done.*

M.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

In the beautiful halls of the new Art Palace on the lake front the most significant and promising scenes are transpiring. We have seen men and women representing opposite interests meet upon a common platform. The partitions and barriers have given away before the growing spirit of unity. This concourse of men and minds, of races and religions from all the ends of the earth, is the most magnificent feature of the Columbian Exposition. All the religions of the globe are here. Scholars and apostles from India, Japan, Siam, Jerusalem, as well as from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople, press upon each other at the corners of our streets and give each other the hand.

This is the age of new conceptions. New meanings have been discovered which clothe the words humanity, science, ethics, religion with larger powers. Again, this is the age of the universals—universals in politics, in charity, in science, in faith. We want the suffrage to be universal; philanthropy to be universal, sheltering under its wings black and white, bond and free. We want the benefits of invention and art to have universal application. We want commerce and trade to become free and universal. Likewise in religion, we are feeling for those principles which underlie all faith and philosophies. The tendency is to extend our thought until it shall cover every inch of human ground, to enlarge our tents until they shall embrace every human child, to lift the dome of our temple until it touches the common heavens and resounds with the murmur and music of every human language, of every earthly hope and love.

A Parliament of Religions is possible only upon an ethical basis. Theology makes for schism and feud; ethics binds together. Theologically we have different bibles, we call our gods by different names, our saviors are of different races, our dogmas are in different molds, our creeds are of different sizes, and we have different ways of going to heaven. Ethics is the point of confluence of the numerous religions of the world.

Great results will flow from the approaching Parliament of Religions. It is already telling upon all classes of intellectual and moral workers.

It is broadening the preacher in the pulpit: he is arranging his household to entertain the apostles of alien faiths. Prejudice will be replaced by friendship; knowledge will revise our opinions. Hitherto we have heard of these men: now we shall see them and learn from their own lips what their prophets really taught. This better acquaintance will result in an intimacy and good-will which will make all future intolerance and misrepresentation impossible. This will be an invaluable moral gain to the world. The *raison d'être* of such a congress is furnished by the day. The times are ripe for it; the old skins are bursting; truth is expanding and stretching herself, and the old temples are giving away. In order to have truth at her full stature we cannot afford to ignore or leave out a single ray that has ever fallen upon our earth. In the Parliament of Religions the wondrous human instrument will be made to pour forth all its tones; every key will be touched; all the possible modulations evoked, until the severed and opposing faiths of the world shall swell into one glorious anthem.

The days of the sectarian spirit are numbered. "The spirit" is swallowing up "the letter." We have to-day a fellowship of religions. Is not the thought inspiring? I feel confident that the main emphasis of the coming parliament of religions will be placed upon ethics. Dogma is husk; this is corn. "I am sick of opinions," said John Wesley. "You want no other creed than to do the right," says Professor Drummond. The drift of the world is toward ethics and the religion of ethics. M. M. M.

MISSIONARIES NEEDED TO THE MISSIONARIES.

The loudest and most insistent cry for missionaries that ever sounded through Christendom should be set up this day for missionaries to be sent abroad to convert the missionaries already in the field, in view of the action of that Bombay conference, where seven hundred of them "refused to condemn, by even so small a measure as a resolution, the triple evils of the drink trade, the opium traffic, and the state regulation of vice."

To the honor of the American missionaries it must be said that they did not vote with the immortal seven hundred. This action of the

conference is in the face of the fact that the greatest obstacle in the way of the civilization, to say nothing of the christianization, of these same precious heathen of whose imperiled souls we hear so much, is the drink which is carried to them by the same nations which send the zealous missionaries.

One of these missionaries in Africa recently wrote to her mother in this country that, as she wrote, she saw nine men lying dead drunk upon the street from drinking the New England rum sent there from Boston. She enclosed \$10 in the letter, saying: "Mother, use it in missionary work at home—you need it more than we." Do we not? and should it not be spent in placing before the people the facts in reference to our action in this matter? In 1885 we shipped into Africa 747,650 gallons of strong drink, and this amount has been greatly increased since that day. Many European nations send more than we. Germany, 7,823,042, and the Netherlands 1,099,146 gallons in 1885. The demoralization to the natives resulting from this traffic is beyond all description. It kills them off by thousands, and that is the very least of the harm it does to the country. At Tunburley, in South Africa, there is an average of one native found dead every morning from excessive drinking, and many other places are reported where matters are just as bad. The frightful curse which opium carries to those heathen lands is too well known to be enlarged upon. But these righteous men—these pious preachers, these examples of holiness sent to a sinful people—refuse to have even one word to say upon this vital subject, refuse to condemn it even by implication. They are after the souls of these poor wretches, and the devil may have their bodies and be entirely welcome to them. They evidently have no taste for the finite: the infinite is the thing for them. All that interests these saints is to save as many Africans as possible from what Byron calls

"that immortal fry
Of almost everybody born to die."

Opium and New England rum and state regulation of vice may devastate and depopulate all heathendom—that is none of their affair—but they will compass sea and land to make one proselyte. And to think there are 700 of them. H. T. G.

Contributed and Selected

SPIRIT APPETENCE.

O, eagle soul, thou hast but sparrow wings!
 A thirst for far-off clouds is in thy throat,
 And longings haunt thine ear for sounds that float
 In purple silence, where the star-choir sings;
 Around thy heart, with wing-like flutterings,
 A dream is aching for the fields remote
 Of hidden spaces, and thine eyes devote
 Their vigils to the hope's far beckonings.

A little while content thee, restless soul!
 This lowly life holds food for thee and flowers,
 And songs, antiphonal to star-choirs, roll
 Their mellow measures from this earth of ours:
 A little while, and unto thee may ope
 The silver sometime shimmering in thy hope.

CHARLES A. LANE.

FROM LITTLE TO GREAT.

As long as human beings believe in a God outside the universe of worlds and life—creating, controlling, and destroying in caprice, by lawless will and purpose—so long must they look for special, miraculous revelations of Him and of His ways. This is natural to a certain stage of human growth. The Christian church has passed, and is passing, through a long period of such belief. The new science—philosophy and religion discovering more and more that nature is always lawful, that the soul, or God, of the universe is subject to the eternal law of its own infinite being, as manifest in and through nature—looks no longer for miracle or to the supernatural for a revelation of God and His ways, but simply tries to read and interpret Nature as the continuous revelation of the eternal. Slowly we are learning that the grain of sand, the worm, the man and "angel" are parts of a boundless whole, links of an endless chain of being; that all worlds, all life, seen and unseen, are bound together, ever interblending and interworking through one soul, by one natural law of birth, growth, decay, and death, over all, through all, and in all.

If, then, we can discover and understand God's purpose and Nature's way in a grain of sand or the life of a worm, we may see and understand God and Nature just as truly in man or angel, in earth or heaven, since in will and purpose they must be the same in lowest as highest.

The same meaning, purpose, and destiny of life is written in the body, in the hopes, loves, and strivings, in the living and dying, of the microscopic infusoria of the wayside pool, as in man or the highest unseen.

From this vantage ground of the little, let us try to read and understand some of the simple words and lessons in the eternal revelations of worlds and life about us.

Here is a little vase partly filled with water, holding some spring flowers, and the May sunshine falling upon it. Through the microscope this cup of water is discovered to be a little sphere peopled with millions of infusorial beings. They are being born, growing, decaying, and dying every minute. Whence come they? How do they live? Whither going? We mark, under the microscope, how, in a single drop of water, hundreds of little living forms appear, growing one hour, hoping, loving, and striving, marrying and giving in marriage, through their brief day of infusorial life. Soon decay begins, then death, and they disappear. It is as if we beheld a wave of forms and life flowing into this miniature world from some outside invisible source of being, rising and falling an hour, then ebbing away into the unseen again. Just this more and more appears the scientific fact. From the atmosphere and ether around and above this little vase-world, soul germs and elements of infusorial organisms and life fall and flow in; soon, quickened and nourished by the sunbeams and electric forces, they develop into strange, beautiful living forms; a little while, and the same souls, elements and energies of these microscopic creatures, through death, pass out again into the surrounding unseen atmosphere and ether—thus born to organize and live in other and higher forms of life.

Let us read the same lesson onward, wider and higher. The little microscopic world of the flower vase sees and knows probably nothing of our larger world and more perfect life so close about it. The infusorial beings that people it, in their eager loving, hoping and striving, cannot even dream of us in so much richer and more abundant life. We to them must be of the vast unknown and invisible. And yet, if we read and interpret nature and the soul of nature aright, their little hopes and loves, their homes, marriage and strivings, are only the ruder, earlier forms of existence; ours, more perfect, higher up on the same endless, ascending way of the soul's evolution of organism and life. After us they, too, are climbing according to the same eternal law and purpose of nature and God. They hear not our voices and songs; so real to our senses, all the tumult, all the misery and splendor of our busy life are over and about them unnoticed; our immeasurably greater, richer world makes no conscious ripple upon theirs; yet in countless

ways we feed, inspire and mold them; I let in a little more sunlight, drop some flower petals on the surface, rock the vase a little. 'Tis more food, new energies of life for them, yet they conceive not the being and hand that feeds them. I am of an unknown, invisible realm, but of a world that touches and interblends with theirs. I feed and inspire them as some supernatural being their minds cannot comprehend. For thus ever the higher feeds, inspires and molds the lower through all the seen and unseen universe.

Let us enlarge our view almost immeasurably again, trying to read and understand the same law and purpose of forms and life higher and wider. Our earth is only as a drop of water in the infinite ocean, the invisible, ethereal universe that enfolds us. As the infusorial world—the drop of water—to ours, the great earth, so ours to the limitless realm of being over and about us. Our weak, crude eyes see naught in the vast spaces of ether. We hear no voices from thence. We grasp seemingly empty space with our common senses and fleshly hands, and cry "naught." Yet the higher science and philosophy proclaim and assure us that all this boundless ethereal realm of the universe is full with upper and outer worlds, innumerable continents and homes of myriads of beings, related to us as we to the infusoria in the drop of water. As the microscopic creatures in the drop-of-water world are fed and molded by soul elements and energies from ours, so we in turn are fed, inspired and educated by life from the unseen and spiritual realms that surround us. As the infusoria decays and dies out of his drop-of-water world into ours, entering into more perfect form and life—of trees, flowers, and insects—new born and growing into hopes, loves, and strivings, so much greater and richer than his present, yet the same grown, perfected in beauty, joy, and use; so we, by the same natural law of progress, decay and die out of our earth into the upper Unseen, thus new born into bodies and life of more perfect grace and beauty, of joy and use. This is only the natural continuation and progress of our present, just as common and natural as the growing of grass, the blossoming of trees, and the metamorphosis of insects.

Is it stranger that we see no forms, hear no voices, feel not the throb of the great unseen, ethereal world and life that infolds us, than that the atomic creatures living in a drop of water see and feel not our greater, fuller life that is so close about, yet so far above them? Is it less reasonable and natural that we should be fed and educated by the higher, invisible, spiritual world, that borders ours, yet rises infinitely above it, than that the infusoria or worm should be fed and educated by the spirit and power of our lives flowing about and through them? Have we

any more reached the perfection, the upper limits of being, than they? The soul of the worm dying from its cloyed world, we say, cannot be annihilated, but must be born, risen into some higher condition of organism and consciousness—as insect or bird. He has developed organs and senses in ways of strength and use that yield life more abundant and rich than in his old estate. Yet all this gain from worm to bird is natural growth, the slow education and perfecting of the weak, crude organs and senses, the loves and strivings of the lower to the higher. By the same law and revelation we read and foresee our higher destiny. We, too, die out of our world into an infinite Unseen, to see, hear and feel the life of a state so rich and abundant in beauty and good that we cannot dream of it now, any more than the infusoria can dream of ours. We behold how naturally 'tis all before these lower creatures of life's way. Why less naturally for us?

Conceive of possessing bodies as much more beautiful and useful, joy-giving and love-giving as ours to-day are than those of the worms! All that growth and gain is man's destiny, if nature is as true and kind to us as to the worm. Conceive of society, of study, and work, of home and marriage, in coming life in some upper world, having grown and developed, in peace and beauty, in helpfulness and gladness of thought and love and labor, above ours of to-day, as our present is beyond that of fish or reptile! All that is before us, and even more, if the will and purpose of the universe deceive not. This is the soul's divine prophecy. If we have read and interpreted God and nature aright in the drop of water, the upper life for us, beyond this world's death, will be a higher continuation and unfolding of our present; in beauty and joy of loving and striving, in study and work, in marriage and home, just as naturally born and grown out of this our common life of to-day, as our present bodies, our thoughts, and loves have been born and grown from the world and life of the infusoria, the grasses, trees, insects, and birds.

W. A. CRAM.

THE GARMENT'S HEM.

The breath of spring is in the air,
Soft auguries the breezes bear;
The singing stream, from chains set free,
Fills the dark wood with melody.
Above its banks the mosses lean,
And ferns uncoil their spires of green;
On the brown hill the sunbeams etch
An April sky in violets;
Nature unfolds her living scroll
As one who, lavish, gives the whole;
Yet a reserve, elusive, fine
As vernal haze, her works enshrine;
The secret unrevealed is more
Than all the story written o'er
In bud and bloom and springing grass.

The winds that on far journeys pass
Whisper of unseen, sunnier skies;
Thither the soul, with instinct wise,
Would follow like a roving bird,
In lonely daring undeterred,
The hidden clue to worlds unseen,
Spring's fair immortal empire green.

ALICE GORDON.

Correspondence

RELIGION, ETHICS, AND HUMANITY.

DEAR UNITY: The purpose of this letter is not to discuss at length the relation between the three terms named in the caption, but, in reply to certain criticisms which have reached the writer through the columns of UNITY and through the mails, to make a little clearer than he succeeded in doing in his sermon on "Unitarian Religion and the Unitarian Name," what he conceives to be the fact—that religion is a larger term than ethics, and that Humanitarian is a narrower term than Unitarian.

The writer agrees most heartily with Rev. E. S. Greer that "the doctrine of unity—the oneness of all that is—is the key to all life's problems;" but he cannot see that by reason of this truth we are justified in asserting that *the part is equal to the whole*. In the letter which appears in UNITY of May 4, Mr. Greer expresses what seems in our day to be a common thought, that men's "relations to one another include all relations, and since God is *in man*, to fulfill our duties to man is also to discharge our obligations to God." The fallacy of this line of reasoning will become evident if for "man" we substitute "flower" or "dog," and for "human," "vegetable" or "canine." Surely, if the unity of all that is be assumed, God is *in the flower* and *in the animal*—in the dog—as well as in man. But shall we argue from this that to fulfill one's duties to the dog is to discharge all one's obligations to God? *Humanitarian* is a noble term. Still, man is but a *part* of the Universe, human nature is *but one* expression of the Divine nature which manifests itself in all that is. Your faithful dog is a part of the Universe no less than yourself, and as such has relation to all that is; but it does not follow that *canine* religion is all of religion. Religion, *per se*, or, if an epithet must be used, unitarian religion, is a larger, a more inclusive, term than canine religion or than humanitarian religion. It may be true that the man who should do his whole duty to his fellow-men would *also* do his whole duty to all else that is. Doubtless also he who should be perfect in his relation to dogs would be perfect in all other relations. Nevertheless, the word *canine*, and also the words *human* and *humanitarian* inevitably suggest limitation.

Turning, now, to the question of

the relation between religion and ethics, the first point to be determined is, what is meant by these two terms. By religion in its subjective aspect the writer understands the sense, of relation to the Great Whole, and to the Spirit of Perfection (or progress) which pervades it. Whether we say God or Nature when we refer to the soul of the universe is of little importance; our sense of relation to the universe and to the spirit of the universe is religion. This includes our relation to the true, the good and the beautiful. Ethics as such has to do with but *one* of these relations: it has to do with the good, the morally right. Doubtless it is true that in the ultimate analysis there is a blending of the true, the good, and the beautiful, so intimate that perfection in any one of these directions is impossible without perfection in all. But of perfection, we, as finite human beings, know nothing save that it is the goal for which we strive. The ultimate unity of all that is being assumed, we may take for granted that it is impossible to draw sharp lines making an absolute separation between truth and goodness and beauty, between divine and human, or between human and animal or animal and vegetable. But this does not prevent us from distinguishing between these several terms, and it is an abuse of language to treat them as identical. Probably the writer's critics would not find fault with his view if they understood the terms employed as he does. In the sense in which the writer understands ethics and morality, it is certainly not true that, "so far as a man is *anything*, he is *moral*." To say that one is "merely a moral man" is not equivalent to saying that he is "merely a perfect man." A man may be beautiful or ugly, intelligent or stupid, and in either case may be moral. A man may be *moral* with one eye and a club foot, but he is not therefore a *perfect* man. Similarly, a man who treats his fellow men with justice and humanity because he believes it to be right, is a moral man; but, however high his morality, he is *not* a highly religious man if he has no feeling of kinship with anything outside himself, or if he regards beauty as of no intrinsic value or as an evil and a temptation to man, and if he thinks that he has nothing to do with the pursuit of abstract truth. Reverence for beauty in the universe is a religious feeling, but it is not, in any fair sense of the term, a part of ethics. The Puritan who despised beauty and secular truth may have been highly moral; but, however high his *morality*, men are beginning to see that his *religion* was at a *low* stage. This is what was meant in the writer's sermon by "mere morality." The world has too long confused religion and morality. It is an error only less pernicious than that which supposes that religion can exist *without* morality. The religious man feels

his relation to all that is. He is the man of love, the lover of beauty and of truth, throughout the universe, no less than of goodness. F. W. S.

THE WAITSBURG "COTTAGE UNITY."

DEAR UNITY: Some months ago I wrote giving a short sketch of a little gathering of faithful souls at our homes called "Cottage Unity." It still lives and grows—it has to grow—if not in numbers at least in zeal and charity. It had its beginning in my own family, and was known to the Church of our Father in Portland, Oregon, as the "Ingraham-Six."

Our meeting last evening was with a brother who once belonged among the receivers of the Swedenborgian doctrines—which, by the way, have helped greatly to bring the world to more liberal views of theology.

We assembled last evening to the number of sixteen. The interesting feature of the meeting was the reading of a sermon on the Prodigal Son by a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a recent adjunct to our Unity, the point of advancement being the statement that men were always the children of God and always would be. When the one sheep was astray and the shepherd left the ninety and nine to go in search of it, it was not the property of the wolf, it still belonged to the shepherd. The piece of silver lost by the woman, who swept diligently until she found it, did not cease to be hers while it was lost. So there are not, nor can there be, any children of the devil.

The discussion which followed the reading turned upon our first impressions—in childhood—of the Divine Being. Most of us, raised in the orthodox faith, had to modify or do away altogether with our first conception. Not many could conceive, at this time, of any personal God.

Our "Unity" now enjoys an abundance of good reading, thanks to the liberality of its friends. We receive the *Christian Register*, the *Unitarian*, the *Christian Union* and the *Non-Sectarian*; also many sermons and tracts from the Postoffice Mission. D. G. I. Waitsburg, Wash.

EDITOR UNITY—Allow me to congratulate you on the neat and improved appearance of UNITY, and I rejoice to see it take another step forward. May this one be the harbinger of others in the path of a larger and broader Christianity. One of your writers sounds the keynote of success when he advocates the union of all liberal religious denominations. Could they all unite under one name, and so present a solid front, the result would be a rapid advance along the way that all are now toiling.

I am gratified to note the harmony that pervaded the Institute of Liberal Teachers in Michigan. I would that all States might follow the ex-

ample set by the leaders of the Independents, Unitarians, Universalists, and Reformed Jews, and thus take some united action for the furtherance of liberal religion. In my own State some towns have a strong Unitarian element, while in others the Universalist denomination takes the lead; and while there may be State organizations in both branches, yet they are seldom heard of and their meetings attract but little attention. Along this line, more than any other at the present time, I feel that union would strengthen the cause and do more for the advancement of liberal thought than any other step that could be taken. Denominational lines may not be torn down, but let the gathering be similar to the one held by our Michigan brothers, in which all workers for a religion of love, teaching the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, could meet in convention and formulate plans for the spread of the doctrine that they preach.

Liberal thought is growing slowly but surely in this section, and while the advance guard is fusiladed day after day by guns leveled from orthodox pulpits yet the progress seems to be onward and upward. Liberality is badly handicapped by the ignorance of the majority as to our belief and doctrine. The masses are taught to look upon a liberal Christian and a liberal church as some awful dragon ready to swallow up and ruin every soul who is contaminated by the terrible influences that surround the individual and the church. May the day come when the belief of a liberal man and a liberal church shall be permitted to stand upon its own merits, be allowed to take its place on a level with the evangelical churches.

The Universalist Church here stands for a religion of love and principle, seeking to stand upon the broad creed which looks to God as a Father and upon fellow man wherever found as a brother. The church edifice, which was erected last year, is furnished throughout and is nearly paid for. Rev. B. F. Snook is doing a good work here, and the congregations grow larger each week. The Sunday school is prospering, as is also the Y. P. C. U. Hon. J. H. Funk, who has labored faithfully for the cause since his removal here from Illinois, has just made the church a donation of \$800 to apply on the building fund. Mr. Funk has always been a liberal giver, and this last gift is given as an earnest of his interest in the cause. A READER.

Iowa Falls, Iowa.

By sowing frugality we reap liberty, a golden harvest.—Agesilaus.

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Church-Door Pulpit

THE FUTURE LIFE.*

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN, SECRETARY OF
THE AMERICAN PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." MATT. vi. 19-21.

Closely allied to the teaching of immortality is the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven. You are all familiar with the old view—now happily being modified to some extent—which divides the future life into a heaven and a hell, or, according to the Roman Church, into these and a temporary place of probation, purgatory. It is not so much in what Protestant and Catholic ordinarily affirm concerning the territorial divisions of the other life that their views are defective, but in the reduction of life in these places to a dead level, in teaching substantially that one saint is as good as another and that the punishment of the comparatively light offender, so long as he falls short of heaven, is the same as that of the most criminal and brutal mortal who ever lived. When to these conceptions is added the belief in eternal punishment, I feel called upon to protest and to put over against them what seems to me to be the truth.

Now, I am well aware that there are persons who do not feel that it is a matter of any particular consequence whether we know anything about the future life or not, about the general principles that govern it even, to say nothing about the details of environment, the occupations of the inhabitants, etc. Their thought seems to be: I believe in immortality, in future progress and in the goodness of God, and I reject eternal punishment; therefore, I will leave all to God, in whom I trust, and not trouble myself further in the matter. Or they may add that they do not believe that we can know very much about it, even if we earnestly desire light upon the subject. Are there any reasons why man will be benefited by a fuller and more correct knowledge of the future life than generally prevails? I shall lay the foundation for answering this question by stating my own beliefs.

Perhaps the most important spiritual law that affects man is the law that like attracts like. We find that the gentle seek those of mild disposition, the considerate those who regard the feelings of others, and that those interested in the same pursuits or problems are drawn together. It is true that the operation of the law of attraction and repulsion is not so dominating as not to be greatly modi-

fied by other influences. Duty, environment, lack of leisure and other conditions hold us all in contact with many persons who repel us, and separate us from others to whom we are drawn. Thus it happens that many fail to realize the strength and importance of this law which, in the relations of men to each other, can justly be compared to the action of gravitation between masses of matter. It is, in short, spiritual gravitation. Who is there among us who has not in imagination traveled great distances with the swiftness of thought to meet a congenial friend?

Why should we not affirm the operation of this law after death as well as before? Unless there are facts known to us which establish a presumption that at death human nature is essentially changed, I can see no escape from the conclusion that this law must hold for the other life. But, there are no facts whatever which suggest a sudden transformation. It is true that death brings with it more or less of change, but I find myself utterly unable even to conceive why, or how this transition alone can instantly alter the principles which govern our existence or the combination and degrees of faculties which distinguish each one of us as an individual. From the law of attraction, then, I reason that in the other world there must be a vast number of brotherhoods, corresponding to the great differences which exist between the inhabitants of earth, and also advanced societies fitted to receive spirits when they progress beyond those brotherhoods to which they gravitate immediately after death. The saying of Jesus, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and his recognition of degrees of greatness in heaven, are consistent with this view. It also follows—taking into account progress, in which we all believe—that each spirit can pass from one brotherhood to another as his attractions change.

For centuries the church has been solicitous that its devotees should pass at death to as heavenly conditions as possible, and laymen have shared this anxiety with the priests and clergy. The practical question that confronts us is, then, in what manner shall we live in order that each one of us may enter a comparatively exalted and harmonious society in the spirit world when we die? My answer is, that this can be done by cultivating the higher attractions and starving out the lower ones, and in no other way. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus tells the multitude not to lay up treasures upon earth, but to lay up treasures in heaven. Moth and rust and thieves attack earthly, but not heavenly treasures.

What is the difference between the two kinds of goods, and the significance of his exhortation? It is clear that the treasures of earth to which he refers are material things, wealth in its various forms. We next notice

that the treasures in heaven are of such a nature that men and women can lay them up here and every day of their lives. After taking material things away from all that men aspire to obtain, then, we have left intellectual and spiritual riches; knowledge, the virtues, capacity for loving and forgiving, humility, etc., and character, as manifested in a disciplined will and in so many other ways. In brief, earthly treasures are what a man *has*, heavenly treasures what he *is* and what he *has been*. I include what a man has been as well as what he is, because his past acts, if good, have built up relations of friendship and love and kindly feeling, which constitute an essential part of his treasures.

Many things are said about wealth and money which show a lack of discrimination. It is not money that Paul calls the root of all evil, but the *love* of money. I rejoice that the world is as rich as it is, and believe that there will be a yet greater abundance. The trouble lies, not primarily in material things, but in the attitude of men toward them. The crucial question is, Which do you prefer the more—earthly or heavenly treasures? If the former, your disposition will be to sacrifice justice and all of the things commended by religious and ethical teachers to your love of money. If the latter, your love of money will be subordinate, and you will seek to acquire wealth honorably—doing to others as you would be done by. You will recognize, also, the danger of becoming too deeply immersed in material possessions. I do not overlook the fact that, under our competitive system, it is necessary for the merchant or manufacturer to be alert and industrious and concentrate his energies upon his business, but he and not his money should remain master of the situation. He should never forget that money is a means to an end and not an end in itself. As Paul says, continuing the quotation, "For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

It is chiefly, if not entirely, on account of the love of money that such a thing as the problem of capital and labor exists. If a great catastrophe, exceeding, perhaps, the horrors of the French Revolution, should ever overwhelm our social structure, the tap root of the trouble will probably be found here. We are dealing, then, with one of the greatest evils which confront nations and individuals. Let us apply the law of attraction to one whose love of money is abnormally strong, and see what it suggests relative to his future life:

1. In proportion as he forgets that money is a means and not an end, it is probable that the real ends of life, which would lay up heavenly treasures, will be neglected, thus tending to send

*A sermon preached before the First Congregational Society (Unitarian), Grafton, Mass.

him into the other world in an impoverished condition. Thus it may happen—I do not say that it must—that the merchant prince and railway magnate will find themselves little better than paupers when they come to themselves in that new life.

2. There are likely to be pangs of conscience growing out of unjust business transactions.

3. If, as I believe, money-getting for the money-lover himself ceases at death, the probability is that the severest suffering he has to bear will grow out of the fact that his strongest attraction cannot be gratified in the spirit world, where he will feel lost, as out of place as a fish out of water; and therefore he will be under the necessity of strengthening the weaker attractions which exist within him, cultivating new ones, and gradually throwing off the absorbing passion of his life, before he can reach a state of contentment.

4. If he can know precisely what is done with the wealth he left behind, it will probably cause him much pain to see, as is so often the case, the wealth that he labored so zealously to accumulate squandered and scattered to the winds. All of these results would seem to flow naturally from his condition. As his treasure was in material things, his heart is still there, and whatever dissipates them makes him suffer.

You may say that he knew perfectly well before he died that he could not take his money with him, and that he ought, therefore, to at once renounce all interest in his former possessions; but, I would ask, if he was bound up in them, how is it possible for him to do this in the twinkling of an eye? At first, then, he would be attracted to join the society of men who, like himself, were interested in money. What would he care for the society of philanthropists, philosophers, scientists, artists, musicians, and many others whose attractions cultivated upon earth had developed the nucleus of a future heavenly state? He would tell you that there is no money for him in these things; and that would settle the question for him until he had partially conquered his passion.

I believe that there are fraternities in the spirit world adapted to the conditions of all men, from the most debased to the most exalted. I believe that the law which determines the character of the community to which each one will gravitate is as definite and binding as the laws studied by the devotees of physical science. I believe that had we the requisite knowledge we would find that these communities form a regular progressive series from the lowest to the highest, and that as one ascends, as it were, the rounds of this great ladder, he approaches nearer to perfection and finds a purer happiness. I also believe, therefore, that were it revealed to us so positively that we could say,

"I know that this is so," what the precise characters of different communities are, and what course in life will tend to attract a person to one rather than another at death—this information would be most valuable to the world; that it would stimulate many to labor more strenuously to avoid some things and to do others.

I do not forget that it can be claimed that we have a knowledge of certain principles which ought to be enough; that if we follow them faithfully we shall enter some of the higher communities. I confess that this knowledge is worth something in the absence of more definite information; but, on the other hand, I affirm that if such knowledge can be had we ought to obtain and make use of it. What would you think of a young man who said that he wanted to go to college and then mapped out a course of studies which would occupy two or three years without taking the trouble to find out what branches he must be examined upon to enter? There can be no reasonable doubt, I think, but that the relation between life here and hereafter is about like that between a preparatory school and a college: that they are adapted to each other, but far more perfectly than the educational institutions of earth.

Is there any way in which we can obtain the knowledge of which I have spoken? In the first place, I believe that every means of knowing of heavenly things that was open to Jesus and the apostles is open to man to-day. I will not claim that every one is now fitted to receive such revelations, any more than they were in the apostolic age. Nevertheless, if the founders of Christianity reasoned out certain things from principles, as I have reasoned to-day from the law of attraction, so can we, and we can go farther than they if our knowledge be more complete. If they received revelations from God, or were taught by finite spirits inhabiting the other world, then it is our birth-right as children of God to share the same privileges. In the second place, the claim of the spiritualist that spirits can communicate with mortals suggests that the way may open within a few years for the Christian world to receive such knowledge.

If the spiritualist is right, the efficiency of Christianity will be greatly increased by adopting and utilizing his truth. As Unitarians we have cast magical views of salvation aside; but, upon the supposition mentioned, it remains for us to obtain more definite information than we have had in the past concerning the future life, and to recognize that we now stand upon the threshold of a spiritual science and philosophy which, seemingly, can lift man up to a higher level, and bring religious teaching more into sympathy with laws that actually control man's development and tend to speed him toward the

high destiny ordained for him by God.

TRUST.

'Upon the cliff the eagle there
His pinion spreads for higher flight,
And, trusting in the buoyant air,
He wings his way to greater height

With joy he soars—but knows not why
The air upholds him on the way;
Enough to feel that Power n. h
Which holds the universe in sway.

KATE KELSEY.

Menomonie, Wis.

An Open Letter from a Niece of Dio Lewis.

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BLESSED BE DRUGGERY.—A sermon by W. C. Gannett; 2c, mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dome

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

- SUN.—Rationality brings insight.
 MON.—We must be led from the unconscious to the conscious choosing of lines of conduct.
 TUES.—The germ of inevitable consequences can be perceived in the deed.
 WED.—Contentment comes only with honest gains.
 THURS.—A regard for public opinion is but one stage of the development of the will-power.
 FRI.—The chief object in appealing to public opinion is to create a constantly advancing ideal.
 SAT.—The dependence of the individual upon the rest of mankind, of all upon the Creator, is the grand central truth of religion.

—Elizabeth Harrison.

WHERE THE WICKED FOLKS ARE BURIED.

"Tell me, gray-headed sex'on," I said,
 "Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
 I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
 And studied the epitaphs, old and new;
 But on monument, obelisk, pillar, or stone,
 I read of no evil that men have done."
 The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
 With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade.
 I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
 That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.
 "Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?
 Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
 Which of us mortals shall dare to say
 That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?
 "In our journey through life, the farther we speed,
 The better we learn that humanity's need
 Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
 Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.
 "Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;
 The evil men do, let it die with their bones.
 I have labored as sexton this many a year,

But I never have buried a bad man here."

—Selected.

"THE LADY OF HEAVEN."

I think my first real lesson in the true spirit of human brotherhood came from a lady who went long ago to her reward, and on whose grave the grass of many a year has grown. It was before people had begun to talk of Tolstoi, and when "slumming" was not yet a favorite amusement. I lived in a country village, which has since then become a fashionable center, but which was at that time as primitive as the neighborhoods of which Mary Wilkins writes. There were no factories in the place, no crowded tenements, no starving poor, but there was a certain amount of poverty and of ignorance; and there was in this place a lady—the richest lady in all the county, so I heard people say—and I watched her comings and goings with a sort of romantic eagerness.

She used to drive about, all over the big sparsely settled township, in a little open wagon, and in that wagon were books for children who had no home libraries, dainties for sick people, toys for fretful babies whose mothers had their own household to do. And this rich lady—who seemed to my childish eyes a sort of goddess of good fortune—never indulged herself in any luxury. Fashion was for her as if it did not exist. She wore a simple cotton gown in summer, and an equally simple woolen one in winter; and she went on her errands of mercy with a sun-bonnet shading her sweet face from the hot sons of June, or a warm hood protecting her ears from the blasts of January.

I don't know that I ever said to myself, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," but I surely felt it. One day I was sent to her house on some slight commission for my mother. She was out, as usual; but her housekeeper, discerning, I suppose, in my face something of the reverence with which I regarded her mistress, asked me suddenly, "Do you want to see where she prays?" and thereupon opened the door of a room almost as austere as a monk's, and pointed to a couch where I could see the impression left by a head bowed many a time and oft in secret prayer. "There," she said, "there's where she kneels." Just then the housekeeper was called away for a moment, and shyly, and almost as if it were sacrilege I was committing, I knelt in the spot where the Lady of Heaven, as I called her in my thoughts, was wont to pray, and put my childish head for one little moment in the place where hers had rested, and said a hurried prayer that I also might, with God's help, walk in the holy way she trod. I had been taken to church all the years of my life, I had heard prayers enough and sermons enough, but I do not remember that any one

of them had ever moved me to a single thrill of spiritual longing and aspiration such as I experienced in that hushed room, where she was wont to kneel, whose daily life seemed to me more sacred than prayer or sermon.—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in "Childhood."*

The Sunday School

At the annual meeting of the Western Sunday School Society, held on the morning of the 18th, during the Western anniversaries, a symposium upon certain features in the management of a Sunday school brought out several papers that were rich in valuable suggestions to teachers and superintendents. We shall be able to give them, one by one, the place in UNITY that has been occupied by Mr. McDougal's notes on "Essentials of Character," that course being now closed. Those who were not in attendance upon the meeting will appreciate the opportunity of reading them, hardly more than will those who, having heard them, can now consider them with more thoughtful leisure. E. T. L.

THE BLACKBOARD IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

READ BY REV. W. C. GANNETT BEFORE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

I am only to talk about a blackboard, but let us begin in the large and give it its niche in the universe.

Ear, eye—the two Gates Beautiful between the outer and inner worlds, and each the gate to a separate realm of human nature. The ear is the Heart-gate; tones, music, emphasis, shadings of expression, enter by it; feeling calls unto feeling through it. The eye is the Mind-gate, the sense through which we get the form of things. Eye gives us *form*—a rim, an outline, that by which each conception, so far as it is conception, is a mental *image*. An idea is a thing *eyed*, a thing "seen;" the idol is simply an idea one degree more externalized, as an ideal may be called an idea one degree more internalized. Your thought is not clear to your own mind till it becomes an image; you cannot give it clearly to another mind save with rim and outline and, as it were, in picture. Make it concrete, we say, when we do not understand; give an illustration; tell an anecdote; draw a picture. Teach the child by object lessons. Preach your ethics by biography. Jesus taught in parables. To your lecture add the experiment, the map, the figure, the stereopticon. Help out the ear by eye.

Under this principle of teaching comes the blackboard—one of its humblest applications. And under this principle comes the use of the blackboard in the Sunday school. Let us never forget that the best influence of the Sunday school is heart work. Ear rather than eye, manner rather than lesson, face rather than

the word, and tone behind the word rather than the thought in the word, makes the impression wanted there. Even in the college lecture room it was the enthusiasm and the face of Agassiz as he talked about his radiates and mollusks, and not what he said, that I have remembered through the thirty years and more. The mollusks soon slipped off my mind, but he impressed himself upon my heart. And much more in the Sunday school than in the common school or college is heart work the aim and the test of the teacher's success. But for all that the Sunday-school lesson, like any lesson, is also mind work—a call from a mind to a mind, an awakening of ideas, i. e., of things seen, in a mind; and here the dumb, dull, black surface which can flash white an outline, a thought-form, to the eye, is of immense help to the teacher and the taught. The blackboard is the humble canvas on which you can sketch to the eye your careful lesson as a whole, or can enliven your special points as you go along, lighting up the massiness of talk as the white foam-gleams enliven a lake surface. It is your sudden picture book, your cheap stereopticon, your improvised map, your momentary pantomime.

If I try to analyze with a little detail this immensity of help, I find it lies in three directions. First, it gives a chance of drawing a picture or a symbol to explain and impress your lesson. Great is the advantage for the little ones especially, and for all child-minded persons; and, who is not child-minded? Certainly the adult-class is; certainly you, the teacher, are. Why are Talmage's sermons the only sermons that go far and wide to the people of the United States? Because each one is a painted picture-book. Why do Minot Savage's sermons go twice as far as, with thrice the welcome of, any other sermons among ourselves? Because, without paint, each one is so limpid that anybody can see the thoughts outlined side by side like fish at the bottom of a pool. We are almost all child-minded, and an actually drawn picture—copy of a thing or symbol of a thing, no matter which—gives us all ease in trying to make the thing a thought. Chalk helps talk—teach all teachers that. Chalk helps talk so much that the evangelical Sunday-school societies used to send out four-foot square pictures, white on black, each week to illustrate their International Lessons. Perhaps they still do so. You ordered your fresh blackboard, all drawn, as you ordered your fresh milk, for the babes. That was very useful, doubtless, and yet, perhaps it was going to unnecessary extravagance. For the truth is, you can handle chalk clumsily and yet make it very effective. Your picture of a man, or a heart, or a circle, or a river, or a barn-door, may be only an ill-drawn symbol, not a picture, of

the thing, and yet it will stand very well for the thing in reaching aspects and effects. They say, *anybody* can sing. I doubt that, but think *any* teacher can draw well enough to make a blackboard effective. And this, too, is true, that you may be too good an artist to be a good teacher. If you draw so well that the children admire your picture and you more than the point you would illustrate, you so far fail. Prof. Morse, of Salem, or your own Chicago Mr. French, would never do for a Sunday school, if there were chalk in the room. The children would lose the gospel in their delight over the art. I had an example in my own Sunday school a winter or two ago: After one of my clumsy chalk-talks one of my teachers came to me and gently suggested that perhaps she had a little more gift that way than I, and would be glad to do the pictures for me, if I wished. Of course I wished, and the next Sunday—we happened to be studying for two or three Sundays the religion of old Egypt—there glowed on the blackboard in colored crayons such a really fine picture of an old Egyptian temple, with its grand portal and its sphinxes and its obelisks and a bannered procession of priests, that the result was we had to keep the picture there, and lost all use of that side of the blackboard for the rest of the winter. I tell the story, not to humble the gifted, but to inspire the clumsy. If you have an artist, or are one, use the gift by all means; but if not, exercise your giftlessness.

To continue my detail of blackboard service, a second help comes from it for the intermediate classes, and again I might ask, Who isn't of the intermediate class? I refer here to the good of *darting down in a word or two*, so that the eye sees it, the point you are trying to teach through the ear. Help ear by eye. In three words, dart it down, white on black; let it stand, if only for a moment, and then for the brush. That is the foam-gleam that I spoke of. Every teacher or lecturer must know the difficulty of getting the main points of his thought into the minds of hearers, unless he aids himself by syllabus or text-book. For most of us the ear is a sluice-way, not a sieve that sorts out sizes as the things run through. It is to be hoped that most hearers get something from every sermon, but probably few get the main point. So with any lesson. Are you teaching about Moses? Before you are far along in the story, dart down in white, "*Moses the Patriot*," a little deeper in, "*Moses the Emancipator*," a little farther still, "*Moses the Law-giver*." It is surprising, but with two out of three of your pupils, the lesson's value and impression and remembrance will be at least doubled by those three glints of white before the eye. Then, besides main points, there are certain details of a lesson, little facts, simply sure to slip away

unless you bring the eye to help the ear. Moses again—you want to fix his date, as a pivot-date in Hebrew history and religion: How many out of ten will remember by next Sunday that it was about 1320 B. C., if you simply *tell* it? Possibly one. But if you also *write* it? Only two,—but that is twice as many. How many if you write it, ask it, have them repeat it three or four times, a moment or two apart, as the talk goes on? Four, now—and that is good teaching, to get four out of ten.

The third and final good of the blackboard in teaching is for the older classes—those old enough to take in the lesson as a unit having parts, and those parts proportions and relations to each other. I value this use very greatly for an adult class, and for myself in all my own work. I mean the help which the mind gets by a *seen analysis* of a line of thought or fact, and gets still more by making such a seen analysis for oneself. A *seen analysis*, the written syllabus of your lecture, your sermon, your lesson, your essay; and this syllabus not run into a solid paragraph, but in heads and sub-heads, revealing the connection and proportion of the parts. Perhaps I value this too much—minds differ in their needs. Not all minds need to make their thought architectural, and the best artist work is not so made; it *grows*. But the animal body, though it grows, has its skeleton, which gives it framework and proportions. Every plant that grows has its living architecture, and can stand analysis. And I am sure, if most of us teachers and preachers would be humble-minded enough to go to work more like architects with our lessons and our preachments, the result would be more *flower-like*; I mean would be not only a thing of greater beauty, but a thing of greater meaning. There would be more unity, more proportion, more relatedness of part to part, more total effect, more saying what we mean, more having a point and more keeping to the point—more *arriving!* Now, the blackboard for the Sunday-school lesson offers the chance for this. If, for the older classes, you have the habit of carefully putting, white on black, the outline of the whole half-hour's talk with them, either beforehand or as it goes along, it will teach them a double lesson—not only the lesson about Moses, but the lesson of mental analysis and synthesis; in a word, the art of thinking. And this second lesson will be much the more important of the two; as much more important as you are than Moses—to yourself.

Let me only add: This service of the blackboard reaches its glory and transfiguration if, instead of merely putting this outline on the board yourself, you accustom the class itself to do it. No better use can be made of the last five minutes of the half hour than to stop short and get the pupils themselves to put down

and arrange, white on black, the main points of the day's lesson.

So my ideal Sunday-school classroom would contain always a wall-blackboard, and a large one. If that cannot be, then, in lieu of it, a table, around which all would group, with a large slate* for the teacher's use; and in the older pupils' hands, notebook and pencils with which to reproduce the slate-work of the teacher, or to improvise their own.

And my ideal Sunday-school teacher and Superintendent—well, there are several tests for them, but one of my tests would be the question, "Can you handle chalk?"

There is a book, written by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, and published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society in Boston, and called "Outlines and Charts, for conversation and study in Sunday schools, with aid of a blackboard." It contains twelve outline lessons on various subjects and adapted to different ages—each lesson developed in two forms: (1) in outline for the blackboard surface; and (2) in fuller detail, as notes for the teacher's talk. It is, I suspect, the most careful exhibition of the blackboard as a teaching-tool that anywhere exists in print.

The Study Table.

PHILLIPS BROOKS IN BOSTON.*

In "Phillips Brooks in Boston" we have a little volume containing nearly thirty editorials upon Phillips Brooks and his work, which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* during the five years from March, 1888, to February, 1893. As Rev. Dr. Tucker points out in his introduction, this collection has a special value arising from the fact that it shows what was thought of the man in his own home before his death and also before he was chosen bishop. The fact that the editor of a great city daily, sensitive as one occupying such a position always is to public opinion, should for five years put before his readers frequent comments upon the work of Dr. Brooks, all in the same vein, is very satisfactory evidence that Dr. Brooks was, as Prof. Tucker says, a prophet "acceptable in his own country."

While this is true, I am not sure that one who should rely upon this volume to get an outside estimate of the man Phillips Brooks, would be greatly helped by it. Mr. Ayres was deeply impressed by the personal goodness of the man and the value of his work, and endeavored to express his estimate in appropriate language; yet he who has not had the advantage of a personal knowledge of the great preacher will, I think, put the book down with a feeling

that it has not enabled him to get close to the heart of this great personality. Perhaps it is impossible to do the beloved Bishop justice in this respect. It may be that because of his excellence he must always be represented as armored in the full panoply of virtue, never, as it were, in the familiar undress of home. That which impressed one so greatly in direct personal intercourse with the man, his simple humanity, seems to be least evident in most representations of him. On the contrary, after reading and hearing them, we too often feel that this great being stood upon a pedestal above mankind. Mr. Ayres' enthusiastic admiration for the man and the original purpose of his editorials conspire to make his book like most representations of the Bishop in this respect. It may be that if some one could recall, I will not say a fault, but a foible in Phillips Brooks, he would be able to give us a representation which should have something of the vivid humanity of the original.

Be this as it may, in his appreciative comments upon the preacher and his work Mr. Ayres has done good service for the Church Universal in which Phillips Brooks labored. One of the most pregnant truths which he leads us to appreciate is that Dr. Brooks brought his breadth and progressiveness to the service of mankind, not by contending for the new view as against the old, for the broad as against the narrow, but by simply taking the higher, broader view for granted, and preaching and living it, without noticing the old. Then, when his hearers awoke to the fact that the truth he preached was not within the old limits, they had learned to value it too highly to give it up for the old view. F. H. S.

JULIUS E. OLSON'S article on "Norway's Struggles for Political Liberty," in the *New England Magazine* for June, is one that we would commend to all who are interested in, without being very well informed as to, the steady march of Norway toward the most perfect republican freedom. The vigor and independence which have characterized the Northmen in all ages are becoming specially noticeable in our own day, when Scandinavian literature—reflecting, as it does, the religious and political unrest of that division of the Germanic peoples—is becoming the most popular literature of Europe. Concerning the article of which we began by speaking, it is to be noted that although written by one whose sympathies are evidently with Norway in the present dispute, it leads us to see that there are grave practical difficulties in the way of a double diplomatic and consular service for the united kingdoms.

In addition to the papers in the *Arena* noticed in our editorial columns, we would note that Mr. I. E. Deen's article, "Save the American Home," is the clearest statement of the evil which results to the

debtor class from a shrinkage in the volume of the currency, and of the benefit this class derives from the expansion thereof, that has ever met the writer's eye. So far his contention seems incontrovertible, and it is to be regretted that his adversaries should not have the candor to admit it. Until those who oppose the Populists take the trouble to study their position, and are candid enough to give them credit for all the truth it contains, they need not expect to convince them of their errors. When shall we realize that nothing which really appeals to men is *wholly* false?

The proof-reading in this month's *Arena* is not as good as it should be. We noticed several oversights in the articles by Dr. Shutter and Mr. Sanders; and there is a blunder in the table of contents, the prefixing of "Prof." to Mr. Sanders' name.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

A LITERARY COURTSHIP. By Anna Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 184; \$1.

A WASHINGTON SYMPHONY. By Mrs. Wm. Lamont Wheeler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 194; \$1.

A HISTORY OF PANICS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Clement Juglar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 150; \$1.

OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY. By H. F. Pelham, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 610; \$1.75.

PHILLIPS BROOKS IN BOSTON. By M. C. Ayres. Boston: George H. Ellis. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 119; 50c.

STUDIES OF ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS. By Frank Walters. London: Sunday School Association. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 180; 2s 6d.

THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL TO THE GALATIANS. By James Drummond, M. A. London: Sunday School Association. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 200; 1s 6d.

THE GOSPEL AND ITS EARLIEST INTERPRETATIONS. By Crelio Cone, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 415; \$1.75.

MARKED "PERSONAL." By Anna Katherine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 415; \$1; paper 50c.

BITS OF BLUE. By Wesley Bissnette. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., \$1.00.

MORTAL MAN. By A. Faston. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 16mo., pp. 47. 25 cents.

THE RUSSIAN REFUGEE. By Henry R. Wilson. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 610. 50 cents.

The Jenness-Miller Monthly is a magazine devoted to artistic dress, and is a standard in this department. . . The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, but if subscribed for in connection with UNITY we will send this magazine and UNITY for one year (whether the UNITY subscription be a new one or a renewal) for \$1.65. Address the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

*"Phillips Brooks in Boston—Five Years' Editorial Estimate." By M. C. Ayres, editor of the Boston "Daily Advertiser." With an introduction by Rev. W. J. Tucker, D. D. George H. Ellis, Boston.

Notes from the field

Joint Conference.—A largely attended Joint Conference of the Wisconsin and Minnesota Liberal Churches was held in Menomonie, Wis., May 10-12. Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, preached the opening sermon, taking as his subject "Seeds," and his text, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man who sowed good seed in the ground." Nature's care in the production and protection of the seed was shown; also in the sowing of it; how Nature was taking care of religion, too; that, though old forms of religion decay, the best part of them goes as seed into the future, and grows again and better. Man improves on Nature's methods, selecting the best species, the best ground, and defends the seeds, giving them the most favorable conditions. So we should select in religion—as Jesus said, "search the scriptures"—search and select whatever is good and true and holy. Search all scriptures, the holy books of every place and time; the scriptures of science and of thought. Select and till, remembering that tillage consists principally in weeding.

The second day's session was opened by a devotional meeting led by Rev. F. C. Southworth, of Duluth. Hon. S. W. Hunt welcomed the delegates with a ringing address, which was responded to by Hon. H. M. Lewis, of Madison, the President of the Wisconsin Conference, and Rev. M. W. Chunn, of Luverne, the Vice President of the Minnesota Conference. The discussions of the day were opened by Rev. L. H. Stoughton, of Baraboo, Wis., who read a paper on "Sunday Schools and Young People's Guilds." Rev. Kristofer Janson, of Minneapolis, followed, speaking concerning "Religious Work With and For Foreigners." In the discussion Rev. T. B. Forbush gave a remarkable instance of successful work on the part of one Norwegian minister.

After an elaborate lunch, served in the Menomonie parish house, Rev. T. C. Davis, of Winona, Minn., spoke of "The Work of the Free Church." Rev. Sophie Gibb, of Janesville, Wis., followed, speaking of "Its Opportunities." The discussion was opened by Rev. M. W. Chunn in an address of remarkable power and potency. A practical turn was given the discussion by Rev. Lloyd Skinner, of Eau Claire, Wis., who urged the conference to consider the obstacles of the Free Church and how to overcome them. He was ably supported by Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, and others.

At 8 p. m., after Scripture reading and prayer by Rev. Helen G. Putnam, of Jamestown, S. D., Rev. W. S. Vall, of St. Paul, spoke of "The Realization of the Mission of the Liberal Church." Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul, spoke "In Praise of Narrowness." Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones would reassure those who feared the movement of modern thought, showing that only through liberty can the triumphs of the future come.

On Friday morning the devotional meeting was led by Rev. T. B. Forbush. The relation of the church to the various reform movements of the time was the topic for the day. Rev. C. J. Staples, of St. Cloud, Minn., opened the discussion, taking the topic "Temperance." Rev. Sophie Gibb followed, with "Labor." Rev. Lloyd Skinner spoke on "Charity." Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholz, of Hillside, Wis., on "Emi-

gration." Animated discussions followed each of these.

At 8 p. m., after reading and prayer by Rev. Lloyd Skinner, Hon. H. M. Lewis spoke of "The Aim of the Liberal Religious Movement," Rev. C. J. Staples of "Our Methods," and Rev. T. B. Forbush of "Results." For results he wanted the audience to look around them; the magnificent temple they were in, costing over \$100,000; its library of 4,000 volumes and over 1,000 pamphlets and public documents; its reading room, supplied with all the representative papers and magazines; its G. A. R. rooms and museum; its club and amusement rooms, and the elegant auditorium in which they were assembled. Add to these the manual training school, the cooking and laundry schools, and the change made in hearts and lives, and some of the results of the liberal religious movement can be seen.

L. S.

Oakland, Ca'. The annual report of this church contains so much of interest that, from lack of time and space, we are obliged to pass over almost everything in this issue, yet we would call attention to the praiseworthy determination of the Woman's Auxiliary to keep altruism in sight, even under strong temptation to be selfish in a good cause. The secretary writes that "though our great effort this year has been to raise money for the church, we have not been quite oblivious of our fellow-men." And later, she states that they voted to devote one tenth of their net monthly income to charity.

Olympia, Wash.—Rev. David Utter promises a visit to this place the second week in June. He did pioneer work in Washington Territory twenty years ago, and while in charge of the society in Olympia he visited other places in the Northwest. He was the first preacher of the Unitarian faith who held services in Seattle, which was then but a frontier village. He is to preach in Helena June 4, and in Olympia the following Sunday.

Wichita, Kan.—Rev. E. R. Shippen has resigned his pastorate and is going East. Mrs. L. S. Carter has become the superintendent of the Sunday school, an office which the pastor himself held while here.

Asheville, N. C.—This church has just completed eight months of uninterrupted work under the pastorate of Rev. Frederic W. Sanders, who has now resigned the charge in order to accept the assistant editorship of UNITY. The church will be closed during the months of June and July, and in August the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. Henry A. Westall, during his summer vacation. As this is a new society—Mr. Sanders' ministry being the longest pastorate it has had—it is not yet strong enough to keep open twelve months in the year; but it is hoped that before long it will be able to do so, and to build a church home for itself. The impression is abroad that the South is ultra-conservative, but there is a field here for much work among the young men of the South who are dissatisfied with "Orthodox" Christianity. An instance of breadth worth speaking of is that a ministers' conference for all "ministers of religion" in and about Asheville has recently been formed, of which the Unitarian pastor was a member, and in which he was uniformly treated with the most fraternal courtesy.

Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.—

Through the generosity of Mrs. E. D. and Miss Carrie Rand a Department of Applied Christianity has been endowed and a house provided for its head. Just what the work of the department will be is not now known; but something may be surmised from the man to whom the work is intrusted, the Rev. George D. Herron, D. D., of Burlington, Iowa, the author of several little books, which have been characterized as evidencing somewhat advanced ideas concerning the place which Christianity should hold in our modern life.

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES. FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinamore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Villa Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

REV. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, of Providence, R. I., will preach at All Souls Church next Sunday morning. In the evening there will be an address by a representative of the Temperance Congress.

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then he will know ALL and have achieved victory not only over mental and physical disease and all forms of earthly inharmony, but will have conquered man's last enemy as well; he will have become a conscious co-worker with Jehovah. ALL have the Divine Secret within; only prepare your Temple and the Manifestation will surely follow. We want YOU to see a copy of our magazine. Sample 10 cents. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. St. Louis Magazine, 2319 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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An Eastern reader says:

How I wish I knew *who* to thank for first sending me UNITY. It is the only paper I read every word of. If UNITY readers would simply tear the label from the wrapper of UNITY, and after reading it put it back and direct it to some friend, it would only cost a penny, and great good might be done in that way with very little trouble. I think UNITY much better than tracts to call attention to Unitarian thought. It is the best little missionary I know of.

A Southern friend writes:

UNITY with its new appearance has just reached me. Accept my heartiest congratulations upon the improved mechanical condition. Its spirit needs no alteration. It is as broad, safe and liberal as any lover of truth can desire. Anything that I and your other friends in the far South can do for you will be cheerfully done.

From the *Boston Budget*:

UNITY, the able and brilliant Unitarian weekly of Chicago, appears in a new and enlarged form, and is prepared to take its stand with renewed vigor in its work for the enlargement of thought and the beauty and sacredness of life.

From an Iowa reader:

UNITY is received in its new dress, and I think it quite an improvement; but however poor the *form* and *paper* heretofore, I cherished it for the *breadth* of thought and fellowship it has so righteously battled for.

So, with the new dress, we expect to see it go bravely on in its *more* than "Christian" mission of Freedom, Fellowship, and Character in Religion. *Truth*, not pious cant, is what the world needs to save it from corruption.

From Northern Canada:

Many thanks for your friendly reminder. I had, indeed, forgotten that my UNITY subscription was overdue, and might not have thought of it for a long time. UNITY in its new dress seems much more dignified and to have altogether lost the free-and-easy look of old; but, doubtless, when I grow to feel acquainted, I shall like it better than before, and always it will have my hearty sympathy and my best wishes for its future.

An Illinois reader says:

Well, I must admit I *do* like your new dress.

To tell the honest truth, I thought UNITY as it was could hardly be improved upon, and looked upon the proposed change with a good deal of misgiving. But I find UNITY is still UNITY, and am not disposed to quarrel with the beautiful paper and clear print.

From a St. Louis subscriber:

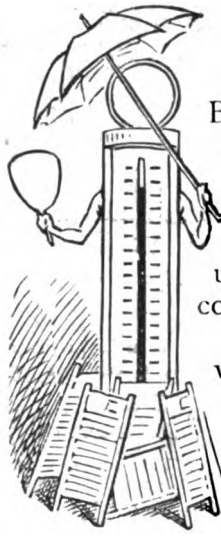
Enclosed please find \$1, for which will you extend my subscription to UNITY one year? I regard UNITY as the *best paper published*, so of course it is a necessity to me.

From a Kansas reader:

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UNITY.

ESTABLISHED 1878.

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Once more UNITY has taken another step forward. And still it is one of many short and feeble steps which have characterized its fifteen years of life. Never much ahead, but always a little better. By this change of dress and increase of size we have greatly added to the expense of publication.

The new company was confronted with this problem: In order to justify this additional expense it must either double the price of subscription, which would then leave it only two-thirds the cost of the journals with which it is compared, and with which it shares a place in the current religious literature of our country; or, to keep it still at the old price and double the number of subscribers within a reasonable time. The company has ventured on this last undertaking. We confidently turn to our subscribers to help us realize this. Only by so doubling can the strain, both financial and editorial, be reduced to its proper limit, and the advance be justly maintained. Over one hundred and fifty new subscribers have been received during the last month while UNITY was at its shabbiest. Give us a Columbian lift. Let old subscriptions be paid and parishes canvassed. Special inducements to agents will be given on correspondence. Subscriptions \$1 per annum. Send all remittances to

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*Do the deed, O friend, of service to man,
The service that costs somewhat;
The service of thought, the service of love,
Not resting in what you do not.*

M.

WE are sorry to have to apologize to our subscribers for the delay in getting out the editions of UNITY preceding this. The changes in paper and in printers, which we have made in order to improve its appearance, have put the work into new hands, and it has taken some time to get things into smooth running order under the new conditions. Experience goes to show that such inconveniences are wont to attend a transition, but they are nevertheless hard to endure. We trust that they are now at an end, and that in future the paper will come out with satisfactory regularity.

As A sign of the times we note that in Colorado in November the question of woman suffrage is to be settled by popular vote; that is, of course, by the vote of those who now have the franchise—the men. It is hardly probable that the vote will be for female suffrage this time, but the action of the Legislature in thus submitting the question is worthy of remark.

**

SAYS Dr. Bartol:

"There is a point in which all denominations, Christian and pagan, meet. Even their peculiarities, like rivers to the sea, run from and into the common heart. To discover and establish this fact is the tendency of our time."

Who can doubt that that point is where ethics or the desire for excellence and the willingness to help one another is. The inclusive religion is the religion of character—the religion whose inspiration is the purpose to help the world along.

**

If the telegraphic reports are to be trusted, the Rev. Dr. Ecob, a Presbyterian pastor in Albany, N. Y., is about to withdraw from that fellowship on account of the Dr. Briggs decision, and has declared his interest in a movement to establish a Free Church of America. Good, Brother Ecob! Go ahead; you have the opportunity of serving many by leading in this direction. To join the Unitarian, or any other existing organization, would carry with it a theological inference which might not be true. But run up the banner of a Free Church and it only implies a truce to theological disputations, a recognition of the right of each one to think as he will or as he must, and that you unite in a unity of purpose,—the oneness of moral aim and of spiritual excellence.

**

In an able editorial on the Basis of the Liberal Faith, the *Non-Sectarian* sums up the difference between the "orthodox" and the liberal church in these pregnant words: "The orthodox church believes in the *person* of

Jesus; we believe in the *spirit* of Jesus." And it points out that while the "orthodox" Christian exhausts his faith in believing physical facts about Jesus, the representative of liberal religion has his faith strengthened by contemplating the ideal held up by the loving Nazarene. When a larger part of the world "looks to Jesus" in this way, his name will not be a word to conjure by, but his life will be of more value to mankind than it can be while he is regarded as a being of supernatural perfection.

**

THE United States Courts have decided adversely to the "Open Fair" movement. Perhaps they are technically right. But it will be noticed that both judges who gave the majority decision did so on technical and purely *legal* grounds. The fundamental question of the right of Congress to interfere with the religious liberty vouchsafed by the Constitution was scarcely touched. If the Appellate Court can be induced to touch this deeper question it will be a great service. A decision that will explode the assumption that this Government is a "Christian" government will be worth more than many open fairs. This is a human government, and Christianity, like all other religions, must take its chances before the law, and go up or down according to its moral weight and life-helping power. If it needs governmental protection it is not worth the saving.

**

THERE is such a unity in the structure of the world that study in any line, whether it is the study of embryos, animals, words, dynasties, stars, laws, you will find the underlying universal truth if only you go deep enough. No greater contribution toward the modern conception of evolution was made by any student, even of zoology, geology, or astronomy, than was made by Bopp in his *Comparative Grammar of Indo-European Languages*. It may well have

seemed barren of fruit for the world's quickening—the study of Sanskrit roots—but it was one of the vital causes which led to the extraordinary improvement in historical theory and in general thought about the world which has taken place in the last seventy-five years. Study, then, what you like best; but go deep enough and you will find that you have reached one of the strata on which the universe rests, and to that same stratum all students in all lines will also in time penetrate, and thenceforth thought has one more firm foothold.

**

We print in this issue the report of the Superintendent of Western Work of the A. U. A., read at the recent anniversaries in Boston. We give the report in full, because our readers will be glad to know of the progress of the work in this field. We have frankly spoken in these columns our dissent from the present arrangement, not because, as a recent editorial in the *Register* seemed to imply, we do not think there is work to do, or because that work is not in a measure being done, but because we do not think it is being done in the best way. The double confidences, the divided executives are distracting and oftentimes discouraging. We see no reason for two officials to cover essentially the same field. If this has ever been necessary, it is not so now, when there is such practical harmony and unanimity among our Western churches. If there is but one executive necessary, we think the argument advanced in the annual report of the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, published two weeks ago, unanswerable. And the A. U. A. ought to save the \$3,500 a year or more now spent on the salary of its Western Superintendent and the "Chicago office," and give its confidences to the organizations on the ground. Their officers stand now, as always, ready to give the necessary information and co-operation; free of cost, or nearly so. Let there be fewer officers and more privates in the missionary army.

**

THE action of the Women's Auxiliary of the Oakland Unitarian Church in voting to devote one third of their net monthly income to charity, although they were very anxious to reduce the debt of the church, suggests a temptation to which struggling

churches are generally exposed, and before which they so often fall. They feel that the need of taking care of themselves and getting clear of debt is so great that they ought not to be expected to contribute to other charitable and philanthropic causes, although they themselves may be most persistent beggars. They forget that a church exists and is supported for the good it can do, and that a weekly service, attended by a limited number of church members, is hardly a sufficient contribution to the good of society to justify the community in contributing very liberally to its support. Such parsimonious little churches often drag on a miserable existence for years, all the time on the brink of dissolution, when by a more liberal course, by taking such an active part in the good works of the community that their presence should be felt and appreciated, they would have grown strong and probably have paid off their debt. It is true that justice comes before generosity, and that we should pay our debts before giving lavishly; but there is reason in all things, and we must learn that "as we journey through life we should live by the way." He who is always *getting ready* to live may be said never to live. In the regular conduct of business, men are constantly and necessarily creating debts, but this does not prevent them from spending money for any reasonable object. As long as expense is reasonably proportionate to income, it will not prevent men from meeting their debts when they become due. Let us not, like the miser, be too afraid of debt to enjoy what we have; but rather let us do what our hand finds to do, and, if necessary, like the prudent business man, make a legitimate use of credit, treating it as an instrument that will enable us to do a larger work for humanity.

**

We regret that it was not stated in last week's *UNITY* that the article on "The Religious Aspects of Citizenship," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, was one of the papers read during the session of the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, at the "Sunday-school experience meeting," which was the most prominent feature of this year's session of the society.

THE microscope made by the Munich Optical Institute for the Chicago fair magnifies 11,000 diameters and is worth \$8,750.

SPIRITUAL MIGRATION TOWARD THE PEACE OF POISE.

Professor Shaler, in his recent book called "Interpretations of Nature," tells of the quaint and weird destiny that periodically seizes upon the "lemming," a Norwegian animal resembling the rat. Normally these little creatures live in the mountains on the borders of Finland. For many years they dwell quietly in their native country; but at intervals of a few decades they are seized with a migratory impulse, and in great bands they march westward in direct lines, turning aside only to evade insurmountable obstacles until they reach the sea, into which they fearlessly plunge, and swim away until they are drowned. Our author compares this strange freak with the mad impulse to emigrate which seized the Goths, who, in the seventh and eighth centuries, moved southward without, apparently, any distinct purpose. He ascribes both to the "accumulation of impulses within them to the point where gratification becomes an imperative necessity." Something like this is taking place in the religious world today. Yielding to psychic influences as imperative in their potencies and more beautiful in their tendencies, great multitudes of souls are on the march away from the conventional lines of theology, out of the traditional and convenient homes of organized religion, toward something more clear and real. Let them march. Every step of the way they will find new prospects, fresh conditions, freer breathing space. And at last they will reach the sea, whether to plunge in and be drowned, like the "lemmings" of Norway, or, like the Greek wanderers, to find new enthusiasms and fresh dreams of home awakened, it matters not; in either case their contribution to the onward march of religion will be made.

There is one thing nobler than a thirst for heaven, and that is a thirst for usefulness. There is one thing more restful and reassuring than the consciousness of salvation theologically secured, and that is the consciousness of oneness with the God of the universe, with the throbbing life of Nature. There is one thing more inspiring than the love of humanity, and that is the love of the potency which includes human nature, which interprets and is interpreted by hu-

man nature. The inspiration of science in the presence of death says:

"Let go the breath.

There is no death

To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.

Not of the clod

Is the life of God:

Let it mount, as it will, from form to form!"

The trend of religion is to "broaden our interests on the horizontal plane and diminish them in the vertical." Let us find the "peace that passeth all understanding" in this breadth of divine sympathy with the God that now is, the heaven that is here, the radiance about us.

Recently we heard an ingenious and eloquent plea made for what the speaker called "narrowness." Borrowing a Bible figure, he compared the running brook in its intensity and clearness, kept within well defined bounds, to a marsh, with its stagnant pool without defined limits and definite tendencies. His sympathies were with the running brook; with the defined religion rather than with the liberal religion that "comes from nowhere and goes nowhere." The figure was apt, but, like most figures, it is treacherous, and the conclusions are unscientific. The truth is, the marsh—the stagnant pool, if you please—is a very Jackson Park in the domain of material life. There Nature is fairly at work. There is more life, pulsing, sentient, creative life in one acre of marsh than in a thousand miles of brook. There, all the way from the delicately tinted algæ—the poets of vegetation—with their silken filaments, up through the amœbæ, which you can gather in a colony of thousands in a homœopathic pellet bottle, up through the harping frogs—the croaking bullfrog, that inflated millionaire of the kingdom of Batrachia—to the waving cat-tails, all is life,—splendid, throbbing, creative life. In the marsh the tenderest grasses grow. There the cowslips welcome the dawn of summer, and the glorious cardinals celebrate summer's high noon, while the fringed gentian touches with spiritual beauty the evening of summer. In the marsh, amid the waving flags and drooping willows, the red-winged starling holds his choral convention and makes beautiful the mist with song. In the marsh is being silently but surely laid that best of soils, which will some day be man's chosen garden-patch, yielding strawberries,

apples and roses. Present meadows and wheat-fields were once marshes, and what is marsh to-day will yet yield breadstuffs to the world.

I like this suggestion of Nature as to what religion can do when it is broad, diffusive, pervasive, quiet and persistent, like water on a meadow. A thousand forms of beauty will spring into life under its wooings, which religion with its brook-like intensity in its creed-lined banks can never produce and never know.

Let us never be afraid of breadth. The water of life, welcome in every form, is most welcome in its soil-making, flower-creating, and fruit-producing character. Science teaches us to revere the "grasses that grow in the Garden of God," and to remember that the leaves of the Tree of Life are for the healing of the nations. The religion that shall know no strained relation to its science, and that shall war only with ignorance and superstition, will sing the "Song of the Universal."

"Out of the bulk, the morbid, and the shallow,

Out of the bad majority, the varied, countless frauds of men and states,

* * *

"Only the good is universal.

* * *

"Give me, O God, to sing that thought, Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith

In thy ensemble; whate'er else withheld, withhold not from us

Belief in plan of Thee inclosed in Time and Space,

Health, peace, salvation universal."

THE PITY OF IT.

By the decision of the Supreme Court the Geary law stands. The Chinese must go. But all the same the law is an outrage and a shame. What a travesty on the Republic! In the early days, when the country was young, another spirit prevailed. Then the cry went out to all races of every kindred and tongue: "Here is room. Here is opportunity. 'Stablish a nation on new lines of toleration, charity, equality; all views, all religions, all enterprises of genius and human activity to be honored. The appeal was world-wide. The future was for mankind. And it was seen to be a future such as no other nation could initiate or defend—a new nationality raised on the pedestal of a common human destiny. There was foreseen a people distinguished politically from the elder na-

tions by reason of seeking cosmopolitan and humanitarian ends; by cherishing sentiments of justice and right, of which they were no more ashamed than of their prayers and for which they had the amplest opportunity to live.

This was the *new chance* that came with American Independence. On this northern continent there should be planted a home for a free people gathered from under every sky of the habitable globe. This it was that made the American citizen proud of his country, for so to be American did not antagonize him with his belief in the common fraternity of man.

But now the spirit has changed. The rivalry of races has bred another class of political patriots. America is for those whom we (who happen to be here) want. We have taken John Chinaman in hand first. Whose turn next?

Of course the Geary legislation is apologized for with the plea of self-defense. The Chinese imperil the welfare of the other inhabitants, and that is reason enough; they must go. Russia, barbarous and cruel, drives forth the Jew. America, "humane and just," pouces on the Chinaman. One law covers it all; the law of "self-defense." "Me, my wife, my son John." The rest to the dogs.

It is plain that our political leaders are on a false scent. They are chasing visions that lead only to evil. The republic needs no wall around about her. Her shores on every coast may remain open to the world. The republic is not to be built up in the similitude of narrowness and exclusiveness, by tinkering politicians, balancing rivalries, jealousies, racial prejudices, seeking their own elevation to power. In a sense the republic is not to be "bullded" at all. It is, from decade to decade, the resultant of unfettered human activities, life carried forward without dictation, the people all freely bringing special contributions to be adopted or rejected by the prevailing good sense.

There is and has been too great a disposition for tinkering. Things are not left enough to themselves. Henry Doty Maxon, of cherished memory, would say when approached for his signature to some new movement for prohibiting this or that great evil: "The evil will prohibit itself, if you do not legislate. Once

get the people to *reason* the matter out, and you have a law that cannot be repealed." Mr. Moody's gospel is not unlike. He, on one occasion, as I remember, said: "I have little to do with 'going to law.' I lay less stress on prohibitions than on salvations. You can't force people into heaven." Such voices correct the tendency for compulsory salvations for this world or the next. To change the figure, there are too many inflexible pilots lying in wait to anchor the good ship of state safely in some little stream that flows by their farm. If she sail the high seas of human hope, with only generous, hospitable, humane sentiments spreading her sails, she will founder some dark night, and go down 'mid the swirl of God's wrath. "Oh, ye of little faith!" With you it is poor man, poor God. Nevertheless, it were better that each mind his own affair with what of loyalty and force he have, and let the good ship drift. "The ship of heaven guides itself, and will not accept a wooden rudder."

It is to be hoped that the republic will hold her own against the disloyalty of her too virtuous politicians. Persecutions, banishments, are not her forte.

S. H. M.

UNIVERSALIST AND UNITARIAN.

The relation between Universalism and Unitarianism seems to be the subject of much discussion at the present time.

Rev. Mr. Wendte's recent statement that there is "no call in California for the *old* type of Universalist gospel, with its incessant polemic against hell-fire, its literal interpretation of Scripture, its supernaturalism, and other primitive features," which was accompanied by an intimation that too many of the Universalist ministers attempting to work in California voiced this outworn phase of Universalism,—has aroused the wrathful indignation of the editor of the *Christian Leader*, and he is particularly incensed by Mr. Wendte's statement that the California Universalists now occupy a similar position to that occupied by the Unitarians of fifty years ago. The *Christian Leader* thinks so poorly of what it styles the theological timidity and paltering of the Unitarianism of that day, that it considers this last statement highly injurious. Yet from some recent editorials in the *Leader* and other Universalist papers,

and from the tone of Rev. Q. H. Shinn's remarks, which the *Leader* quotes with apparent approval, it would seem that much at least of the conservatism attributed to the California Universalists is not yet abandoned by prominent Universalists. Mr. Shinn writes:

"In about all the cities I have visited in the West our Unitarian brethren claim that they can do our work. I do not agree with them. * * * They hunt up our people and try to persuade them that 'there is no difference.' Now, if this be true, and there is no difference between Universalism and Unitarianism, they are right; we have no mission, for, having a better missionary system and more money and being already on the ground, they are surely better able than we to accomplish the work of 'the liberal church.' Please notice that I quote this term, for I never use it myself—I have come to despise it, because it does not mean anything; so I never call the Universalist Church a liberal church. By defining the term every time I used it I could perhaps convey some meaning by it, but I have no time, and so, as I do not want to be understood as belonging to the great 'go-as-you-please' church of the age, I content myself with the name I love—Universalism—I am a Universalist."

The editor of *Manford's Magazine*, in the May number, attempts to explain the difference between Unitarians and Universalists by comparing a Unitarian's view of St. Paul, contained in a recent article in *UNITY*, with Dr. Eddy's view, set forth in the *Christian Leader* of the same date—the Unitarian believing that Paul thought that the nature of the whole human race had been corrupted by Adam's fall and brought under the wrath of God thereby; while the Universalist maintained that Paul's teaching was that of the Gospels and of Universalism. The Unitarian here assumes that a Biblical writer was in error, while the Universalist endeavors to demonstrate that the Biblical writer is right. This is, perhaps, characteristic of the average Unitarian and Universalist. In reference to the Bible, it is generally true that the orthodox Christian says: "Such a thing is true *because* the Bible says so." The Universalist says: "It is true, *and* the Bible says so." The Unitarian says: "It is true, *whatever* the Bible may say about it." The Universalist still clings, as a rule, to the assumption that if a thing be true in the field of religion it must be taught in the Bible; and

thus he makes the true interpretation of the Bible the supreme thing; while the Unitarian looks for God in the soul of man and in external nature no less than in the Bible, and when the latter contradicts the revelation of Nature he does not hesitate to say that the Bible is wrong.

But while this is *largely* true, it is not *necessarily* true. A man may be a Universalist without believing that all religious truth is taught in the Bible, and a man may be a Unitarian who believes that it is. And, indeed, the fact seems to be that the Universalist *press* is generally more conservative and more sectarian than the rank and file of Universalists. Whatever Mr. Shinn or the majority of California ministers and Universalist editors may think and feel, a goodly number—and I think I need not hesitate to say *most*—of the Universalists of our day are glad to call themselves "Liberals." The Universalists and Unitarians of Wisconsin and Minnesota have shown that they regard themselves as true brethren, doing the same work, and for the most part occupying the same position. Having reached their present standing-ground by different routes—the one through the heart, the other through the head; the one through a conviction of the goodness, the other through a conviction of the unity, of God—they naturally retain the name that indicates the country through which they have passed. But both, we believe, value their fellowship in the truth more than their denominational designation, and would rather be liberals than sectarians.

F. W. S.

THE SUSPENSION OF PROF. BRIGGS.

The large majority against Prof. Briggs in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church shows how strong are yet the bulwarks of conservatism and superstition. How little has the new thought penetrated when even the mild and guarded new theology of Prof. Briggs will not be tolerated! The decision of the assembly shows how with hundreds of intelligent and candid ministers the belief in certain dogmas precludes all fair investigation or impartial decision. John Stuart Mill said that in some other planet two and two might make five. But in the dogmatic world in which these ministers live two and two always make five. No

fact, no scholarship, no argument, no amount of evidence, not even a voice from heaven, could convince them. How true the words of Jesus are: "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Truth, the real kingdom of heaven, is closed to those who haven't the humb'le, teachable spirit of the little child.

But there is reason for hope and thanksgiving, because in that conservative assembly there were a hundred ministers who protested against the decision of the majority as unjust and unchristian. The new thought has found entrance, and a great, silent revolution is going on. Let it be admitted that theology is progressive, and all at last will follow. Let it be granted that the Scriptures are not inerrant, and that reason and the church are fountains of authority, and the tyranny of the old dogmas is broken. If there be something of the spirit of Luther in Prof. Briggs, and we think there is, his educational work has but just begun. J. G. T.

MR. MORRISON I. SWIFT, in a recent number of the *Open Court*, suggests that the First of May, 1900, shall be made the day of freedom for enslaved labor. On that day the workingmen shall take charge of the great business plants and manufactories, and all shall equally share in the profits thereof.

That there is a social slavery, a grievous injustice, in our present industrial system we grant. It is also wise and inspiring to have an ideal, a great aim, to work for; and it quickens the blood to think that May First, 1900, may be the workingmen's jubilee. But setting aside the opposition of capitalists and owners to the scheme, let us ask, Would the workingmen be ready for it in seven short years? Here is a factory where a thousand men are employed. Have these thousand men the education, knowledge, training, fairness, balance, unselfishness to manage successfully a great business like this? Would they be willing that the wisest among them should guide and rule? Would they be willing to accept less wages in times of financial stringency, when the factory was running at a loss?

Socialism is a truth—an ideal for which we all ought to work. As men become educated, trained, just, power will be divided. Mr. Swift is too much in a hurry. If he would say May First in the year 2100 he would be nearer right. J. G. T.

Contributed and Selected

UNITY.

O Thou before whose onward course
The pulsing heavens rise and fall,
Encradling Space, enfolding Force,
Life and Life-giver unto all—
I may not call on Thee in prayer,
Thy majesty I dare not name,
Yet fearless through the years I fare,
For we are one thing and the same.

I count not Time an enemy,
For Time and Thou and I are one;
I sit contented here with Thee,
With Thee I mount from sun to sun.
I seek not far, I spurn not near,
For far is near and near is far:
This heart that beats so softly here
Keeps time to yonder rolling star.

I am the solvent and the solved,
I am the knowing and the known,
And the same' thought in me revolved
Goes speeding on through yonder
zone.

I am the singer and the sung,
The worshiped and the worshiper,
The ever old, the ever young,
The bolder and the timider.

I shall remain and I shall change,
I shall give over and shall last,
But nothing ever can estrange
This present glory from the past.
So when the final fate shall fall,
When to the mystery I bow,
What matter how the change they
call—
Force, matter, death, life, I, or Thou?

Thus fearless through the years I fare,
O'er-riding doubt and mocking doom,
And Thou art with me everywhere,
And I shall cleave all earthly gloom.
O quickening Thought, O speeding
Fate,
Speed, speed forever, full and free!
O Flux of all things small and great,
We 're one to all eternity.

—H. A. Warren, in the *Evolutionist*.

REPORT OF WESTERN SUPERINTENDENT.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION:

GENTLEMEN—In accordance with the instructions of your Secretary, I present the following report of work in the Central West.

Owing to the financial uncertainty which has obtained during the year, church extension has not been pushed with the usual vigor, it not being thought wise to promote new enterprises which it might be difficult to sustain. Promising opportunities have been regretfully neglected, response to urgent calls has been postponed, and attention has been largely concentrated upon the work already in hand. We have cultivated the old fields instead of breaking fresh

ground. Yet the year has not been without substantial progress.

NEW ORGANIZATIONS.

Among the organizations which have come into existence or have gained positive church life and form, are the church at Youngstown, Ohio, which, after a brief experience with a pastor, is now in charge of Meadville students; the Jordan Church, which is an offshoot of Mr. Douthitts' Shelbyville, Ill., parish; the church at Streaty, I.I., which, thanks to the wise and careful fostering of Rev. L. J. Duncan, the State missionary, is already large in numbers and able and willing for self-support; the church at Perry, Iowa, which has grown out of the mission stage into a settled pastorate; the church at Arkansas City, Kansas, which sought our fellowship, fully organized and officered; the little church at Rocky Ford, Col., which has sprung up around its devoted pastor, Rev. George H. Taylor, and through his personal exertions; and the Scandinavian church at Tordjensk, old, Minn., which Rev. Mr. Brauti has created as an adjunct to his Underwood parish. Word also comes that the Sunday Circles at Sterling, Rock Falls, and Ottawa, Ill., and Cherokee, Iowa, are steadily moving toward church consciousness and church organization.

Notwithstanding the financial limitations which have interfered with distinctly missionary operations, promising stations have been opened in Wisconsin, in Minnesota, in Kansas, in Colorado, and down in Oklahoma, newest of Territories. The Secretary of the Helena (Mont.) Society writes that, through the widespread and increasing influence of Mr. Crooker's work, the demand will soon be imperative for at least two more Unitarian churches in that State. Space fails me to even mention the applications which have come from towns and cities in almost every State and Territory for the visiting preacher, each writer saying that the time was ripe for the liberal church. The demand is far beyond the present possibility of supply. The same condition exists throughout the West. The people are ready to listen; many are hungry for the larger thought of religion; but they have little spare money. They are engaged in building homes, in constructing towns and cities, in establishing in one generation a civilization which it has taken older communities a century to gain. The imperative necessities of the situation prevent their doing what they desire to promote liberal religion.

CHURCH BUILDINGS.

Six new structures have been erected during the year. The faithful few at Sherwood, Mich., have received the reward of patient work, in a very neat church-home. Jordan Church, at Shelby, Ill., is a memorial to one of its most honored pioneers. Colorado Springs rejoices in a charming bit of architecture, which harmonizes perfectly with its grand sur-

roundings. Fargo, N. D., has secured for itself a commodious and much needed structure. The congregation at Neillsville, Wis., has completed a beautiful and very satisfactory edifice. The little Icelandic flock at Winnipeg, thanks to the generosity of Eastern and English friends, has been commodiously housed in a sufficiently ample chapel. Toledo, Ohio, has a handsome church well under way. Kristofer Janson's Scandinavian congregation at Hudson, Wis., contemplates a building this summer. Mr. Brauti's three congregations at Underwood, Tordenskjold, and Battle Lake will build or buy as soon as three hundred dollars additional can be raised. The Duluth society has secured an admirable lot, and will move its present building upon it and refit it neatly during the summer vacation. The church at Wichita, Kan., has a good-sized building fund already in hand, and the Swedish Unitarian Society in Minneapolis is moving in the same direction. It is a time of building if not of planting, and this general building movement indicates that Unitarianism in the West has a solid foundation and has come to stay. It is establishing permanent centers of enlightened and progressive spiritual life, not only for this but for all future generations.

Sixteen churches have been so fortunate as to obtain pastors since May, 1892, most of whom are doing excellent work. Four of these churches welcomed Harvard graduates, five took their pastors from other congregations, while seven received their new leaders from outside sources. It is somewhat significant that no Meadville graduate has permanently entered the Central West during the year. The interest among the Icelanders in Manitoba and North Dakota increases. The Winnipeg congregation, as already stated, has been comfortably housed. A printing-press has been sent to Pastor Skaptason at Gimli, and he has begun the publication of a liberal religious monthly—the *Dagsbrun*—which not only gives his own thought but translations from some of our best Unitarian writers, and is widely distributed throughout the Icelandic settlements in Manitoba and Dakota, and even in the mother country itself. The work is too extensive for the workers. In addition to the churches at Winnipeg and Gimli, there are some eight or ten scattered congregations and missions, and numerous calls from new points. Peterson and Skaptason cannot meet the demand upon their time and strength.

The full details of work in a field that embraces seventeen States and Territories, besides Manitoba, cannot possibly be given in a brief report. In this Central West the work of the association is assuming large proportions. During the year it has aided, either by gratuitous preaching or by direct financial assistance, some seventy churches and mission stations, scattered over every

part of this wide field except Wyoming. Yet it has not been able to meet all the demand made upon it, but has been compelled to say non possumus to numerous applications.

Your Superintendent has attended sixteen conferences, councils, and institutes, ten ordinations and installations, four dedications; has made seventy-one separate visits to fifty-five different churches; has given between ninety and one hundred sermons and addresses, traveling over thirty-two thousand miles in the accomplishment of his various duties; but he is painfully conscious of the things left undone. He sincerely regrets that, when the work is so rapidly growing, he should be deprived of the valuable services of such experienced helpers as Powell, of Kansas, and Daniels, of Michigan, both of whom have accepted Eastern pastorates. Their intelligent and faithful co-operation was invaluable, and their departure is a great personal loss.

The steadily increasing magnitude of the work of church extension in the Central West, and the impossibility of any single person attending to all its details, emphasize the value and necessity of well-organized and efficient State conferences. Only local men and local organizations can carefully prospect so wide a field and select the points where time and money can be wisely spent. Missions flourish and churches are established where local pastors interest themselves in their own neighborhood, foster and make effective their State conferences. The Association can give aid and counsel, but only where the men on the ground are active and interested does the work go bravely forward. Even State missionaries will not accomplish much without the hearty co-operation and wise backing of the ministers of the State in conference assembled. Hence, to foster State conferences, to promote their activity and efficiency, is the surest method of promoting the Unitarian cause in the Central West. All of which is respectfully submitted.

T. B. FORBUSH,
Western Superintendent.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. C. A. BRIGGS FROM ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

PROF. C. A. BRIGGS:

I wonder sometimes if you know, have an idea, of the interest that your trial has awakened in the common people (of whom I am one) all over the land; of the numbers who have watched for the coming of the daily paper that they might see how the Briggs trial stood that day. They watched just so during the trial in Portland, and then, again, during the trial in New York, and, with culminating interest, the trial in Washington.

I often ask myself, what is it that has stirred the people so throughout the land? And I have tried to fathom

this thing. It doesn't matter to us lookers-on how the case goes. We shall never see Dr. Briggs, and it doesn't matter to us—the foolishness of these ministers or the incomprehensible stupidity of their arguments, and their solemn, very baby talk. Pretense—put on, all of it—it seems to us. And yet we cannot suppress our interest. Why is it?

Why, to me and to the many with whom I talk daily, it seems so evident that a new spirit is abroad in the land; the world is laughing down this old stuff. It has been educated too far to endure longer this twaddle (I must use the word that I hear dozens of people use every day) that people have called religion.

People have learned the alphabet. They have been learning (all except this old Assembly) somewhat to think, and it does seem amazing that people can hold the opinions that have been expressed by members of the Presbyterian Church in that trial! It is incredible that we can be living—intelligent people of this age—right beside people yet in the stone age! For such talk as has been daily reported in our newspapers can only come from people living in inconceivable ignorance, and of a morality below the common standard of those to whom we send our missionaries.

It was not long ago that an old man who had been, he said, more than half a century in the Presbyterian Church, and who was found every Sunday in his seat, said to me: "I have not done much for missions of late years; the fact is, I don't feel any interest in supporting them. I suppose it will surprise you to hear me say this, but I say it solemnly: There is not a people in the world, a single heathen nation, to whom we send our missionaries at such a sacrifice of money and life, that has a creed so monstrous—I repeat it, so monstrous—as the creed of my own Presbyterian Church."

It was in talking over the former arraignment and trial of Dr. Briggs that he made these remarks. He said he had been tried twice himself for heresy, in Scotland, but they always let him stay. He had watched, years ago, the trial of Prof. Swing, as had I myself, and he had watched Prof. Briggs' trial with great interest. "Briggs," he said, "had gone but a very little way; he couldn't stop where he was; he would be led out into clearer light." And this furnishes the text, the real prompting to my letter. The common people, that is, the people of common sense, are everywhere saying: "But the amazing thing of all this is, how can Dr. Briggs stop where he is? How can he be such a stickler to prove that the book of Isalah was not all written by one man, or that Moses did not write all the five books that have been attributed to him, telling us the story of his own death and burial—and leave untouched the terrible immorality attributed to God in many of

the books called the books of Moses?"

Why, there isn't a heathen nation in the world under so savage a leader as many chapters in the so-called books of Moses represent *him* to have been, under the direct command of God. We are horrified at the name of Tom Paine, as a commentator on the Old Testament; but Tom Paine does not paint these scenes—which the Presbyterian Assembly are so zealous to preserve as the exact utterances of God, written with his finger—black as they really are. "And why," the people are asking, "does Prof. Briggs himself keep silent on these points?" Doesn't he see further than he professes to see? or does he think the time hasn't come to say it? Why doesn't he set himself right on all the books of the Bible? Man certainly wrote the books of the Bible, though, perhaps, that Presbyterian Assembly would maintain that God reached down his fleshly hand and with his very finger wrote the very Hebrew words of the text! But if, as is generally allowed, men, inspired men, wrote these books of the Old Testament, how are we going to know that they were inspired just because *they* claim it, any more than we shall know that men of our day have been told by God or angels such things as have been said to them? Does Abraham's saying that the Lord told him to take his only son and slay him as he would an animal, prove that the Lord did tell him this? Does Moses or any other man's saying that the Lord commanded things too horrible to be allowed in the most savage country in the world prove that a God, elsewhere declared to be "full of mercy and tender compassion," did command these horrible things? How much more natural to suppose that the God they thought commanded these things was the god of their ancient savage ideals. "Why does not Prof. Briggs set himself right on the Bible at once, and come out from those old Calvinists?" This is what people of common sense are asking all over the land. They are out of patience with this puerile hesitancy.

Let him set his own reason, which he claims is one of the God-given guides to man, at work on these points. I was brought up in Calvinism, in the strictest form of Jonathan Edwards' orthodoxy, and I was always floundering in the fogs and mists until I set myself right about the Bible; and I do not believe any one ever truly read the Bible or reverently valued it until he saw in it a purely human book written by men—some parts of it by great and good men, inspired men, even—as other great books have been written, and in parts errant and fallible,—like men,—and is just such a representation of the morals and the ideas of the age in which it was written as any other book. When Moses or Abraham or Jacob said that God said unto them this or that, it was the God as they conceived him, and

not by any means the God, the Father, whom Jesus came to show unto man, any more than the God whom the old Pharaohs meant, when they claimed to be his earthly representative, was the true God.

When David, or whoever uttered the prayer recorded in psalm cix., prayed in regard to his enemy: Let his wife be a widow, let his children be fatherless," and with exultant wrath exclaimed: "Happy shall he be who taketh his little ones and dasheth their heads against a stone," etc., he is inspired by the spirit of the savagery of his age, and no other God. People say: "Prof. Briggs must see this—why doesn't he say it?" According to the old New England adage "He may as well die for an old sheep as a lamb." The assembly will turn him out anyway. That was a predetermined fact long ago. The question of his guilt has had nothing to do with it. Every unprejudiced person in the United States knows this.

Then to these people of common sense it is a marvel how, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, in the light of all the discoveries of science, of *all* the sciences,—discoveries of the infinitude of the universe,—a man of the scholarship of Dr. Briggs can wish solemnly, and evidently sincerely, that he could believe (against the decree of a good God) that the unregenerate might sometime and somehow be saved from the hell of his old Calvinism—that his ancestors have found in the Bible. Who are the unregenerate? If there are any more so in spirit than the Presbytery under whose thunderbolts he has been tormented for the last three or four years, we have never seen them. And that maleboge of his old Calvinism—can't he see that there is no more reason for believing that because men with Bible names have written it, than there is for believing the old mythologies of Homer or Æschylus?

Why can't he free himself from these old bonds, laid upon the world by John Calvin three hundred years ago, and come out into the sweet light of reason and truth?

"It is amazing! amazing!" is the exclamation on all sides; and the marvel is, that Dr. Briggs can be hampered by these ideas of past ages, rather than that the Presbytery should decide against him. Are we a civilized people when such bonds bind our scholars? Talk about the superstition of not daring to see the moon over the left shoulder! It seems not so childish as such superstitions in men of the ripe scholarship of Dr. Briggs.

"Lead, kindly light," we can but pray. Surely the light must come to him and the spirit of the age must redeem him from the unbearable bondage of John Calvin's old wrathful vagaries, inspired by selfish hate, rather than any loving understanding of God.

ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE
(For the many who see it so.)

GOOD WORDS.

As resounding hunter's horn
Wakes, at early break of morn,
Comrades brave and true;
Ready for exciting chase,
Each rejoicing in his place,
While the grass is wet with dew:

As the captain in the fight
Leads his men to gain the right,
Daring death to win,—
So the words of heroes old
Wake our hearts to ventures bold,
Make us conquerors of sin!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.
Whitman, Mass.

A REVERENT USE OF SUNDAY.

I have stood from the first with Elizabeth Cady Stanton in favor of the Sunday opening of the World's Fair. Not because I do not reverence God and all his works, but because I do reverence him and all his works. Of all things to honor God Sunday with the "White City" is the greatest. It makes us feel that man is, indeed, almost divine. Look at this question, friends, not from the bigotry of pulpit or backwardness of the press. There are great object lessons there such as the world has never seen before. To say that for us to go there and study the beautiful things the hand of man has made is violating an injunction of God—I can't understand it!

—From Miss Susan B. Anthony's address on "Moral Leadership and Christian Journalism," at the World's Fair Congress of the Religious Press.

**An Indian
Outbreak**

*is a dreadful thing—
undoubtedly caused by the irritating
effects of dirt.*

Outbreaks, and crime generally, are never possible among people who are addicted to the use of

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Church-Door Pulpit

HEREDITY.

BY REV. CHAS. F. BRADLEY.

REPRINTED FROM THE NON-SECTARIAN BY THE
COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHER.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure."

—PAUL.

"Dearly one pays for one's birth with one's life."

—HENRIK IBSEN.

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God."

—WORDSWORTH.

I wish to uncover, for a brief study, the machinery of the mysterious law of heredity, and to reveal what vast power it has in human careers. I premise that a man's volition, while a necessary factor, is the least factor in the problem of his life; that the matter of supreme importance, the matter which determines whether he will go and what he will become, is the equipment of function, the complex machinery of aptitude, tendency and temperament, which is built into his organism by inheritance from the life-struggle of previous generations. I note that a man does not create a single one of the many organic conditions which control and shape his destiny. He does not create his temperament, sanguine or morbid; does not create his genius or dullness; does not create his moral sensitiveness or moral obliquity; does not create his ambition or his timidity; does not create his energy or his inertia. All these conditions are created for him, not fully developed, but as germs which hatch and grow with his growth. These constitute the machine which his volition operates. He will add nothing to them. Throughout his career he will only operate his machine; not a step will he take that the whole complement of innate conditions, such as they are at the moment, does not assist him to it; not a choice will he make that is not compelled by their influence. Not all at once, nor always with equal force, will the conditions show themselves. He will give no sign of genius, and suddenly it will appear and bend his volition to a totally new path. He will be ambitionless till some event awakens the latent ambition within him. He will long pursue a road marked by low ethical conduct, when in some crisis of experience the moral sense that has slumbered will arise and assert authority over his volition. Experience will develop whatever efficiency is in the several parts of his machine, but if a part is radically defective, experience will never remedy the defect; if it is lacking, experience can never create a substitute to fill its place. If he is born deaf and dumb, experience will greatly enrich his soul with gifts of feeling and perception, but it will never give him sound ears or speech. If he is born with a tendency which ripens into an intemperate appetite, experience will teach him a bitter wisdom

which in time will humiliate the appetite, but which will never make that spot in his nature wholly strong and healthy, nor secure him just such a career as he would have had with a different quality of appetite.

And this means, most certainly it means, that we are projected into our careers by our ancestors. The things we encounter in our environment, the adversities due to ignorance of natural laws or to impossibility of complying with natural laws, help to shape us, as the storms help to shape the oak, but our ancestors have already fixed in our natures at birth the determining forces of development. We step forward, choosing our path as we go, yet our choice ever actuated and guided by the accumulative power of their choices, stored up in the organic functions of our natures. The stream of life—we are apt to think of it as a listless, gliding stream, that takes its course by chance, or as a straw or leaf deflects it, or the caprice of human volition—but it is a torrent of tremendous propulsive force. Our volition does not control the activities it sets free. They are shaped and brought to issue by the powerful inherited conditions stored up in our natures.

Are you a scientific billiard player? If you are, and can accurately calculate the strength and angle of the blow you give the ball, and know perfectly the force of rebound in the cushions, you can make the ball take what course you choose across the table. If you do not understand these things, and have not skill of nerve and muscle, the ball will be likely to go any whither except to the spot you wish it to strike.

Life is a game at billiards, and its issue depends on with what skill it is played. An act does not take its course by the propulsion of the volition which starts it. All the innate forces in the organism take a hand in directing it. It is influenced by temperament. It is influenced by the moral sense. It is influenced by sensibility. It is influenced by prudence, by prejudice, by proclivity. If you have the insight of omniscience, know accurately the strength of these manifold influences and can tell just to what angles your act will be deflected by them, you can doubtless make your career wholly what you would have it. But it is not likely that you are omniscient. It is more likely that you are fatally ignorant of these inherited powers, which lay hold of every act you instigate and give it an unknown value and send it off on uncertain course. You don't know whether your organism has been imperfectly constructed for you, or whether its parts are well-balanced and harmonious; whether the forces which are to play on your acts are chaotic, or are held in the even rhythm of Nature's law. In which case you will play an unskillful game, and the issue of your life will be what can never be known till the game is played.

But this is a hard saying, I am told—a most hopeless and despairing doctrine. It is a grim story, that a man is set down where he is, without so much as being asked if he would have it so, to make himself by his choices precisely what his ancestors have already ordained him to be; to elect his path, instigated by conditions which he has had no hand in creating; to reap, may be in his bitter soul, the fruits of seed which he never planted. Lo! what encouragement is this to offer our panting desires, to spur our endeavor along the difficult way, to sustain our bravery as adversities rise against us, and must be overcome if we are to escape collapse? If the ball cannot be shot to its goal, why shoot it? Let us give over life to drift whither circumstances drive it, to work out its innate follies, its fore-ordained issues; and charge it up to ancestors.

Yes, it is a hard saying, there is no denying it. But the fact is hard. The saying is no harder than the fact. We can endure the hardest of hard facts complacently, and trudge bravely under the load, if we do not see them with our eyes and are not required to think of them; but, if they face us directly and set us to thinking how heavy and hard they are, they make cowards of us. This fact of heredity we are ready to quarrel with—*not* until we begin to think about it. We jog along with it day by day, and not a day that it is not the principal cause of whatever success we achieve or whatever disappointment or failure or pain we experience; yet it makes our bones quake to look this grim companion full in the face.

I wonder if you heard what Ibsen was just now saying: "Dearly one pays for one's birth with one's life." Are you hearing this, "Dearly one pays for one's birth with one's life"? Things often get into one's ears that are not heard. If you were not such an undiscovered country to yourself, had not traveled through the world as a mole does through the ground, without eyes, you could retrace your road and write this word of Ibsen as an epitaph over many a dead hope and dark hour. Peer Gynt (if you have read the drama), what is he but this grim fact of heredity, mounted on a pair of human legs, making a human career. That visionary spirit, that moral instability and lack of purpose, that wayward impulse, that impish dunce of nobility and baseness, that whirlpool of brilliant audacity and egregious folly, which made the Peer Gynt of destiny; the physical prowess that awed the rustics, and the coward that slunk away from the challenge of honor; the ragged pauper, and the rich rascal; the spendthrift, the cheat, the sham; always soaked to his bones in misery; always contemplating reformation and never reforming; to the last of his hoary age chattering with terror in a storm, and a reckless, self-complacent fool in pleasant weather; trampling upon all human sanctities, and cunningly eluding

death and the devil,—are traits which were framed into his nature at birth. Norway's great poet has uncovered a truth which has got to be learned as the chief lesson in the problem of human welfare which men are to-day trying to solve.

You do not believe this teaching of Ibsen. I judge you do not, for you probably share the proud conviction, which nearly everybody in this generation holds, that a man's will is the autocrat of the universe, that if he wants the moon and stars to bow down and serve him he can compel them to do so if he has bull-dog grit, that his supreme and proper business in this world is to achieve a profitable career and be able to enjoy himself, that only as these things are insisted on and enforced as rules of conduct have men any valid incentives to struggle and acquire the highest results of life.

I cannot undertake a more useful nor a more thankless task than to set myself against everybody and deny these things flatly. I tell you a man's will—it may be weak, it may be strong; that is a matter which he does not settle, it is settled for him at birth—is no such autocrat as everybody is worshiping. I tell you that the radical purpose which carries a human career through this world is not to achieve and enjoy. If he does achieve and enjoy, these are accidents on the road, for which he may chiefly thank his ancestors; but his career moves steadily to its goal, irrespective of these incidents. I tell you that these false opinions, which are rooted in the minds of the people and shaping their ideals and inciting their conduct, are pernicious; they are the prolific cause of most of the miscarriage and misery which afflict humanity.

But the will—is it not free? Certainly it is free. What is the will? I don't know. As little do I know what a man's soul is, as what his will is. How, then, can I say it is free? I simply speak by the fact. The universal fact with which the world teems is free will. I can find nothing that exists that is not free will. My cat is a free agent, by a lower degree, but just as I am otherwise. The rhythm of the pulsating atoms of the rocks closely resembles the rhythm of the corpuscles of my blood, which is the stored-up free will of past ages of life-development. I can see the image of my daily conduct in the gyrations of a molecule in the air. Will—I don't know what it is in its intrinsic nature, but by the fact, the phenomena of it, I see it to be motion, action, change. In the known domain of life, will is the *dynamic energy of the organism*, the machine in operation, fulfilling the law of its destiny.

Is it not then an autocrat, not amenable to determining conditions such as temperament, proclivity, sensibility? The Czar of Russia, is he not free? Certainly he is, and we call him an autocrat. His pen

moves all Russia. Yet never does he put his pen to a decree which is not determined, not by him, but by the bureaucratic system of which he is merely the volition. It is a bald fiction to call him an autocrat whose acts, though free, are absolutely determined by the governmental organism of which he is the administrative function. Is not the will free? Yes. And an autocrat? No. Like the Russian Czar, the will is but the administrative function of a complex organism which absolutely determines its acts. A man is what he makes himself, and he is bound to be what he is born to be. And this is a monumental contradiction! I know it. And the reconciliation? There is none. It is not my business to harmonize the order of the Infinite and the chaos of things finite, nor to fathom this *impracticable polarity of necessity and free will* which are locked together in the building of a world and in the struggle of a human career.

But why am I leading you down into the slippery darkness of such philosophic bewilderment? That I may put your feet on the bed-rock of fact which is beneath your destinies, and justify my flat denial of the current opinions which to day are blinding people to the meaning and issues of life. You will never clearly understand yourself, nor be able to exert the highest efficiency of your will, not attain to the serene heroism which wins satisfaction from struggle, until you see the significance of this autocratic heredity which presides over your career and determines what is to be your proper business in this world. You say it is a hard matter and appallingly discouraging to effort. So it is from your stand-point, that one's chief end in life is to aim at achievement and enjoyment. But your stand-point is wrong. You are welcome to enjoy yourself if you happen to be built to do so; but the goal you are making for, whether you will or no, is to be as complete a soul when you leave this world as it is possible for the struggle of life to make you. Heredity equips you, and heredity vigilantly determines your path, your experience, your development. Is it grim? Not unless you are a pessimist and are persuaded that the universe is mad. This heredity is none other than the Infinite Power; beneficent if the Infinite Power is beneficent; the executive of a wise and rational purpose if the Infinite Power is rational and sane. Do we not avow our belief in God the Father, universal, immanent? Where is He? Just where you ignorantly have not looked for Him, in your bones, in your brain, in your disposition, in your talent, in your infirmity. Humanity is grandly rising by evolution to increasing goodness and greatness of soul. How is it rising? By heredity. By God. Heredity is the evolving God. Heredity is the decree of human perfectibility by

struggle immutable as gravitation. Heredity holds in its relentless necessity the perfecting of the God-like human brain, of the heavenly society, of a world brilliant with intelligence, culture and good cheer; and compels the human will to execute its commission.

You, standing in this, your generation, have a fragment of that commission to execute. Shall I tell you then the bottom reason of your being here in this struggle of the flesh? It is not to achieve, though you will achieve if your machine is well constructed; it is not to enjoy, though you will enjoy if you have not incorrigible infirmities; but it is to work out the problem of your individual perfectibility. Your will is put to its highest tension to work out for yourself the worthiest and fullest career; but behind your will is God, behind your will is heredity, inflexibly bending your path through the experiences which will greatness your soul and lift you on the scale of perfectibility. Did you hear what Paul said just as I was starting out on this theme?—like Ibsen, a deep-eyed prophet of destiny was that man Paul—"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for *it is God that worketh in you to will and to do His good pleasure.*" Not just as I am saying it, for Paul had not the light of science, as I have, to give the clear white of reason to his thought, yet just what I am saying: "Work out your life-problem with the sole aim to greatness and enrich your soul; for in you, in your talents, in your infirmities, in every function of your organism, is the infallible and inflexible decree of God, ordaining your career."

Human nature has never taken kindly to this partnership of free will and necessity. One or the other partner—now necessity, now free will—has been denied, and a scheme of life built upon the surviving member, with the result that life has been made an insoluble riddle, and no end of miscarriage has been visited upon human endeavor.

Mohammedanism denies free will and cringes to the infinite necessity; and where does Mohammedanism touch, that it does not blast the intellect, repress energy and arrest development?

Calvinism denied free will and built its imposing scheme of destiny on foreordaining necessity, and for two centuries Calvinism throttled intelligence, checked the advance of knowledge, and held society in the clutch of stagnation. The injury it did the human mind is irreparable. It emptied the mind of virility, of inquisitiveness, of hunger for truth. It produced a mind as dense and hard and impenetrable to science as a granite boulder is impenetrable to a sunbeam. No Darwins or Huxleys were possible under Calvinism. The world was not knowable, life was not tolerable under Calvinism. Calvinism tricked out destiny as a fantastic

stupidity and made a stupid God. Though undermined and condemned well nigh a century ago and its theology now extinct, we are not yet rid of it. The petrified intellect which is abroad in the churches, incapable of truth, obstructing truth, is a legacy of Calvinism.

Arminianism sinned in an opposite way, though with a pardonable pride in human nobility. It allowed the infinite necessity by which the universe is held together and lives and moves and has its being, but it denied its sway over man. The will it lifted above the reign of law, and made it an absolute autocrat, not amenable to determining influences. It taught that a man is the sole architect of his career; that his business in this world is to live thriftily and nappily, which he may accomplish if he happens to choose discreetly and energetically; that if he ascends to heaven it is because he chooses to do so, or if he descends to hell it is because he chooses to do so.

This is the gospel by which we live to-day, and by which we have lived a hundred years. It is the natural gospel of unripe, irrational democracy. It is twin sister of the French revolution, producing just the same anarchy in life that unbridled democracy produces in society. It is not without significance that Methodism, the distinguished vehicle of this doctrine, started on its impetuous career with the outbreak of the present era of individualism, and that through the century of the spread of democratic principles with their ever increasing bedlam, Methodism, widely in touch with the people, has given to struggling humanity its working theory of life.

It is in many ways a helpful theory. It has done good service in the development of the individual. Beyond doubt the world is materially richer for it, and is indebted to it for the masterful self-reliance and indomitable energy which are the marked traits of the manhood of to-day. Nay, more, it is certain that in the present low state of intelligence the self-reliance and the energy could not have been aroused except by inducing a man to believe himself to be a god independent of all gods and supreme autocrat of his destiny. Not having mind enough to grasp the truth that perfectibility is the immutable law of his life and self-culture the inevitable goal of his volition, that she might make a hero of him of whom she need not be ashamed and get her purpose fulfilled in his development, Nature has had to deceive him with the fiction that he is a despot to whom all things are possible if he chooses to get them.

Nevertheless this fictitious free will, which we have been taught to worship and have worshiped with such zeal that it has become second nature, entails the inevitable consequences of deception. It is a half-truth, and like all half-truths, has its pernicious side.

It makes a man's career through this world wholly an external affair, a matter of the outside garments of life, of success achieved and of gratification enjoyed. It puts all his energies to the pursuit of the conditions of pleasure, none of them to the solid things of culture. Do we not ask, if we want to know of a man, "What can he do?" "How does he prosper?" And what do these questions signify if not that we measure his value, in fact, the entire worth of his career, by his ability to make a place for himself? Did any one ever hear it asked of another, "How does his mind grow?" "What wider truth is he discovering?" "What sweeter feeling is he cherishing?" "What progress does life make in strengthening the weak spots in his nature?" "What power of self-control is he acquiring?" "What joy does he find in the excellent virtues and in the infinite life of the spirit?" Soul? We know not the meaning of the word. It is a word not found in the vernacular tongue of our century. We do mighty works, but not *in the soul*, or for it. All our struggle of life is to grasp an ambition, not to perfect the conditions of an imperishable destiny. "The world," says Birbeck Hill, "is looked upon as a vast battle-field in which the exceeding great reward is not the inner life nobly lived, but the outer life nobly recompensed."

It is our one-sided theory of free-will which is the cause of this materialism. It comes of having been taught for a hundred years that a man's prime business in this world is to make a place for himself, and that he may make such a place as he chooses to do. We can see no meaning in life except to make a place for our desires, and no interest in it except as we find a good place.

We are consequently in open war with God. We are trying to carry out a plan of life which at every step clashes with the inflexible heredity that is throned in our natures and determines our paths. We aim well and strike with energy, but inherited forces in our natures, with which we have not reckoned, deflect the blow, and it misses the mark. We are defeated and bewildered and embittered. Our world is brim full of violence and rapacity and failure and discontent and pain and pessimism; and the universal cause is our pernicious doctrine of free will. I don't know of another so cruel, so heartless a doctrine. What! Teach a young man it is his destiny to make a place, and when by encountering some inherited infirmity of temperament he fails of the place, tell him that it is wholly his own fault—do you wonder that he turns pessimist? Do you wonder that this generation, intoxicated with this cruel doctrine, is saturated with anarchy, that all struggling fiercely for a good place and failing of it, all are mad?

It would be a weary outlook sure enough if the human will were the

unrestrained autocrat of this world's doctrines. The universe is not a safe place for a man if his career is not as certain of its issue as are the stars of their paths. This heredity which appalls us, and which certainly has occasion to do much cruel work in human careers, is none other than the beneficent stream of infinite life, which is bearing us on its tide to power and nobility of eternal soul. We are not free to achieve and enjoy as we will; experience every hour of our lives disproves this sort of freedom; but we are free to work with God, not against Him, in this powerful law of heredity. A sound theory of life dismantles the stern law of its terrors and reveals its intrinsic divinity. Heredity is not understood, and it cannot be understood until the mind is full of the thought that the one omnipotent, immutable purpose in a human career is the perfectibility of the soul. There is no swerving of this purpose, however much it may seem to swerve. The cruelties which it perpetrates, the degeneration of life which it sometimes works, are stages of the soul's evolution. If the machine is badly built, and the man's will is not working with God by the pattern of the Moral Ideal, he is bound to be terribly lacerated by the struggle of life; but the defeat and pain will enhance his permanent spiritual equipment. Heredity entails so many worthless lives, we say. But that is because we are accustomed to treat this career as a finality. It is not a finality: It is probably but one of innumerable life-cycles, the struggle of one equipping the organism for the struggle of its successor.

Besides, we forget that heredity stands far more for excellence than for infirmity, that to it we are indebted for whatever of gift or energy makes grand endeavor possible. Heredity is the accumulating power of human culture. What generations of moral earnestness were stored in the lofty probity of Washington; and what generations of hope and song and heartache went to the making of the genius of Mozart, of Longfellow, of Browning! The powers that bear us so gayly on our destinies had their birth in far back struggles, which were borne with weariness and desolating failure. From the life of each generation God distills the reason and the love and the sobriety and the courage, and carries them on to build the ever greatening human soul.

It is the promise of the future. When the divinity in heredity is understood and revered, and men work with God to perfect the soul as the ideal of destiny, and culture exterminates infirmity and exalts reason and love and courage and sobriety, there will nevermore be a Peer Gynt to bewail his birth; the sons of earth will be the sons of heaven, and life will be the power of fruitful endeavor and of happiness.

The Home

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUN.—The soul is dyed by the thoughts.

MON.—Love those with whom it is thy portion to live, and that with a sincere affection.

TUES.—Tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.

WED.—Where a man can live, there he can also live well.

THURS.—Neither be crushed by the present, nor fearing the future.

FRI.—Remember, when led to vexation, this is not a misfortune, but to bear it nobly is good fortune.

SAT.—The same degree in which a man's mind is nearer to freedom from all passion, is it also nearer to strength.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

BABY'S KISSES.

"In the ring are three kisses from baby."
Letter from home.

"In the ring are three kisses from baby
For papa far over the sea;"

But, ah, here is none of the magic
Of baby's sweet kisses for me.

Have these kisses stolen out of the
letter,

Overboard, down into the sea,
To gambol with dolphins and fishes,
Where no baby's kisses should be?

I'll just look as I sail over ocean,
And inquire of fairy and gnome,
But I think I shall find those three
kisses

With wee baby Evelyn at home.

—*John S. Patton, in "Childhood."*

A REMARKABLE DOG.

A TRUE STORY.

My grandfather once owned a dog that was a cross between a mastiff and Newfoundland. He was large in size as the largest mentioned breed, and in color that of an African lion, and, strange to say, had a mane like one. His eyes, also, had the intelligent look of that animal. Mars was his name, and rightfully named he was; for the god of battle was endowed with no more courage than that faithful animal. He was noted far and wide for his almost human intelligence. One peculiar trait of his was that he never was known to bark as dogs are wont to do, but, when angry, rattled his teeth by shaking his head violently, so that they could be heard at quite a distance. This he never did except as a warning, and woe unto the intruder that passed unheeding. His disposition was mild and even playful with those of the household, but

friend or foe never approached the house unchallenged at night. Mars had a deep, sonorous voice, when he chose to let it out, which was very seldom; then it was more akin to a lion's roar than to anything else earthly. He seemed to know instinctively what was his duty, and when and where his vigilance, that never slept, was needed.

Our grandfather, who was a clergyman, was recommended to reside in the country on account of feeble health; hence the family retired for several years to a beautiful farm in Indiana. It was there that Mars' finest faculties were developed. His usual place at night was the large barn that stood about four hundred yards from the dwelling. The master of the house had frequent occasions to be absent several days and nights consecutively. Without one word or sign from any one during the nights on the above-mentioned occasions, Mars would invariably lie across the threshold of grandmother's door, which opened out into a wide passage; but as soon as the master returned, Mars resumed his usual place in the barn.

Our grandfather was co-partner in a dry goods establishment in the village, situated about one mile from his home. Our uncle, who resided with him, was chief clerk, and to him Mars was much attached and would frequently attend uncle there, then return. As evening approached he would go to the store, as if to guard him on his return. In winter or in stormy weather uncle would often ride horseback to and from the place of business. One stormy winter evening, with Mars, as usual, in waiting, he hastily closed the store, locked the door, and leaped on his horse to ride home. When Mars saw the horse wheeled for home he jumped and gently held uncle by his pants. Thinking that Mars was only glad at seeing him start, he shook him off and proceeded briskly on. Again, the dog leaped up and rattled his teeth ominously. Uncle stopped, Mars gently wagged his tail and trotted a few steps back. Uncle pondered as to what he meant. He knew the dog well enough to know that something was wrong; but what? With his eyes fixed on Mars, he slowly started again homeward. In an instant Mars arrested him as before. He then turned his horse's head and retraced his way toward the store; while Mars, full of apparent joy, ran on before, but still turning every moment to see if he was followed. On they went. On coming again in front of the store uncle perceived at once the cause of the dog's strange actions; for, although he had locked the door, he had forgotten to take the key out. He instantly dismounted and secured the key; which seeing, Mars ran homeward without further pause, but with a look of assured content in his splendid eyes which uncle never forgot.

—*Chicago Field.*

THE LARK'S NEST.

Some years ago, one of the porters employed at a small station near Darmstadt observed a pair of larks building their nest in the angle in the middle of the railway where two rails crossed. He did not disturb them. The nest was finished, and soon after four eggs were laid in it. Then the hatching began. By this time the attention of all the people employed about the station had been turned to the nest. It seemed to them such a wonderful thing that they resolved to do all in their power to protect its owners and it. Meantime the birds themselves seemed to have very clear ideas as to the danger that threatened them. It was pretty to see how the hen bird, which was sitting on the eggs, would duck her head down when a train passed, and then look up cheerfully when the danger was over.

In due course of time three young ones appeared. One day, after they were big enough to move about a little, but not to fly, one of them hopped out of the nest and seated itself on the rail. At that moment a train was seen approaching. The parent bird called and coaxed in vain. The thoughtless little creature remained obstinately sitting on its dangerous perch. Just as the train came up, the mother bird flew from the nest, seized it by the tuft on its head, and threw it over the line, ducking down itself until the danger was past. The lark's first friend, the porter, who had noticed the whole proceeding, now resolved to remove the nest, with all its living contents, from its perilous position. He took it up carefully and deposited it in a neighboring clover field. The old birds followed him step by step, uttering shrill cries of anxiety, which changed to a loud trill of joy, and, one might almost say, of gratitude, when they saw the comfortable spot in which their kind friend had put their nest. Could human beings have acted differently?

—*Harper's Young People.*

A COZY CRADLE.

The cradle was made for a dear little baby who lived just 100 years ago, on a farm near ours. It was made of the bark of a hemlock tree, with half-circles of basswood neatly fitted for ends, with two blocks of wood fastened on either side near the head and foot to keep the cradle from rocking over.

"Huldah needs a cradle," the baby's mother said one morning; and the baby's father took his ax and went into the woods that grew close to their log house, and, cutting half-way round in two places—and the length of a cradle apart—the thick bark of a round-trunked hemlock, he slit the bark from corner to corner of these cuts, and then peeled from the trunk a great, rounded trough of hemlock bark.

When it had been dried and its rough outside bark nicely smoothed,

its ends fitted with head and foot boards, and knobs put on so it could not tip a somersault when being rocked, soft pillows and little baby Huldah were put into this fragrant, cosy, easy-swinging cradle, which the busy mother softly stirred when the whirl of her reel and the buzz of her flax-wheel threatened to wake baby before her nap was out.

One day when she was busy reeling her linen threads, with baby soundly asleep in her little bark house, she heard a big scratch on the door-sill, and, looking up, she saw in the doorway, with his great fore-paws reaching up on the kitchen floor, a big black bear. Huldah's mother did not wait that time till the snap of her whirling reel told forty threads; but, catching baby in her arms, she flew up the rungs of the ladder that led to the loft over the kitchen, and when there quickly drew the ladder after her.

But old Bruin did not venture into the house. Perhaps he dared not; for a bright fire was burning on the hearth and the light cradle still rocking and swaying before it, which he might have thought was some cunning trap set to snare his big black feet. He sniffed and growled, and then turned in his tracks and trotted off into the woods. When he had gone Huldah's mother lowered the ladder and came back into her kitchen, but she shut the outer door before she again set stirring her wheel and cradle. —*Baby's od.*

THE RISE OF A BOY.

This boy goes to his business, and at his business begins by simply doing the things he is told to do, and doing them in a common and ordinary way. If he stops here, he remains all his life long a drudge. But if he begins to see that business has a significance, that his life is not merely sweeping the store, not merely writing letters, not merely selling goods, if he begins to see the higher life involved in business, if he begins to see that business is a greater instrument of beneficence than what we call beneficence, that trade is clothing thousands of men where charity clothes ten, that agricultural and milling industries are feeding thousands of men where charity feeds ten; if he begins to see how the whole history of the world is linked together, and is God's way of building up humanity and serving humanity—as he gets this larger view, and enters into it, life is enriched, and becomes itself the minister whereby love is enlarged and conscience is strengthened, the school wherein he is educated out of the lower into the higher. He has now risen, or is rising, from that which is mortal into that which is immortal and eternal.

—*Dr. Lyman Abbott.*

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The Sunday School

THE TEACHERS' MEETING.

READ BEFORE THE W. U. S. S. SOCIETY
BY REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Without a teachers' meeting, a Sunday school that is a *school*, doing work *school-fashion*, beginning somewhere, going somewhere, teaching something coherently, laboriously, heroically, is, under present circumstances, impossible in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Without this systematic preparation, this scrupulous, deliberate preparation under the lead of one who has at least undertaken to fit himself for teaching these themes, and to train others to the high task, it will ever be a Sunday school with the "*school*" chiefly left out. Other functions may be fulfilled, desirable and high, but the *school* end of it, the instruction and education of the mind on very high and very important lines of thought, will be left out.

With the teachers' meeting, esteemed and conducted in a manner consistent with this estimate of its importance, it is possible with the ordinary material offered us for teachers, under the severe and utterly unworthy limitations of the time and prominence given to this work, in the face of the astounding indifference of parents, to do something, aye, much towards leading the minds of children and adults into profitable ways of thinking upon the highest theme; which thinking will have much to do in inducing them to walk in the ways that lead to noble action and courageous living.

In order to realize this teachers' meeting, the task must be accepted first of all. Undertake a good solid year's work; not forgetting the truth so often reiterated in the history of such work as this, that a hard thing is easier done than an easy thing. Start out with a program that absolutely necessitates a teachers' meeting in order to carry it out. Accept the resignation of every teacher who is not willing to assume this co-operative service, and who does not mean to keep herself in touch, so far as possible, with this normal class. Invite no new teachers except upon these conditions. Expect, on this account, to suffer great inconvenience; to see the school shrink in size at first, in order that it may grow in importance. Abandon once and forever the numerical estimate of success. Seek shelter in the profound truth, that power is never a thing of statistics.

Next, let the minister accept this as his one great obligation of the six-day week. It is his best opportunity to fill the role of educator on themes that are peculiarly within his own province. The teachers' meeting is second only to the sermon in its imperative demands upon the time, ability, promptness, and regularity on the part of the minister, and not

second to that in its demand for methodic and laborious preparation.

Having determined upon a year's course, the minister must prepare for it by a general preparation that will enable him to see the end of his course from the beginning; to understand the relation of parts and coordinate the same. In some form or another the year's course should be in the hands of his pupils. For the teachers and others who avail themselves of the privilege of this meeting are his pupils. The same schedule, still more simplified, perhaps, should be in the hands of the pupils of the teachers, that they may see that one lesson leads to another, that the year's work hangs together, and that the value of it must be judged by the results of the year, not by the dullness or the enjoyability of any one lesson.

The minister's library must be well stocked, indeed, if the next step does not demand a deliberate setting aside of a large portion of his year's book-fund to buy the best books for his purpose. He must never depend upon the thin manuals of Sunday-school societies. He must be in communication with the most competent available sources, if his own mind is to reach the maximum. Things are not going as they ought to if the resources of the Sunday school or the revenue of the church, in one way or another, do not duplicate or supplement his own investment with reference books available to the teacher and others, whose quickened interest will lead them to some delightful reading, study, and book-buying on lines which before were inaccessible or unattractive to them.

Admirable, indeed, has been this minister's professional training, and very retentive are his mental powers, if he does not find it absolutely necessary to go over the ground in general preparation for the whole course during the working hours of his vacation days or some other available time, when he is not living in the hand-to-mouth fashion of the active working weeks. And then there should be the inevitable storm within the mind immediately preceding each week's meeting, caused by immediate preparation for this particular lesson, the value of which will depend largely on the amount of work that the minister has put into the immediate preparation. How can the minister make interesting a lesson in which he himself has not conquered an interest? How can he give a lesson that he has not got? Here as elsewhere his triumph will bear some sure relation with his toil.

Once in the teachers' meeting, he is lecturer, minister, schoolmaster, companion, all in one, using the privilege of each as best suits his purpose. One thing is sure to come to pass if he works on these lines for the first half or three-quarters of the session, which will prove all too short: all present will forget the chil-

dren, the classes and the Sunday school. They themselves are in search of truth, in quest of education. I would have the minister do his maximum to quicken the intelligence and fill the minds of those in his presence with the best intelligence at his command; deal with the subject in its most universal and scholarly aspects possible; and then it will be none too good; but he will be encouraged by the grateful interest and sympathetic response of the little group, and he will rise to his maximum of sincerity, insight, and ability oftener there, perhaps, than anywhere else.

Then, at the last, will come, of course, the anxious "But how am I going to interest my children in all this?" "How would you put this to my boys?" "Where does the lesson touch my girls?" The interest coupled with the anxiety of the teacher will largely solve the problem. It is hard to teach the children what you do not know yourself; not difficult to interest them in a few points of a matter about which you know a great deal. Much of the teacher's discouragement in the class, so far as the instruction side is concerned, comes from the fact that they are tolling away at the fruitless experiment of trying to "get blood out of a turnip."

Now at the end of the lesson is the place for sharp, quick, decisive normal class work; mutual exchange of experiences; mutual revelations and mutual confession.

At such a teachers' meeting there will be the most delightful revelations of the week. It will be a class meeting, conference, prayer meeting, and a little short-meter theological school, delightfully blended, always in unexpected proportions. And this teachers' meeting can be realized wherever there is nerve enough to accept the delightfully high price. Lots of work, great persistency, sublime independence of—I will not say indifference to—numbers. Where there is such a teachers' meeting its constituency will always be a little broader than the Sunday school. It will inevitably become the pastor's class in religion. And where there is such a teachers' meeting there will be a Sunday school with the "school" in it. And, eventually, where there is such a Sunday school there will be a church that will not be the home of idle indifference, timid anxieties about heresies, and a faithless grasp of the verities of faith.

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The Study Table

THE GOSPEL OF PAUL.*

The "Gospel of Paul" may be a valuable book, judged from the standpoint of Christian theology, but it is a disappointment to one who judges it by the high standard set by the other works of its author. His "Science of Thought," and his "Poetry, Comedy and Duty," as well as his shorter essays and addresses, are un-failing sources of inspiration to their readers. For Professor Everett possesses a rare combination of qualities. He has the systematic intellect of a philosopher and the vivid imagination of a poet. The subtlest metaphysical theories become clear as crystal in his hands, and they are often illumined by illustrations that stand forth with a beauty and splendor which recall the illustrations sparkling in the great philosophic poem of Lucretius.

But the "Gospel of Paul" is neither philosophic nor poetic. It is only a study of the mind of the apostle Paul. Its sole aim is to show what the gospel was that Paul preached. And as "the world owes Christianity to Paul," it is interesting to the student of that religion to know what Paul's conception of it was.

According to Prof. Everett, Paul's whole gospel rested on the curses which the Jewish law pronounced on whatever man is hanged on a tree. Jesus was hanged on a tree, or a cross. Therefore the Jewish law makes Jesus accursed. But Paul saw Jesus risen and in glory—a fact which proved that he was not accursed, but that the law was abrogated. The law "in condemning him condemned itself," to use the Professor's own words.

In a certain sense, no doubt, this is Paul's gospel. It is the text he used to reconcile his Christianity with his Judaism. But surely this text and his interpretation of it do not explain what his gospel was or how he got it. It is too individual a foundation for a great religion to rest on. Such mighty superstructures are not built on such narrow and personal bases. It is like founding the Mohammedan religion on the fact that Mohammed had epileptic fits. There must have been something beside fits at the foundation of Islam. And there must have been something besides Paul's arbitrary interpretation of an Old Testament text at the foundation of Christianity. It must have rested on some belief that is as wide as humanity.

And that belief, it seems to us, is to be found in the primitive theory of sacrifice, as set forth by W. R. Smith in his recent work, "The Religion of the Semites." Prof. Everett admits that this theory "is of profound and far-reaching interest," but he hesitates to accept it. Yet the

*The Gospel of Paul, by Charles Carroll Everett, Professor of Theology in Harvard University, Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

facts that Dr. Smith has gathered in this work, taken with those in Trumbull's "Blood Covenant," throw a flood of light on the early conception of Christianity, and connect it with other great religions and with one of the fundamental thoughts of the human mind.

The idea that man is of the same blood as the god he worships, or could be made so by partaking of some deified victim's flesh, is a conception that is found struggling to express itself everywhere. The clearest utterance of it is in the Mexican religion, where a human victim was selected a year before the great day of atonement. He was the noblest of all the captives, physically and mentally without blemish. He received the name of the god, was dressed like him and treated like him in every way—even to being reverently worshiped by his captors. But when the day of sacrifice came the people partook in awful sacrament of his flesh and blood. And they called the feast the eating of the god.

In all parts of the world we find traces of this belief when once our eyes have been opened to it. But the traces of it are clearest in Christianity. Jesus was the divine victim, spotless and pure. The blood of God flowed in his veins. And by drinking that blood or eating that flesh any man can become also of God's blood, can become a son of God, as Jesus was. "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him." "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Paul himself says: "Ye are the body of Christ," and "your bodies are members of Christ." "Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father." "We are the children of God, and if children, then heirs and joint heirs with him."

That is, by eating his flesh and drinking his blood we become akin to him and acquire the same relationship to God that he has. We are God's children, because he is; since "we are members of his body, of his flesh and of his bones." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." "His life is hid with Christ in God," because his life is swallowed up in the life of Christ and so taken into the life of God.

But I need not multiply quotations. The theological part of the New Testament bristles with them. And if Dr. Everett will study the problem anew and give us the Gospel of Paul from this large point of view, he will produce a book "of profound and far-reaching interest," in discussing this early expression of the relation of the finite to the Infinite. And his philosophic insight and his poetic imagination will not be fettered, as they evidently are in this present volume. And he will not have to admit, as he does here, that he cannot see what Paul means by

saying that it was Christ which lived in him.

Christ lived in all who partook of his flesh and blood, and Paul's mind had been so broadened by his contact with the outer world that he thought the Gentiles ought also to be allowed to become the children of God, and be admitted to his coming kingdom as citizens. But the Jewish law seemed to shut them out. Therefore, Paul set to work to find a text that would make that law of no effect. He found his text, as all theologians have done in every age and every religion. But his text was not the cause, but the result, of his gospel. The text was of no consequence to the Gentiles. It was only to satisfy his own conscience and his Jewish hearers. It did not admit the Gentiles into the kingdom of God as citizens. They were admitted only as Stanley was admitted to the citizenship of the African kingdoms—by drinking the blood of the kingdom's ruler. That blood was drunk at the Lord's Supper, either literally, as most early Christians thought, or spiritually, by a supreme act of faith in the Messiah, as Paul probably believed. A. W. G.

THE MAGAZINES.

Among articles of possible interest to our readers in the *North American Review* for June, we note the following:

"Who Are the Greatest Wealth Producers?" by W. H. Mallock. Mr. Mallock controverts the claim that the wealth of the modern world is created by the manual labor of the working classes, maintaining that by far the greater proportion of it is directly traceable to the part taken in industrial activity by the few who possess the ability of invention and management.

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford replies to the criticisms on his article, "Possible Reformation of the Drink Traffic," which appeared in the May number of the *Review*.

Under the title of "Police Protection at the World's Fair," are two articles, the first by the General Superintendent of the Chicago Police, and the second by the Chief of the Secret Service, World's Columbian Exposition.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

ART, MUSIC AND NATURE. By David Swing. Chicago: Searle & Gordon. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 67.

THE TRUTH OF DOGMATIC CHRISTIANITY. By William D. Harden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 268; \$1.50.

CIVILIZATION AMONG SIOUX INDIANS. By Herbert Welsh. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Assn. 58 page pamphlet.

TENNYSON'S LIFE AND POETRY. By Eugene Parsons. Chicago: Eugene Parsons, 43 Bryant avenue. Paper, pp. 32; 25 cents.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

The continuing surprise, wonder, and delight is the *tout ensemble*, the marvelous White City that has risen here on Lake Michigan's shore. To wander about and see no other exhibit but the "grandeur of the glistening white palaces, the temples of art and science," and to mourn that they are not the Eternal City!

The feeling grows that somehow some of this modern marvel must remain. "Take the building of Fine Arts—the frame-work of iron, why may it not be the task of the next generation or two to encase it with a marble splendor that shall preserve it to the centuries?"

"What shall fill it?"

"Let it be the depository of ancient and modern genius, an annual display of the New World's art, a home for the treasures of art forever, like the Vatican."

The lever of permanence is working, and it may be that some grand remembrance of the Exposition of '93 will find a perpetual domicile in Jackson Park.

The Fair has made rapid strides toward completion the last month. The last touches on placing exhibits in the Fine Arts are this week being given.

"Miles of painting and sculpture, and nothing positively bad,"—I overheard the remark. "That's what I've been hunting for—a thing positively bad—which I was hoping to find, just to put a relish on the monotony of so much that is too confoundedly good."

"Well, just raise your eyes and observe that monstrosity in front of you, a pure piece of nonsense—hideous to behold."

I observed the lady as she stood pointing with her parasol, herself a fine picture of a disgusted soul. The large painting, to which she had directed attention, was a group of faces grotesque, but not necessarily "hideous." The gentleman, eying, comically, first the painting and then this fair lady, replied with tantalizing spirit: "That? Why *tat's* a fine display of womanly gossip. Don't you observe—"

"No, I don't."

"Don't you observe that the artist has painted a picture of gossiping spirits—the scandal-brewing of inner souls? Why, it's a regular sewing circle. That isn't, of course, the way the women outwardly appear, for doubtless they are, most of them, pleasing to the eye and some of them even very beautiful."

"It isn't truthful—"

"The very soul of truth; for it is *Thought* he has painted, the thinking mind of Gossip unconcealed by the outwardly fair."

"Oh, enough!"

The gentleman had scored his point, or so thought, if his congratulatory chuckle, as they moved away, was indication of his true inwardness. He undoubtedly went on giving interpretations amusing and equally foreign

to the artist's *motif*, as in the case of these "hideous" women.

There are many moods observable in one's rounds; the "gushing," with its perpetual "Oh, oh!" the "bored," that keeps exclaiming, "Come, let's get out of here;" the quietly appreciative, that has no set formula, but deems itself reverently even before things it doesn't happen to like, considering how time and acquaintance only causeth some virtue to shine.

The *fact* that confronts one at every turn in all this vast array of art is the honesty, the labor, the hope to do the "ideal." Think how much of every life here represented has gone into these works of sculpture and of painting. And then, the "ache" of hearts where failure, even partial, has stamped itself on their creations. The artist's life is so commonly, by people of the business world and others, set down to be "easy-going," "light-hearted," "irresponsible." He is thought to know nothing of the "strain" that tugs at the heart and brain of civilization.

"Always at leisure; how charming!"

The artist himself is often—thanks to him!—to blame for this misconceiving. He cannot afford to "per-spire" and drag himself around off duty "so tired," with the air of being the *only* busy man in all the world. Yet all the while he may be carrying as big a burden and great a stress of soul as the toiler in other occupations. But he, of all men, "must burn his own smoke," and with his life as with his art lend cheer to mankind. Like Emerson's "scholar," he will have "his glees and his glooms alone." He, of all men, not excepting the preachers, knows that the world is a place to live in, not to groan in—his personal woes a distress by day and night.

Altogether this grand display of art-life at Jackson Park, good, bad, or indifferent, is like salt that can never lose its savor. It speaks as art; it tells the story of the lives of women and men, tragic, it may be, but never inglorious.

So with all the displays of industrial art therein gathered. They all give assurance of how busy, earnest, capable the race is.

Even the gods may stand still in their circuits of glory to behold and adore this glory of man.

And now comes the fatal intelligence that two "Supreme" judges decide that this exhibition is not sufficiently moral for the free people of America and the thousands of strangers hither come and coming to behold on the Sabbath day.

And so one changes his tune: How long, O Lord, how long shall stupidity reign?

Is it altogether necessary for a free people to go on setting up so many "supreme" laws, with their "Supreme" judges? Does a free people only preserve its freedom by these *barriers* to *common sense*, these interdictions that

preclude the doing of the sensible thing at proper time?

To set up a master over us and say: "Be as stupid as you will, we obey,"—is that the price of Liberty?

S. H. M.

Notes from the Field

London, Eng. and.—We Unitarians are just now in for a big fight with the High Church party. This party, having at the last election secured a majority on the London School Board, are attempting to have religion in an orthodox sense taught in the schools, and in that way to prevent any Unitarian becoming a teacher under the board. Of course this has roused us. Even Dr. Martineau has been provoked to protest against this gross attempt to impose a theological test for a civil duty, and recently he sent a memorial to the board—which was also signed by such men as the Chief Rabbi, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Lecky, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the Postmaster General, and other representative men and women—strongly condemning the proposals. We have taken care that at least all School Board teachers shall know something of what Unitarians believe. When our opponents ask to have religion taught they mean the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation. We reply that these are disputed dogmas and certainly unfit for the instruction of little children. The Orthodox non-conformists, or some of them, are beginning to see that while the attack for the present is confined to one upon the Unitarians, the High Church party are really seeking to capture the schools for themselves, and so the non-conformists are making common cause with us.

Lebanon, N. H.—Rev. Chas. C. Vinal made a call at the Unitarian Headquarters at 175 Dearborn street, last week, and gave an interesting account of the little church at Lebanon, to which he was called to minister a year ago. The fact that the church was, in a way, founded by two Unitarian gentlemen, seemed to be the only thing of a distinctively Unitarian character about it, the congregation consisting of those who had been Methodists, Baptists, Agnostics, etc. Nevertheless the church has held together, not merely with tenacity but with enthusiasm, and is hopeful and active.

Iowa City, Ia.—It seems that Unitarianism, as represented in the person of Rev. Charles E. Perkins, is well received in Iowa City. For the Decoration Day celebration he wrote the song and delivered the oration. Of the latter, entitled "The American Republic: Its Great Past; Its Possible Future,"—one of the daily papers speaks in the highest terms, while the other reports it very fully.

Rev. F. B. Shippen, who has just resigned his pastorate at Wichita, Kan., passed through Chicago, June 4, on his way to Madison, Wis., where he was to preach the ensuing Sunday. He goes thence to Washington, D. C., where he will fill his father's pulpit for a month or so, and in the autumn he will go to Oxford to study.

Hillside, Wis.—At the commencement of the Home School Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, is to preach the sermon. Rev. F. L. Hosmer will lecture Saturday night, June 9, on William Cullen Bryant, and will preach

at the Unitarian Church Sunday morning.

The Committee on Fellowship Of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches requests us to make the following announcements:

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 31, 1893.

Mr. Frederick A. McCartney, a member of the senior class in Andover Theological Seminary, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.
D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 31, 1893.

Mr. Edwin Milton Fairchild, a member of the senior class in Andover Theological Seminary, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

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WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

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MISS L. M. DUNNING, private residence, 411 Bowen avenue; 20 minutes to Fair Grounds by four lines of cars, and 30 minutes to center of the city. House new, airy, well furnished, superior plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes between house and cars. Rooms accommodating two and three persons. Terms, \$1 per day for each person. References exchanged.

R. F. WILDE, No. 3500 Michigan boulevard. Delightful location; large, airy rooms; house stands on corner and by itself; one and a half blocks from elevated road, which is the most direct route to the World's Fair. Terms, \$1 to \$1.50 per day each person, according to size of room. Moderate-priced meals very near.

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, etical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the conservation of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinamore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Jehonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laffin streets. J. Villa Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

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*“Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech
refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine.”*
—R. W. Emerson.

**

ALL who are interested in the growth of the liberal church, but especially those of our readers who live in and about Chicago, will, we believe, be interested in the account of the establishment of the first Unitarian church at Chicago, which we have republished from the *Southern Unitarian*. That it is written by the

brother of James Freeman Clarke may give it additional interest to our readers.

**

ANOTHER straw, showing how the wind blows, comes to us in the item in our Notes from the Field from Anamosa, Iowa. When a minister withdraws from the “orthodox” fold now-a-days, he generally takes the greater part of his congregation with him.

**

THE death of Edwin Booth is one more reminder of the high mission of the theater, and the noble calling of the dramatist. It has been given to few men of his generation to appeal more often or more successfully to the higher side of human nature than to Edwin Booth. Let the theater be encouraged on its upward way. Let its defects be criticised by nobler creations.

**

FRIENDS visiting at the World's Fair will not have much time, money or strength for theatrical performances. If they give themselves but one treat of this kind, let them by all means see “America” in the Auditorium, a spectacular combination of tableau, pantomime and opera in which over seven hundred characters appear. The four hundred years of America are condensed into three hours of living picture work. It is one more “of the biggest things of the kind in the world” now in Chicago.

**

REV. R. A. ARMSTRONG'S paper on “The New Orthodoxy,” which we publish in our Church Door Pulpit, is the ablest and most searching criticism of the half-hearted religious reforms of the present time that has seen the light for many a day. Its straightforward, manly demand for an earnest, sincere, and unprejudiced search for truth, and the fullest and freest discussion of our religious traditions, is one of the encouraging evi-

dences that are presented to us, every now and then, that some, at least, of the Unitarians of our day are awake to the true dignity of their position, and are disposed to accept the evolution of Unitarianism toward the strength and beauty which its name implies, regardless of the limitations of its past. Would that Unitarianism were to all who bore the name what it is to Mr. Armstrong!

**

OUR brother, H. T. Root, of Grand Haven, contributes to the *Co-Worker* some thoughts suggested by the recent meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, among which are the following, which seem to us to touch the underlying philosophy concerning many struggles too easily condemned for want of an appreciation of this principle. Earnest men and honest minds save all discussions from pettiness and lift all debates above triviality:

Why do we wrangle over these resolutions? Because we cannot help it. It is a law of progress, of growth. We can no more help it than the boy can help growing. Of all the symbols humanity has used, none has been more prevalent than the one which compares all advance to *growth*.

* * *

Peace does not belong to the party of progress. When we have peace and quiet, we shall have no activity: i. e., we shall be doing nothing and are ready for burial.

**

THE following extract from a letter received from the Rev. R. Heber Newton will interest our readers. We regretfully omitted his name from the list of editorial contributors at the time of our reconstruction, in response to a request from his son, on account of his father's health and his continued absence abroad. We heartily welcome our brother back to our shores and to the work which awaits him, trusting that adequate strength will be given him to meet his high opportunities. Our UNITY circle is never complete when such a spirit as Mr. Newton represents is not consciously present. The coming

Free Church we dream of, which even now is here. finds in Mr. Newton an apostolic spirit. And though his name may not be on our list we hope that it will not be a stranger to our columns.

On my return from Italy and Egypt I find yours of March the 6th awaiting me. It so happened that the first paper I opened was the first number of UNITY in its new form. I congratulate you all on its improvement. In that number I saw that my name had been dropped from the list of editorial contributors; and without any further intimation, I realize that I deserve to be thus dropped. Indeed, let me assure you that it has not been from any lack of interest in the noble effort you are making for the larger hope and the freer faith that I have been so delinquent in my editorial contributing. Had my old-time strength continued, I should have done something from time to time to redeem my pledge, and to help along the work of UNITY. The enlarged outline of your enlarged work strikes me very favorably; I only wish that I could be of some practicable service to you definitely.

**

ONE of the saddest instances of mistaken zeal that have come to our notice is the action of the women of Atlanta, Ga., in reference to an anonymous subscription to their fund for establishing a home for the reformation of erring girls. Having traced the gift to the dissolute women of the city, instead of receiving it with the greater gratitude because of its source, they declined to receive it! If the motive which actuated them be that supposed by the writer in the *Woman's Tribune* (whose article will be found in another column), what a commentary such blind Pharisaism is upon the need of missionaries to the missionaries!

**

HAMILTON W. MABIE, assistant editor of the *Christian Union*, gives, in the issue of June 17 of that paper, his "Impressions of the White City—A First Glance," which we urge the reader who hesitates to read. Do not give up your plans to come to Chicago. Take our word for it, the newspaper alarms of extortion, crowds and dangers are unfounded. Comfortable and economical quarters can be secured, in the search of which we are ready to grant any assistance within our power to our readers. The beauty and importance of this fair has not yet, cannot be adequately stated in words. Says the *Christian Union*:

The White City will be, in the months to come, a National University, in which every line of human activity

may be studied, but the central and constant lesson of which will be the solidarity of the human race. The American who fails to visit the White City will miss a noble education.

**

TWO NEW "Unity Mission Tracts" are ready,—No. 41, "The Change of Front of the Universe," by Minot J. Savage; and No. 42, "The Divine Unity: in God, in Man and in All Things," by Henry M. Simmons. Both essays have been long in print, but in hiding as the chapters of a book. Now each is set free and sent forth on its own wings to find whom it will. The first is one of Mr. Savages' more famous sermons. It tells of the three great revolutions of modern thought, in physics, in criticism, and in biology, and the effect of these revolutions on our conception of man's nature and destiny and our thoughts concerning God. And Mr. Simmons' is quite akin,—a noble statement of the higher, the universal Unitarianism toward which all church theologies, led by science, are now upreaching.

**

IT is not to be wondered at, in view of the bigotry, persecution and cruelty which throughout its history have disgraced the Christian church, that men should be so moved by indignation as to express the views of our Des Moines correspondent; and yet we think his indignation has led him to seem a little unjust to "orthodox" Christians, if not to "orthodox" Christianity. This distinction, it seems to us, is an important one, the fact being that not one nominally orthodox Christian—clergyman or layman—in a thousand fully accepts the creed, confession or articles of his sect of orthodox Christianity. If such creed were fully accepted, it would be almost true that the "orthodox" church of to-day would be as bigoted and bloodthirsty as ever. "Almost," we say, for some allowance must be made for the difference in interpretation of texts and creeds which would certainly be made by men of our day even in the most orthodox of churches. But the influence of the higher civilization of our day is greater even than this; and when the literal doctrine of the church commands gross inhumanity, its nominal adherents may be relied upon to deviate in that particular from the teaching to which they continue to profess adherence so long as

they are not driven to extremities. Aside from these considerations, however, it seems to us that if the orthodox Christians are as bigoted as represented, they cannot be as venal. A true bigot is at least sincere; he cannot be bought. Mr. Gladstone would not be put out of a Baptist chapel, it is true; neither would Dr. Mueller; but certainly the majority of Baptists would not allow Mr. Gladstone to partake of the Communion with them, and we think they would go no further in the case of Dr. Mueller.

**

It probably takes bravery to denounce the Geary Law in California as Mr. Wendte denounces it in the *Pacific Unitarian* for June. He speaks as an old Californian, who thinks that a large influx of Asiatic peoples into our unformed Pacific States would be a serious menace to their civilization, and that further Chinese immigration should be restricted for a term of years. But to dog, ticket and muzzle the Chinese already here under treaty regulations, as the Geary Law proposes, is a very different matter. That, he thinks, would be both infamous and disastrous. Infamous: the Supreme Court of the United States has pronounced it constitutional, as it did the Fugitive Slave Law: but the moral sense of the people now, as then, appeals to the Higher Law. And disastrous: the 72,472 Chinese now in California—only 107,475 in the whole country—are a valuable adjunct to its working forces. Withdraw them suddenly, and the railway contractor, the orchardist, the vineyardist and the ranchman would all suffer great loss and inconvenience. Moreover, the day will come when the Pacific coast will be eager for the good will of its great trading neighbor across the ocean, and California would be the first, and also the last, to feel the evil consequences of the unjust crusade. As to the vile Chinese quarter in San Francisco, there are worse plague-spots than that in the city: and there is nothing worse in Chinatown than the slums of New York show; and Chinatown might be cleansed and abolished, as New York abolished its "Five Points" and Boston its "North End," just as soon as the people of San Francisco really demand its abolition. All which is notable testimony, coming from a man like Mr. Wendte.

A CORRESPONDENT in the June number of the *Liberal Co-Worker* speaks of the "Weirs Idea." It resulted last summer in a skeleton organization known as "The United Liberal Church." This organization was the outcome of the twin grove meetings, Universalist and Unitarian, which have been held on the beautiful shores of Lake Winnepesaukee for many years. Rev. E. B. Payne, of California, is president, and Rev. L. H. Squires, of Jamestown, N. Y., is secretary of the organization. This movement is in line with the recent joint Ministers' Institute held in Wisconsin and Michigan. It is a part of that larger movement for which UNITY stands, which looks for the church that is not a "union of Universalist and Unitarian," but a gathering of all free minds and progressive spirits under the banners of progress and character-building, irrespective of theological traditions or "previous condition of servitude" to sectarian name and denominational lines. The independents, the great unchurched, the men and women to whom science teaches devoutness and earnestness, are also for this "Liberal Church;" which, if liberal, will be united. We might spare the word "United." The Secretary asks: "That all clergymen, of whatever denomination, who are in sympathy with it, will send him their address, that they may be added to the list and communicated with in regard to the future of this movement." We are with you, Brother Squires. UNITY is ready to aid and abet any high conspiracy in the interest of open fellowship and helpfulness.

**

BIGOTRY and ignorance are generally found together. Rev. E. M. Milligan, of Steubenville, O., a United Presbyterian, is quoted as saying that he has as much respect for the man who calls the Sabbath "Sunday" as he has for the man who calls his mother "the old woman." One might suppose from this that Mr. Milligan was a man of education, and as such realized the absurdity of confusing the Christian *Lord's day* and the Roman civil *Sunday*—being the *first* day of the week—with the Jewish *Sabbath*, which is the *seventh* day of the week. But on reading further one finds that this is not the case. It seems, it is the first day of the week that he is talking about, and that he supposes it to be the Biblical Sabbath!

THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

It was many years since the editor of UNITY had seen Meadville in June. Twenty-three years since he had stood among the flowers to receive his diploma of graduation, and still during his visit last week it seemed but a day. There was the same serene landscape, the same luxuriant foliage, wealth of flowers, skill of arrangement and cordiality of human faces, which, to his eyes, remained sufficiently unchanged to keep up the continuity.

The meeting of the trustees of the Meadville Theological School held on Wednesday, the 14th, was probably the largest one held for many years, eighteen out of the thirty being present. Among the non-residents in attendance were Revs. Reynolds, Batchelor, Horton, Chaffin, Snyder, Hosmer, and Jones. Mr. Fenn, of the Board of Instruction, and Mr. Forbush, the Western Superintendent of the A. U. A., were also present. Some questions of moment which were expected to engage the attention of the board—which expectation probably accounted for the full attendance—were settled by the Board of Instruction and private conferences, so that the work of the board was comparatively light. The result was unanimously satisfactory; but it is a question whether the same results reached after full and frank discussion of all problems involved before the full board would not have secured clearer understanding, higher efficiency, and more enthusiasm in the future. Many Unitarians have a constitutional dread of open discussions, and still they have done more than any other religious body toward making such discussions possible and profitable. They have demonstrated also that frank differences and earnest investigation is always conducive to true fellowship and hearty comradeship.

The one significant and hopeful action of the Board was the unanimous election of Mr. Francis A. Christie, of Cambridge, as instructor. If the Board of Instruction shall be able to carry out the instructions of the trustees by securing the service of Mr. Christie, it will add a man to the faculty who, by his ripe scholarship and by his success already attained as a teacher in the Cambridge Divinity School, warrants the confident hope, expressed by all

concerned, that he will prove a valuable addition to the faculty, which has always been inadequate to the work in hand. This will give five resident professors; a strength never before reached by the Meadville School. The financial outlook is also hopeful. The completion of the hundred and fifty thousand additional endowment fund is confidently expected at no distant day.

On Wednesday evening the annual sermon was preached by the editor of UNITY, and will be published, by request of the graduating class, in our next issue. On Thursday morning, with a perfect June day for glorious setting, the following program drew to the familiar and beautiful little church, restful in its Grecian simplicity, a goodly audience of delighted people:

PROGRAM.

1. "Come Unto Him".....Handel
Sung by Miss Edith Moore.
2. Prayer, by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago, Ill.
3. Essay—"Influence of the Theory of Evolution Upon Ethical Doctrine".....Joseph Cady Allen, Rochester, N. Y.
4. "External Conditions of Moral Advancement".....Peru Johnson Andrews, Christianstad, Sweden.
5. Essay—"The Law of Natural Selection and the Law of Brotherhood".....Herbert Leslie Buzzell, Chelsea, Mass.
6. "The Lord Is My Shepherd". *Smart*
Sung by Miss Edith Moore and Miss Minnie Foote.
7. "The Heart of the Teachings of the New Testament".....Robert Collyer Douthit, Shelbyville, Ill.
8. "The Progress of Positivism from Nescience to Faith".... Bernard Antony Van Sluyters, Grand Rapids, Mich.
9. "Methods of Religious Organization".....William Lorison Walsh, Boston, Mass.
10. Hymn, written for the occasion
.....Tune, *Hummel*
11. Address to the graduating class, by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Chicago, Ill.
12. The conferring of diplomas,President Cary
13. Benediction.....Prof. Barber

The topics of the essays are suggestive, and the essays themselves showed that the young men had been grappling with the foremost problems in the intellectual world to-day. And they also showed that such struggles had made for devoutness and character. Six manly young men, girded by a high purpose, faced life that morning. Seldom is it given to a class under such circumstances to pass out into the world under the benediction of more wise, tender and virile words than those

pronounced in the short address of Secretary Hosmer.

Next year will be Meadville's semi-centennial, and the Alumni Association are preparing for an adequate celebration. If any school in America has accomplished more for the world in proportion to the instruments intrusted to it we would be glad to note the same. Its funds have always been pitifully low, its faculty always confessedly inadequate, its library humbly meager, and still, when the story of the fifty years is told it will be one that will arouse gratitude, and provoke further effort, to the end that the second fifty years, with more adequate instrumentalities, may look back with pride upon the first fifty as the "day of small things." May it grow and find life still more abundantly.

THE WOMEN'S CONGRESSES.

Our readers will perhaps sympathize with the consciousness of inability to cope with this subject which has prevented us from giving any account of the meetings of this branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition, when we mention the fact that the final program filled a closely printed pamphlet of fifty-six pages, making provision for thirty-nine meetings during the week of the congress' session. Of course, therefore, no one heard it all; and with three sessions a day going on in a number of different halls, at each of which there were several speakers, it is no wonder that the reporters were overtaxed and that much of what was said, and perhaps much of that which was best, is unreported. We may rest assured, however, that it will not be lost. Those who were privileged to listen to these unreported addresses will carry away some inspiration from them, and later the addresses will probably find their way into print from the notes of the speakers themselves.

One thing at least may be said now. This greatest meeting of women which history knows has impressed the world. This impression began before the assembly actually gathered; from the press accounts of what was to be the public began to realize how large a part woman had come to play in the world's affairs, and what was still more to the point, how well she played it. And the reality has justified the anticipations. In view of their past it is doubly sig-

nificant that such men as the editors of the *New York Sun* and the *Boston Courier* should take the friendly attitude toward the enlargement of woman's sphere that they have recently expressed in their journals.

In this connection Mme. Josefa Humpal-Zema's words are significant also. She represented the women of Bohemia and spoke of their hope to obtain a higher education, saying that her queen had promised that women should be permitted to enter the University of Prague when a certain number were ready, and that eighty students were now preparing for that privilege. And then she said: "Before I left my country the representatives of the press said: 'Write us all you can about the Woman's Congress, that we may publish it. *Everybody is interested.*'"

Perhaps none was listened to with more interest than Miss Georgia Cayvan, the New England actress, but we are unable to repeat her words. Mme. Modjeska said:

While the life that we lead exposes us to many temptations, stimulates our vanity, and sometimes takes us too far from our every-day duties, it certainly develops in us a sense of independence, and therefore a sense of responsibility. It brings us into contact with the highest creations of the master minds, and is bound to open both our hearts and intellects to the generous impulses and high problems which they teach to humanity.

There is no question that even the higher drama can be interpreted, without detriment to the author's object, so as to appeal to the lower instincts of the public, or to its higher intellect and sentiment. It is in this direction that I think woman's mission on the stage can be of great significance, both to her art, to her public and to herself.

Miss Clara Morris spoke of the fact that hers was one field in which the woman received such recognition as she was entitled to, regardless of sex. Perhaps more might be said on this subject. It is possible that while women who take leading parts on the stage are received with rather more favor than men, their humbler sisters may have a harder time. Miss Helen Gardiner spoke a brave word on the Moral Responsibility of Woman in Heredity.

Among the prominent foreigners in attendance were Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Cobden Unwin, and the Countess of Aberdeen, of England; Mme. Callirhoe Parren, of Athens, Greece; Miss Kristine Frederiksen, of Denmark; Baroness Thorburg Rappe of Sweden; Frau Elizabeth Kaselowsky and Fraulein Augusta Forster, of Germany; Mme. Isabelle Bogelot, of

Paris, France; Margaret Windeyer, of New South Wales; and many more.

Dr. Mary Putman Jacobi challenged woman's detractors in a paper on Woman in Science. In the religious gatherings the Roman Catholic women discussed "Elevation of Woman Through Veneration of the Blessed Virgin" and "Methods of Improvement in Philanthropic Work;" the Jewish women, "Woman's Place in Hebrew Thought" and "The Light in the East."

The Woman's Unitarian Congress was held under the joint auspices of the National Alliance, the Woman's Conference, and the Pacific Coast Association. Rev. Miss Ida C. Hultin, of Moline, Ill., presided over the morning session, and Mrs. Dix over the evening meeting. Mrs. Fifield, the Secretary of the Alliance, spoke of its work, mentioning its 126 branches and its 5,500 members. Its Post Office Mission work was reported to reach 7,000 correspondents, and was believed to be a mighty force in molding the thought of the next generation. The chief work of the Alliance was said to be the strengthening of existing churches. Last year it gave \$28,287 to some forty different objects.

Mrs. Marion H. Perkins gave a sketch of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference, stating that its work had been chiefly in the line of religious study classes, the Post Office Mission, and the assistance in the care and support of the Western headquarters. Its new departure in the holding of religious councils, of which notice has previously appeared in *UNITY*, was also spoken of, and its reasons for not uniting with the Alliance were mentioned.

Mrs. Eastman not being present, her report of the Pacific Coast Association was read by Mrs. Davis, of New York. It was organized in 1890, and holds annual meetings, with delegates for every twenty members. The fact was alluded to that it was the women of the Pacific coast who had taken the initiative in establishing the headquarters at San Francisco. The other features of the morning session were Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones' clear and interesting history of the Post Office Mission movement, Mrs. John W. Chadwick's address on the New York Women's League, the Rev. Miss Helen G. Putnam's account of her missionary labors in Dakota, Mrs. Galpin's ad-

mirable address on the importance of such meetings and the need for the work in which they were engaged, and the interesting addresses of Miss Mary F. Eastman and Mrs. Lucy Stone.

Mrs. Davis opened the evening session with a paper entitled "A Woman's Religion," asking if religion meant more to women than to men, and showing that it should not, since all truth is religious truth. Her address was an inspiring one, touching upon the fruitfulness of the thoughts of Divine immanence now becoming the central thought in religion, and the hopefulness of the fact that faith always leads to increased happiness and good. In a paper on "The Religion of the Twentieth Century," Mrs. Learned discussed Christianity's place in the history of religion, saying that no one creature ever absorbed the whole of Deity. She thought the pure and lofty fame of Jesus would never fade, but that all that savors of the supernatural would melt away from man's conception of him. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe then spoke, commenting upon the papers which had been read, speaking of her own early revolt from the harsh conception of Divine Justice current in her girlhood, and propheying hopefully of women as ministers.

From the comments of those who listened to them it would seem that the papers of Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Learned were recognized as among the finest religious discussions of our day.

F. W. S.

MEN AND THINGS.

MR. JOHN C. HAYNES, of Boston, representing the Free Religious Association, has been in Chicago for a week making arrangements for the participation of his association in the World's Parliament of Religions.

THE managers of a Brussels workmen's union have printed circulars giving a *resume* of the increase in the consumption of liquor and the consequent increase of poverty and crime. The support of the poor has become an almost intolerable burden, and yet the country permits 83,800 rum snops to rob the laborers.—*Exchange*.

WITHIN forty years fourteen Episcopal congregations below 14th street, in New York, have been given up or moved up town. Within that time the Roman Catholics have gained as many in the same district. That means principally that the character of the population has changed; but it also indicates, as Dr. B. T. De Costa said last Sunday, that Protestant church work in the lower part of the city needs to be put on a missionary basis, so that churches shall not fight separately, but together, making the success of the whole dependent on the success of each.—*The Independent*.

Contributed and Selected

COURAGE.

Who fails to strike when man's assailed.
For fear of selfish pain or loss:
Who weakly cowers when Right is
nailed

Upon the proud world's heavy cross:
Who fails to speak the splendid word
Of bold defiance to a lie:
Whose voice for truth is faintly heard
When party passions mount on high:
Who dares no struggling cause espouse.
And loves no paths by martyrs trod.
Whose timorous soul no call can rouse
To dare to stand alone with God,—
That man is coward, and no deeds
Of valor done on fields of strife
Can prove his courage. Battle meeds
Are naught beside a tested life.

Who dallies with temptacion's lure,
Nor hurls his tempter to the ground:
Who champions not the weak, the poor,
Whom power and strength with cords
have bound:

Who bows obsequious to the strong
And crushes what he knows is weak:
Who palters with a deadly wrong.
And dares no vengeance on it weak:
Who crouches neath opinion's lash,
Nor dares his own true thought pro-
claim:

Who never with an impulse rash
Ran on before his time,—is tame.
Is coward, and no work upears
Which lasts. God's edict from on
high

Says, courage shall outlast the years.
But every coward soul shall die.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

HOW THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH WAS PLANTED IN CHICAGO.

Late in September, 1839, I left Boston for Chicago in company with three friends, one of whom was Rev. Joseph Harrington, of Boston, who was sent out by the American Unitarian Association to organize a society in Chicago if practicable.

From Boston to Albany we went by the recently opened railroad in about twenty-four hours, ten miles an hour being at that time a highly satisfactory rate of progress.

From Albany to Schenectady the train was moved by a stationary engine. Thence to Utica we went by canal boat for some distance, then for a few miles to another piece of railroad by stage. In the distance of 365 miles from Albany to Buffalo we probably changed our conveyance half a dozen times, consuming three or four days in the journey.

Little does the traveler of the present day, who goes easily in a Pullman car from New York to Chicago in twenty-four hours, with his bedroom and dining-room attached, know of

the time spent and the trouble undergone by the pioneers, of sixty years ago. To sleep and obtain your meals at miserable wayside taverns, to hunt up your baggage at every transfer from railroad to canal, unaided by any system of checks, and to get it hauled half a mile across a town for a new departure, was the common experience.

Buffalo was then a place of greater importance than at present. It was the gateway of the whole lake region and the commercial center of the great lakes, as Chicago is now. Here we waited three or four days for the steamboat "Illinois," the finest boat of the line, and attended the church of the Rev. Dr. Hosmer on Sunday. There being no railroads west of Buffalo all passengers and freight went by the lakes to Chicago, and the line of steamers was a very comfortable one; the company was good, the table was excellent, and there was usually a band of music on board. On Lake Erie the boats stopped at Dunkirk, Erie and Cleveland. Detroit was a small place, but important from its location. The shores of Lake Huron were uninhabited, and Mackinac was our next stopping place. There we staid one day, and rambled about the picturesque island, dining on the delicious white fish. The "Illinois" was commanded by Capt. Chelsea Blake, a veteran soldier of the war of 1812, and we had among the passengers General Scott, the commander-in-chief of the army, who, with his staff, was on a tour of inspection of the Western posts. As Capt. Blake had served under General Scott in the war of 1812 at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, the conversation between these two old soldiers was very interesting.

There were few settlements on the shores of Lake Michigan in 1839, and Milwaukee was our first stopping place, and so unimportant that we did not enter the river, but landed the few passengers and the small amount of freight in a lighter.

At Chicago we arrived on the fifth day of our voyage and the twelfth of our journey from Boston, being on the 9th of October, 1839. Chicago was then a city four years old, and only six years from its incorporation as a village. Its population was about 4,500, scattered about on a low prairie, in small wooden houses. Its streets were over shoes in dust in summer, and over boots in mud at other times, not an attractive place to the eye of a new comer, but if a man lived there a year he generally became imbued with the civil pride and faith in the future of Chicago, which have produced great results, and which are likely to produce similar results in Atlanta.

Chicago was a city of young men, active and enterprising, with broad and liberal views, and the American Unitarian Association acted wisely in its attempt to occupy the ground. The Unitarians proper were few in

number and mostly from New England, but had much influence in the community. A few Unitarian preachers had from time to time stopped *en route* to give a sermon or two, but there had been no settled minister of that sect. St. Louis and New Orleans were the only cities west of Chicago where the Unitarians had churches.

In 1839 there were five churches in Chicago, one each for the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and Roman Catholics. As it was not to be expected that any of these would open their doors to Unitarians, the only hall in the city suitable for religious services was hired for Mr. Harrington. This was in one of the half-dozen brick buildings in the south division, and stood at the corner of Lake and Clark streets, a central position. It happened that on the first Saturday night after our arrival a large fire occurred on Lake street, and as most of the young men belonged to the fire department and worked all night at the fire, Mr. Harrington had at his first appearance in Chicago only an audience of seven persons. Our hall seated about two hundred people. It was occupied on week days in many ways, often as a court room, for political meetings, and for any lectures or shows that might need a hall, so that it required much purification on Sunday mornings.

Mr. Harrington was a man about 30 years old, well educated, a good writer and speaker, a handsome man, of pleasing manners, and of strong musical tastes. He soon became the popular preacher of the town among the young people, and his hall was usually well filled. The Universalists, who had no church at that time in Chicago, came to our meetings, as did also some of the Jews, who are monotheists. In most places there are people who have become disgusted with the doctrines of the so-called orthodox churches, and are called by others, and perhaps believe themselves to be, infidels or atheists. When these persons hear reasonable doctrine preached, they are apt to become Unitarians. So we gathered in our fold many of these outcasts.

In the summer of 1840 it was decided that Mr. Harrington should return to Boston, make his report, and try to raise money for building a church in Chicago, while we, his people, should raise what funds we could for the same purpose. Although among the stricter people the Unitarians were considered as dangerous, yet the leading business men of the city, believing that another church would help Chicago, and seeing that our leading men were good citizens even if they were heretics, helped us more or less by their subscriptions.

Chicago in 1840 was very poor. The great land boom of 1836-'37, by which great fortunes were made, on paper, had collapsed, and the people found themselves in debt for their lands,

which could not be sold. So that in the city, which to-day raises fifteen millions of dollars for the Columbian Fair, fifty years ago it was difficult to raise fifteen hundred for a church. But by allowing the subscriptions to be paid in goods and labor—the lumber dealer to pay in boards, the druggist in paints and glass, the hardware man in nails, and the mechanic in labor—the amount needed was made up, and, Mr. Harrington's appeal to the people of Boston being successful, a church costing \$3,000 was built upon a good central lot given us by the State, which, when the town was laid out, had wisely reserved lands for public schools and churches.

Those who gave money or goods for building the church had been allowed credit for their subscription on the price of pews, which were not to be taxed, so that the church had to be run on the voluntary principle, and it was with difficulty that the modest salary of Mr. Harrington could be raised—\$600. We could not afford to pay a sexton, and the writer, as one of the trustees, took his turn in making the fire and sweeping out the church, being encouraged by the words of the poet,

"Who sweeps a room, as by thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

Our congregation slowly increased, and we were after awhile in better financial condition. Mr. Harrington remained with us for several years, and he married in Chicago. When he left us, for personal reasons, his departure was much regretted by many friends outside our church, while to most of his congregation he was a highly valued friend as well as pastor. He returned to Boston, and some time after he accepted a call from San Francisco, but in crossing the Isthmus he contracted disease, from which he died soon after reaching his post.

After Mr. Harrington our church had a number of ministers sent from Boston, but their talents did not prove suitable to that field of duty. The first man after Mr. Harrington who met our wants was Rev. Rush R. Shippen, who remained with us for several years.

Having lost all my papers and memoranda respecting the church in the great fire of 1871, I am unable to give full particulars or furnish dates.

When, somewhere in the fifties, a church was gathered in the north division of Chicago for Rev. Robert Collyer, my connection with the First Church came to an end. Both these church buildings perished in the great fire, but there are now in Chicago four prosperous Unitarian societies with large and costly churches. From this central point also a number of Unitarian societies have grown up in various parts of the State of Illinois during the last fifty years.

—*Samuel C. Clark, in the Southern Unitarian.*

A SERVICE OF BROTHERHOOD.

A long, low up-stairs room, with two snowy tables, arranged in the form of a cross, set for supper. Draperies of stars and stripes on the walls; a motto, "Work for God and Works with Man;" and pictures, notable among them a large and excellent engraving of Wendell Phillips. There are chairs set in orderly rows against the walls, and chairs placed about the tables. A quiet, sweet-faced woman goes to and fro, with hymn-books in one hand and napkins in the other. This is the "Church of the Carpenter," on Washington street, in the busy heart of Boston. It is Sunday night, fifteen minutes before the opening of the regular Sunday evening service.

By the stove, warming his knotted hands, sits a toiler of the streets. His coarse pantaloons are tucked into his boot-tops. He wears a shabby old overcoat buttoned high about his throat, and one suspects it is a slumbering sense of pride which forbids his unbuttoning it, even in that stifling atmosphere. A little farther down the room, a man whose face might do service as a draughtsman's triangle, so angular is it, so firm, so practical, so emotionless, is talking with a portly woman in spectacles. He uses his left palm as a register, his right forefinger as an indicator; and all the points which he makes arrange themselves on that registering palm with the absolute incontrovertibility of pandects.

Just inside the door, a poor, besotted wreck of humanity has stumbled into the first chair at hand. The bloated, discolored face is sunk upon the breast. The soiled hands are folded in the lap. All the gospel he asks, poor fellow, is a little warmth; all the temple he seeks is a place where he may forget himself, undisturbed by the rough hand of the policeman. "Poor, crushed brother! let him sleep. That is a little—perhaps the most—of God's love we can bring him to-night," says Pastor Bliss, as he pauses over the drooping form.

By this time the room is well-nigh full. On sharp winter nights there is always a large congregation at the Church of the Carpenter. Jack Frost is better than a Puritan beadle to get the people in. At a nod from Mr. Bliss a lady seats herself at the piano. Gospel Hymn books and sheets of "Brotherhood Songs" are passed around. Then Mr. Bliss raps on one of the tables and the hum of conversation ceases. "If anyone finds a favorite hymn in this collection, please give the number, and we will all sing it," he says.

Then follow half a dozen or more of those simple gospel lyrics, known and loved the world around. They seem to flow out of these human hearts, "like the unwinding of a silver thread." But the brotherhood songs go less smoothly. They are by no means perfect in versification, all

of them, nor are they perfectly wedded to the music, which was neither written for them, nor they for it. The untrained company of singers find no little difficulty in getting the required number of poetical feet into a musical bar, and sometimes, toward the close of a line, these feet have to "twinkle in and out" with rapidity which is more amusing than graceful. But the sentiments get themselves expressed some way, with vigor at least, if not with melody, and everybody seems to feel in addition a genuine satisfaction at having wrestled with such metrical difficulties and conquered them, as it were, by main force.

"Now we will partake of our simple brotherhood meal," says Mr. Bliss, as the song service closes. "I trust you will all be able to find places at the tables. If not, there will be plenty left for those who are willing to wait their turn." The pastor asks a brief, simple blessing, and the people seat themselves about the board. It is a truly apostolic scene. Simplicity and fraternity characterize the repast. "One word more," says Mr. Bliss, as the napkins are unfolded. "To defray the expenses of our weekly supper we have been accustomed to charge a nominal fee of fifteen cents. If you feel unable to contribute, you are none the less welcome to share with us in God's bounty. Or if you would like to contribute more, we shall be very grateful to receive it."

Then a lady makes the round of the tables, with a little basket in her hand, and all contribute something. One's left-hand neighbor knoweth not what his right-hand neighbor giveth. The bill of fare is simple, wholesome, home-like; the sweetest and snowiest of home-made bread, cold meats, stewed prunes, tea, coffee, and chocolate. Each participant is first his neighbor's helper. It is a supper, one thinks, not wholly unlike another such, centuries ago, in an upper chamber in Jerusalem.

After the supper comes the characteristic feature of this unique church service: the free parliament of religious (or, if one choose, irreligious) opinion. All seem eager to speak. There are no painful pauses, such as one grimly expects in too many conventional religious gatherings. It would take a volume to describe the variety and intensity of the opinions put forth. As a rule, the speakers are iconoclasts. Each has his little bag of sharp-cornered stones, which he proceeds to empty with vigor and evident zest. Some carry swords and clubs, which make one cringe. The burden of this onslaught is: "Down with institutionalism! down with priest-craft! down with creeds! abase the purse-proud religious hypocrite! a murrain on the church snob! abolish poverty; distribute wealth; communism forever! socialism ditto! no ownership of land or tools—only the right of using them; no church authority; no organized sacerdotalism; every man his own priest; every

individual at the apex!" This image-smashing goes on for an hour, steadily. Even Mr. Bliss begins to look a little disturbed at such a violent eruption of the Pandora-box. Then the Salvation Army marches by, in the street, with its drums, its cornets, and its men and women singers. The interrupted iconoclast who chances to be upon his feet is moved to hurl a thunder-bolt of abuse against it. "Aye, march along with your drums and your horns, Salvation Army!" he cries. "You can never reach the fallen brother with your priest-borrowed mummeries. Like the ass in the fable, you drown out wisdom with your bray!"

The speaker storms himself out—and a gentle girl springs to her feet, pale, but clear-eyed, brave, earnest, truth-sustained.

"Mr. Bliss! Please, may I say a word?"

There are others on their feet, louder-voiced, more insistent. But the chivalry of the Christian gentlemen bows its clear permission to the girl.

"I want to say just a word," she falters. "We all know the sympathy, the self-sacrifice, the devotion of the Salvation Army; and it seems to me that we, who profess to have such breadth of sympathy for all mankind, ought to have some sympathy for them too."

There seemed to be an immediate occultation of iconoclasm. This true gospel, this sweet, Christ-like plea for sympathy, changed the whole current of the meeting.

—From the Advance.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.

The women of Atlanta, Ga., who have been interesting themselves in establishing a home for erring girls who wish to reform, have had a great deal of trouble in securing a location for it, as no community wanted this class of girls, no matter how quietly they might submit to the presence of those who did not want to reform. Finally, having risen superior to the hindrances placed in their way by the Pharisaism of their neighbors, and got well started in their good work, they have proven themselves deeply imbued with this sham morality. They received for the home \$1,000 from an unknown source, and were duly gratified, but having traced the gift to its source, they discovered that it came from the dissolute women of the town, whereupon they declined to receive the gift. Was there ever a grander opportunity to come into helpful relations with these erring sisters whom the world calls "lost" than this extension of their hands to help others out of their terrible life, afforded? What a pathetic offering to buy others salvation even with the proceeds of their own sin! Women who could thus appreciate the noble purpose of the home, and

wish to clasp hands with good women to save those for whom there is still a chance, were surely worthy of not being scorned.

The *Tribune* has over and over again inveighed against the laws by which the wages of sin are taken from these women as fines, but when society has closed every door upon them as far as they are aware, their offering to give the means for which they have bartered body and soul to keep those for whom there is still hope from a like horrible fate, perchance with the thought that they might themselves even be saved, shows that the spark of divine goodness is not yet extinguished. Oh, poor, tempted, fallen and unhappy sisters, the tears of many women will fall for you as they read this story of your outstretched hand and its rejection, and the tears of the angels will blur the record of your sins.

—Woman's Tribune.

CONSISTENCY.

The hypocrisy, or, if that is too strong a term, the inconsistency of some of the loudest to protest that a visit to the Exposition on Sunday is a desecration of the Lord's day, and the most emphatic to threaten the organization of a gigantic boycott against the Fair, was well illustrated last Sunday in this city. In the morning a great gospel meeting was held in Forepaugh's circus. In itself, this would call for no comment. But all those that attended the meeting in the morning were well aware of the fact that two performances had been announced for the afternoon and evening. To visit the circus on "the Sabbath" thus is not a violation of God's or Man's Law. But in case the Fair is open on Sunday every good "Christian" is bound to stay away from it also *on other days!* This is consistency with a vengeance. At least, our brain is not so highly developed as to be able to grasp the principle which tolerates under a circus tent what it denounces as impious 'midst the surroundings of a World's Fair. —Reform Advocate.

HYMN.

Written for the Graduating Exercises of the Meadville Theological School by a Member of the Middle Class.

Eternal Truth, more vast, more near
At parting of the ways,
With rev'rent hearts we seek thee here,
Whose Love hath crowned our days.

So fair hath bloomed the path behind,
So broad the way before,
We follow, glad, new fields to find,
Life's service held in store.

Speed on, O sons, with holy zeal,
In this your pow'r to win;
Pure lives and earnest souls reveal
God's kingdom coming in.

The prophet's word, the high command,
Renewed from sun to sun,
Ring down through ev'ry age and land:
God's Love, God's Truth are one.
HARRIET BELLE BARTON.

Church-Door Pulpit

"THE NEW ORTHODOXY."*

BY REV. R. A. ARMSTRONG.

The movement summed up under the name of "The New Theology" is a phenomenon profoundly interesting to Unitarians. The title has become current as descriptive of a remarkable simultaneous advance in theological thought and expression on the part of a quite considerable number of able men within many of the communions commonly accounted orthodox. The Church of England, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, all present numerous instances. In England, in Scotland, in the United States "The New Theology" is making its voice heard and revolutionizing the religious conceptions of large numbers of the intelligent laity. To many it has seemed that our own battle is already won, that essentially our message is being uttered from the best pulpits of the heretofore orthodox communities. Friends of mine who are in this movement, helping to lead it, tell me this very thing. They say: "You have done your work; you have infused your spirit into our churches; there is no need for you to maintain your protest." Not a few of Unitarian training take the same view, and are infusing them lives contentedly into the Church of England, the Presbyterian bodies, and the congregations of the Baptists and Independents.

And, indeed, a very large part of that which we and our fathers have stood for, this New Theology does truly adopt into its own life. It abhors cant as much as we abhor it. It recognizes that religion, Christianity, is not a creed, but a life; not a sacrament, but a spirit. It takes joy in a wide and kindly tolerance. It stakes salvation on no dogma. It preaches freedom of thought and speech. It pleads for a brotherhood wide as humanity. It faces fearlessly the great new thought and knowledge of our time, and does in some degree weave these into its theological conceptions. It finds the true Christ-life in love, in the loving service of all whom we can help or lift up.

I have no words to express my delight that this is so. The men of this New Theology are lifting a nightmare from the bosom of the world. I thank God for their courage, their insight, their labor.

Yet I have to offer certain adverse but respectful and most earnest criticisms on their methods and their work. I have to lament that they are setting up, not a New Theology pure and simple, growing from the Old as a tree from its roots, but a New Orthodoxy with much of the weakness, much of the mischief in it

which pertain to the old orthodoxies which it thrusts aside.

The weakness and the mischief spring from this: The New Theology, so far as I am acquainted with it, always appeals to *some* other authority besides a man's own reason and conscience, the only court to which Jesus of Nazareth ever made appeal. It gravely discusses the comparative authority of the Bible, the Church and Reason. It might as well discuss the comparative authority of Sir Isaac Newton, the Royal Society and Reason. The Royal Society and Sir Isaac Newton have precisely no authority at all save so far as their statements conform to Reason. The Church, the Bible, the Christ himself have no shred of legitimate authority over our beliefs save what authority is given them by the concurrence of their enunciations with the living voice of God in the intellect and conscience of each individual believer.

That I may make the nature of my criticism clear, it will be well that I should first state what it is that I prize the most in the methods of our own Unitarian thought. To me the peculiar value of that thought is that it moves *pari passu* with the contemporary thought traveling along the roads of critical and scientific investigation. No man values more highly than I do the conception of the pure and simple humanity of Jesus, and the concentration of the personality of God in the Supreme Father whom he worshiped. But the discovery of these illuminating truths is to me incidental to that method of thought which so absolutely trusts God that it assimilates eagerly all that the man of criticism and the man of science present to it, provided it has stood the tests proper to its own sphere of truth. I value Unitarian thought chiefly for its absolute intellectual sincerity; and if there be a Unitarianism which, when considering purely critical or scientific inferences casts a side glance at its theology before admitting those inferences, to see that that is in no danger of disturbance, that is not the Unitarianism for me. Unitarian Christianity is to me a pouring of the spiritual life into intellectual forms loyally true to the best that can be thought, and the fullest that can be known in science or in criticism. It is the absolute harmony of the higher Unitarianism with critical and scientific results to-day, and still more, my sense that it will harmonize itself with whatsoever critical and scientific results may be revealed to-morrow and the day after, that makes me rejoice in Unitarianism, and trust absolutely that—under whatever name—it must command the future. Unitarianism, as I accept it, has no reserves. It is prepared for all possible outcomes of the investigation of planets or of books, a decade, a century, a millennium from to-day, and can change its form to meet them without disturbance to its essence.

Now, the New Theology of which I speak makes the same professions. If it made them truly, then though its professors call themselves Trinitarian, and we call ourselves Unitarian, we should essentially be at one.

But my respectful charge against the New Theology is that, put to the test, it breaks down in this profession. It departs very widely from the orthodoxies of the past, but it does not free itself from all their limitations. It does still profess some tenets which are not the true result of free investigation, but are borrowed from systems resting on ecclesiastical authority, and have no basis other than that authority. Though it has crossed a wide sea to reach new territories, it has never burnt its ships. Though it has thrown out skirmishers far afield, it has never cut off its communication. Though it adventures far in the ocean of truth, it is a swimmer with a rope tied round his body, by which, if the current prove too strong, he can haul himself back to land. There are swimmers among these New Theologians whose ropes are very long, indeed, but I have met none who dare breast the waves without a rope.

If this be so, then the New Theology is not in the true sense intellectually sincere. I trust I may say this without personal offense. I am far from imputing conscious insincerity to any one of the bold and brilliant writers whom I have in view. All that I mean is that their results are not reached by unalloyed reason, using the term reason to cover all the truth-finding faculties of man. There is an admixture of deference to past authority other than pure reason justifies. They do not with a whole heart trust themselves to the Word of God *now*. They keep an eye upon past centuries. They do not always test the Word of God *then* by the Word of God *now*. They sometimes test the Word of God *now* by the Word of God *then*. They do not always measure the revelation of yesterday by the revelation of to-day. They sometimes measure the revelation of to-day by the revelation of yesterday. They give us no confidence that they will accept the revelation of to-morrow.

I shall illustrate this thesis of mine from three small books, very able, very brilliant, in some respects very noble, which are in great vogue.—three books by three thoroughly representative sons of the New Theology. They are Mr. Robert F. Horton's "Inspiration and the Bible," Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Evolution of Christianity," and Dr. James Morris Whiton's "Gloria Patri." It may excite some surprise that I do not turn to Dr. Fairbairn's new and important work, "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology." I can only say that I am so amazed at its extraordinary contents, at the confidence with which it discusses the internal economy of the Godhead, at its acceptance of the three Persons in the Godhead

*A paper read before the annual conference of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at London, Eng., May 27, 1893. Reprinted from the (London, Eng.) *Inquirer*.

seemingly in the most literal sense of the English word "person," at its absolute dogmatic orthodoxy in spite of the boldness of its critical research, that I am quite unable to regard it as in any way belonging to the New Theology as I have understood that term. I revert then to the three authors whom I have named.

These writers do not all maintain the same lines of communication with the rear. Each of them casts away much which the others retain. But each of them carefully guards at least one line of communication with orthodox Christianity. None of them seem to me to have ventured out to the open sea.

Mr. Horton proposes to go to the Bible with a free mind, and to put nothing into it which he does not really find there. His position is: The Bible is inspired, and inspired in a different sense from any other literature: to make it clear what we mean when we allege this unique inspiration of the Bible we must review it book by book, and note exactly what in each book that quality is which we designate inspiration.

Mr. Horton's volume is full of incidental truth and beauty, but its method is corrupted by the spirit of traditionalism. If Mr. Horton were not moved by unconscious desire to keep open his communication with orthodox Christianity, he could never draw so sharp and absolute a line between the Bible and the whole remaining contents of the world's literature. Some of that outside literature is marked by the very characteristics which in the Bible he claims as inspiration. Some portions of the Bible can only be brought under his rule by the most astonishing straining of his thesis.

"Inspiration," says he, "as applied to the Bible, is a term applicable only to the Bible." "We call our Bible inspired, by which we mean that by reading it and studying it we find our way to God, we find His will for us, and we find how we can conform ourselves to His will." Does Mr. Horton really mean that no man has ever found these things by reading Augustine or a Kempis? Every individual book in the Bible fills "its foreordained niche * * * in a large mosaic." If Chronicles or Esther or Ecclesiastes or Jude had been left out and perished, would Mr. Horton have discovered lacunæ in the mosaic? In Pastoral Epistles of Paul, says Mr. Horton, "it is difficult to trace the breath of inspiration." Then why should he try, unless he has carried a foregone theory to the Bible? Of the Old Testament historical books he says, "It is not the historical record so much as the history itself that is inspired." Then why insist on the inspiration of the books? Yet he concludes, "We shall not be left in much doubt concerning the inspiration of these books." Of the Pentateuch he says that, when we speak of its inspiration, "we can

only mean that it played a part in the economy of God's education of the human race," and must, therefore, be included in the Bible. Have, then, no other histories played a part in God's education of the human race? "The spiritual meaning of life's great drama," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "is not really less in the history of the United States than in that of Palestine." If some one then wrote the history of the United States with sympathetic insight, would Mr. Horton find a place for that in the inspired Bible? Mr. Horton rebukes such as find less inspiration in Esther, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs, than in Job, the Proverbs, and the Psalter. Yet the most he can say for Esther is "that it throws a little light upon a point in the history of the Jewish people," and that the whole history of that people is inspired. He is fully alive to the "cynical pessimism" of Ecclesiastes: yet it finds its ideal place in the inspired scriptures "because it is suitable that the doubting spirit * * * should find an utterance as a foil to the restful and trusting spirit." "Thus," says he, "the book holds a place in the Inspired Volume just because it is not in the ordinary sense inspired itself." Surely this is "*lucus a non lucendo*" with a vengeance! It is clear that if Paine's "Age of Reason," or an essay from the *Agnostic Annual* were found wedged in between Proverbs and the Song of Solomon, its place in "the Inspired Volume" might be justified by precisely the same reasoning. Mr. Horton has to submit his theory to still greater strain, that, to use his own words, he may "explain what we mean by calling the Song of Songs inspired." Mr. Horton's book contains much admirable criticism, and grinds to powder all mechanical theories of inspiration; but it is impossible to believe that a mind so acute, so truth-loving, and so devout, could have been betrayed to write a book of which the main argument is a vicious circle, and the details play fast and loose with the contents of the word "inspiration," were he not unconsciously biased by a desire to keep open his communications with the orthodoxy he has left. Mr. Horton swims far from shore; but the rope is round his body.

Turning next to Abbott's "Evolution of Christianity," we find that he completely cuts the line of communication with the rear so carefully maintained by Mr. Horton. He knows nothing of an inspiration in the Bible other in kind than that which exists to-day. He proclaims that "Inspiration is no remote phenomenon, once attested by miracles, now forever silenced in the grave of a dead God, but a universal and eternal communion between a living God and living souls." Thus severing himself from the minister of Lyndhurst-road—and that in the very name of the New Theology—how does the eloquent preacher of the Brooklyn Tab-

ernacle secure his own line of retreat?

His book is a very lucid argument for the recognition of evolution in the Christian religion itself. His thesis is "that the Christian religion is itself an evolution; that is, that this life of God in humanity is one of continuous progressive change, according to certain divine laws, and by means of forces, or a force, resident in humanity." And the bulk of his volume is occupied with tracing this orderly evolution in the Bible, in theology, in the Church, in Christian society, in the soul. Evolution embraces the phenomena of degeneration and decay as well as—though subordinately to—progress and expansion. And so the phenomena of the priestly element for a while superseding the prophetic in Israel and in Christendom causes no embarrassment. The whole is worked out with unshrinking faithfulness from the days of Moses to our own,—the whole save for one transcendent exception. Dr. Abbott's theory requires that as David and Isaiah are products of evolution, Jesus shall be so too. But such an admission would at once sever our author irrevocably from the company of the historic church, and when confronted with it he turns aside. Through all the rest of the story Dr. Abbott teaches that "God is the cause; phenomena are the product; evolution is the method." God worked in prophet and in psalmist on spiritual organisms themselves evolved from the whole preparation of the past. The phenomena resulting were the "Comfort ye, comfort ye," the "Bless the Lord, O my soul," the whole character of the men who wrote these things, the whole literature which they delivered to the world. In philosophical consistency Dr. Abbott would be bound to explain in like manner the phenomena of the life and word of Christ, to see in him also the accumulated spiritual influences of the past giving birth to a soul on which God so worked that the manifestation of unspeakable love and the words of unspeakable grace were the phenomena produced—a link in the chain of evolution in the same sense as Amos or Micah, as Paul or John, as Augustine or Luther. But Dr. Abbott boldly breaks his evolution. He lifts up Jesus and Jesus only in all the roll of history to be himself a true cause, "the Infinite entering"—and entering, we must take it, for the first time—"in human life." I for my part believe that every man is in the measure of his free initiative, not merely a link in the evolution chain, but a new cause acting with free impact on society. But whether it be so or not, an evolutionist must be consistent. He must admit no exceptions. And when Dr. Abbott subjects the historic Christ to a radically different treatment to that which he adjudges to every other bearer of the word of God, he breaks up his own argument and destroys the meaning of his book.

The inconsistency saves Dr. Abbott's line of communication with orthodox Christianity, but it costs him the rank he ought to take as a philosophical exponent of Christian history. Dr. Abbott proceeds to lay it down that in the case of all the prophets before Jesus Christ God spoke to man; that in him God spoke in man. I have tried to attach a meaning to these words. But I cannot understand how God can ever speak to his child save by speaking in him. I can recognize infinite degrees in the clearness and the fullness of his communication with humanity. I acknowledge to the full the vast expansion and brightening of the Divine Word in the Man of Nazareth. But I am persuaded that the endeavor to distinguish between God speaking to us and God speaking in us, an external and an internal Word of God, is born of an unconscious and confused traditionalism, and not of strong and clear-cut thinking.

Let us now glance at Dr. Whiton's very powerful "Gloria Patri." I am not sure that of the three volumes this one is not characterized by the greatest breadth and sweep of thought. It is instinct with the spirit of all that is best and strongest in the New Theology. Dr. Whiton knows no distinction between God speaking to man and God speaking in man. Christ, it is true, is, he alleges, God in man; but in the same way, in however inferior degree, God is in all men—whether before or after Christ.

And yet this bold champion of the newer light writes with the one object of re-establishing the doctrine of the Trinity. This is his line of communication with the rear. His thoughts concerning God and Christ and Man are hardly to be distinguished from those of the completest Unitarian. But he pours all the fervor of his thought into the hard mold of Trinitarian phraseology. His book is a detailed apology for Trinitarianism. It is true he uses the term Trinity for a conception of the Godhead such as never an early Father nor a sixteenth century Reformer would for a moment recognize. He reduces the distinction of the three Persons to a mere variation in the spheres of Divine influence. He rejects with scorn the doctrine of the two natures in Christ. Such a doctrine has a "paralyzing effect." He confuses under the one name "Christ," or "the Son," the historic individual Jesus, the great company of good men, and the Deity "in his revealed immanency in the life of the world." He is hard put to it to find any place at all for the third member of the Trinity. But he stands manfully by the Trinity as the cardinal doctrine of Christianity, and so joins hands with that great mass of Christian believers to whom Unitarianism is a cold and lifeless abstraction.

And of all these New Theologians I have to say that, while in words they admit the modern criticism, in practice they abjure its most obvious

results. Why does Mr. Horton say that "of course" Acts does not contradict Galatians? He may ingeniously persuade himself that it does not, but there is no "of course" about it. Why does Dr. Whiton quote texts from the Fourth Gospel as if there could be no possible question that they are the *ipsissima verba* of Jesus? How can a critic, whether he do or do not hold the Johannine authorship, base "claims" of Christ to such and such Divine rank on particular verses of the text? How can he cite a verse from a prophet to show what an apostle *must* have meant? All these are the bad habits of traditionalism, which a mind truly free would resolutely cast off.

The method, then, of the New Theology is essentially a method of compromise; and the method of compromise is never the method of truth. Men who are determined to go on believing some of the traditional theology cannot be veritable prophets. They who pray the prayer, "Lead us into all truth," must deliver themselves wholly into the hand of God to be guided only by the reason and conscience which he has given.

As it is, we Unitarians still stand alone,—outposts far away from the most advanced lines of the main body. I often feel it solitary. I long from the bottom of my heart for a free and generous religious fellowship with the men and women of these orthodox churches. I have no sympathy with those of my comrades who seem to rejoice in our isolation. But even the most progressive men in the orthodox communions shrink back from us. They dread to be suspected of our heresy. All else can be forgiven save that alone. They pass us by. They would that we were silent. They do not want our case argued. In the fullness of our freedom we are alone and lonely. Let us love God more. Let us follow the spirit of Christ more closely. Let us serve and help men better. And let us trust that the day will come when good men at last shall read our hearts aright, recognize the beauty of our faith, cease to fear our freedom, and mingle their prayers to God with ours.

The Study Table

FELLOWSHIP.

The May number of the *Universalist Monthly* may well be called a *fellowship* number. Rev. Jacob Merrifield's paper, previously read at the Liberal Ministers' Institute at Ann Arbor, is an earnest plea for a closer co-operation among Liberals,—such as Unitarians, Universalists, Independents, Reformed Jews, and Ethical Culturists,—to which we say "Amen!" Dr. Jas. T. Birby has an article on the Symphony of Religions, which in its just appreciation of the great non-Christian cults is in marked contrast to Dr. C. E. Nash's grudging admis-

sign of the good in them and his unfair insinuations against them, contained in his letter to the editor on the basis of Universalist fellowship. Dr. Crow's reply proves him one of the broadest-minded of Liberals. Dr. Crow frankly admits that he agrees with hardly a word of the Winchester Profession of Faith, but maintains that it does not express modern Universalism; but that the latter is nevertheless a legitimate outcome of the *spirit* which the fathers of Universalism tried tamely to express in the profession of faith; and that therefore he and other modern Universalists have a perfect right to remain in the fellowship and retain the name, since, however the fathers defined Universalism, to the children of to-day it means the universal brotherhood of man, and salvation for all through character-growth. While we are in hearty sympathy with Dr. Crow's individual religious views, as expressed in this article, we cannot but feel that Dr. Nash is right in urging that Dr. Crow and his sympathizers should either have the historic Universalist creed changed or withdraw from official connection with the denomination. If that is the creed of Universalism—and Dr. Crow himself speaks of it as the *creed*—then Dr. Crow is not a Universalist. We suppose that the Doctor would reply that life is too short to be wasted in creed-tinkering, and that inasmuch as the Universalist fathers, with the best intentions in the world, made such a poor job at it, he has no disposition to try his hand at creed-making. If the Universalist, like the Unitarian Church, had no creed, we should feel that Dr. Crow was entirely justified in accepting the larger meaning of which the word is capable, and which it has come to mean to the advance-guard of the church, and remaining in the corps in which he first enlisted. But, substituting English for Latin, if he *disbelieves* in the official *belief* of the Universalist Church, let him call himself Liberal or Unitarian if he likes, but not a member of the Universalist denomination.

HOME DEVOTIONS, OR PRAISE AND PRAYER FOR USE IN FAMILIES. Compiled by Richard Bartram. London: The Sunday-school Association, Essex Hall, 1893.—A little book by a good friend of UNITY, for this Mr. Bartram was once our editorial contributor. It gives a glimpse into an English home where the days are made longer and sweeter by giving a few quiet moments at their beginning to a devotional service. "Having found, in its manuscript form, this selection of sacred verse, scripture and other readings useful in his own home, the compiler has thought it possible that it will be found of service to a wider circle." The object has been to present a *choice* of reading; so each of the thirty-one services offers a poem, a page from some writer of liberal faith, an Old

Testament and a New Testament selection, and a prayer. As usual in such contrasts, the Bible passages go to the front for nobleness. These "Daily Strength" books all reveal how well the Bible *earns* its rank in literature. In his other selections one would almost take Mr. Bartram for an American, so often does he honor our home writers with quotation. W. C. G.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PANICS—And Their Periodical Occurrence in the United States. By CLEMENT JUGLAR. Englished and edited by DeCourcy W. Thorn. With Index. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 150. Price, \$1.—A book full of information for editorial writers in these panicky times. The translation seems fairly accurate, and as but a portion of the larger work of the author is rendered, conclusions from the mass of figures are in the main left for the reader to draw, though the translator considers "tariff tinkering" as an unfalling symptom of approach-panic. G. B. P.

A LITERARY COURTSHIP; UNDER THE AUSPICES OF PIKE'S PEAK. By ANNA FULLER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Chicago: A. C. McClurg. Cloth, 16mo., \$1.—A charming story for an idle summer hour or to take with you on a vacation trip. The talented and famous author assumes a female *nom de plume* to prove his point, and hence all the complications arise. The book is happily free from the too common "straining after naturalness." Artistic printing and binding add much to its charm. G. B. P.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN NEEDLEWORK. By Catherine F. Johnson. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 117; 95 cents.

DIRECT LEGISLATION. By J. W. Sullivan. New York: True Nationalist Pub. Co. Paper, pp. 120; 25 cents.

DONALD MONCRIEFF. By Jeanie Oliver Smith. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. Paper, pp. 184; 50 cents.

LARRY. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, pp. 242; 50 cents.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM: Indian Corn. A Garland of Tributes in Prose and Verse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 62; 40 cents.

ASLEEP AND AWAKE. By Raymond Russell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 200; \$1.00.

SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY CONCERNING THE OTHER WORLD. By Rev. James Reed. Philadelphia: American New-Church Tract and Pub. Society. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 81, 40 cents; paper, 20 cents.

ERRORS IN SCHOOL BOOKS. Boston: Albert A. Pope. Forty-page pamphlet.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN. By Mrs. M. A. Freeman. Chicago: Donohue, Henneberry & Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 283; 50 cents.

Correspondence

EDITOR UNITY:

The expulsion of the Rev. Mr. Harvey, of the Unitarian Church, and Dr. Mueller, the Hebrew rabbi, from the Des Moines Ministerial Association, is certainly a subject for comment in these days of nineteenth century progress and independence. It is the first case of the kind, I believe, which has occurred in Des Moines. The church throughout the entire world is not without its troubles and tribulations. Indeed, ever since its inception it has had to contend with periodical volcanic eruptions. Either the true Christian religion was not made for all mankind, or, what might be said to be more rational, all men were not fitted to accept of the true Christianity which was first taught by the Master. Hence, those who have from time to time perused the pages of early ancient history—Grecian, Roman and English history—must have some knowledge of the bad blood which has been continually spilled for the cause of Christianity. Many liberal-minded early martyrs have perished in the flames rather than bow themselves down to ecclesiastical princes, priests and courts. Poor Bruno! Every one is familiar with the history of his case, and how he was compelled to flee from continent to continent in order to escape the burning flames which awaited him. The orthodox church of to-day is not any better, but, thanks to the progress of science and the independence of the age, it is without the powers and laws of the past ages; and I must not forget to attribute the liberalism of the age and the advancement of the modern ideas of religion to the progress in the art of printing. Were it not for a liberal press we might still be groping in the dark ages.

To-day the churches everywhere are still having the same old factional fights over differences in the interpretation of creeds. Of the one hundred and ninety and nine different sects of religion no two of them can agree as to the same mode of worship, and no two of them agree as to the interpretation of the scriptures. The church in America is not any exception to the rule. Prof. Davidson, the brilliant scholar and critic, says: "The anguish of Christendom to-day is occasioned by the discovery that the old oracle is worthless, and that the God whom it has worshiped can no longer be believed in."

The Presbyterians are torn up by dissension because so many of them have found that they can no longer believe in the God of the Westminster Assembly, and are looking for some God whom they can believe in. The Congregationalists are in like

straits. They say the creed is dead. The Catholics have had their little spat with Dr. McGlynn, now on his way to Rome to call on the Pope. The Episcopalians, too, have had their differences, because some of them cannot sanction the surpliced choir or the golden cross on the altar, or maybe it is over the introduction of an intoned service of song.

Nothing can seem more silly than the tilts at windmills which these "Quixotic defenders of the faith" are making.

What would be thought of the pastor or church in Des Moines who would dare to expel from its worship President Cleveland because, forsooth, his creed was not that pastor's creed?

What of the church which would bar its doors against Gladstone because he, too, differed in his way of worship?

I venture to assert, with all respect to the reverend brethren, that so long as it was to their churches a drawing card and a matter of dollars and cents, not one of them would exclude either of the above gentlemen from their churches.

The same logic may be followed in regard to the Des Moines Ministerial Association. These gentlemen—let it be said, with one or two exceptions—would not for one moment have dreamed of severing their association with either Dr. Mueller or Rev. Mr. Harvey, if such association had brought them a moneyed consideration in the way of bringing large congregations to their church edifices on Sundays.

In England there was a time when Jew was not permitted to sit in the Commons with Gentile, nor the non-sectarian with the professed religionist; yet we have all seen them admitted alike to the Commons, without regard to religious belief. So stringent was the orthodox belief in its religion, that in England it was a standing order that no Roman Catholic could become Lord Mayor of London; yet to-day a Catholic Mayor is presiding over all London—it is believed, with eminent satisfaction.

The healing of these little trifles is evidence to the modern believers that there is yet hope that all religion is not mortgaged to any one class or body of ministers; and that with advanced teaching the time will come when the new churches will begin to be a power for doing more real good to men by getting down to teaching the doctrines of the Golden Rule, and the pure, unadulterated mandates of Jesus the carpenter, rather than the creeds and dogmas of other men.

Respectfully,

ED. W. CARRINGTON.

Des Moines, Ia.

Go to the World's Fair!

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The Home

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUN.—No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

MON.—The higher life begins for us when we renounce our own will to bow before a Divine law.

TUES.—Very slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy.

WED.—We can set a watch over our affections and our constancy as we can over other treasures.

THURS.—That is a rare and blessed lot, to know ourselves guiltless before a condemning crowd.

FRI.—Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through.

SAT.—A mind in the grasp of a terrible anxiety is not credulous of easy solutions.

—George Eliot.

DREAMING AND DOING.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy:
Dreaming is pleasant, I know.

To dream of that wonderful, far-off day
When you'll be a man and have only to say

To this one and that one, Do *that* and do *this*,

While your wishes fulfillment never shall miss,

May fill you with pleasure; but deeper the joy

Of doing a thing yourself, my boy—
Of doing a thing yourself.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my girl:
Dreaming is pleasant, I know.

To dream of that far-off, wonderful day
When you'll be a queen and hold full sway

Over hearts that are loyal and kind and just,

While your sweet "If you please" will mean "You must!"

May fill you with joy; but you'll find pleasure's pearl

In doing for others yourself, my girl—
In doing for others yourself.

—William S. Lord, in *the Independent*.

THE STAR; A MINOR HARMONY.

The sky hung over them like the bell of a deep-blue flower, and the stars—the stars they had watched together ever since he could point upward with his chubby finger—emerged from the vast shadow of nightfall and shed over them their pale and mellow light.

"Earth seems but a phantom of the day, and the sky alone reigns supreme over the soul's senses," spoke the mother dreamily.

The child beside her, looking up with a cry of delight, exclaimed,

"There is our star. It always comes, mother!"

They had looked at it together every night since he could remember, and the delight with which it was greeted was still fresh.

"We'll always look at it together, mother, and it will be a sign of how my love for you will last."

The mother's smile had a touch of sadness, but her tone was brave and loving as she answered:

"It shall be a sign."

Again a night of stars; a garden thick with scented flowers; a warm wind that fanned the bright curls on the brow of the young girl, and touched with soft fingers the hot cheek of the lover who walked beside her. It breathed, too, at the lattice window, where the mother gazed at the star alone.

"Do you see the stars and their constant light, my darling?" the deep voice was saying below. "So to you I will evermore be constant. It shall be a sign."

And the silvery voice echoed, "It shall be a sign," and the wind caught up the refrain and wafted it to the ears of the mother above, the sadness of whose smile only the star could see.

A night of cloud and ominous mutterings; the leaves stirred restlessly as if the breath of the storm were already touching them: the perfume from the flowers rushed up thick and sweet, crushed by the unquiet foot, and through a cloud rift only one star could be seen—the old emblem of constancy to the lone figure it was shining on so dimly; and as he gazed upward with clenched hands and knitted brow, it was hidden by a hurrying cloud.

"No stars, no light, no hope," he cried; and the storm rushed upon him.

A narrow-windowed room high above the city streets, reached by the dismal clanging of the incoming trains down the narrow track or the mournful tolling of the bells in some neighboring steeple, but in the room how still!

Crying, "There is no peace," he had passed to peace eternal.

Upon his face there had crept the smile of his childhood, and that smile of peace entered into the grieving heart of the mother watching at the window, and over the roar of the city beneath her there seemed to creep the solemn hush of night, and the star, more clearly large than ever, shone forth, and it seemed to gaze with the tenderness of a son's eyes into her own, and a voice, with the old, rich cadence seemed once more saying:

"It shall be a sign."

Love, like the stars, is eternal.

FRANCES OVIATT LEWIS.

ROMANCE IN WHITTIER'S LIFE.

Whittier's poem, "In School Days," is one with which even the school children are familiar. Some way the sweet verses are very easy to learn by heart, and when they are once committed to memory they have a way of lingering there long after the school children have become grown men and women. It is said that the one romance of Whittier's life was woven about the tangled-haired girl who long years ago had said she loved him, and Whittier's bachelor life is traced by those who love romances to his love for her. Iconoclasts take pleasure in contradicting and ridiculing this story, but those who believe in it are much happier in their belief than are those who deny it in their historical accuracy.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning:
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall:
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you.
Because," the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

THE HONEY-BIRD.

While actively busied with my oxen, I saw to-day for the first time the honey-bird. This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light gray color, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild-bees' nest. Chatter-

ing and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveler, endeavoring by various wiles to attract his attention: and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then, and locking back to ascertain if the traveler is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree or deserted white ants' hill which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighboring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil.

When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupefying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their domicile, the honey-bird will often lead to a second and even to a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, while in pursuit, have several charmed sentences which they use on the occasion.

—Our Dumb Animals.

The Sunday School

THE INFANT CLASS.

READ BY MRS. E. A. HOLWAY, OF DECORAH, IOWA, BEFORE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

To most of us, I think, our religion is of the utmost importance. It is our more or less imperfect realization of our relation to the All Father, and therefore leads directly to the consideration of our relation to His children—to all His creatures.

When are the characteristics of our religious nature fixed? We all know that, in some degree, they are unalterably founded in early childhood, and this is the reason I wish to say a word in regard to the careful consideration of the child's early religious training in the only place in which we can reach him—in our Sunday Schools.

I think I do not lack appreciation for what has been done to aid in this work—yet, perhaps, I do lack—for it is impossible to measure the good done by such aids as the suggested lessons on Home Life, School Life, Corner Stones of Character and others.

These guides lead the teacher to the very heart of the child's life and thus many a little one will be kept pure and wholesome.

There is one need, however, which I think is not sufficiently provided for—the need of greater reverence for God.

Whether the lack of reverence be greater among our children I do not know, but that there is a sad want is sure. It is shown daily in light, misplaced conversation, and in unkind or careless use of some part of God's world. Many a one has had his heart stirred by some child's cruel act to beast or bird or insect, or has

seen a fine tree ruthlessly maimed, or, perhaps still oftener, has seen God's common benefits unthankfully received.

Surely these things do not make for right religion. We know for what kind of after life these acts may lay a foundation; not that these children are hopelessly wicked ones—they are only untaught, and if we leave these lessons for them to learn through their own experience we cannot look for that advance from generation to generation for which we work.

Then what shall we do? In answer to my own question something like this has come: Let us take the children of 6 or 7 years of age and teach them directly from the great earth itself God's greatest revelation to us.

Let us lead them to think of it as His, and of things in it as His work. Not that He must come to cause each new movement and change, but that His universe was so wondrously planned that all things must forever obey His will, and so in all we may see His care. I would have gratitude encouraged for all the common blessings of life, and tender thoughtfulness in the child's relation to all common creatures; and I think we are all surprised to find, when we consider it, how great a part of the life of children are their relations to plants and animals, rain and sunshine. The child's lesson should come to him through the concrete—must come so. And if it comes through that of which he knows something, of which he can talk, it is apt to be lasting in effect. So I would have each lesson depend on surroundings, season, etc. Therefore, with the same end in view, the lessons would be different in the various parts of the country.

For my class of little folks in Northeastern Iowa, I have arranged the following subjects, beginning with September and giving place for special lessons on the festivals, and several preparation lessons for Christmas and Easter:

Rain, Sunshine, Frost, Snow—Giving each lesson at a time when that special subject had been suggested during the week or morning. For example—giving the lesson from sunshine on a glorious Sunday morning which followed dull weather. I found very few words answered best in this case, gratitude to the Giver flowed freely.

Then, as these things called our attention in the outer world, we had lessons on Fruits, Nuts, Crickets, Caterpillars (calling them creeping babies), Falling Leaves, Departure of the Birds.

After the New Year I took for subjects the common domestic animals and pets, then considered our debt for our clothes, food and fuel; trying to leave an earnest desire to make return by doing something to help, showing the children how it is impossible to pay directly all who work for us or even to know who they are.

Then, in part as preparation for Easter, I had lessons on Buds, Plantlet in Seed, Plantlet in Bulb, Cocoon, Egg.

After Easter we spent two weeks thinking of the return of the birds, and for two Sundays talked of the Spring flowers.

Now, I wish to take in turn Flowers, Leaves, Roots; the soil in which we find these roots, and the rocks most common, which there are limestone with pebbles and a few boulders.

I intend to tell, as simply as I can, the story of the ancient sea and of the wondrous ice-age. During the summer I would talk with them of the hills and valleys and streams immediately about us—of the trees, animals, and fishes common.

In all this I would have ever in mind the end sought—*Reverence, Gratitude, and, as a consequence of these, Kindness to all God's creatures.*

Does it seem that this is too difficult for our little people? Think for a moment of the lessons our children have in reading. We do not wait till they can comprehend Shakspeare: we begin with the simplest sentence, but believe they may, in time, be able to read the great thoughts.

Do you say you cannot interpret this great volume? You cannot yourself understand it? Even the wisest must humbly say "it is past finding out," if he speak of it as a whole, but there is not one of us but may read some part.

We must not withhold from the children this great, holy revelation. We must not leave them to spoil it out alone—we must teach them. It is our treasure, but not ours to enjoy selfishly, not ours to keep unread.



Pearline. She uses it—most bright women do. You'll find the arguments all on her side—what can you say against it? We are willing to leave the case in her hands. You'll end by using it. The fact is, every argument as to the easiest, safest and best way of securing perfect cleanliness is settled by Pearlina. If you use it, you know that this is so. If you don't use it, sooner or later you'll have to be convinced.

Beware of imitations. 351 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

Notes from the Field

Hillside, Wis.—Hillside was at its loveliest on Sunday and Monday, June 11 and 12. On Saturday evening F. L. Hosmer gave a lecture in Unity Chapel to the Hillside Home School and outside friends. His subject was: "William Cullen Bryant; the Man and the Poet." The lecture had much to do with Bryant's love of Nature as illustrated in his poetry; and the afternoon drive had keyed the minds and hearts of the scholars and invited guests to the music of the poems. On Sunday morning Mr. Hosmer preached at the chapel, Mr. Hugenholtz taking part in the service. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Commencement sermon of the School was given by J. Ll. Jones. Mr. Jones spoke upon the growth of the soul, holding in his hands an object-text—a shell of chambered nautilus. Eyes and ears were kept intently open as Nature and the preacher joined forces in the parable and its appeal.

On Monday the graduating exercises of the Hillside Home School took place in Unity Chapel. Three essays or papers were read: "The Magician of the Nineteenth Century," by W. Leonard Mabbott; "Shall we adopt the Hawaiians?" by Anna Nell Phillip; "Margaret Fuller," by Helen McArthur. It is needless to say that this nineteenth century "magician" was electricity. All three papers were most creditable to the writers, both in their thought and its expression. Music, vocal, and instrumental, added to the enjoyment of the morning. Brief remarks were made by Mr. Hosmer, Mr. Hugenholtz, and Mr. Jones, and the diplomas of graduation were presented by Miss Jane Lloyd-Jones. Miss Ellen C. Lloyd-Jones having conducted the exercises to this point. It was a delightful time, with the faces of childhood and youth aglow with joy, and the gathered friends who filled the chapel, and the June landscapes framed in the open windows, through which came the scent of clover blossoms and woods and meadows and fields. Altogether this "Sixth Commencement" of the Hillside Home School was a deserved tribute to the principals and proprietors, the Misses Lloyd-Jones, and their efficient corps of teachers. Not least suggestive to the writer of this note was the contented and happy aspect of the twenty-seven boys and girls, as if they were really "homed" in the pleasant hillside house and in the care and affection of those at the head of it. The lawn party in the late afternoon, the dancing, and the supper under the shady trees, closed a day of delight to both young and old. We are glad for every boy and girl whose year includes at least some weeks of hills and open fields, woods and wild-flowers, streams and lakes, animals wild and domestic, birds and all life. Nature is a great teacher.

F. L. H.

Anamosa, Iowa.—The extremely interesting liberal movement here is making good headway. Rev. E. W. Beers, a graduate of both the theological and collegiate departments of Yale, was called some four years ago to the pastorate of the Congregational church. His progressive views soon disturbed the conservative members of his flock. He thereupon asked for a council to pronounce upon his teaching, agreeing to abide by their decision. The council, although called, refused to pass

judgment upon the points at issue, but advised Mr. Beers to withdraw. Here was a significant refusal of a council to do its duty—to decide what doctrines may lawfully be preached within the Congregational body. Did they fear the far-reaching effects of such a judgment?

There being now no prospect of Mr. Beers receiving ecclesiastical sanction of his work in the Anamosa Church, nor of being left in peace without it, he decided to withdraw—not from the city, but to the Opera House. A large and strong part of his congregation went with him, and still zealously support him. The Opera House crowd went the way of all such crowds, and left Mr. Beers with an average congregation of about a hundred thoughtful and reliable people. These are determined that the church shall endure and grow, and there is every evidence they will succeed. Should they find it best to take fellowship in the Unitarian Conference, they will receive a hearty welcome.

A. M. J.

St. Paul, Minn.—The annual meeting of the Society of the Church of Our Father (Liberal), St. Anthony Park, was held in Central Hall, at that place, Tuesday night. The society is prosperous and flourishing, owning their hall, being out of debt and having a small balance in the treasury. Reports of a very interesting nature were read by the clerk, treasurer and chairmen of the various committees of the society. Rev. Mrs. Wilkes, pastor, spoke eloquently and earnestly, telling of work accomplished during her six months' pastorate, and speaking words of advice and encouragement as to the prospects for the future. Her administration meets with the unanimous and hearty approval of the society, and she will be requested to continue in charge. An election to choose seven members of the executive committee was held, resulting as follows: H. O. Hall, F. L. Moffett, Miss H. Sewell, R. Jacobson, Frank Hoover, D. A. Cudworth, and Mrs. C. A. Dunn.

Peoria, Ill.—Children's Day, or Flower Sunday, is called "Rose Sunday" by the People's Church, and was celebrated on the second Sunday of June by a service in which seniors and juniors took part, with brief addresses from the minister, Rev. R. B. Marsh, and the superintendent, Mr. Barker, and a responsive service between superintendent and children, explaining the nature of the service. In the evening, at Rouse's Hall, Mr. Marsh lectured on "What Liberal Religion Offers in Place of Old Creeds."

New York.—An organization to be known as the Educational Alliance has been formed by the Aguilar Free Library Society and the Hebrew Free School Association, for the purpose of aiding in the work of the Hebrew Institute. The Alliance will collect all dues for both its constituent organizations. The officers of the Alliance are: Isidor Straus, President; Samuel Greenebaum and Myer S. Isaacs, Vice Presidents; F. Spiegelberg, Secretary; and Albert Friedlander, Treasurer.

—Reform Advocate.

St. Paul, Minn.—It now seems probable that Rev. Mr. Crothers will decline the call to the First Parish church of Cambridge, and will remain at St. Paul.

Philadelphia.—The Daughters in Israel, a charitable society composed of

young ladies, continue to do good work. A most encouraging interest has been taken in the society by young girls. Over fifty of them wear the badge of the society and strive to be helpful to the deserving poor.

—Reform Advocate.

Denver, Col.—This church has extended a call to Rev. W. H. Savage, of Watertown, Mass.

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Announcements

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES. FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laffin streets. J. Villa Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

The Annual Flower Festival, the children's service, will take place at All Souls Church next Sunday (June 25th) morning.

INSTRUCTION given by correspondence to students of Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers. *Circular*. Editor *Bibliotheca Platonica*, Osceola, Mo.

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ESTABLISHED 1878.

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Once more UNITY has taken another step forward, And still it is one of many short and feeble steps which have characterized its fifteen years of life. Never much ahead, but always a little better. By this change of dress and increase of size we have greatly added to the expense of publication.

The new company was confronted with this problem: In order to justify this additional expense it must either double the price of subscription, which would then leave it only two-thirds the cost of the journals with which it is compared, and with which it shares a place in the current religious literature of our country; or, to keep it still at the old price and double the number of subscribers within a reasonable time. The company has ventured on this last undertaking. We confidently turn to our subscribers to help us realize this. Only by so doubling can the strain, both financial and editorial, be reduced to its proper limit, and the advance be justly maintained. Over one hundred and fifty new subscribers have been received during the last month while UNITY was at its shabbiest. Give us a Columbian lift. Let old subscriptions be paid and parishes canvassed. Special inducements to agents will be given on correspondence. Subscriptions \$1 per annum. Send all remittances to

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UNITY Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

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CHICAGO, JUNE 29, 1893.

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Editorial

Men say you should not think of the week on Sunday, nor of your business in your devotion, nor bring your world into your church. But this is just what I would do—remember the week in my Sabbath, my business in my prayer, the world in my church. I would do this that all these things might be sanctified. In your highest state it is always well to remember your lowest and so get lifted up.

—Theodore Parker.

**

THE Columbian Exposition received a fitting benediction Sunday when Dr. Thomas preached a powerful sermon to a congregation of two thousand assembled in Festival Hall.

**

WE are glad to see that the United States Consul General, Col. Felix

Matthews, is actively exerting himself in behalf of the Jews in Morocco, who are now suffering a race persecution.

**

MR. WM. T. LOVE and his associates are taking the right way to test the "Bellamy," or nationalization, theories, by putting them in practice on a limited scale. They have procured a charter from the New York Legislature for the "Model Town Co.," of which the stock is fixed at \$10,000,000, and have begun to build their town near Lewiston.

**

MRS. EDNA D. CHENEY, in her response to the circular concerning hymns for the Parliament of Religions, says: "I think it a strong proof of the vitality of the new religious movement that it has begun to sing itself. The hymns one loved early hold by the memory better than equally fine ones learned later. Whittier, Hosmer, Gannett, Chadwick, etc., are preparing such crystals of faith, hope and love for the coming generation."

**

WE note with pleasure the organization of the "American Invalid Aid Society," described by Dr. W. P. Roberts in *Lend a Hand* for June. Its purpose is to assist by loans those consumptives who are too poor to leave home and work for needed change of climate and of life, and also to assist them to light, suitable employment at the place to which they must resort, by means of which they may be enabled to repay the loan. The locus of the new society is not stated, but we suppose that further information may be had by applying to the editor of *Lend a Hand*, at Boston.

**

WE are sorry to notice in the report of the paper entitled "Lawyer or Minister, Which?" read before the Young Men's Convention of the Universalist Church, a slightly veiled hint that young men who may not have the ability to succeed at the

bar may go into the ministry. Although the minister is but the servant of religion, that which dishonors him is in a measure an injury to the cause in which he is enrolled. The ministry has too long been a resort for men of something less than mediocrity. No profession has need of greater ability. The world can much better afford to have narrow-minded and uncultivated lawyers than narrow-minded and uncultivated ministers. There is, it is true, great need of good ministers, but religion will fare better with too few ministers than with an abundance of clergymen of meager qualifications.

**

IN view of what Canon Taylor says about the breadth of the Established Church in England, and of the presence in it of himself and such men as Canons Farrar and Driver, Professor Momerie, and others, the attempt to induce the London School Board to make it obligatory upon all instructors therein to teach the doctrine of the trinity and the deity of Christ, may be somewhat startling; yet it is well that the fact be brought home to us that religious liberty of thought is not yet the unquestioned possession either of Englishmen or Americans. The recent persecution of Prof. Alexander, of the University of South Carolina, and the countless difficulties of liberal-minded teachers North and South, make a record of the condition of public opinion in our own time on this subject that is far from reassuring to those who would believe that religious bigotry is a thing of the past.

**

THE *Labour Gazette*, the monthly publication of the Labor Department of the English Board of Trade, is one of the most praiseworthy achievements of Mr. Gladstone's administration. Under the Conservative administration which established it, the Labor Department had to struggle along on from £300 to £400 a year. Now that an adequate appro-

Let it be a contribution to the peace movement; an object lesson teaching the horrors of war.

**

THE *Christian Leader* calls us to rejoice with it in the discovery of a mare's nest. Referring to the editorial remark in the *Evening Post* that the people who visit the Fair on Sunday are those for whom Sunday opening was pleaded, generally working people, and that they are singularly quiet and well-mannered, it points out that in its news columns the *Post* reports that opening the Fair on Sunday has perceptibly lessened attendance on the saloons of Chicago. "The implication," says the *Leader*, "is that the quiet and orderly crowd in the grounds came largely from the frequenters of saloons." Well, what of it? Cannot our eminently respectable contemporary realize that a mechanic who would enter a saloon on Sunday may, possibly, not have horns and a hoof, but may be willing to employ his time better if the opportunity be given him? It seems to us that there is a lesson here for the friends of temperance. How would "Substitution" do for a watchword instead of "Prohibition?"

**

GERMANY, in her World's Fair building, offers a tempting attraction to the lover of German literature and art. Her beautiful folios and attractive reproductions are made accessible to the throng that keep her courts crowded from morning till night. France, with characteristic skill and daintiness, offers everybody a chance to study her latest achievement in the new education and municipal administration. To such exhibits her building is largely devoted. England, of all the foreign powers, comes to us in stiff buckram and gold lace. Her exquisite building and costly interior is too nice for the public. When her costly rugs are all rolled up and the guards are all out, the common folk are allowed to step in and have a little peep. This is John Bull the snob, which does misrepresent the great English heart and brain, the fertility and nobility of which is testified to in all the exhibits found in the other building. It's a pity, though, that the English Jack should fly only over the effete side of England, while the living England must reveal itself under the freer folds of the American flag.

**

IN an editorial brief in the *Christian Leader*, Dr. Atwood writes:

What strikes us in the present agitation is the absence of knowledge and the presence of prejudice in what is said by the advocates of a secular Sunday. Declamation, clamor, loud talk and type, and facts which are manu-

factured to order, constitute the bulk of their plea. The "Sabbatarians" are not deficient in prejudice; but they have studied the subject, they know something about it, and if they betray bias it is the excusable bias of experts. Unfortunately our experience has been so absolutely the reverse of President Atwood's, that we cannot but wonder where he could have obtained his. The ignorance, the pretentious ignorance, of Sabbatarian assumption has been to us as remarkable as its bigotry. In saying this we give the Sabbatarian advocates the benefit of the doubt. Ignorance or willful misrepresentation there has been in most that has come to our ears from Sabbatarians. It seems to us the more charitable hypothesis to suppose these speakers and writers ignorant. Certainly it is reasonable to expect some knowledge of the institution and history of the Jewish Sabbath and of the Christian Lord's Day, if not of the civil Sunday, from Christian ministers. But our experience with the average ministerial Sabbatarian has led us to abandon that expectation in his case. In the face of the facts attested by the best scholarship of our own and preceding periods as to the historic distinction between Sabbath and Lord's Day, in contravention of the words of Jesus and Paul as recorded in the New Testament, and in opposition to the practice of the Christian church for at least fifteen hundred years of its existence, the American Sabbatarian, in his Puritan Sunday, utterly confounds Jewish Sabbath and Christian Lord's Day and Roman Sunday, and rails at the rest of the Christian world because it does not accept his distorted, unhistoric, unscriptural and unreasonable view of the subject.

**

WITH the first of July issue the familiar face of the *Christian Union* is changed and bears at its head the new title, "*The Outlook*." Although the ownership, editorship, form and purpose remain, we are told, unchanged, yet the change is very significant. It is one more attempt of earnest and devout men who feel the great ties of ethics, science and religion binding together those things which creeds, sects and theological terms and traditions divide, to escape the travail of the denominations; to avoid the trammel of the words which confuse. As the editor implies, the paper has been larger than its title in spirit and purpose, and this is an effort to find a name that, to say the least, will be as large as the paper's ideals. In this struggle to reach the larger constituency the *Outlook* has the keenest sympathy of UNITY. Our estimate of this paper is well known to our readers. We confidently believe it will still more merit

the judgment we have heretofore expressed, viz.: "That it is the best family paper published in America." Whether it will continue to carry the confidence of the half-emancipated supporters of the paper heretofore; and whether it will succeed under its new name in escaping so many of the penalties of progressive thought and the liberal spirit in religion, as it did under the old name,—remain to be seen. This change in the name of the *Christian Union* revives the topic often discussed at our office, whether our favorite word, "Unity," is so associated in many minds as the theological antithesis of Trinity, and with the cognate denominational word "Unitarian," as to be a barrier between it and the constituency who believe in the Open Church and the Free movement in religion, larger than any theology or denominational movement whatsoever. Central as is this word to modern thought, true as it is to our innermost purpose and highest ideal, we would gladly let it go and float another name from our flag, if thereby we could the more effectively work for that unity which will bring together the believers in a rational religion, a practical piety, a character-building faith, founded in science, human experience, and the inspirations of progress. "What's in a name?" Much; sometimes very much. We welcome the *Outlook*.

**

THE action of Gov. Altgeld in pardoning the three remaining convicts of the famous anarchists' trial has stirred again the country with something of the old intense anxiety and bitterness. The newspapers, particularly of the opposing party, have poured out the vials of their wrath and have sweepingly impugned the motives of the Governor. Last Sunday quite a number of our city pulpits echoed the denunciations, and breathed forth patriotic hate against the three men who, after having tasted the bitterness of imprisonment for six years, once more are permitted to taste the joys of freedom. We regret the polemical character, and what seems to us the unjust implications, of the Governor's message. We respect the wholesome reverence for law, and the American faith that liberty is not only compatible with law but possible only under law; but we rejoice that these deluded victims of a vicious theory, who were agitators in the interest of what seemed to them justice and reform, are trusted once more to the freedom of earth and sky. The hand that threw the bomb into the solid ranks of the police—representatives of law, order and liberty—did a fell and despicable deed. Whose hand that

was has never been known, and now probably never will be known, by the public. It is universally conceded that none of those convicted were *directly* implicated in the deed; some of them were not even present. The agitation that led to the rash deed was deplorable in its spirit and in much of its logic. In this agitation the convicted parties and many others on many sides of the question were responsible. For this they ought to be held responsible. But we maintain now as then that excited public sentiment carried the punishment to a lamentable extent. We protested against the dark deed, and will ever remember with a shudder the black day that hung the wild enthusiasts,—extravagant advocates of impracticable and undesirable theories with which this country is able to cope without resorting to such extreme methods. "I dip my pen into the blackest of ink because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-bottle," said Emerson. We would be patient and just to the delusions of anarchy because we do not fear it. It cannot thrive in an atmosphere of freedom. It dies in the presence of justice.

FROM a special dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* it appears that this is the way in which an orthodox doctor of divinity (presumably a man of sufficient education to know something of the size of the Buddhist denomination, even though he be ignorant of its religious spirit) regards the Parliament of Religions. Dr. De Costa speaks thus from his pulpit:

Chicago, which has succeeded in making the United States Treasury an annex of the wheat pit and has thimble-rigged the nation out of some \$6,000,000 wherewith to carry on the Exposition contrary to contract, has now in hand a side exhibition to glorify the sects of all nations, and every pinch-beck sect from Buddhist to Spiritualist is to have place and praise.

It may comfort the Doctor to know that those "free thinkers" who regard all religion as superstition are in hearty sympathy with him in his opposition to the Parliament.

A LONG FAREWELL.—A little girl's father had long been a professor at Cornell, and it was with sincere misgivings that he accepted an offer to the new Chicago University. The little girl was no less uncertain, but at last became reconciled to the change. The night before they were to go her mother was hearing her prayers as usual. The little girl said them all, and then at the end added: "Well, good-by. O, Lord! We're going to Chicago."
—*Buffalo Quips.*

WHEN men in positions of great responsibility affirm that they hold a creed for substance of doctrine, when they mean for shadow of doctrine, it must not be thought strange that examining committees should think careful inquiry necessary.—*The Advance.*

LEWIS MORRIS.

The invitation extended to Lewis Morris to furnish the poetry for the nuptials of H. R. H. the Duke of York makes this author the acting poet laureate of England; while poor John Ruskin unconsciously wears the nominal honor with a sad irony. This recognition of Lewis Morris will, it is likely, start again the question which, in this country at least, will be a frequent one: "Well, who is Lewis Morris, anyhow?" The people who affect to know what poetry is, and are ready with their measuring rule to pass on any line or to test any rhyme, are likely to answer that he is no poet at all, that he lacks the divine afflatus, that he is cold, commonplace, or what not. And still we cannot consider it any calamity to the public mind if there should come a wider reading of the writings of Lewis Morris in this country. It is true his pages lack the serpentine grace and beauty of Swinburne, and the free and easy flying, never-ceasing imagination of William Morris: but they do contain always keen sympathy with the human heart; a mind alert to the problems of the soul, and a free spirit. Lewis Morris is in love with freedom, and more or less conscious always that that freedom must rest on internal foundations. Lewis Morris is easily read. He speaks the simple language of the moralist. He does not hesitate to preach in verse. He might be considered an English Whittier without Whittier's range in the things of the spirit. The psalm-like quality of Whittier is missing in Lewis Morris, but his trust in the Eternal Goodness is the same, though the expression of it is more touched with modern questionings and the spirit of science. The travail of faith found in Matthew Arnold's poetry, and underlying much of Tennyson's, runs through Lewis Morris; but he sees the rising sun more clearly than the former, and his head is more prompt to justify the heart's longings and confidences than the latter. But we miss in him the virility and the faith which make triumphant the lines of Browning. To venture on another comparison, we would say that in Lewis Morris the faith and philosophy of James Martineau find a poet. To read him in quiet, meditative moods—and he can be read in none other—is to irrigate the spiritual fields so that the germs of goodness, kindness, and aspiration already implanted there will germinate and grow more promptly.

Lewis Morris is a Welshman with English attachments. He is the grandson of one of the best beloved "bards" of Mona of the last generation. His home, for the most part, has been and probably . . . at Carmarthen, in

South Wales, and his books, most of them, bear the imprint of Penbryn (hill top), the name which he has given his Carmarthen home. He has given many years of active service to the educational interests of Wales, acting under an appointment from the Queen, in which capacity he was associated for several years with Matthew Arnold. His poetry shows that London and his home in Wales are the two centers around which the elliptic of his life is drawn.

The first and most popular of his writings were published under the title "The Songs of Two Worlds," the first series appearing in 1872, a second series in 1874, and the third series in 1875.

In 1878 appeared "Gwen," a drama in monologue, an unique venture with strong Welsh coloring, which will make it dear to those who love the Cambrian hills and traditions. It is also a study of the caste lines which still enslave English "nobility," which will make it interesting reading to the English Liberal in politics, and the friend of democracy everywhere.

In 1879 appeared in revised and completed form his "Epic of Hades," which had been partially published before. This probably represents the high-water mark of his creative power. It is a frank attempt to read modern thought into ancient mythology, or to use the classic fables of Greece as vessels in which is poured the feelings and experiences of a scientific age. This is a book to which the preacher can well afford to give close study. It reveals the truth that

"All things and thoughts, both new and old,
are writ
Upon the unchanging human heart and soul."

In 1880 appeared the "Ode of Life," a book which, to the present writer, has yielded many pulpit readings, as has the "Epic of Hades," readings which, judged by their reception by a Sunday audience, have in them Scripture power.

In 1883 appeared "Songs Unsung," which contains several of the pieces which will be most welcome to those who read poetry in order to find "daily strength for daily needs." In the poem entitled "At the End," as well as in "When I Am Dead," of an earlier volume, we find a biographical touch, a self-revelation which assures us that whatever may be the value of the poetry, the core of the man is genuine, poetic because prophetic. He is a true bard, because he "loves the race of men."

Next came the "Songs of Britain," which, as the name indicates, is fragrant with the flowers that grow both in the field of nature and human nature called "British." Here in simpler form one touches the original soil out of which was eventually grown Tenny

son's "Idyls of the Kings," and here, if anywhere, one might discover the candidate for the office of "Poet Laureate," the singer to the Queen and her retinue. In "A Song of Empire" the English patriot speaks in a way which endangers the cosmopolitan spirit of poetry, and in this democratic America there might be reproach if anyone could be found who had a right to "cast the first stone" at this sin of provincialism.

The last volume from the pen of Mr. Morris, so far as we know, is entitled a "Vision of Saints." It appeared in 1890. Here he has attempted to do "for the beautiful Christian legends and records that which has so often been done for the mythology of Greece." The breadth of the author's sympathy is shown by the including of Antoninus Pius,—who knew not Christ indeed, yet not the less was his,—John Bunyan, Elizabeth Fry and Father Damien in his catalogue of saints.

If any one is tempted by this article to seek further acquaintance with this author, let him try "In Trafalgar Square," "In Regent Street," "The Organ Boy," "On a Modern Painted Window," "The Enigma," "Children of the Street," "Frederic," "Vendredi Saint," and "In the Strand." Or, if he is willing to be led along the lines of philosophic thought by the poet, let him broodingly read "The Wanderer," or "Even Song." By this time he will know whether Lewis Morris has anything for him or not.

Most of the works named above are republished in this country by Roberts Brothers, Boston. And, all save the last named are gathered into one convenient volume by Kegan-Paul, publishers, London.

THE RELIGION OF FEAR.

The theory of the ancients was that fear was the origin of religion; fear formed the gods, fear formulated the worships. *Primos in orbe deos fecit timor.* But much may be said against this theory. In the first place, all the great religions refer to some golden age in the dawn of history, when all was contentment and joy. The gods were familiar and friendly. Nature brought forth spontaneously and abundantly. Men dwelt together as brethren, yet gratefully recognized the divine bounty and protection.

The childhood of the world finds its parallel in the childhood of men. To the vast majority of human beings their childhood, as they look back upon it, seems a happy time. Everything in the world was new to them. Food, clothing, and shelter came to them without anxiety or toil. Beauty was spread before their eyes on every hand. Everywhere there were objects

of interest and wonder. Pleasure largely predominated over all transient pains. So the memories of childhood are cherished with emotions of gratitude.

If we look into the old Vedic religion of India, or descend to its Aryan offspring in Greece, we see the nature-powers generally regarded as friendly. Man stands in happy relations to the divinities about him. The world is beautiful and good. Man is richly blest. Life is optimistic—full of hope and promise. "By and by, however, as the age of reflection comes on, and experience grows more varied, and more depends upon the individual will, we find doubts and fears rising in the hearts of men. There is a reaction against the childlike and easy confidence of a primitive age. Civilization brings complications, competition, wealth, caste, social disturbances, wars, oppressions, epidemics, poverty. Suffering seems common. Sin and evil pervade the world. Wicked powers are invented to account for the calamities of life. They are worshiped to avert them. In some cases the bad gods become the strongest. Religion, then, consists largely in attempts to propitiate the wrath, or flatter the pride, of deities that look down on men but to mar their happiness or devastate their lives.

Thus we reach the conception of a bad world—life here a burden or a curse. If hope remains, it is for some escape from this to another sphere of existence. We have then the religion of pessimism—the second stage in the history of faith, amply illustrated in Buddhism and Christianity. "How shall man make an end of consciousness and sink into the unruffled serenity of Nirvana?" said the Buddhist. "How shall one get through this valley of tears and tribulation, and rise to the bliss of heaven?" said the Christian.

There is a third stage, or movement, in the life of faith, dimly seen in our time, patiently waiting for its hour of fulfillment. No church is as yet fully and openly organized to promote it, though some are groping their way towards it. That church, when formed, will not worship from impulses of fear. Its doctrines will contain no references to bad gods or to devils. It will make friends with all the nature-powers. It will find, even in suffering and want, the agencies of good to man. Its true, golden age, however, will not be in the childhood, but in the manhood of the race. It will look for its heaven in the redeemed earth. But the means of redemption will be the achievements of man's own reason, intelligence and will. Truth and justice will be the foundation of that church, while love and hope will be its perpetual theme and service. J. C. L.

Men and Things

READERS of UNITY perhaps knew more of Mr. Joel E. Hendricks, who has just passed away, as a liberal in religion than as a world-known mathematician. Mr. Hunting's funeral address says: "The work of his life from an intellectual standpoint was the ten volumes of the *Analyst*, a journal of pure and applied mathematics. Its recognition by the most famous universities of Europe and America is sufficient to put it among the foremost mathematical productions of this half of the nineteenth century. The Technical High School of Graz, in Austria, by its professor; Prof. C. H. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.; Prof. J. W. L. Glaisher, of Trinity College, Cambridge, England; La Societe Physico-Mathematique, of the Imperial University of Kasau; and mathematical specialists of Edinburgh, Paris, Milan, Ann Arbor, Yale and Johns Hopkins University,—all knew the merits of the mathematical productions of Mr. Hendricks."

THE facts about Mr. Lincoln's religion, as he detailed them to Bishop Simpson, are these: In his youth he was a skeptic. (It is currently believed that he wrote a book of the Tom Paine style against Christianity when he was a young, untried man; and this is probable.) As years advanced and responsibilities crowded upon him he became convinced of the existence of a personal God, and believed that the Bible contains descriptions of the laws and attributes of God, and of His feelings toward the human race, which had a supernatural origin. He attended the Presbyterian church without accepting its creed. He believed that Jesus Christ was not an ordinary man, but into the details of religious doctrine and the story of the Bible he never went; or, if he did, he expressed no opinion thereupon.—*Christian Advocate*.

ON the last great day of the Woman's Congress the religious service was conducted entirely by women. Eighteen women ministers occupied the platform representing thirteen denominations. It is a sign of the religious toleration of the age that even the persecuted Mormon sect was welcome here in the person of some of its priestesses, of whom the Mormon church ordains six. Rev. Anna H. Shaw prefaced her magnificent sermon by reading from the Bibles of all faiths.—*Woman's Tribune*.

A convict says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and yet he is compelled every day to die out pieces of pasteboard, which are put between the inner and outer soles of the shoes made there and sold as solid leather.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

THE editor of the *Reform Advocate* has proposed a plan of work among the degraded Jews of Chicago and other great cities, on the line of "neighborhood-guild" work, which we hope will receive the attention it deserves.

THE *Christian Union* for June 17th contains "A Mother's Song," poetry and music, the words of which are written by Miss Kate S. Kellogg, of All Souls Church, Chicago. The music is by Miss Elinor Smith.

Contributed and Selected

MY CHRIST.

My Christ is not the Christ of other men,
 For thou didst never walk in Galilee,
 Nor still the storm upon the sacred sea;
 The cruel scourgings and the curse profane,
 The crown of thorns, the cross, the awful pain
 On Golgotha have never tortured thee.
 Yet, O my friend, not less art thou to me
 Than he who trod Judea's hills and plain,
 For, as I gaze across the vale of years,
 His distant form grows dim; but thou dost stand
 Beside me, and my weary spirit hears
 Thy tender voice o'er life's hot, desert sand,—
 Thy voice which, speaking words of comfort, cheers
 My soul, and tells me thou dost understand.

ELMER JAMES BAILEY.

THE UNELECTED INFANT.

An unelected infant sighed out its little breath,
 And wandered through the darkness along the shades of death,
 Until the gates of heaven before him he espied,
 And ran to them and clung there, and would not be denied;
 Tho' still from earth rose mutterings, "You cannot enter in!
 Depart into Gehenna, you child of wrath and sin."
 At last the gates were opened—a man with features mild
 Stooped down and raised the weeping and non-elected child;
 Immortal light thrilled softly down the avenues of bliss,
 And on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss.
 "Who are you thus to hallow my non-elected brow?"
 "Dear child, my name was Calvin, but I see things better now."

—Exchange.

A MORAL UNIVERSE.

In the promotion of ancient governments, in statesmanship, in philosophy, religion, and, not least, in science, this fact has been verified many times over, in every nation that has existed on this earth: The lowly are chosen to confound those highly exalted by earthly titles. He whom we come hither to-day to honor by the purest impulses of our hearts was no exception to this law of human providence. He was what we call a self-made man—that is,

he used the abilities given him by inheritance to make of himself an intellectual and a moral power in the world. During the past year the Historical Society of this State was able to put before this community some of the facts of his life, with a letter from himself, which deeply interested every person among us who read it. It was a grand chapter in our history. In reading that record it must have occurred to you as it did to me, that the real secret of the eminent success of Mr. Joel E. Hendricks, in his chosen work, was his moral greatness, his strict integrity. In his youth he had the same mathematical moral uprightness which appeared in the mental calculations of the "Analyst." No matter how humble the duty which he did in coming along the path of his youthful career, which resulted in such nobility and simplicity of character, he did it as if a mathematical result depended on it which would affect the motion of the planets.

It might be teaching school, it might be carrying the chain in the field, it might be using the compass as practical engineer and surveyor, and whatever the fact which the chain or the compass revealed was put down as the very truth. Such was the moral integrity of his mind that he could no more vary from the revelation of the truth than the law of attraction could vary. I say this most sincerely, after talking with him and reading the simple story of his life. So true was he to the laws of nature and of morality that I may truly say he was a man who walked with God.

All the laws of the universe are moral, and he whose life is centered in moral integrity is anchored on that rock without which all religious experiences are vanity. I repeat that the power of this man's life was in the moral integrity which lay behind his intellectual calculation.

—Rev. S. S. Hunting, in an address at the funeral of Prof. Joel E. Hendricks.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

A friend of Miss Putnam, who received the following in a letter written from South Dakota, has permitted us to let UNITY's readers learn from it some of that earnest missionary's experiences:

"I expected to have a service here this evening, but after having announced it in the paper, gave it up on account of a union temperance meeting at the Presbyterian Church. I was sorry, because at a fire yesterday morning two young working girls lost all they possessed, and I was going to take up a collection for them. I wrote a note to the Congregational minister asking him if he would make announcement of my service being omitted, and suggested that his people should take up a collection for the girls. (They didn't do it.)

"I went to see the Methodist minister, and he said, before I could ask it, 'Why not take up one in my church, and will you come and speak for it this morning?' Of course, I said 'yes.' Then he continued: 'I want you to speak at the union meeting this evening and on the subject of True Union of All Churches on This Common Ground.' Again, of course, I consented. He said there was a spirit of denom-

inationalism that was separating the churches in this very matter of temperance, when they ought instead to lose sight of differences and work together for the good of humanity, and he wanted me to emphasize that point. Then he has invited me to speak for his people next Sunday morning, which I shall do if I am in town. He told them this morning that he hoped Miss Putnam would be with them. They took up a good collection, considering that it was children's Sunday—and more is to come to me in the morning.

"I went to the Congregational Church after their service, and told their minister and deacon what the Methodists had done, and they concluded they must do something. Nothing like emulation in good deeds. The Methodist minister spoke of the significance of one of another denomination coming into their Methodist Church and appealing for aid for foreigners in nation and creed—and how it was living the true Christ-spirit. Was it not good that I gave up my service?"

AN EXPLANATION.

The following letter is given to UNITY, according to the writer's wish, and that any injustice thought to have been done in the official report of the Assistant Secretary may be corrected by her statement. F. L. HOSMER,

Secretary W. U. C.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference:

In the official report of the Western Conference given in the last number of UNITY, that portion regarding the remonstrance which I offered in behalf of certain subscribers to the endowment fund is seriously incorrect. As this report becomes a matter of record, I ask that the mistake be corrected both in the record and in UNITY. It states that the remonstrance "set forth the fact that many subscribers to the fund felt that the supplementary resolution so far changed the basis of fellowship that they ought not to give further installments until the conference stood again clearly where, in the judgment of the contributors, it stood when the pledges were given. Some felt further that money already given on the basis of the Cincinnati resolution could not rightfully be retained when that basis was modified, as to them it now seemed." (The italics are mine.)

It will be seen how incorrect is this report by the following quotations from my paper: "The money subscribed was given out of slim purses and full hearts, and it seems to me a poor use to make of it to return it to us." And again: "Still more do I protest against the return of the money, but rather I ask the Conference to again place itself on the basis to which these subscriptions were made." The whole matter on our part was a protest against what to us was a backward step taken by the Conference one year ago, and nowhere was refunding desired. Again, the report fails to state that, pending Mr. Judy's resolution, I withdrew the remonstrance by permission of the Chair and the delegates. This rendered Mr. Crothers' resolutions published in the report unnecessary, and no vote was taken upon them.

I make this request in the interest of clearness, assuring you that the result was as satisfactory to the remonstrants as to all concerned. Very truly yours,
 LOUISE M. DUNNING.

A PROMISE.

The frozen fields are sere with rain-washed grasses,
 The skies are dark and sadly drop their tears;
 The earth gives little promise of a brighter morning,
 But seems the brim-filled cup of bitter fears.

Yet, looking upward through the brown, bare branches,
 One rift of blue shows faint, tho' skies are gray,
 And outlined trees, with brave assurance tracing,
 Are writing promises of coming May.

So when life's road 's beset with stones and brambles,
 And weary feet go stumbling on in sorrow,
 Be sure, oh, pilgrim, against sorrow's twilight
 Hope traces there a brighter, better morrow.

For, by the law which governs all the ages,
 Each hour of sorrow has its hour of cheer;
 And ye who patient wait, or ye who wrestle,
 With stronger powers can face the coming years. F.

THE DEATH OF SENATOR STANFORD.

The death of Leland Stanford gives, as it seems to us, a somewhat unwelcome task to the conscientious editor. It is not pleasant to criticise dead men who have been eminent in public service and displayed personal traits of a very praiseworthy nature. Mr. Stanford's life has been one of remarkable activity and success. The building of the Southern Pacific Railway was accounted the most-remarkable engineering work the world had ever seen up to that time, and very few have surpassed it since. The difficulties to be overcome were something appalling. Mile after mile of road bed had to be chiseled out of the precipitous mountain sides, men being suspended by ropes in order to work. Overhead were the avalanches of snow and sometimes for twenty continuous miles the track had to be protected by snow sheds. All the tools and machinery and most of the material for construction had to be shipped from the east, transported around Cape Horn to the Pacific coast and then borne by pack trains to the scene of operations. No one but a man of overmastering mind and relentless resolution would have succeeded, and such a man was Stanford. The closing years of his life have witnessed another great work of a different sort accomplished by him in the Leland Stanford University, endowed in memory of his only son, who died abroad about seven years ago. Great as his services have been, it is but just to add that Leland Stanford's great fortune of about thirty-five millions was in all reasonable probab-

ity founded upon methods that will not square with the law of ethics. The corporation out of which his fortune was for the most part made grew poor while he grew rich. The millions which the government loaned it have never been paid back to the extent of a dollar, and, while the mortgage the government holds on the road (a second mortgage) matures in 1895, no provision has been made or can now be made to meet it. The corporation of which he was the president has been for years practically insolvent, while he and Huntington and others have rolled up their millions at its expense. It is a harsh thing to say, but it ought to be said: no endowment of colleges, no benevolent gifts, no philanthropic use of money can atone for unjust and dishonest methods used in securing it; and nothing can be more demoralizing to the moral sense of the public than the lavish praise of men for the philanthropic use of a fortune dishonestly come by. We do not judge Mr. Stanford. The suspicions we utter may do him injustice; but they are suspicions warranted by the appearance of things, they are in many men's minds, and until they are explained away (if they can be) it is just as well to let the eulogies of the dead senator be tempered with criticism. —*The Voice.*

A JUNE MEMORY.

A memory sweet has breathed its tender perfume through all the years since Theodore Parker preached "Good Will to Man" in Boston Music Hall. It is a peaceful Sunday morning in early summer; growing life without, within the hush of souls unshackled, responsive to the greater soul which breathes of "Liberty and Life." "Dear Father and Mother of us all" is the prelude to the morning prayer which serenely wings its flight and nestles in our hearts. The wideness of the petition clasps the whole brotherhood of man round about. (The words were few and simple. I do not recall them, but I know they made a new glory in my young life.) Again I see the host of upturned faces; some are black and seamed with lines of sorrow and care, others are fair and grand, and glowing with the earnest of intellectual life. Age is there, calm in the sense of a dawning newer light, joined with the younger manhood and womanhood, eager for the strife of truth and falsehood which the coming years will yield. Voice and soul, in one grand harmony blent, unite in singing the morning hymn. Scarce has the first strain of music died away ere our good minister quietly leaves his desk, and from the platform stoops to give his hymn-book to an elderly colored woman, who is standing in the foremost row of the vast auditorium. Simple and unobtrusive was the act, yet neither time nor change can erase from memory the pure picture of the saintly Parker and the colored sister.

P. N. B.

DR. HANSON says, in the *Universalist*: "I agree with Mr. Shinn that the phrase 'liberal Christian' is one that no self-respecting Universalist ought to use." As to be a liberal Christian is to be a New Testament Christian, these brethren must have some objection to New Testament Christianity. What is it?
 —*The Liberal Christian (Universalist).*

JUNE.

Do you know the lesson that June is teaching?
 Have you heard it whispered amid the leaves,
 As in the valleys and through the woodland
 Her flowery garland each day she weaves?
 Go 'neath the orchard boughs; listen, listen!
 The birds will tell you; they know it well;
 In their voice of music they love to repeat it,
 And every hour their joy to tell.

And listen again! 'neath the water-willow,
 Do you hear a murmur, low and sweet?
 The sparkling brook the story is telling
 To the listening trees as it bathes their feet.

And the noble river, bearing onward
 The wealth of commerce away to the sea,
 In a louder tone is the story repeating,
 As it glows and sparkles, glad, bright and free.

Each hum of the insect repeats it over,
 The droning bee at his work, all day,
 Telleth his neighbor the gladsome story,
 And why it is better to work than play.

And what is the lesson of bird and brooklet?
 What message hath June to give us cheer?
 It tells us that God, who created this beauty,
 Would have us rejoice that His world is so fair.

And fill our lives with its glorious brightness,
 And be thankful and glad for the good gifts we share;
 Nor let our heart's sunshine 'neath life's cares be buried,
 But rejoice in the beauty we see everywhere.

CARRIE.

Worcester, Mass.

THE smallest effort is not lost;
 Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
 Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
 Each rain-drop makes some flow'ret blow;
 Each effort lessens human woe.

—*Exchange.*

WITHOUT morality, intellect were impossible. A thoroughly immoral man could not know anything at all. To know a thing, we must first love, sympathize with it, be virtually related to it. Our virtues, all of them, lie recorded in our knowledge. Nature remains, in her truth, to the bad and selfish a sealed book.
 —*Carlyle, in "Heroes and Hero Worship."*

Church-Door Pulpit

THE OPEN DOOR.

BY REV. S. S. HUNTING.

"An open door which no man can shut."
 "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God,
 and that the spirit of God dwells in you?"

The truth for us is that the way into the sanctuary of this temple is by many doors all opening inward. The common thought is that the world is first revealed to us by sensation, next by the understanding, and then we come to reason, and in all we have the manifold spiritual nature. There comes to us as teachers and as seekers after the best things of life, the command to "open the door." Let us begin with a very familiar illustration.

We can remember when the common door seemed to be a great thing, the latch being too high for us to reach it. Coming to a door, we would call out, "Open the door." If there is a mother who has not been called up from her chair to do that, she must have had a rare experience. Every hour some child is calling out, "Open the door," and somebody must answer the call. We can all understand what this means to a child. He is out in the cold, and will come in, and you *must* open the door. He is shut in, and will come out; you must *hasten* and open the door. If you still insist that you will shut him in a dark closet for his ill-temper, which he may have caught from you in some storm of passion, in his terror he knocks at the door and calls aloud to have it opened. You realize the situation and give him his freedom, and adopt a more rational method of discipline.

Does not this simple fact of common life suggest a treatise on the education of youth and the perpetual evolution of human life, even beyond this earth-sphere?

The first suggestion is that in infancy the child is in darkness. The temple is perfect, but it is not lighted. There are no open doors but those outside, the doors of sensation. Will you say there is a light hidden in the sanctuary—the reason? The fact is that we cannot find this light till some door is opened through the senses. In the case of natural vision it is absurd to say that the physical eye sees; if the light does not enter through its crystal doors and chambers, there can be no sense of sight. Behind the eye the sense within a sense is awakened, and there is the consciousness of seeing.

The young child hears sounds which have no meaning. The opening door vibrates in the ear, some emotion is evoked, and there is joy or terror. The light reveals a chaotic world which is meaningless, and wonder rules in the infant mind. The continual repetition of sounds soon leaves an impression which becomes a thought. The same sounds of infant voice, in the first words of the nursery, are traced far back, through the ages of child-life, to our Aryan ancestors on the plains of Asia. Thus the same experience comes to every child in learning the meaning of the first sounds which connect him with father or mother, brother or sister.

A similar experience comes of learning the meaning of things seen. Physical light leaves the child still in dark-

ness. By some unexplained process of simple perception the child makes the first link in that chain of association which connects whatever shall be learned in an endless series. Looking at the little innocent staring at the color on its dress with a curiosity which seems to be almost painful, do you not yearn to open a door of that young soul? The chaos within makes the outward chaos. Little by little the outward light is wedded to the inward faculty. The impinging of the electric ray on the retina opens a door into the sanctuary of the rational soul, and the response is conscious sight.

As the brain has been evolving through æons of centuries, whatever is the fact with a savage, the child of the highly developed reason in the parent must have the intuitive faculty to which the object of sense appeals. Whatever the beginnings of the mental life of mankind, the incarnate spirit in the well-born child is the vitality which quickly conceives when touched by the finger of the senses. Hereditary emotions and facial expression show at least a physical memory of past experiences; and the life that evolves as the soul of every child is, indeed, the spirit of God.

Looking into the curious face of a child every inquisitive feature calls on us to "open the door." A hint, a few kind words teaching the meaning and use of a simple thing, may open a door which will lead to the opening of many doors in coming years. The burnt finger opens the door of caution, and a fall opens the door of fear. Every opening faculty is a door leading into a new apartment of life. The world must be introduced to us, while it seems that we are being introduced to the world. The teacher is the mediator to make the introduction for the child; a senseless thing is to be clothed with a garment of life which the rational spirit bestows.

What is this glorious aurora, celebrated in myth and song, but a combination of solar rays? As Aurora opens the gates of morning she opens also a door into the rational soul, and is transformed to a goddess of more than earthly beauty. What is the rainbow but a decomposition of solar light? In the soul it is the sign of divine love. Thus the sense of sight is an open door through which come reflections of the inanimate world, to be transformed into living things. Time was when no rational spirit in human form was here to thus transform nature; and when man came, a brutish savage, it took æons of years to gain a rational view of the objects of sight or sound. Perhaps the world seemed a huge animal, or the embodiment of some revengeful spirit.

"Once slept the world an egg of stone.
 And pulse and sound and light was none."

When the time came for man, he looked and stared; he heard and wondered. The ears and eyes were open, but the reason was dull, not dead.

How slowly came the evolution of reason is hinted by the hard task of educating the child of a savage. First came sensation; next the rude sympathies just above the brute; next love of child, love of brother and sister. Life in a hut or a cave made the first family possible. As the forms and forces of nature wrought through the senses, door after door opened through nerve and brain-cells, into the interior world of light and love, till, after unknown

ages, man gained a complete rational life. The history of those ages of the infant life of mankind will never be written, and fancy revels in Eden fable and nature myths. In all those ages there was an imprisoned god calling through the feeble brain to "open the door." Prometheus was in chains, but he courted the lightning and gave fire to the soul.

Leaving figures, and learning the law in the life of a child, you see him making animate forms of snow or clay. Give him a brush and paint, and the bird or horse shows the germ of the artist, and the god within calls to you to "open the door" and turn on the lights.

Education is our word for the liberation of the struggling life. It is the method of drawing out the waiting powers. Science tells us that all the light and shadows and colors have no existence but in the mind. Be that as it may, when all these outward forms become mental realities, nature, is idealized, and the young artist lives in a world of spiritual realities. By opening the door of light into the reason, that sunset, landscape, and lake become ideals of beauty in the mind. Thus the mind gives order to nature as it is transformed by knowledge, and the outward fact becomes a living truth. By our methods of education we are opening doors for the children, and let no man shut them. One by one the mind grasps facts till we come to science. We deny not the existence of the tree on the lawn, but it is ours as a tree of the mind. Here is our artist child who has become a master, and his imagination, or genius, puts life into the marble or the canvas, and they speak to him and to others. Nature has a varied language for all who understand its alphabet. The door of science has opened into a mansion of beauty! As true artist one is also poet, and the world is transformed in his imagination; in the opening faculty he experiences the laws of beauty. Through the open door of the senses natural objects have become spiritual realities, and he can retire from the actual and live in the ideal. That which was first natural has become spiritual. Here we come to the important conclusion that all truth is the mental image of some fact; that nature furnishes the panorama which, by the magic touch of education, becomes the mental world of Truth and Love.

The problem of education is nearly solved when we come first to nature, and next to human life, as giving us the material which the teacher, as a mediator, is to use to open the doors of the spiritual temple within. And the one question which covers all education, is that which Mr. Spencer asked years ago: "How to live? How to live as to the body, as to the intellect, the love, and the reason?" To us the value of education becomes the blessedness of living. The thing to be changed is found in the fact that so many persons live a merely sensuous or lowly intellectual existence. The soul is cheated by such living; the humanity is asleep. The one end of education should be to open doors which deepen and broaden experience, to create wants and inspire hopes that produce mental discontent. Every mental faculty has its door opening inward, and we should use the world as a kindergarten, its objects being gifts and play-

things. The call of the little child to "open the door" is the voicing of the deepest desires and grandest aspirations of life.

I see a lad at the first crisis of his life, thoughtful and pure, searching for truth in his varied studies; and as the doors open by the unfolding of faculties, as the flowering of his experience increases, he soon finds the realities of life, and nature is transformed in his visions. Do teachers know that every rational faculty may be opened by some mental delight? If they can touch this secret spring they have found the *open sesame* of knowledge. All around us youthful voices call to us to "open the door." There are doors not often opened waiting for the magic touch of the teacher who has found the secret—who knows the labyrinthian mystery of human life.

There was a man, once a president of Harvard University, who daily committed poetry and read the classics, after eighty years of age. A venerable minister of the Unitarian faith, past ninety years, still finds new inspiration in his Hebrew and Greek. Those men of thought and culture whose eighty years have been given to opening the doors of science, philosophy, art, or music have been ever nearing the infinite center of life. If at any stage of culture, we see not what the philosopher means, let us be patient and seek for the door in ourselves by which he entered into the more hidden ways of thought; and, going in at the same door, we may sit down and sup with him; and after the feast we may go in and out rejoicing in the new-found light. It is not that we had gained a little knowledge, but we have opened a door to new and rich experiences.

The wonderful life of *Jesus* has been the theme of Christendom for 1,800 years. That life was centered in the heart of Being, in an ideal world of Love. Others saw the world of nature and nations by the eye of science and policy; with his finer perception he saw the moral order of human life. Not only did he put a tongue into trees and flowers, sunshine and rain, and through them voice the divine beneficence, but he taught the possible realization in others of the life of love which he lived, and opened the door to the Father. We know "as deep as we live." We do not know the finest harmonies of music. We never lived in that harmony. We envy the experience of the composer who puts such grand and tender emotions into tones. He lives in the bubbling of the brook, the gentle flow of the river, the crash of the waterfall, the roar of the ocean, the burst of passion, the peace of love, the joy of friendship, and the glow of heroism. He lives an oratorio before he can put it to music. The music of prayer may be too beautiful to find a voice in human language. It is all in the composer's soul. He lives in a world of rhythm and harmony, inspired by the beautiful and the true. If there is a discord in his life it will appear in his works; if not true himself the lie will sing in his song. To live in human hearts and never die, he must be the life of song and music. Occasional flights will not save him. From the heights where he lives his melody comes. Wordsworth and Byron were both real poets, but their moral qualities gave the character to the productions of each. We go through the door of moral purity to a life which

transcends that of a brilliant imagination or an aesthetic taste. There is a door opening into the life of love mercy and justice. "I am the door; if anyone enter by me he will go in and, out and find pasture," said Jesus.

Christians have been hearing of the "new birth" since the days of stupid Nicodemus. It is not so much of a marvel as some suppose it to be. It is simply a method of ascension through open doors. Every spiritual faculty newly aroused is a birth, and by ascending the stairway of experience, we pass from the good to the better, and then to the best. Yes; we may thus be born from above. By numbers we open the door to mathematics; by business we acquaint ourselves with business life; sympathy opens the door to the gentler emotions; a lofty aim creates aspiration. We open the door into the musical heart by musical culture. We open the door into the kingdom of righteousness by doing the right. We open the door of justice six days and that of worship one day. Nature, by its million births, has brought forth the rational soul in this temple of God. Woe to him who has had only a natural birth,—to eat and sleep and work and play and die! The bee finds honey at the very center of the flower. Inward, still inward, driven home even by hard discipline, we find the honey of life. Labor, trial, trust, and hope lead us on to a series of births of which no one can estimate the number. This suggests to us that we may extend the chain of this life into the mysterious future.

The undefined interior life is, indeed, a nebula that we cannot resolve. It often seems but spiritual mist, stardust. It is not therefore unreal. The fault may be with our eyes. We need a microscopic vision. So an abstruse science seems to a pupil, which is simple and plain to the teacher. So the life now beyond our experience, hence unreal, may be sublime reality to others.

"Beneath the thick and struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life."

I wish now to carry this view of the evolution of soul-life into the future; to consider its possibilities. Even imagination is a revealer of truth, if guided by reason; if what we claim for the future is a logical inference from the laws of soul-life to-day. Let us give to the "sweet reasonableness" of faith wings of imagination.

The first question in the Westminster Catechism is this: "What is the chief and highest end of man?" Answer: "To glorify God and fully to enjoy him forever." We see no way in which the creature can glorify God unless he gain the end of his existence. That end must be the full fruition of his nature, the full evolution of the rational germ of life. We see what the greatest or best of mankind have attained in this life, of which Plato in rational development and Jesus in moral inspiration are types. To maintain the spiritual kinship between such as they were and the untutored barbarian, we must believe in the possible evolution of every rational soul into the Christ-life. For that event we must extend human existence indefinitely, when unopened springs will break forth from the soul.

This view of the future is reasonable. A person is equipped by many years of culture for a good work, but by some power in his environment he

is shipwrecked; and must we assume that there is to be no opportunity in eternity for him to regain what he lost? Were you omniscient would you fit out a human craft with such transcendent faculties, launch it on life's sea, knowing it would be wrecked ere it reached harbor, and would you have no lifeboat at hand to ensure salvation? Remember we are now dealing with a rational principle of life supposed to be indestructible. This life furnishes the opportunity for the full development of all the faculties of our bodies, but we cannot assume that a rational being ever reached the possible limit of his soul-life in this stage of existence.

In old age we find Emerson's mental powers suddenly crippled by the deterioration of his physical powers; and Parker, about to pass on, grieves that no more opportunity is given him here to finish his work; but there were, as he said, two Parkers, and only one was dying. If there is no sequel to this volume of their lives, I cannot help the conviction that the order of evolution revealed in the natural world does not pertain to our soul-life, our rational existence. It is possible, and a thing to be hoped for, that this mortal is to be immersed in a higher life, when the opening heaven of our inmost being will bring us a new birth. Thus "death will be swallowed up" by our victory. Under the light of this faith we turn our faces steadfastly to the future, confidently waiting for the opening of doors which will admit us into other mansions. Why talk of reincarnation? The body must follow the law of the spirit.

This view of the future makes all these semi-theological discussions about future probation seem trivial, if not childish. We hope for that progressive life which results from a succession of soul-births, as doors forever open on the ascending stairway.

Said Jesus, as reported: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do;" but was that all? Others have had a like feeling at the end of a faithful life, but that did not preclude the fact of other work. There were two Parkers—one dying in Italy, and one living in America. There was one Jesus dying in Palestine, who prayed that the cup might pass from him. There was another Jesus, who prayed "Father, forgive them," who awaited new christenings by the spirit of the Eternal. Life is ascension, and death is the door which opens, and no man can shut it, but we leave it behind us forever.

If, as many believe, the departing soul touches by consciousness those still in their earthly tent, it is to give an assurance that the soul knows no death, but ever onward, as new doors open, tends to its eternal destiny. There is no hint here of the possible truth of the horrible dogmas of the orthodox hell; but the mind is its own place; its shadows and lights, sorrows and joys, are its heavens and hells. A cloudless heaven brings spiritual barrenness. Sunshine and rain are both in Divine order.

Let us look for a *hereafter* and not for a *thereafter*. The thoughtful, believing in the future life, no longer think of that state

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end."

There no orthodox faction will be able to close the gates on sacred days, which

open to the revelations of the celestial glories of human attainments. The hunger and thirst of the spirit will be gratified. Let it be to us a *hereafter* for which we hope. Who would live ever under a cloudless sky, with no mountain mist, but barrenness forever? Speaking for those who have an abiding faith in the future life, a cloudless heaven would be inhospitable. Were there no sympathy, no tear of affection, no heart yearnings, no correction of error, there would be no progress. A cloudless life of human exaltation is as devoid of human graces as a sun-scorched desert is of vegetation. Life, to be the evolution of what it is here and now, must have its winds and calms, its ocean currents and tidal waves, and be glorified by its victories. A listless, passive existence with no cloud-capped Alp up yonder, no excelsior, would not be endurable for one full of the aspirations of an immortal being. We *must* live in thought, in love, in deeds, and the hereafter must be as the here and now. We must ever desire and hope for the good and great unrealized. This is living, and whatever our future estate, we go no farther than this. Let no one dogmatize here. We find the key to all doors in this life, as we come to them, one by one, and pass through. Existence is an unbroken chain. The doors open before us and shut behind us, and we cannot retrace our steps. We enter the winding way at birth and thread the labyrinthian way forever. "I shut and no man openeth," is the word of the Eternal. Whatever are the spirit revelations, no step is retraced. Alone we go, and yet in the steady onward going hearts are linked together. There is a moment when the parting comes; each takes the fated step; there is a rap at the wicket, a response, the door opens, and each goes in alone; others follow; the mystery is solved for that step. Faith sustains, hope is the anchor in doubt. Thus it is now; it must ever be the same.

With this view of progressive life we readily solve the problem of retribution. No horrid scenes of a judgment day rise up to torture the soul. The *crises* of life are ever coming. While we speak the word goes to its judgment, and the sentence is just; its effects go round the world, return to ourselves, and retribution is complete. Why do I thus speak? Because this view of the subject is rational, hopeful, and helpful, while we abide by facts and build no castle of dreams and fancies. We find order in this life, and extend it to that for which we hope. The *cosmos* is not limited to earth-spheres, but extends to spiritual existence. The judgment day is now and ever. Conscience is the throne of Osiris or of the Christ. The deeds of this day have gone to their final judgment, and their course is determined. Our lives are in the balance now, as when we pass the fated door of death, and every hair is numbered. With such views, going or staying, we go with a trusting confidence in the beneficence of the ruling Power. Rightly viewing this life, we confide in the goodness to come. While we hope for the better and the best with a chaste imagination, we still bridle our fancies and put away all thoughts that breed despair. At least one half of the teaching and hearing about saving the soul is worse than wasted energy and time. If we substituted for the fable concern-

ing the future life the realities of this life with the law of spiritual evolution, the gain would be immense. We give no heed to those speculations which are not inductions from the facts of our existence now and here. We surround the sunset of life with no thunder clouds, with no ill omens. Granting that we continue to live, we drop the earthly with its trash. What we take no one knows, except it be our pure self, which is the principle of Love. Be it ours that, when we join

"The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm,"

we may go through doors of joy into mansions of helpfulness!

The Study Table

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY.*

From the prospectus, which has received a careful examination from the writer, it appears that Funk & Wagnalls Co.'s Standard Dictionary will be a very valuable book, quite worthy of its name. The wonder is that it can be sold for the price named. The names of a large proportion of the nearly two hundred editors employed upon the work would themselves be a considerable guaranty of the value of the work, and the names of the distinguished English and American scholars who heartily commend the plan of the work and such specimens of its execution as have been submitted to them, arouse a further prejudice in its favor; but the many admirable features of the work are such that the favorable circumstances referred to are not needed to commend it: Scientific definition, as distinguished from general description; careful illustrations of the use of synonyms; the giving also of antonyms; the explanation of proper prepositions to use with certain verbs; the placing of the most usual meaning first; the placing of the definition before the etymology; special attention to compound forms, the adoption of a consistent system therein, and the use of the German double-line hyphen to distinguish the mark of compounding from other marks; presentation of the American Philological Association's spelling reform orthography alongside of the current, and the use of its special alphabet alongside of the ordinary one to elucidate the pronunciation; the presentation of a careful collation of many authorities in cases of disputed spelling and pronunciation, the approved form being first given; the great extent of pictorial illustration, frequently accurately colored; explanations of gaits by picturing their several phases, etc.; *specific* location of references to authors quoted; the grouping of related words; exact scientific definition of colors; a complete appendix, geographical, biographical, etc., together; and the employment of recognized specialists for every department of knowledge—are among the distinguishing features of the work. Although it is stated that obsolete, foreign, dialectic and slang words are only given place if likely to be sought for in a general English dictionary, the vocabulary has

* A STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, I. K. Funk, D.D., editor-in-chief. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, when issued in 1 vol., \$12; in 2 vols., \$15; to advance subscribers, in 1 vol., \$8; in 2 vols., \$10. To be ready about December, 1893.

280,000 words, a much larger number than is given even by the Century Dictionary.

It would seem invidious to give the names of some of the editors, American and English, employed upon the work, since almost all are well known. But it may be well to note that Prof. F. A. March is general consulting editor and in charge of the spelling and pronunciation, and that such specialists as Max Mueller, Judge Cooley, Prof. Simon Newcomb, Prof. Huxley and the like are in charge of the several departments. We await its publication with eagerness.

F. W. S.

DR. DRUMMOND ON THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS.*

The series of Biblical manuals to which this commentary belongs is best known to American readers by the editor's volumes, "Life in Palestine" and "The Synoptic Gospels." It is high praise, therefore, to say that this commentary by Professor Drummond is fully up to the reputation of the series. Although conciliatory, and in spots just a little indefinite in tone, it must be said that no fairer, more sympathetic and, withal, more readable commentary on Galatians is known to us. Remarkable deftness is shown in the translation of Paul's thought into modern terms and in its application to modern problems. Not all would agree, however, that the phrase, "faith in Christ," means the faith which Christ possessed, or that the second visit to Jerusalem (Acts xi. 30) must be regarded as a mistake on the part of Luke. In the explanation of III. 13, Dr. Drummond looks in the direction that Dr. Everett has gone, and the interpretation might have been clearer had "The Gospel of Paul" been published earlier. In the chronological table of Paul's life (p. 38) the placing of the second visit to Jerusalem (which Professor Drummond thinks did not occur) before Paul's call by Barnabas to Antioch, if it be not a mere clerical error, should have been explained and justified. And is it not almost pedantic to recommend (p. 68) that in Cephias the C be pronounced hard, like K? But, minor points aside, the author has done admirable service in preparing this commentary, which puts in a popular, warm-blooded way the results of careful scholarship.

W. W. F.

SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY CONCERNING THE OTHER WORLD.—By Rev. James Reed. Philadelphia: American New-Church Tract and Pub. Society. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 81, 40 cents; paper, 20 cents.—These seven discourses, by the pastor of the New Jerusalem Church in Boston, have all the sweet graciousness that one has learned to expect in the works of those who call themselves Swedenborgians. One may demur at their interpretations of the Bible and falter where they firmly

*The Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. By James Drummond. London: Sunday School Association. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 200; 1s. 6d.

tread, but the poetic winsomeness of such sermons as these has an irresistible charm.

"Our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above what God will show."

W. W. F.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI: An Historical Portrait. By Edith Carpenter. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 216.—In * * * the variety of his talents and the paradox of his position, Lorenzo stands forth as the pattern, the exemplar of this many-sided epoch. "It was a period of change and transition, the threshold, as it were, between two chambers, so that in those respects where he may seem to have been in advance of his contemporaries he is simply standing on this threshold holding one hand before him and one behind." "He is no mighty spirit, wrestling with the problems of life and anticipating the future; he is simply a landmark between the Old and the New, the mediæval and the modern, reflecting in the mirror of his individuality the spirit of each. It is the vividness of this mirror, his individuality so much stronger than that of most men, that gives him his special historic value as the typical Italian of the early Renaissance." These words from the opening chapter will indicate the author's point of view, speak somewhat for her style, and convey an intimation of her treatment of the subject. It is one of the best historical essays of the kind that has met the writer's eye, and deserves especial notice for the care the author has taken to set forth Lorenzo's literary rank, generally lost sight of by reason of his political fame. While there are some indications that the author may possibly not have delved as deeply into the original sources from which the history of Lorenzo and his times is to be obtained as the modern school of historical scholarship is disposed to require, the reader will probably admit that she has gone as far as the purpose of portraiture required; but however this may be, her chapter on the "Poet of Out-of-Doors" bespeaks a first-class knowledge of Lorenzo's own writings, and will whet the appetite of every lover of literature not already familiar with his poetry. The style is clear and rapid, and the book has that further charm which comes from the most perfect arrangement of material. The topical and chronological methods are combined with exquisite art, the several aspects of the great Florentine's life being treated in the order that contributes most to a natural view of the individual and a true picture of the age. In conclusion it should be said that the Knickerbocker Press has done all it could to contribute to the perfection of this little work of art, and that it is a pleasure to handle and look at such an admirable specimen of bookmaking. F. W. S.

MORTAL MAN. By A. Easton. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 12mo., 47 pp.; 25 cents.—As the title would lead one to suppose, the author of this little book in verse believes man to be mortal and not immortal.

"Self-evident some unknown power controls;
'Tis not self-evident mankind have souls."

Again:

"Sensation is the fount from which there
springs
Reason and instinct of all living things.
Void of sensation, matter will decay;
Life is sensation in poor mortal clay."

Here is a bit that grates upon one who believes in higher things:

"The true philosophy of life is this:
Enjoy to-day's, wait not to-morrow's bliss.
A good digestion, free from aches and pains,
Will yield more comfort than superior brains."

It is somewhat offset by this:

"Honor and fame should only those attend
Who battle wrong and ever right defend."

The theory of the whole poem is harsh and cold, and would not lead to an elevated view of life nor to high endeavor. In his effort to be entirely free from superstition, the author is materialistic and feels that "reason undermines faith" and that "man conspires with hope to dethrone reason" when he believes in immortality and some other things above the senses. That he is earnest and has found his theories sufficient to govern his own life well is evidenced by the fact that he dedicates this book to his son, although some of the advice and conclusions seem unwholesome to at least one reader. J. S.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM: INDIAN CORN. A garland of tributes in prose and verse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 62; 40 cents.—No fewer than twenty-two well-known writers are placed under contribution to furnish out this little volume, whose mission it is to herald the claims of maize to recognition as our national emblem, leaving the arbutus, golden rod or laurel to be honored by single States or sections. The place of corn in the mythology of the ancient American peoples, where it was considered the special, divine gift of the gods, its importance in the early days of the colonies, its artistic meanings and possibilities, and its universality are arguments skillfully set forth by the sober statements of the historian or the glowing verses of the poet.

E. E. M.

MAGAZINES.

IN NEW OCCASIONS for July the leading article is a protest against "Eugene Richter's Caricature of Socialism," from the pen of Laurence Gronlund. A favorite method of discrediting a thing has ever been to set up an image of straw bearing some slight resemblance to it and then to knock it down. This, Mr. Gronlund contends, is what Herr Richter has done; and it is evident that the school of socialism to which Mr. Gronlund belongs does not advocate or approve of what the German parliamentary leader assumes to be socialism. Still we must bear in mind Mr. Gronlund's admission that some German socialists do approve of some of the—to him—most objectionable features in Richter's picture of socialism. This grudging admission seems to the writer to deprive Mr. Gronlund's answer of much of the force it might otherwise have as coming from a representative socialist. Mr. Gronlund prefers to be called a Collectivist, and in this he tacitly assumes to speak for a considerable body of American socialists. In their name he repudiates Herr Richter's representation. But the reply is that Herr Richter's attack was not directed against Mr. Gronlund's school of collectivism, but against the extreme school of thorough-going state socialists; and as regards them the writer in *New Occasions* admits that Herr Richter is largely right. Socialism in the larger sense is a term under which the great majority of the men

of our day might be gathered; as has been often pointed out, the post office, the public school, etc., are in the large sense socialistic. In fact, the larger sense of the term is so elastic and ambiguous as to have little meaning except as opposed to the extreme school of individualists. Thanks to the influence of a few strong men who early put it forth, the extreme *laissez-faire* doctrine appears to have a much wider sway over the minds of men than it really has. In the "orthodox" school of political economy in which our older men of affairs were educated, it was, nominally at least, a fundamental principle; but it has never been consistently followed out in the theories of social administrators, and it is now almost dead. It is, generally speaking, therefore, a work of supererogation in our day to advocate socialism in the larger sense. The anarchist is the only consistent opponent it has. It is incumbent upon one who asks us to listen to him in the name of socialism, to go a step further and indicate what kind or degree of socialism he advocates. This, in four crisp pages, Mr. Gronlund attempts to do; but the subject is too large for proper treatment in such limits. One feels that he is going too fast; that if he were called on to explain just how the things he speaks of are to be brought about and regulated, he would probably have to modify his program. However this may be, one strong point he makes, which all who speak of socialism or collectivism should bear in mind, viz.: that it is not necessarily inconsistent with emulation, but that the money-making motive may lapse without destroying ambition. Common minds in our day seek wealth because it is for them the best means of acquiring honor and distinction; and since there are more common than superior minds wealth seems to be the great desideratum. But we should not forget that even with the distinctive money-seekers—all but the very grossest of them—wealth is but a substitute for greatness. Hardly a rich man lives who would not rather be a great orator, general, statesman, inventor or philanthropist, honored by the world, with a merely comfortable income, than a multi-millionaire. And men would strive not less but more for distinction in these honorable lines, if they did not feel that by turning themselves to mere money-making they were pursuing a short cut to the social position which in a less plutocratic community would come from virtuous devotion to the higher interests of men.

This paper is not alone in showing that *New Occasions* has a lively interest in the social problems of the day, with a leaning toward so-called "radicalism." E. H. Thomas' review of "Why Government at All"—something very similar to which the writer thinks has already appeared in *UNITY*—and the editor's notes seem most worth reading. The magazine is very small, containing perhaps as much reading matter as *UNITY*'s conference number.

THE FORUM for July has, perhaps, a wider scope than many preceding issues, but shows still its special interest in social-political questions. Right Hon. Prof. Bryce has an article on "The Teaching of Civil Duty;" Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, one on "How the Fourth of July Should Be Celebrated;" Mr. Edmund Hudson, one on "The Army

as a Military Training School; and last—but, in the opinion of the writer, most worth reading of all—is Prof. J. B. Moore's "The Russian Extradition Treaty: A Reply to Protests," a scholarly paper, the perusal of which would, it is believed, convince any fair-minded man that the late scare as to this treaty was ill-founded. Among the non-political articles which may be of interest to our readers are two on the prospects of the World's Fair, and one by Dr. Lyman Abbott, entitled "What Are a Christian Preacher's Functions?" the purport of which is that he must concern himself with individuals rather than institutions, and must view life as Dr. Abbott does.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for June 24th is a very rich number, by reason of the article entitled "Literary Discoveries in Egypt," taken from the *Quarterly Review*. It contains quite a full account of the various literary remains recently unearthed in Egypt, including some Greek writings of Aristotle and Herondas, and—what to the student of history, ethnology and religion is more important—a great many letters to and from the Egyptian kings of the 15th century B. C., giving us quite an insight into the condition of affairs at that time in Babylon, Syria and Palestine.

THE series of articles by college presidents in the *Chicago Advance* is a feature which may add greatly to the value of the paper. In the last issue of June, President W. G. Frost, of Berea College, had a helpful article on "German Ideas for American Schools," which will do something to straighten out the misty ideas current here as to German education, as well as give some useful hints to the working teacher.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE BIBLE; ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND CHARACTER. By J. T. Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 300. \$1.50.

HARVARD STORIES. By Waldron Kintzing Post. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 315. \$1.25.

THE SHRUBS OF NORTHEASTERN AMERICA. By Charles S. Newhall. Cloth, large 8vo., pp. 250. \$2.50.

The Jenness-Miller Monthly is a magazine devoted to artistic dress, and is a standard in this department. . . The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, but if subscribed for in connection with UNITY we will send this magazine and UNITY for one year (whether the UNITY subscription be a new one or a renewal) for \$1.65. Address the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

UNITARIAN * BELIEF.
16 Tracts by 8 Authors, setting forth the principles, doctrines and basis of fellowship of the Unitarian Church. All mailed for 25 cents. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Publisher's Notes

UNITY PUBLISHING CO. have just completed an arrangement with the associate organizations represented at 175 Dearborn street to take charge of the book sales at the Headquarters.

We are now prepared to furnish our readers with any books found in the market, at the regular retail prices and on short notice. The liberal religious publications of the American Unitarian Association, George H. Ellis and other publishers will be kept on hand. Orders solicited.

Among those now in stock are the following:

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Notes from the Field

Western Unitarian Conference.—A meeting of the directors of the W. U. C. was held at the headquarters on Monday, June 19; at 2:30 o'clock, President Shorey in the chair. Present: Messrs. Blake, Effinger, Gould, Hosmer, Jones, Van Inwagen, West, and Wilkinson. Minutes of last meeting (May 19) were read and approved. The resignation of W. C. Gannett was read, and was accepted with great reluctance but in deference to his wishes. W. W. Fenn was elected to fill the vacancy. The election of a treasurer was discussed, in place of Myron Leonard, who declined at the annual meeting to be a candidate for another year, at the same time resigning his membership in the board. E. A. West was nominated, but declined. William McFaddon was then nominated, the nomination carrying with it nomination upon the board. The nomination was followed by the unanimous election of Mr. McFaddon. Adjourned to meet Tuesday, June 27, at 2 o'clock p. m.

F. L. HOSMER, Sec'y.

An Adjourned Meeting of the Board of Directors was held on Tuesday, June 23, at 2 o'clock p. m. Present: President Shorey, Messrs. Blake, Effinger, Fenn, Gould, Hosmer, Jones, McFaddon, Milsted, Van Inwagen, West, and Miss Hultin. The minutes of last meeting were read by the Secretary and approved. On the withdrawal of President Shorey, Mr. Fenn was called to the chair. Mr. McFaddon was welcomed to the Board and responded in a few fit words. The Executive Committee deferred report upon the matter referred to them at the meeting of May 19, which was to provide a plan for two full meetings of the Board during the year, traveling expenses to be paid. There was some discussion of the Secretaryship, Mr. Hosmer having declined at the annual meeting to be a candidate for another year, and the matter having then been referred to the Board, with power to act. It was moved that a committee of three be appointed by the Chairman, to confer and report upon the choice of a secretary, with instructions to call a meeting of the Board when ready to report. The motion was adopted, and President Shorey, Mr. Jones and Mr. Crothers were appointed such a committee. It was moved by Mr. Jones, and adopted, that the Treasurer, as heretofore, be authorized to use the bonds held by the Conference as collateral in raising money for current expenses. Attention having been called to the fact of Treasurer Leonard's contribution of a large portion of his salary to the Conference treasury the past year (\$87.50 out of \$150), the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That the Treasurer of the W. U. C. be instructed to pay to Myron Leonard, our late treasurer, the sum still unpaid of the small salary hitherto attached to the office of treasurer; and that our late treasurer be requested and expected to receive the same, whatever disposition he may have made of it in his book:

"And that we ask leave to add our grateful sense of the untiring faithfulness, skill, and efficiency with which he has administered his important office for so many years, to the great benefit of the Conference."

Adjourned, subject to call.

F. L. HOSMER, Sec'y.

Eastern Unitarian Conferences.—Maine.—At this conference resolutions were introduced indorsing the Unitarian headquarters established at Portland, and the *Church Exchange*, an eight-page, 35-cents-per-annum paper, edited by Rev. J. C. Perkins, of Portland, with the assistance of other ministers in the State. The sermon was preached by Rev. Jas. De Normandie, of Boston, from the text: "If that which was done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious." Rev. A. G. Pettengill, of Yarmouth, made a "Plea for a Practically Useful Christ." Rev. H. D. Catlin, of Eastport, read a paper upon "The New Idea of the Church," in which Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones' church in Chicago appeared as the representative of the new idea. Rev. S. C. Beach, of Bangor, followed, referring to the new theological idea of the church set forth by Prof. Paine, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, and also touching upon the new idea as seen in the working of Unitarian clubs and guilds. Rev. Cora S. Cochrane spoke of "The Church We Need," and was followed by a number of speakers. The conference was entertained by the Augusta church, June 13 and 14.

Manchester, N. H.—From a recent number of the *Manchester Union*, which devotes nearly three columns to the work of the Unity Club of Rev. W. H. Ramsey's church, giving cuts of a number of rare fern specimens collected by the members of the botanical department of the club and their friends, we quote the following remarks: "The object of the Unity Club is to enrich the intellectual life of the city and its young people in general, and the results attained in its eight months of existence are very flattering to its projectors. The effect of the club's efforts by reason of interest awakened by these classes and lectures is particularly noticed at the public library. Scientific works which have stood on the shelves undisturbed for years have been called for, and a steady run has been made on works pertaining to subjects intellectual. One member in particular of the class in evolution has read as many as eight or nine books on that subject."

The North Middlesex Conference was held at Wilton, N. H., June 15. Rev. G. W. Patten, of Dublin, conducted the devotional meeting. All clergymen present were invited to take part in the proceedings. Rev. Frank Phalen spoke on "The Future of Liberal Christianity," saying it depended largely on the missionary spirit. Rev. Wm. H. Ramsey spoke on "The Ideal Church." Rev. Enoch Powell spoke on "Church Life and Fellowship." Rev. A. J. Rich spoke on the "Friendliness of the Churches." Miss E. P. Judkins spoke of "The Work of the Woman," as done by the Women's Alliance. Rev. D. M. Wilson, superintendent of New England missionary work, gave a summary of what had been done in his territory.

The Connecticut Valley Conference was held at Turner's Falls, Mass., June 14 and 15, the sermon being given by Rev. A. M. Lord, of Providence. The two principal papers were by Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, and Rev. F. A. Hinckley, of Florence. Mr. Dole's paper, entitled "Teaching Ethics in Sunday School," was received with great favor, and a desire expressed

that it might be published. Rev. Mr. Hinckley spoke on "The Human Catholic Church."

The Norfolk Conference was held June 15 at Walpole. Rev. L. R. Daniels, of South Natick, conducted the devotional service, taking Prayer as his theme. Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke, of Newton, read a paper entitled "Is the Church a Luxury or a Necessity?" Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, of Concord, spoke on "The Devotional Element in the Sunday School."

Yonkers, N. Y.—The admirable new building of the Woman's Institute was formally opened on April 3 with interesting exercises. The object of the institute is: "To promote the welfare of women, particularly those dependent on their own efforts for support, by cultivating a spirit of fellowship and co-operation on the basis of a high moral and religious standard, without sectarian distinction, by providing a free circulating library and reading room and classes for instruction, and other means of improvement, recreation, and benefit." The work includes classes in dress-making, millinery and cooking; lectures, concerts and entertainments; and many other excellent features of plan, management and construction.

Through the untiring labors of the President, Miss Mary Marshall Butler, the work was conceived, founded, and brought to its present condition. In 1880 she established, in a single room, the Yonkers Free Circulating Library for Self-supporting Women, now developed into this noble result.

—*Pratt Institute Monthly.*

Atlanta, Ga.—United States Bank Examiner Geo. W. Stone spoke Sunday last in the Church of Our Father on "Heresy." The *Atlanta Herald*, in giving notice of his address, speaks of his culture and pulpit ability, and tells how his fame has grown in Atlanta, at which place he has previously spoken several times. On the last occasion it reports that the Unitarians were largely crowded out of their own church by outsiders anxious to hear him.

Chicago, Ill.—Rev. W. R. Alger, of New York, preached at Unity Church last Sunday in support of the doctrine of immortality. Next Sunday Rev. A. W. Martin, of the First Free Church, of Tacoma, will preach there. At All Souls' Church the pastor preached in the morning on "The Cost of Gunpowder," and in the evening Mr. Laurence Gronlund, the Socialist, delivered an address on "Individuality Under Collectivism." Next Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Martin will preach at All Souls Church. In the morning the pastor will speak.

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HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUN.—No more in heaven than earth
will he find God
Who does not know his loving
mercy swift.

MON.—Think while thou sunnest thyself
in joy's estate,
Mayhap thou canst not ripen
without frost.

TUES.—The new is but the old come
true;
Each sunrise sees a new year
born.

WED.—Who longest waits of all, most
surely wins.

THURS.—I am glad that good and ill
By changeless law are or-
dered still.

FRI.—Gladder for brief pain's uplifting
power,
Thou shalt but pity griefless men.

SAT.—To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth
God accuse.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

LULLABIES FROM ALL LANDS.

CHINESE.

Snail, snail, come out and be fed!
Put out your horns and then your
head,
And thy mammy will give thee nut-
ton,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

SPANISH.

The moon shines bright,
And the snake darts swift and light;
I see five baby bullocks
And a calf young and white.

ARABIC.

Sleep, my baby, sleep!
Sleep a slumber hale,
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy, so bright.

ZULU.

Hush thee, my baby!
Thy mother's over the mountain gone,
There she will dig the little garden
patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.

NORWEGIAN.

Row, row, to Baltnarock,
How many fish are caught in the net?
One for father and one for mother,
One for sister and one for brother.

SWEDISH.

Hush, hush, baby mine!
Pussy climbs the big green pine;
Mother turns the millstone,
Father to kill the pigs has gone.

GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep,

Thy mother shakes the dreamland
tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams for
thee;

Sleep, baby, sleep! —Selected.

NANNIE CAMPBELL'S HAT.

"Is it not a beauty, mother?" asked Nannie Campbell, holding at arm's length a hat in the latest style, gay with ribbons and laces and the bright plumage of birds.

"It is very handsome, Nannie, but entirely too expensive for your father's pocketbook, this spring," replied her mother quietly.

"You forget, mother, that Cousin Miriam will be here next week; you don't want me to look like a dowdy by her side, do you?" pouted Nannie. "She will be decked out in expensive finery, I know. Surely I can afford this one bit of extravagance. Do say I can have it, that's a good mother," she added coaxingly, and though her mother still protested, Nannie finally had her own way, and four dollars of father's hard-earned money found its way into the milliner's purse, while the coveted hat was put away carefully until the city cousin should arrive.

Nannie had never seen Miriam, but, aware that her father was wealthy, she had indulged in visions of costly garments until she was scarcely prepared to welcome the little figure in plain clothes that came in upon them unannounced two hours before they were expecting her.

Miriam's sweet face and sunshiny disposition soon captured her heart, however, and before the day was over they had exchanged confidences and were the best of friends. Miriam's gingham and prints which did duty on week-days, though pretty, were inexpensive, and the soft merino in which she robed herself on Sunday morning looked quite plain beside Nannie's new summer silk. It must be acknowledged that Nannie felt a little vain when the new hat was brought out for inspection. She actually enjoyed the look of surprise that Miriam bestowed upon it, and, mistaking the look for admiration, asked somewhat vainly, "How do you like it?"

Miriam's face flushed—she did not like to give pain, but she was a truthful girl, and after a moment's hesitation answered:

"It is very pretty, and I like it—all but the birds."

"Why, they are the most beautiful ornaments on the hat—everybody says so," snapped Nannie, impatiently. "There is nothing shoddy about them. Why, just look at that humming-bird. It looks natural enough to be alive."

"Do you know, Nannie, that these winged creatures of rare plumage are actually flayed alive in order to preserve the brightness of their burnished feathers?" asked Miriam.

"No, I did not," replied Nannie, indignantly. "How do you know this is true, Miriam?"

"A gentleman who has made the subject a special study, and knows all about the cruelties practiced in the capture of birds, says they are snared, trapped, netted, lamed, and, to preserve their value for the ladies, skinned alive." Just think of that, Nannie! The ladies not only demand the slaughter of birds for ornament, but in order to preserve their coloring full, vivid,

and brilliant, they require the skinning process to take place while the blood runs warm and the body still quivers with life."

"Such shocking cruelty!" exclaimed Nannie, with tears in her eyes. "I never gave the subject of bird slaughter a moment's thought before, but I am done with bird ornaments now, forever," she added, putting the hat back in its box.

"Are you going to stay at home from church?" asked Miriam, watching her cousin's movements.

"No, but I cannot wear that hat," answered Nannie. "My last summer one must do service to-day, and tomorrow that little humming-bird shall be exchanged for a bunch of daisies."

Her mother approved, but the milliner objected, saying she had too much money invested in birds to help inaugurate a crusade against them.

Though Nannie could not have the flowers, she would not wear the birds; consequently the ribbon and lace on that fine hat had to be spread out considerably so as to cover the bare places—a job which the two young girls accomplished quite creditably.

If all the young girls in America would follow Nannie Campbell's example, and resolutely refuse to wear birds as adornment, the trade would soon be so crippled that it would die a natural death.

—B. V. Chisholm, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

FLOSSIE'S BIRTHDAY PICNIC.

Flossie White was a dear little girl that I used to know, and I am going to tell you what happened the day she was nine years old. It was a lovely summer day, the 10th of June, if I remember rightly, and Flossie wanted to go down to the shore of the lake,—beautiful Lake Michigan,—near which they lived, and have a picnic with her little brother Charlie and her playmate Hattie Burns. It was always a great treat to watch the white-winged ships sail over the blue waves, or look at the foaming breakers slowly creeping up and lashing the shore; and sometimes—and that was really the most fun of all—the shoes and stockings were taken off and the children waded in the clean white sand and quiet water near the shore. But Flossie and Charlie were never allowed to wade unless mamma or papa was with them, and this bright sunny birthday, as they started off with their gay little basket of luncheon, Flossie never thought of wading. She only thought of how grand it was to be nine years old, and the privilege of having a picnic alone (without the older ones) seemed to her a sure sign that she was almost a young lady.

Charlie ran on ahead, switching a little stick he called a cane, or stopping to play hide and seek by the trees they passed, while Flossie and Hattie chatted away like two magpies. Oh, they were so happy.

The hours flitted by all too quickly. Charlie made islands in the white sand and played he was Robinson Crusoe, Flossie and Hattie built sand houses with wonderful lawns in front and splendid orchards at the back, and then visited each other and made calls upon Robinson Crusoe, until dinner time came and went, and they were thinking it time to go home. Just then something began to happen.

Hattie said she was warm, and the

water looked so cool. "I'll tell you, Flossie, let's go in wading," she said suddenly. "It'll be just the thing to do on your birthday," and she commenced unbuttoning her shoes.

"Why, Hattie, we mustn't. It would be wrong!" exclaimed Flossie. "Mamma wouldn't like it."

"Oh, she wouldn't care, specially now you're nine years old. She told us to have all the fun we could and be happy every minute, didn't she, Charlie?" said Hattie, turning to him as she took off her last stocking.

"Course she did."

Hattie began to run about in the sand and plow it up with her toes. Flossie looked at the shining water and then down at the cool damp sand. It would be so nice to bathe their feet in these tiny ripples near the shore. Surely mamma would not care for that.

While she was thinking all this, Hattie had begun to unbutton the little brother's shoes. "Do hurry, Floss," she cried impatiently, noticing Flossie's "lazy spell," as she called it.

"No, Hattie, I guess I mustn't," replied Flossie rather faintly, looking again at the tempting water.

"All at once Hattie heard a very decided voice saying, "Hattie, button that shoe right up again this minute. Charlie and I will not do it. I know it is not right. No, we will not," and Flossie stamped her foot in the sand so hard she nearly fell over.

Then the happy feelings all came back again, and the sunshine seemed as bright as it was before.

When Flossie told her mother about it that night, she said it had been the happiest birthday that had ever come to her.—H. V. A., in the Cup Bearer.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 175 Monroe Street, Chicago, who publish Theodore Parker's "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," have a considerable number of paper copies slightly soiled as to cover, but otherwise in good condition, which they wish to close out at once. They therefore offer them to the readers of UNITY, post paid, at 20 cents for a single copy, or \$1 for eight copies. This is the regular 50-cent edition of 480 pages.

NEW OCCASIONS is the name of a new magazine of social and industrial progress, edited by B. F. Underwood, formerly of the Boston Index and later of the Open Court, and published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe street, Chicago. The first two numbers, for June and July, are already issued. No. 1 contains a notable paper by Dr. Lewis G. Jones, on "Recent Advances in Penological Reform." In the July number Laurence Gronlund, author of "The Cooperative Commonwealth," discussed Eugene Richter's caricature of socialism, which was brought before the American public in a recent number of the Review of Reviews. It will be the policy of New Occasions to discuss social questions temperately but freely, offering an open field for opposing views. The price is fixed at 10 cents per copy, or \$1 a year, and the publishers invite subscriptions. Address CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 175 Monroe St., Chicago.

4 GREAT MASTERS Selections from the writings, with sketch of life, of Channing, Parker, Emerson and Martineau. 5 cts. each, or all for 15 cts., mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS,

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

Under the Auspices of the WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS. At Art Institute Building. REV. E. E. HALE Presiding.

SATURDAY.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

- 10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York
Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York
Its Place in the Development of Christianity.....
The Church of the Spirit.....
2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord
In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, Cambridge
In the Growth of Democracy
Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

SUNDAY, SEPT. 17.

There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

To be held in the Sinai Temple (Dr. Hirsch's), corner Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18.

- 3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute.
8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church.
Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York
Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

TUESDAY, SEPT. 19.

THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.

- (a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed. Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo
(b) In Poland.....
(c) In Hungary..... Prof. S. Boros, or Bishop Ferencz, Kolozsvar, Transylvania
(d) In France..... Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris
(e) In Germany.....
(f) In Italy.....
(g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl Van Bergen, Stockholm
(h) In England.....
(i) In Holland..... (A representative assured)
(j) In America:

- Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period.... Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.
Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor
Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period.... Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis

EVENING.

UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

- A Representative Jew..... Protab Mozoomdar, India
A Representative Mohammedan..... Protab

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20.

THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.

- (a) The Human Roots of Religion. Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass.
(b) God.....
(c) Jesus..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.
EVENING.
(d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.
(e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse
(f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21.

UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

- (a) Scientific.....
- (b) Old Testament Criticism Prof. C. H. Toy, Cambridge
- (c) New Testament Criticism
- (d) Social Problems.....
- (e) Extra-Biblical Religions.....
- (f) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

EVENING.

THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Anna Garlin Spencer, W. C. Gannett and E. B. Hale.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22.

THE PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

- 10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association.....Rev. Grindall Reynolds
- National Conference.....Rev. W. H. Lyon
- British and Foreign Unitarian Association.....
- Transylvania.....Bishop Ferencz or Prof. Boros
- Western Unitarian Conference.....Rev. F. L. Hosmer
- Unitarian S. S. Society.....Rev. E. A. Horton
- Unitarian Guilds.....Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord
- Unity Clubs.....Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston
- W. U. S. Society.....Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago
- Pacific Coast Conference.....Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco
- Southern Conference.....Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga.
- In Australia.....Miss C. H. Spence

2 P. M.—Women's Meeting.

EVENING.

Fellowship Meeting. In charge of..... WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN RELIGION.

Names to be announced Congress Week.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23.

8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 90 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 2nd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 3rd street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

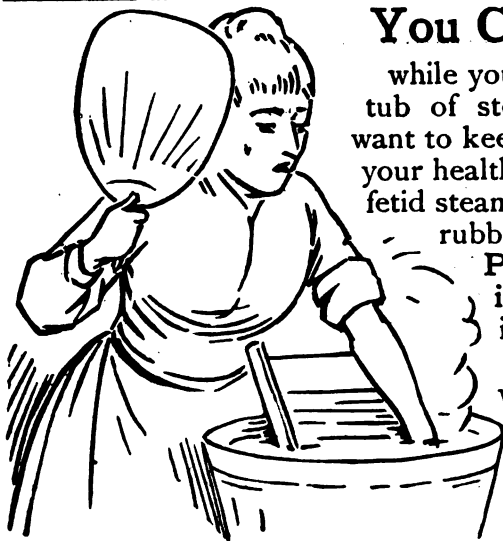
ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, Sunday morning, July 9, the pastor, REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, will preach on "Zoroaster, the Priest of Industry." In the evening REV. A. W. MARTIN, of Tacoma, will preach on "Progressive Revelations." On WEDNESDAY, July 12, from 6 to 10 p. m., All Souls Church will hold a RECEPTION for friends in attendance at the World's Fair and others.

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while you're rubbing away over a tub of steaming clothes. If you want to keep comfortable and save your health (think of inhaling that fetid steam) and strength, stop the rubbing—and the steaming. Pearlina does it. Pearlina; cold water; no boiling; little work; that is the programme for hot-weather washing.

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JAMES PYLE, New York.

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UNITY

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Unity, Fellowship and Character in Religion

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Editorial

I have learned

*To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes*

*The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power*

*To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought.*

And rolls through all things.

—Wordsworth.

PROSPERITY has its penalties. A growing boy hath need of a new suit of clothes very often. Sometimes institutions find themselves embar-

assed by their growth. The Chicago University finds itself in that condition—a magnificent endowment to pay the teachers, but an exhausted treasury to pay current expenses. It is not enough to set a good cause a-going; you must remember the good cause must be maintained.

It is reported that the outward-going steamships from New York and Boston carry away about as many American tourists as ever. Is not this a case of going across the river to get water? These seekers after art, novelty or other recreative material must travel far before they will find what they are turning their backs upon in the World's Fair at Chicago.

We are surprised to find the announcement in *The Outlook* that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has decided to withdraw from the ministry and is about to enter political life. Can it be that he who has succeeded in making so many new paths for a minister in London still finds himself handicapped so much that he prefers the outwardness of politics to the deadness of theology? He has prepared the way for the minister and the ministry that will do the work for which he now leaves the ministry. We are sorry he discontinues the battle against dead forms and hampering traditions on the inside.

NOTHING is more discouraging in the field of morals and religion than the short term of service which seems to satisfy the conscience of so many workers. Having given and received help for a time from a church or other institution, they seek to escape responsibility, toil and expense under shelter of the law of periodicity, and say "it is somebody's else turn now. I have done my share." Is it ever anybody's else turn to do your work? Have you "done your share" until life is ended? Are not the highest things eternal, and the obligations they impose perennial?

THE *Outlook* seems to justify its discouragement and covert reproach of the young men who leave the Congregational church for the Unitarian, on the score that they will probably find narrowness and bigotry whither they go. Of all pessimists they are the worst who justify the wrong by the argument of "you're another," and would discourage travel by the argument of a long road. Rather let the young men be encouraged to move on just as they feel cramping limitations and hurting environments. Truth and light lead ever onward. Let them be as quick to resent and escape Unitarian bigotry as Trinitarian bigotry, if such exists.

"SHALL DEPENDENT CHILDREN BE REARED IN POORHOUSES?" is the title of a pamphlet we have received, prepared by the friends of the movement described in the article entitled "An Encouraging Failure," which appears in another column. The pamphlet sets forth the condition of the law in Illinois, gives the text of the bill recently introduced into the Legislature, and sets forth the progress of the legislation on this subject in six or seven States, including Pennsylvania, which has, perhaps, the best system of any. We believe that a limited number of these pamphlets may be obtained by those feeling a special interest in the matter from Mr. George H. Shibley, 144 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

THE price paid for elegance is noticeable at the World's Fair. The New York State Building fittingly represents the "Four Hundred"; elegant, sumptuous, in perfect form. In the second story there is a great banquet hall too elegant to be used. All around there are indications of art too palpable for daily service. No lunching is allowed in the New York Building, while all around it the more modest, home-like State Buildings, notably those of Michigan, Wis-

consin, and Indiana, are thronged at the proper season with family groups from any State enjoying the contents of well-filled lunch boxes. These State Buildings are fulfilling the objects designed for them, places of rest and resort for all who may come. Something like this is observable in the church life of America. Our cities are burdened with churches that, like the New York State Building, are too elegant for use. They have over-reached themselves. Having lost sight of utility, they have thereby violated one indispensable canon of good art. This is a suggestion which the artist as well as the moralist may well consider.

**

We have received a little pamphlet on the Need of the Japan Unitarian Mission, containing a plea for this mission, floor and elevation plans of the building in course of erection for its uses, and a catalogue of the Jiyu Shin Yakko (School of Liberal Theology). Excellent business sagacity seems to have been exercised in the purchase of a site and the planning of the headquarters and theological school. It is calculated that the whole cost of land and building will be but \$6,500, and certainly this is a very modest outlay in consideration of the importance of the work. The little theological school, now entering upon its third year, seems especially admirable for its breadth. The preamble to the constitution reads:

This institution has been established for the purpose of promoting the philosophic and scientific study of theology and of religion, together with the practical application to life of the results of such study.

We question whether there is anywhere a better field than in Japan for the propagation and rapid growth of liberal religious thought, and we hope that all friends of the movement will give the cause such assistance as is in their power. For that purpose they may address Rev. Clay MacCauley, at 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass., or Tokyo, Japan.

**

CHANGE seems to be the order of the day among our periodicals. Last week we referred to the *Christian Union's* change of name, and this week we note that the *Cosmopolitan*, perhaps the best magazine in the world in the matter of illustrations and artistic finish, and quite abreast with others in respect to literary value, has reduced its price from three dollars to a dollar and a half.

The friends of UNITY will be pleased to know that we have availed ourselves of such an opportunity as is rarely offered, and have made an arrangement with the *Cosmopolitan* whereby we can offer it and UNITY to new subscribers for two dollars a year. We thought that UNITY was one of the cheapest publications in the United States, but having found one that is even cheaper, we have pooled our issues, and offer both at a discount. We do not believe that such an offer has ever been made before in the history of American journalism; we feel ourselves very fortunate to be able to make it; and we hope that it will enable us to double our list of subscribers. Will not UNITY's friends help us to do this? We must greatly increase our subscription list or UNITY cannot continue after the present year to do for its readers what it is trying to do. If you cannot get us subscribers you can send us the names of persons to whom we may send sample copies, or you can send to us for sample copies which you think you can use to advantage. Will not each subscriber of UNITY try to secure us at least one more?

THE PEACEMAKERS.

It has been a favorite commonplace in our social philosophy that war would eventually bring its own defeat. But gunpowder as a peacemaker does not seem thus far to have been very much of a success. The tendency now seems to be to lay it aside on account of its inefficiency. Our own government is spending at Sandy Hook thousands of dollars every month in experimenting on smokeless explosives, that the work of destruction may be more sure and sweeping. The prediction that the instruments of war will become so terrible and the work of destruction so sure and speedy that human courage will give way and no soldiers can be found to withstand the deadly implements, has little justification in history or in philosophy. It will not do to reckon on the cowardice in man to bring about peace. Human nature is a nery thing. There are no tasks so hard, no dangers so great but that the human soul will undertake the one and confront the other. War is the law of the lower orders of nature, the normal condition of primitive society, and it cannot be corrected by the weakness of men. We must

appeal not to the baser but to the higher motive.

What, then, are some of the forces that are at work ameliorating the horrors of war and bringing about the time when war will cease altogether; when, indeed, "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks"?

First comes the white light of intelligence, the study of hard facts. This age cannot compute its indebtedness to that brave Russian artist, Veretschagen, who has put on canvas the horrors of the march, the sickening tedium of the camp, the everyday misery of the hospitals, the ghastliness of the battle-field. His striking canvases went their rounds through the cities of Europe and America, shaming kings and queens, challenging those high in authority to beware how they let loose their grim dogs of war that leave such a train of agony behind them. No wonder that such an artist should become the terror of the iron-handed Czar. No wonder the military forces of Germany forbade the exhibition of these paintings at their recruiting stations because they depressed the spirit of enlistment, and that the British Government denied them recognition because they told such ghastly truths about its Christian (?) campaigning in India and elsewhere.

Philosophy, not charity; science, not sentiment, must eventually come in to vindicate the law of love over and above the law of hate. Once the genealogy of war is clearly understood, and it is known that the dominion of the cannon is nothing more nor less than the dominion of the bludgeon intensified, the power of the cannon will be gone forever and men will throw it aside, not because it hurts, but because it does not accomplish that which they hoped for. So long as men believe that one race has come into the world under the smile of a divine partiality, and that its prerogative must be maintained by some other providence than the law of the specific gravity of soul, which permits every one to contend for the highest prizes of life and allows those to win who deserve to win; so long as a king claims dominion by a divine right descended through bloody ancestors; so long as a priest claims a monopoly of celestial wisdom not to be disclosed to the uninitiated; so long as any compact of men, religious, industrial or

political, are unwilling to submit their claims to possessions, mental or physical, to the arbitrament of reason,—so long will war be inevitable, though it continue to devastate and debauch the individual, the home and the state. Madam von Suttner, the author of "Ground Arms," is right when she says that Darwin inaugurated the era of peace. Evolution is the gospel which teaches the inadequacy of the Law of Might and the coming supremacy of the Law of Right. Everything that makes for rationality; anything that probes through sham, that breaks down conventionality, that disarms blind prejudice, that puts the mind in sympathy with the universe by increasing its acquaintance with the laws of being, makes for peace. The awful enginery of destruction made more fiendish every year by new inventions, the thundering demon of Krupp, now on exhibition in the World's Fair, that sends his message of terror yelling through twenty miles of space, the devilish fish-torpedo of Sims and Edison that can be sent in complete control of the operator sneaking under water for more than two miles with two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite in its bowels in search of some ship to blow up, are not going to put an end to war. Plenty of men may be found ready to offer themselves a willing sacrifice to these Molochs. But the skill and knowledge necessary to perfect these infernal prolongations of the claw and the fang which form so prominent a feature in the lower stages of evolution, necessitate a skill and develop an intelligence worthy of better things and deserving of better company. This developed talent will eventually carry its wares to a more responsive market; and war, like sorcery, witchcraft, the mutilations of the ascetic and the sacrificial slaughterings of the priest, will be left behind simply because the soul has found a better way.

Edison had defeated his own invention of the fish-torpedo before it was completed. That devil-fish has been disarmed by the telephone and the electric light. It is said that Maxim, the inventor of the automatic gun that will fire itself off at the rate of seven hundred and fifty shots a minute, is hard after the air-ship that is to be a success. When the successful air-ship comes, as come it will, it will impugn the vision of

the great dead singer who was made laureate by a crown of the old regime. He in imagination anticipated the time when the heavens shall be filled with commerce. Then he

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling
in the central blue."

But no "ghastly dews" of human blood spilt in national strife will belong to the air-ship's age, for ere that time arrives the poet's other vision will have been fulfilled:

"When the war drum throbs no longer,
and the battle flags are furl'd,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation
of the world.

When the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
lapt in universal law."

The skill of the bell-makers of Troy, N. Y., was sorely tried these past few weeks. It was hard to cast a peace-bell out of war metal, gathered from many sources. The diverse elements were loath to fuse. But we believe the bell is finished, and on the Fourth of July it rang out its message of universal peace among nations. It is a most prophetic symbol of the larger tasks given the friends of progress to engage in to-day. Let them bring on their diverse contributions from all the jarring fields of thought. Let them bring their relics from the battle-fields of trade, politics, and religion; and science, directing the workers for humanity, will forge a bell that will be a peace-bell, because it will ring liberty throughout all the land and declare freedom to every hand, head, and heart. Liberty to seek, not its own, but another's good; not blessedness far away, but blessings here and now. It is time our Fourth-of-Julys should rise above the noise and smoke of gunpowder into the hallelujahs of the soul that rejoices in the prospect of a "peace on earth and good-will to men," a peace that is to become corporate, organic, national, international, universal, and eternal.

THE IMMEASURABLENESS OF BEAUTY.

One subject summer always offers to our thought, Beauty. Beauty so defiant of definition, so hard to even analyze, but so *unlosable*. What is it? The Century Dictionary should know, but it helps one little to be told, "It is that quality of an object by virtue of which the contemplation of it directly excites pleasurable emotions." Emerson, following Plato, helps me more when he suggests that "the

new virtue which constitutes a thing beautiful is a certain cosmical quality, or a power to suggest relation to the whole world;" that "into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine." My friend helped me still more, to whom I showed the picture of a beautiful boy-face, when she said, "It makes me think of all the beautiful things I have ever seen." A *cosmic* quality,—let us hold, at least, to that; and each beautiful thing by virtue of its beauty is related and akin to all else that is beautiful,—let us hold to that. The Greeks called Order and the Universe by one word, *cosmos*. It is not definition, it is only hint towards it, to say that Beauty is the cosmic order concentrated in individual things and radiating thence again. We see more than forms and colors; we see them, indeed *only* see these, in relation to each other and the All,—their symmetries and harmonies, their contrasts and their unities, their in-flowings and out-flowings from each other; and this *more* in the vision, this that we feel as with a sense behind the eyes, seems to be the "Beauty" of it. To intellectually analyze the vision is to seek the "True." To trace the influences of it and its causes upon life is to seek the "Good." So let us further hold to this,—the Beautiful, the True, the Good are *one*; a mystic trinity; three aspects of one essence, three summaries of one nature, three faces of the One God.

But to-day no more of definition; let us revel in the fact,—the universality of Beauty, the immeasurableness of Beauty; that which everything illustrates, that to which there is no beyond.

We go abroad,—but *here* is Italy. We chase the summer beauty to the hills or sea,—but leave behind almost as much of it as all we go to. We love June,—but how lovely is the winter and the snow storm! We greet May,—but November brings chrysanthemums for weddings, and even February is a beautiful month to be born in.

Can we ever tire of the stately pomp of a day,—the *outside* of a day? A dawn and then a sunrise to begin it, a sunset and an after-glow to close it; the wheeling shadows of morning and afternoon, the noon's high light, the twilight quiet of color; and after the all-day blue and grey and white have passed, the stars

in the deep skies at night. Day by day of this make the year! And these days, all alike with sunrise, sunset, shadows, stars, yet so richly varying with the circuit of the seasons.

And then, inside the day, the separate things of earth,—each thing a world of beauty that can be entered and explored only to reveal, within, new worlds all beautiful. The things that seem at first least fair, fair enough in inner aspects; the very rottenness and foulness and decay and death of things, beautiful enough, when dissected and scanned, each portion by itself,—decay and death being but recreation on some lower scale, in which, as in the great Genesis, the Creating Power pronounces each thing good.

Add the beauty visible if eyes there were to see it, but which there are no eyes to see,—each sea-shell on the untrod beach; the atom's tiny shell at the bottom of the ocean ooze, or compacted in the white tomb of the chalk cliff; the wood-grain hidden in the tree's trunk,—halve the smallest block and you double the beauty; the flowers in the wide wildernesses; the splendors of the moths emerging from the summer nights.

To this add the beauty which the microscope reveals in every structure which can be cut thin enough to be gazed beneath a lens: that night-moth's wing-dust becoming a field of the cloth of gold; a pin-point of refuse becoming a heap of glittering gems; a tiny section of a red rose petal turning to a flush of sunset sky!

Add all the beauty born to die in its birth-instant,—that *timeless* beauty with which Nature is so lavish; the foam-gleam on the ocean; the sun-gleam in the forest; the spark within the dew-drop, and the sparkle on the brook; the snow-flake's sudden star; the flash as of the seven heavens when the light-ray and a falling rain-drop counter; the fit of smiles upon the human face, the music in the intonations of our syllables.

And add, once more, the beauty hidden to most eyes but revealed to artists, poets and nature-lovers: that for which no microscope is needed and no journey, but it waits at the wayside, under foot, at the turn of the road, at the rise of the hill. Man is a beauty-animal as he is a land-animal,—he must have both to live on; yet many of us seem not

fully-born, but to be living still in our embryonic gill-conditions in our beauty-world. In common landscapes common eyes see nothing to remark. Less common eyes see and say, "How pretty!" The artist sees, thrills, stays, pictures, and lo! how much can we save on dinners and on clothes to buy this copy of what the artist saw where we saw nothing? The poet sees and thrills and sings, and the daffodils, from winters all secure, laugh and toss forever in his song. Rightly or wrongly, we claim private property in land, but can one market the landscape? Yes, if greedy enough, he can, by fencing in his hill-top or his park, by boxing up the waterfall approach as in Switzerland or at Niagara of yesterday. But do this, and it still is doubtful whether you *have* yourself the landscape that you claim, the sea-front that you market. The owning depends upon a pocket-book; the *having* depends on eyes and head and heart. The old farmer sometimes sells with his acres values above ground as undreamt of by him as any gold mines under ground. The fisherman's rocks would not bring \$2 an acre; before long \$250, will not buy them. What has happened to the rocks? Only eyes have arrived that *see* them,—and now the world comes and covets.

So is it everywhere,—a new world opens for each new growth in eyes. Be the Columbus and you need no caravels to reach it. And it is a joy to know that we may all become Columbus to ourselves; for we can all grow new eyes to see, explore, report. The picture, poem, music, architecture may yet be yours and mine; and better still, the flower, the sky, the wood-walk yet be ours. Thoreau, Burroughs, Warner, Jeffries, Mrs. Miller, are our past masters and past mistress in this art-of discovering new worlds in the old. In the new century that nears, the tenderer century when "pigeon-shoots," it may be hoped, will go the way of bull-fights, and fishing be no more a "sport" for men than butchering, boys and girls will learn to greet the rocks and flowers and trees as old acquaintance, to take portfolios for the game-bag, catch birds with kodaks, not a gun, and instead of trout bring home the secrets that Nature has been telling them among the woods and streams.

The immeasurableness of Beauty! As we think it over, vista beyond

vista, thus a side thought opens. It is the contrast in respect to durability between beauty in Nature and beauty in Art,—Art, which is but man's imitation, interpretation, exaltation of the beauty that he feels in Nature. Lowell, in his birthday lines to Holmes, speaks of "Fame's great antiseptic—Style." Beauty in Art is the great antiseptic, the grand preservative of work. If man-made, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Poor work vanishes; make it beautiful, it tends to last. A song lasts longer than a law, a poem than a treatise. A poor torso of a perfect statue draws the world, and the maimed marble has ten thousand lovers to the living woman's one. But with Nature, beauty seems preservative of nothing. "Timeless," we just now said of certain gleams and glows of it; but what to her seems more than gleam and glow? What besides the stars attains the *other* meaning of that word, "timeless?" Faded sunsets, vanished Junes, lost chords, lost smiles, forgotten heroism,—the past is made of them! Is Nature spend-thrift, then? Rather, she is impotent to *not*-make beautiful. Of her perfect she fails often, but her very failures fail not, save in contrast with her own successes, to be beauty. Yesterday's sunset, yesterday's self-devotion vanishes, but light and love will be as freshly full of miracles to-day and every day forever.

And yet such vanishing of beauty almost terrifies when we are thinking of our immortality. Can such finish be expended on the sea-shell, on the petal, on the human face, and then can Nature so instantly dispense with it? If so, why may she not dispense as promptly with the *spirit's* beauty? Is a *soul* too beautiful for even Nature not to hoard it? Plato's high-reaching word was: "If a man has eyes to see the true beauty, he becomes the friend of God and immortal." But the answer must lie higher yet: We are not merely beauty which is manifested, but of *that which manifests itself* in beauty. To be "spirit"—this is the great faith—is to partake of the eternal source whence all beauty springs.

And at this very point one more vista opens. Granting the new life, what may its new senses show us? If microscopes ever report more beauty found, if artist-eyes never exhaust it, if new sensitiveness is always flattered by its new surprises, then what

may new senses in a new and spirit body reveal! Perhaps Heaven starting at us! Heaven *here*, all around us, only waiting to be seen! The kingdom of heaven literally "at hand." Think you we hear the *full* music of the running river, of the chanting wind, of the rustling pine, of the climbing sap-stream in the grasses? If the outside of June be so beautiful, what may the *inside* be? "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived" the beauty which may dawn in everything familiar when death opens the eyes. W. C. G.

BUSINESS PANICS.

Of the more immediate causes of business panics, most may be included under the general principle of disturbance of mutual confidence. For on this confidence modern business is based. Capital is loaned on the confidence that it will be repaid with interest,—and if this confidence ceases, it is withheld. It is invested in the confidence that it will pay certain profits; and if this ceases, industry is checked, fewer workmen are employed, less wages paid them to spend, demands decrease, prices fall, and many establishments have to stop, and perhaps ruin their owners in the process. So far-reaching and interlaced are all the fibers of the industrial system, that the condition of one affects all the rest. All work together as one, and can only work with mutual trust. When for any reason this trust fails, the system partly stops.

Of the more immediate causes of the troubles to-day, most come under this principle. Whatever of the many assigned causes you prefer,—whether the dishonest transactions of cordage companies and Reading Railway and whiskey trust; or the honest failure of banks and business firms that could not carry their burdens; or the dread of cholera degrading trade; or Homestead riots and labor strikes, making employers fear to extend their business and try to contract it; or the uncertainty of a Presidential election and of tariff legislation, making manufacturers uneasy and disposed to diminish their productions and suspend them for a season,—all of these alleged causes work through that principle of diminished confidence. And the practical lesson of it is, for all and each to do the utmost to restore the con-

fidence, to do away with dishonesty, to discountenance disturbing speculations, to stop strikes and riots, to help laborers and employers to see their common interests, and to work for a commercial system which—whether high tariff or reformed tariff or no tariff at all—shall at least not be tinkered by every Congress, but have some permanence, so that manufacturers can trust it from one term to another, and not be disturbed even by Presidential elections.

But we want to work not merely for mutual trust, but for a condition of things that can be trusted. Here is a second principle quite as important as the first. Trust is often carried too far, and then becomes a deeper cause of commercial panics than the immediate one of distrust. Before the distrust begins, and often as a necessary reason for its beginning, extreme confidence has carried men into airy enterprises and reckless speculations and expenditures, which have to be checked by a season of distrust. A long period of prosperity is wont to make men too confident of results which the laws of nature will not allow. They extend their enterprises, call for more labor; wages rise, workmen have more to spend and still further increase the demand for all sorts of products, and so lead employers to extend their business again and again, and the general prosperity rises higher and higher. Capital increases and is loaned ever more readily; new men borrow it and go into business with the same result; and industry seems to have secure possession of an upward and enlarging course that will never end. In the easy times business morality grows less strict; regular trade passes into rash schemes for making money faster, and even crooked ways of making it sometimes come to be condoned and looked upon as almost legitimate. So the work goes on until confidence is overdone, and honest Mother Nature calls a halt. Dishonest firms get caught in their own trickery and go down, honest ones which had assumed larger burdens than they can bear break under them, and the reaction sets in. Distrust begins and increases, failures breed failures. It is Nature's way of correcting the over-confidence that had run wild. We want to work for mutual trust among men, but still more for honest and solid business methods that can be trusted.

THE CRY OF THE MUTE.

The cheering word comes that, owing to the prompt action taken by the National Humane Society, the cow-boy race to Chicago, from the Western plains, has been robbed of its worst features, and although a cruel thing, is not as bad as was at first expected. And to the credit of the press be it said that they have their share in this consummation so devoutly wished. This leads me to urge once more what I have so often urged upon the writers for the press, that they add this theme to the many noble ones that now engage their pens. There are already many noble men and women who are saying their wise, strong words in behalf of the poor, suffering mute creation. But many more are urgently needed. Probably no class of people could do as much to educate and awaken public sentiment in this matter as the writers of the country. Even the clergy speak to a limited audience compared to that which any good newspaper writer addresses. And how purposeless and ephemeral much of their writing is! The mere stringing together of pretty words, into pictures of more or less power and brilliancy, is not necessarily a very noble work, although it gains dignity when we speak of it, as a whole, as literature; but the stirring up of noble thoughts and impulses in the human heart, the elevating of the mind above mere selfishness—that is noble and profitable and enduring, be the words spoken ever so brokenly, and although the numbers may halt and limp in inartistic fashion. And the cry for help in this good cause deepens day by day. The brutes at our very doors are beseeching us. The brutes far away on wide Western plains, subject as they are to fiendish tortures, are beseeching us. The winged wanderers of the air, as they cut the blue with their flashing wings, are beseeching us. The little children all over the land, held in thrall by the despotic bonds of ignorance and vice, are beseeching us. And helpless old age, in many nooks and corners, in the keeping of coarseness and cruelty and greed, is beseeching us. The noble army of the great and gifted already working for humanity are beseeching us to give time and attention, money and influence to this good cause. Let no voice that can plead for the helpless keep silence. H. T. G.

Contributed and Selected

A CHRISTENING SERVICE.

The following service, daintily printed, comes to us from one of our parishes. It is designed to give one to the parents of the child after the name has been inserted in the proper place. It may be too late for others to copy this service of flowers and of christenings; but it will surely be interesting reading to many who are doubtful about the possibility of beauty and feeling in connection with natural religion. The rational faith has large place for the sentiments.

Welcome to the Little Children.

"He set a little child in the midst of them."

The People sing :

MOTHER AND CHILD. -
(Marlow.)

My child is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The infinite of God.

Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Pastor reads :

Then were there brought unto Jesus little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And again the disciples came, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven; and whoso shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them.

The Children come for flowers and remain clustered around the table.

The Parents enter with their little ones, the Children singing :

Lead us, Heavenly Father,
Lead us, Shepherd Kind!
We are only children,
Weak and young and blind.
All the way before us
Thou alone dost know;
Lead us, Heavenly Father,
Singing as we go.

Welcome by the Pastor :

Dear friends, amid the beauty of the new-born flowers we welcome these, your new-born children, to the family

of God upon the earth. By bringing them to be given their names in our Church Home you bear witness to your grateful joy that they are yours in God. We share with you that sacred joy, and greet as kin of ours your little ones who will to-day receive their names among us.

Mothers, fathers, you can scarcely deepen here, or at this moment, the consecration which your children have already laid upon you by their birth. By that birth which you, not they, invited, you stand already pledged to them, and pledged to God who gave, to make them pure and beautiful and holy, as far as in you lies,—pure like this clear water, symbol from old time of baptismal purity; beautiful in their unfolding, like these flowers; happy as child-life can be made by prayer-led love. Behold in us the witnesses of your consecration to the duties, the dignities, the joys of parentage.

Mother, by what name shall this, your child, be known upon the earth?

The Mother answers.

Thus shall it be. Henceforth thou shalt be called

.....
the name thy parents give thee now. May thy name be blessed to thee, and be honored among men!

May the Father's holy spirit, which is in thee, keep thee noble, keep thee pure!

May God, the Mother and the Father of us all, be dear to thee, as thou art dear to God.

After each christening the Pastor gives a flower, and the children softly sing :

Hallelujah, Amen!

As the Parents withdraw, the Choir sings :

O beloved little children,
Blessings upon you fall!
Heavenly peace and blessings
Gather on your way!
Ye are all weak and helpless;
But the good Father guards,
Watches and shields you always,
With merciful love and care.

O beloved little children,
Blessings and light descend
On the dear love parental,
Which hath offered you here!
Hallowed and consecrated
By holy song and prayer,
May love be filled with wisdom
To guide the feet of the child!

The People sing :

THE LITTLE ONES.

(Manoah.)

All hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare;
But holy thoughts within us stir,
And rise on lips of prayer.

To us beneath the noonday heat,
Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
The freshness of their morn!

Within us wakes the childlike heart;
Back rolls the tide of years;
The silent wells of memory start
And flow in happy tears.

O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

F. L. ROSMER.

Benediction.

RELIGIOUS WORK WITH AND FOR FOREIGNERS.

READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF LIBERAL MINISTERS AT MENOMONIE, WIS., MAY 11, BY REV. KRISTOFER JANSON.

Being a foreigner myself, I am requested to-day to speak about religious work with and for foreigners. And being a theme of discussion, I think the meaning is: Will it be advisable for the American Unitarian Association to maintain missionary work in a foreign language any more? The economical side we will put entirely aside for the moment, because the American Unitarian Association, if it cannot afford to support foreign missions, of course must drop them, and then there is nothing more to say about it. But supposing the American Unitarian Association be able, as it has commenced to support religious work among foreigners, will it then be advisable to do that in foreign language, or should it not be preferred to force the strangers into the English, as those people have become, and intend to stay as American citizens? The latter question I will decidedly answer with *No*, because you cannot reach the foreigners in any other way than through their own language. Even if the persons have stayed here long enough to understand the daily talk and help themselves along in the stores and at the workshops, their heart is not in their new language, and they can scarcely understand a sermon or a lecture, where a little richer or higher language is used than the common slang. I have experienced it myself. I tried to speak once a month in English, but I had only half the audience and I had to give it up. And it is a common remark to hear when my people listen to English-speaking pastors, "He speaks too high for me," even if it be very plain. I must confess myself that an English speech never makes the impression on me as a Norwegian. It strains me more or less to listen to it, and the covering of the thoughts seems cold and bare. Remember also that most of the people coming here, from the Scandinavian countries at least, are uneducated people of the middle age, when they do not so easily catch any new language, especially as most of them have not learnt any other tongue than their own or have not the slightest key to understand the strange sounds that float around their ears. This is especially the case out in the country. I have met farmers that cannot understand, not speak, not read a line of English, though they have stayed here for twenty-five or thirty years. These people live, of course, in a colony of their countrymen.

But will not this supporting of their own language keep up the clannishness and hinder the assimilation with the American people? I think not. Force will simply not do in this

case. And the assimilation will go on quite naturally by means of the children learning English at the common school. In the cities, even the first generation born here, or arrived here as smaller children, will have emancipated themselves from their native language; in the country, the third generation, I think. At Minneapolis I am compelled already to use English in my Sunday school because the children are more familiar with that and think it easier. If you speak to them in Norwegian, they will answer in English. The assimilating process will go quite naturally without any force or push. * * * But let the older people enjoy their own native tongue. The language covers for them all the dear remembrances of their old home, their customs, their history; and when they hear it again all their slumbering faculties awaken, their eyes sparkle, their hearts beat, and even the plainest talk makes a deep impression on them, because they can so thoroughly accept and absorb it. A language is a holy thing. It is not like the grinding of a coffee mill—only a monotonous sound. It is closely connected with the heart strings of the people, with the awakening of their intellect and with all their deeper feelings. If you, therefore, will educate the immigrants, especially when you have new thoughts to offer them, use their own language or you will never succeed. The assimilation belongs to the future and takes care of itself. And the liberal gospel, preached and accepted by foreigners in their native tongue, makes it easier for them to assimilate later, because the new ideas have torn them off from national and religious prejudice and intolerance. * * * Difference of nationality includes hundreds of things and all of importance. It is conceded by all that a heathen mission, if it shall succeed, must educate native preachers, or that the missionary must live entirely into his people and become like one of them. But be that so, it will also apply in the relation between European and American. Of course the difference is not so great as between a Chinese and an American, but still there is a difference. They may be highly civilized people, both of them, still there is a great difference and both of them feel it instinctively. Now, for instance, myself. If I stayed here a hundred years I would never be Americanized. The rules of society, of politeness, the mode of thinking and reasoning and speaking and writing are of another kind. They are against my nature, my education, my customs. I may love and admire many Americans, but I will never become like one of them. You cannot deprive the leopard of its spots. And the extreme mutual flattery in their conversation that is the proof of good education, the lack of what the Germans call "Gemuthlichkeit" in their society life, the letter-worship

and form-worship, especially in religious matters, which is an inheritance from the Puritan fathers, and which has created its strongest expression in closing the World's Fair on Sundays, the, in our opinion, ridiculous prudishness in their literary taste and criticism, the Anthony Comstock censoring,—in short, the whole spiritual atmosphere, is something so entirely different that a European never will feel at home in it. And he will on his side seem to Americans too free, too frank, too rough, too aggressive, too familiar perhaps. Even if the poor immigrants cannot explain why, they will feel the difference at once. And therefore if you will establish a mission of any kind among them, use one of their countrymen, who is familiar with their customs, their food, their mode of living and reasoning and thinking, their history, the nature of their country, their prejudices and vices as well as their virtues, and let him work among them in their own language, not in opposition to their adopted country, but leading them by his knowledge of both countries and their demands into a closer relation to the new institutions and forms, wherein they now shall live.

America, and the West especially, is predestined to become the wonder witch-kettle, where nearly all the nationalities of the world shall mix and mingle, and at last be boiled together to one new nation, who shall bear the stamp of every one of its many parents, I hope, by selecting their virtues and letting the dregs sink to the bottom. And it will be of great importance for the future of America whether those foreigners are led into liberal progressive ideas in regard to political, scientific, and religious matters or they shall become backsliders. The fourth part of the population of Minnesota, for instance, is Scandinavian, and they are very numerous in Wisconsin and all over the West. Will not that be of some importance for the future of Minnesota and Wisconsin? It will not do for Unitarianism to approach the Catholics. Their crowds are too ignorant and too tied up to the apron-strings of their ministers. And among the Protestants I should say that the Germans, the Dutch people, and the Scandinavians ought to have the preference. I can only speak for my own countrymen. They are in some respects excellent materials for liberal ideas. They are born republicans, have an inherited love of freedom and self-dependence, are a hard-working, courageous, frugal set of people, apt to become pioneers. As a rule they are more educated than the crowds of Southern Europe; most of them can read and write. The drawback with them is their stubbornness in clinging to the inherited religious orthodox ideas, and their leaders, the Lutheran ministers, fanaticize them in that respect. I receive frequently letters calling me the Devil and Anti-

christ, and there is a rejoicing all along the line now, because they shall get rid of me for a year. But this intolerance and narrow-mindedness causes a great many of the intelligent young men and women, touched by the livelier influx of ideas and surroundings, to withdraw entirely from all religious work, to look upon religion and church with distrust and scorn as an old barbaric relic from the past. To them the liberal gospel comes like a liberation, because their inmost soul is longing for some higher life, and I have received many letters gratefully thanking me for what I have done for them. Since the foreigners are in the majority here West, it will not be good policy for American educators, and among them I count the American Unitarian Association as one of the most important, to pass by this element in silence without trying to influence them; and in order to do that they must support foreign workers in the foreign languages as their means permit it.

—From the Liberal Co-Worker.

AN ENCOURAGING FAILURE.

Our General Assembly adjourned Friday, the 16th ult. House bill 700, providing that it shall not be lawful for an overseer of the poor to send any child between the ages of 2 and 16 years as a pauper to any poor-house for support and care, but that such children as are charges upon the public shall be cared for in respectable families, or in institutions especially designed for the care of children, passed third reading in the House Wednesday, the 15th ult., at about 4 p. m., too late to be taken over to the Senate and put through first reading. As three readings on as many different days are required, this most beneficent provision failed to become a law. This is deeply to be deplored, but as the bill was not introduced into the House until March 30, its failure to get through the Senate was not unexpected.

This bill is the outcome of the appointment at All Souls Church of a committee to formulate a plan whereby there may be incorporated in this State a society for the care of dependent children in private families. It was at once discovered that a large number of dependent children are being cared for in poorhouses along with the idiotic and, in some cases, the insane. After an examination of the laws of the several States, and consultation with those who make it their duty to see to the enforcement of these laws, the bill was drawn and placed in the charge of Hon. Godfrey Langhenry, a member of the House from this county, who, by careful attention, secured its passage in the House. In the Senate, the bill was placed in the charge of Senator Aspinwall, but at too late a day to become a law. We extend to these gentlemen our most sincere thanks, and trust that they may be members

of the next General Assembly, and that they will not be weary in well doing.

It will interest the readers of UNITY to know that apparently the only opposition to the bill was from one in charge of an industrial school who desired such an amendment as would place all dependent children in their institutions rather than leave it optional as between institutions and private families. The Roman Catholics are pleased with the bill because of the fair treatment accorded them in the provision that "the children shall, so far as practicable, be placed in families or institutions of the same religious denomination as that in which they were baptized; in case they have not been baptized, then in the families or institutions holding religious views similar to those of the parent or parents." G. H. S.

Correspondence

THE INDIAN AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

DEAR SIR—In view of the recent threatened trouble from a certain portion of the Navajo Indians, in Arizona, Lieutenant Plummer, U. S. A., the Acting Agent, has asked the co-operation of the Indian Rights Association in carrying out a project which may save future bloodshed, and will undoubtedly tend strongly to promote the civilization and education of these Indians. He expresses the wish that some of the wildest of the Navajos should be taken on a visit to the East, so that they may see a few large boarding and day schools, and have an opportunity to form some idea of the work of the whites. There are many Indians in the northern part of the reservation who have no idea of civilization at all, and if they had an opportunity to form some conception of the power of civilization, their absurd notions of their own importance would be overcome, and their objections to education, which are now a serious obstacle to the work of the Government in that direction, would be removed. Lieutenant Plummer thinks that this plan, if carried out, will "save much trouble that is sure to come soon unless there is a decided change in the present condition of affairs on and about this reservation."

I have written to the Department at Washington asking their approval of this plan, and in response I am informed that the Department heartily approves, but has no money at its disposal to carry the project into effect. The Department has since officially authorized the Association to proceed with the project, provided we can raise the necessary funds. We therefore propose to raise a fund sufficient to carry out the plan,—at least to send a limited number of Indians, under proper supervision, as far as Chicago while the World's Fair is in

operation, to a sight which will probably convince them of the power of our civilization, and that they should fall in line with it without delay.

Will those to whom this plan commends itself, and who care to assist the Association in carrying it out, kindly forward such contributions as they wish to make to it to this office so soon as convenient? The entire amount needed will be about \$700. We have already secured about \$200. Small contributions as well as large ones will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged.

Newspapers can render aid by printing this letter, or otherwise informing their readers of the project.

Respectfully, HERBERT WELSH,
Cor. Sec. Indian Rights Ass.,
1305 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

SERMONS AGAINST CRUELTY.

DEAR UNITY: Did you ever hear a minister preach upon man's duty to the brute creation? Did you ever hear a sermon upon cruelty to animals? or to children? or upon any other form of cruelty? I have been a pretty constant attendant upon their ministrations for over forty years, and I never did. Is the theme unworthy of their attention?

INQUIRER.

The Study Table

THREE STORIES.*

The review editor of UNITY has recently been reading three very different books, which may be regarded as characteristic of as many schools of fiction. Amanda M. Douglas' "Larry," which won the *Youth's Companion* prize of \$2,000, is an old-fashioned tale, which seeks to please the reader with the story of an attractive little gentleman, who, though well-born, spent his early years in poverty, and after his widowed mother's death became a newsboy, was sent West by the aid society and practically adopted by a lovable old-maid farmer, who, though always kind-hearted and generous, had previously led a pretty bare and lonely life. She is perhaps forty; the ten-year-old waif awakens the motherly instinct of the woman and becomes as dear to her as her own flesh and blood. She is well-to-do and gives the boy a superior education, and her love for him prompts the plain countrywoman to cultivate her own mind and manners, that she may continue his companion. The strength of the love between these two, and its effect upon their lives, is, of course, the best thing in the book. Other features of the work are not so commendable. For one thing, the picture is too rosy; we are told that the boy had undergone hardships before the story begins,

*LARRY. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, pp. 242; 50 cents.—MY WICKEDNESS: A Psychological Study. New York: Cleveland Pub. Co. Paper, 16mo., pp. 88; 35 cents.—ASLEEP AND AWAKE. By Raymond Russell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 200; \$1.00.

but so far as we really see him in the story he is an enchanted prince. His companions and teachers all have an excellent influence over him, his "Aunt Mat" grows steadily richer, he discovers a coal mine on the farm, which makes her independent, and finally two fortunes come to him from his own relatives, who are anxious to give him all that wealth and the highest social position can accomplish. Then, too, there is the conventional villain; not a blood-stained bravo, or one of the harrowing villains, but a beefy, brutal farmer, whose spite against Larry and his "Aunt Mat" is strong, but never effects anything. The falsity of the picture is not in painting his faults too black,—doubtless there are many mean and brutal men,—but in failing to so much as hint at a redeeming trait in him. There is no real attempt to paint a man here; he is a mere lay figure, a foil for the good "Aunt Mat" and Larry. Inasmuch as the story was primarily written for children, it was not deemed wise to endow him with any very fiendish traits or horrible deeds; but the principle is the same,—he is the conventional villain. The story is, on the whole, superficial. Although supposed to be for children, little or nothing is presented of the real interests and problems of child life.

Yet, when compared with the other books mentioned in the heading, we are disposed to turn back to this representative of the old school of literature with pleasure; because it is clean and wholesome. True, it does not feed the whole man, but in a measure ministers to his better nature.

"Asleep and Awake" belongs to the introspective romantic school, and "My Wickedness" to the radical psychological school. The latter is very well written and seems really to deserve its sub-title, "a psychological study;" but it is the study of a sorely diseased mind, and, being thus abnormal and horrible, seems better adapted for the physician and the criminologist than for the general reader. It is the journal of an inmate of a Parisian lunatic asylum, who has committed a number of horrible murders, whose madness consists in recurring frenzies of blood-thirstiness, and in an almost total absence of moral sense at all times; yet regarding himself he seems to have formed a certain tentative philosophy of life. Aside from the general fact that the book devotes itself so exclusively to the dark side of life as to be unwholesome, it has the further defect, from an artistic standpoint, of representing the prominent characters in the book other than the hero as almost equally abnormal.

The third book tries to handle the great problem of life without the adequate ability. It is the voice of one who has ambition, with little talent, and no genius. It distinctly fails to prove what it was professedly de-

signed to establish, and rather serves unnecessarily to cast doubt on that great truth. The author perceives the falsity of many of our conventional rules of morality, and feels an immense superiority over the rest of the world in consequence thereof. The truth the book contains only serves to make it more dangerous, because it is morbid. We hope that the writer will withhold her pen for several years; and when she has been longer awake we trust that she will write more wholesomely. F. W. S.

PRINCETON SKETCHES. By George R. Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, large 8vo., pp. 200; \$2.—Princeton Sketches, by a recent graduate of the college, has more than a local interest. It gives us interesting glimpses of the development of one of the few institutions in America that have become historic. "Nassau Hall" dates back to the time when William of Orange and Nassau was King of England. Princetonians are proud of the influence which their college has had in the affairs of the nation. Especially was this marked in the Revolutionary struggle. The President, Dr. Witherspoon, was a conspicuous figure in the Continental Congress, and his patriotism could no more be impeached than his orthodoxy.

Among the hundred undergraduates who, in 1770, met in the college yard to protest against the encroachments of the British Government, there were four who afterward became members of the Continental Congress, two of the Constitutional Convention, and eleven of the Federal Congress. That little group contained five distinguished judges, four governors of States, one attorney general, a vice president and a president of the United States. Jonathan Edwards, James Madison and Aaron Burr are some of the names connected with Princeton in the days before it had broadened out into a university.

In the last chapter, entitled "The Princeton Idea," the writer seeks to do away with the impression "that somewhere on the campus is the spot where Jonathan Edwards 'stamped his iron heel,' and that this sacred indentation is the fetich of every true son of Nassau Hall."

There may be some who will be surprised to be told that one of the characteristics of Princeton College is "the utter absence of denominational feeling." The author adds, significantly: "The presence of the leading Presbyterian seminary in the same town has fostered a contrary belief." It is also just to the college to state that the two institutions have no organic connection. S. M. C.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have watched *The Cosmopolitan* with growing admiration for some time, and the wonder is that as it

grows better it becomes cheaper. Already one of the cheapest monthlies, after having established the most perfect plant possessed by any periodical of its kind, and having gained the very front rank among illustrated magazines, it has reduced its price one half. Yet the very number in which this announcement is made contains two new departments, and shows that the magazine is continually improving. The two new departments to which we refer are: (1) "In the World of Art and Letters," and (2) "The Progress of Science." The former promises us brief critiques from the most competent minds in England, France, Germany, and the United States. M. Sarcey's critiques are to be given in French and English. The July number, for which the editors apologize as incomplete, contains in this department work from Andrew Lang, H. H. Boyesen, Agnes Repplier, and Thomas A. Janvier,—certainly a very respectable showing, if fame is any criterion of ability. Another feature of this department is a list of the twenty books deemed by a committee of three the worthiest publications of the month in fiction, science, art, biography, and history. This seems to us a somewhat mechanical device—twenty each month—but in the wide field of taste one must, perhaps, be more or less arbitrary. The five books mentioned under the head "Scientific and Economic" seem to be worthy of their place, if one may judge from a partial knowledge. We think that the selection with which critics would be least satisfied is that of the four books mentioned under the head "Critical."

The other new department, as carried out, is not only new in *The Cosmopolitan* but quite a new departure in American magazine literature, and seems to us a very praiseworthy undertaking. It is "intended to supply the requirement for the latest and most important scientific information, prepared not by one writer who may have a smattering of all the sciences, but by a number of leading scientists who are specialists in their respective fields;" and this information is to be stated in the briefest possible language, to render it available for the general reader. Professors A. E. Dolbear, C. A. Young, and S. C. Tillman, and Mr. G. H. Knight speak for this department in the July number.

We have taken so much space to speak of the new features of *The Cosmopolitan* that we cannot give as extended notice to the excellences of the body of the magazine as we should be glad to. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated, not a few of these little gems of art being alone worth more than the price of the magazine, and the text admirably written. Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen's poem, "The Parley of the Kings," is a delightful bit of modern thought charmingly set in the frame of antiquity, and hav-

ing an indescribable flavor from its setting. Mr. Howells' "Traveler from Altruria" shows that gifted author at his best, and that is saying much. Charles De Kay discusses American Art: the historian, McCrackan, the Swiss Referendum; and there are contributions from Camille Flammarion, Clinton Scollard, Gilbert Parker, Sara Carr Upton, Francois Coppee, Lucy M. Salmon, and other writers, ably representing literature, art, and sociology. The value and variety offered for 13 cents is truly astonishing!

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for July Edward S. Morse, in an article entitled "If Public Libraries, Why Not Public Museums?" makes an earnest plea for museums, and at the same time points out the unavailable character of much of the work of the past in that direction. In this, it seems to us, the chief value of his article lies. In order to awaken a healthy interest in useful museums we must disabuse the public mind of the impression that a collection of odds and ends, of unrelated objects, or of objects the relation between which no pains are taken to make evident, deserves the name and merits the support of a museum.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

CONSOLATION. By Rev. Chauncey Giles. Philadelphia: American New Church Tract and Pub. Socy. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 187.

WOMAN, CHURCH, AND STATE. By Matilda Joslyn Gage. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 554. \$2.00

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY: A Sermon. By S. A. Steinthal. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 12-page pamphlet. 1d.

UNITARIANISM: A Sermon. By Rev. Charles Hargrove, M. A. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 16-page pamphlet. 1d.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. By George St. Clair, F. G. S. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 30-page pamphlet. 3d.

WE ARE SAVED BY HOPE: A Sermon. By J. E. Manning, M. A. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 12-page pamphlet. 1d.

THE RISE AND DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE OF DEITY OF CHRIST. By S. Fletcher Williams. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 44-page pamphlet. 6d.

THEODORE PARKER AND HIS WORK. By Silas Farrington. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 30-page pamphlet. 2d.

DR. CHANNING AND HIS WORK. By Brooke Herford, D. D. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 24-page pamphlet. 2d.

THE PERFECT PRAYER: Sermon by Frank Walters. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 12-page pamphlet. 1d.

Church-Door Pulpit

THE SABBATH AND THE SUNDAY.*

BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath; so that the Son of Man is lord even of the Sabbath."—MARK II. 27, 28.

Jesus was the most radical of radicals, for the most conservative of reasons. Coming not to destroy, but to fulfill, he yet boldly rooted up every plant of tradition which had overgrown and smothered the primary principles of life and reality. The proof of his divinity appears in his fidelity to humanity. He bids us apply to all outward forms and venerable institutions this test: Do they help and serve man? If not, away with them from the face of the earth! The value of everything is in its use; if useless, it is worse than useless; hindering, it is harmful. Not as a reckless anarchist, but as a reverent reformer, did he denounce the usurpations of those religious leaders who sought to build up their own authority, or to fortify religion itself, by hedging about or overlaying the laws of God with the traditions of men.

How like a blaze of light amid obscuring sophistries came this clear word: "The Sabbath was made for man; not man for the Sabbath." To the Pharisees it was an unwelcome saying; yet it was unanswerable. And it gives us a formula which can be applied to the whole apparatus of human institutions, observances and agencies. Scriptures, priests, altars, temples, synagogues, churches, liturgies, governments and laws,—were they not all made for man? Must they not all be interpreted and used in the freedom of the spirit, and not in the bondage of the letter? Any man—the least of these our brethren—is greater than any institution or custom. For man's sake, let every good institution or custom be honored and preserved; for man's sake, let them all be held subordinate to service, and changed or abolished as humanity may need.

The value or sacredness of an institution does not depend on our knowledge or our theory of its origin. Who first made a clock or a watch? We would gladly know and duly honor the inventor; but our estimate of the value of a time-keeper does not depend on the name of its maker.

Historical and comparative studies have not made it easier to believe in miraculous origins; there are too many of them. Did the goddess Ceres, as the Greek story ran, send Triptolemus over the earth to teach the human tribes agriculture and cookery? Perhaps not; but when the handsome fable melts into thin air, we cherish these arts not the less. Did Prometheus first bring fire from

heaven as a gift to mankind? Perhaps not; but the people of this latitude will not therefore banish fire. Did Minos, the Cretan king, learn his laws direct from Jupiter? Did Numa receive laws for Rome from the nymph Egeria? Were the Ten Commandments handed to Moses out of a storm of fire, on tables of stone engraved by the finger of Jehovah? Perhaps not. What matter, so long as all these statutes were "made for man," and were wisely adapted to guide his life and promote his welfare? Religious faith traces every good and perfect gift to one source. The myths which gather around the origin of ancient laws are poetic testimonies to human reverence and gratitude. They express a true conviction that all high wisdom is a revelation; that every good thing is of God.

The word "sabbath" means simply a stopping, a pause, a rest. The word ought not to drop out of use. It is a good, sweet word; it stands for a good, sweet thing, however it began.

The division of time into weeks of seven days is older than written history. In Genesis, the Hebrew poem of beginnings, we are told that the setting apart of the seventh day commemorates the rest which the Creator took at the end of his six days' work. Read other accounts, and you may conclude, as I do, that the changes of the moon first suggested this measurement of time by weeks. In the 20th of Exodus, the reason given to the Israelites for observing the seventh day, is because on that day the Lord rested. In the 23d chapter, the Sabbath legislation is put on the grounds of humanity. "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may have rest, and the son of thy handmaid, and the stranger may be refreshed." In the 5th of Deuteronomy the same reason is given; the Sabbath is to be a relief for the hardship of labor for man and beast, and especially "that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord God brought thee out." The weekly holiday was thus made to celebrate the emancipation of the people from the toils of slavery.

Did the Day of Rest originate by supernatural appointment, or as a lunar festival, or as a humane observance? No great matter which; it was a good thing; it was "made for man." We ought to get over thinking that some good things are divine and others human. Their goodness makes them all divine, and it ought to make them all human. We must have respect enough for the Creator to believe that his will and his law include all that is best for his creatures. If the Day of Rest has proved a benefit to mankind, why should we not accept it as we accept the opportunities of the other six days; and why should not they, too, be hal-

lowed as equally sacred for their proper uses?

God legislates for man through man's own faculties and experiences, as well as in the whole, large order of nature. Enlightened reason is itself a revelation, which no man may innocently or safely disregard. Humanity at its best represents divinity, and our common sense reads the law of duty in our situation and our needs as plainly as we read the commandments in a book.

The Day of Rest has verified its value by its benefits. It stands solidly on its merits, just like the school, the courts of justice, or the alphabet, and the use of coal and iron. If a part of our people undervalue or abuse any of the blessings of civilization, or throw away any good thing that has come down to us among the costly gains of history, it is surely a step backward toward barbarism. They are the losers, and not they alone, for they impair the great common inheritance of mankind. We must preserve the Day of Rest, because "it was made for man," and because man cannot spare it without injury to himself.

But the Sabbath is not superior to man; he is its lord and master, and he plays the fool when he does not compel the day to yield its finest benefits. Like all other institutions and customs of historic origin and growth, it has certain relations to his nature and his needs; its uses must be determined by his circumstances, and partly by his social state. External usages must change with changing conditions, else man is cramped, and becomes "the victim of his tools." As we must never hesitate to put a good thing in the place of a poor thing, so must we never hesitate to put a better thing in place of a good one.

I believe the early Christians held this theory about the Day of Rest, and that the change from the seventh day of the week to the first would have been impossible had they felt rigidly bound by the letter of the Old Testament. The Jewish Sabbath, which was perhaps, at one period, a joyous day, had become a weariness to flesh and spirit. In their zeal to save it from desecration the guardians of the law had overlaid it with petty and vexatious restrictions, some of which were practically inhuman, as we can see from the censures leveled against Jesus as a Sabbath breaker when he healed the sick and bade the paralytic take up his couch and walk, or justified his disciples for harvesting a handful of wheat when they were hungry.

When the gospel of Christ spread among the Gentiles, no injunctions were laid on the converts to observe any kind of Sabbath except the rest of the spirit. Paul declared for entire freedom in this matter. "One man esteemeth one day above another; another man esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." He denounced all attempts to carry over

*A sermon preached in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, June 11, 1893.

into the Christian community any of the Jewish national usages. "Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day, or a new moon, or a Sabbath day, which are a shadow of the things to come."

In these two passages Paul dismisses the Sabbath question with indifference, for not another reference to it can be found in the Epistles which bear his name or in the reports of his preaching. Nor is the day once mentioned in the Epistles of Peter, James and John; and in the Acts it appears only as the day in which the Jews were accustomed to meet in their synagogues—a custom which gave the apostles, who were also Jews, an opportunity to preach of Jesus as the expected Messiah.

How then did Sunday come into the Christian Church as the successor of the sacred seventh day of the Jews? It is easy to answer. The new doctrine produced a new life; the new life produced new customs. But gradually, not all at once. Faith in Jesus took the lead of faith in Moses, without wholly displacing the old. The tomb of the Crucified had been found empty on the morning of "the first day of the week," and on that day he showed himself alive to his awe-stricken friends. It was the date of a new creation, the beginning of a new order for humanity. With no thought of instituting a new Sabbath, they yet grew indifferent to the old one, and the non-Jewish Christians naturally celebrated the resurrection by holding their meetings on the first day of the week, which half a century later was called the "Lord's Day." But its observance was not binding; they kept it in freedom and love, all the more gladly because it was *not* required, because it was no part of that burdensome yoke of the law which they gradually gathered courage to throw off.

On the day of the resurrection they met in the early morning and sang a hymn, "Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead! And Christ shall shine upon thee; and He shall give thee light!" Generally, they joined in the breaking of bread. Then they went to their usual occupations. Many of them, being of Jewish stock, kept up their old custom of resting on the seventh day; but no such obligation was ever laid on the Gentile converts, who soon made the greater part of the church.

The "Lord's Day," though mentioned but once in the New Testament (Rev. i. 10), naturally became more and more a day of repose for all who could spare the time,—a high day of instruction and fellowship, of song and worship, a festival of freedom and joy. Of course it took on a religious meaning; it emphasized the sweet privilege of keeping every day holy unto the Lord, and thus converting all life into a happy privilege, a heavenly blessing, and a type of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

So the Christian Sabbath grew and

made its own place, and made it "for man." If the Church had not taken up the custom of devoting one day to rest and worship, and if the best features of the older Sabbath and its synagogue had not been taken up into the next day, Christianity would have been so far inferior to Judaism. In its own defense and in justice to its own people, it could not do less than lift its day of rest and worship into honor. Besides, the free and humane spirit of Jesus himself passed into the observance of the day. He had made a sick man well; he had brushed away the hard and soulless traditions; he had walked abroad through the field of growing grain with his company of disciples; and he had said, "The Sabbath was made for man; not man for the Sabbath." His whole aim was to liberate, heal, comfort, cheer and uplift.

But the early Gentile Christians, whose congregations were scattered over the Roman Empire, were mostly of the poorer class, and many of them were slaves. Whether they went to meeting early or late, they were obliged to spend most of the day in work. Sunday labor was not prohibited by any rule of the Church any more than by the civil law.

Another fact may have contributed to the change. The new faith was bitterly hated by the Jewish leaders. In the free teaching of Jesus concerning the Sabbath they saw a reflection upon themselves. The Christians saw in the rigid observance of the day a reflection upon their Master; nor could they forget that the men who murdered him were a party to that rigid observance. Every seventh day they were reminded of that sad seventh day when his body lay in the tomb; and many of them spent it in fasting, holding their very joy in check till the dawn of "the first day of the week," when he burst the bonds of death. Thus a chasm opened between the holiday of the Jews and the holiday of the Christians; they stood for two circles of thought and feeling. The new wine needed a new bottle. And the reproaches brought by the Judaizing Christians against their brethren, who did not observe the whole law of Moses, may have operated in favor of some sort of Sabbath.

The substance of it all is given in a few sentences by Dr. Hase, whose "Church History" was translated from the German by James Freeman Clarke. Dr. Hase says that during the first century, "in the Jewish Christian congregations, the Jewish sabbath and festivals were observed," while "only in congregations composed principally of Greeks could the members be induced to observe Sunday in commemoration of our Lord's resurrection." During the second century, "Sunday remained a joyful festival, in which all fasting and worldly business was avoided as much as possible; but the original commandment of the Decalogue respecting the sabbath was not then applied

to that day." In the fourth century, Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, ordered that on Sunday "all worldly employment should cease, except works of necessity in the field, and the manumission of slaves."

Thus it appears that nearly three hundred years were required to complete the change from the seventh day to the first, and to secure for that change a legal recognition. But before the Christian era the Roman people had adopted the division of the month into weeks; and the first day of the week was named in honor of the sun, which had anciently been an object of worship. It was both easy, natural, and fitting that the prevailing sentiment of reverence should be transferred to Christ, as the true Light of the World, and so to make the Day of the Sun the Day of the Lord. It was also easy, natural and fitting that the Western nations, though imperfectly converted from paganism, should fall into the useful and beautiful custom of resting one day in seven.

Thus the Christian Sunday grew.

We have seen that the early church did not at first regard the observance of Sunday as an obligation; it was taken up freely and by degrees, as a privilege; in time it acquired authority, because of its value. If it grew binding afterward, it was because all customs tend to become fixed, and because the church acquired political influence and power to stamp its usages as public law. Later, the rigid sabbath legislation of the Old Testament was applied to the new day, especially by the Puritans and other Protestants, from whom our own traditions have descended. But Luther and other reformers stoutly resisted the tendency and demanded the same liberty of judgment which Paul had vindicated.

Our present Sunday laws, as interpreted by the courts, do not rest on theological grounds; they rest on considerations of public policy and general welfare. If the mass of our people wish to set apart from labor and business the Fourth of July or Decoration Day, the Legislature so provides for the public pleasure and convenience. As the mass of the people also find it for their relief and advantage to rest one day in seven, the law sets apart that day which is already hallowed by the prevailing sentiment. The law does not confirm nor contradict those who believe that Sunday observance is an appointment of God; it does not deal with such questions; it makes the Sabbath "for man," and on purely human grounds. And it respects the consciences of Jews and Seventh-Day Baptists.

Because the day is for man, man must keep it, or it will be the worse for him. If God did not rest, we must. The breaking down of Sunday would be a fearful calamity to society, and especially to all who work with muscle or with brain. It is the opinion of medical men that

the giving up of Sunday rest, or its equivalent, would materially shorten human life. The mental change, even the change of garments, brings a sense of refreshment. Life gains both in quantity and in quality by this regular interval of repose, this slackening of the tension and the strain. To the families which make all days alike, month after month, year after year, life becomes monotonous and weary, a round of drudgery, a landscape of sand. To abolish Sunday would make certain a vast increase of insanity and suicide.

The true idea of rest is restoration, recovery, repair. And the whole man needs refreshment. We can put the day to higher uses than mere bodily repose; the body itself needs to be uplifted by the wings of the spirit. The Sunday is lost if it does not put us in tune, so that all days may yield a sweeter and richer harmony. The Sunday is a great humanizer. Emerson calls it "the jubilee of the whole world, whose light dawns welcome alike into the closet of the philosopher, into the garret of toil, and into prison cells, everywhere suggesting, even to the vile, the dignity of spiritual being."

It is not to the laws of the State, it is to our own happy sense of need and of blessing, that we owe the impulse which brings us together in companies, to meet each other as spirits, to hold these precious festivals of the mind and heart, and to cultivate kindly respect and sympathy and reverence for our common duties. Why should not we, as well as the old Hebrews, call our Day of Rest "a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honorable"? How deeply and sadly those children are wronged who are allowed to grow up and miss all these fine impressions and pure associations, as millions do!

We wish, indeed, to escape from that kind of Sunday observance which makes the day burdensome and depressing; but we shall best do this, not by lowering the use of the day, but by raising it; by making it a school of spiritual culture, and a welcome reminder of those realities which give life all its dignity and sweetness, and for which we find too little room and too little relish amid the rush of week-day activities, excitements and agitations. We do well to shake ourselves free of gloomy or stupid traditions of Sabbath-keeping; but we cannot afford to miss the best of all opportunities for bodily and mental refreshment, invigoration and uplifting.

The other six days must be the test of our use of the Sunday. Those who spend it in a carouse, and go to their work on Monday morning all the worse for it, are not the only ones who waste a good opportunity. On the other hand, I know of some who say that this day always brings them instructions, meditations, influences, and fellowships which help them to live with more cheer and courage through the whole week. Is not this

a habit worth cultivating? Would it not lift up all days and put new meaning into life itself?

The century has witnessed some changes for the better, and some for the worse. The Sabbath idea has been humanized; the old cloud of gloom has lifted from the day; the theory of Sunday laws has been cleared of theological implications and conformed more nearly to American ideas of religious liberty. But, in resisting this rational change instead of leading it, some of the Protestants have unintentionally helped the reaction toward laxity, and have widened the chasm between the churches and the workingmen. They have weakened the hold of the day on the affection and reverence of the people by putting into their demand for its observance some of the spirit of the Pharisees. Imagine St. Paul as threatening that God would let loose the cholera upon mankind unless they honored him by observing the first day of the week—as if the day were for him rather than for them!

As to the opening or closing of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday, the original issue has been confused by those who have made it a question of what is due to God rather than of what is best for man. It might have been discussed as a matter of expediency, about which something true could be said on both sides. There were considerations of interest and of sentiment to be balanced; considerations of the rights of exhibitors, the welfare of employes, and the wishes of the general public. On the score of respect for the law and fair dealing with Congress, the managers do not appear to advantage; but the kind of clamor raised by some of the religious people, along with their attempt to carry their point by menace, and to employ the power of the Government in enforcing their views on those who do not share them, cannot be said to make up a handsome record.

However it ends, the net result of this unseemly struggle must foot up as a loss both to the Exposition and to the cause of religion. The Church has put on exhibition its own lack of human sympathy, spiritual insight and moral power. It has missed and spoiled a great opportunity. The Fair itself should have experienced religion, should have been converted to God. Had American Christianity been equal to the occasion, it would have interpreted the Fair as a powerful parable, teaching the lessons of brotherhood to capital and labor, teaching the sanctity of genius and of the resources of civilization, and proclaiming to glad millions that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; and He hath given it to the children of men." Not the most imposing cathedral service could so impress the multitudes with the wisdom and goodness of the Deity in nature and humanity as the Sunday opening at Chicago might have done,

had the Church remembered that "the Sabbath was made for man," and given the signal for the anthem, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise!"

There is a saying that "nothing goes against the grain." The ultra sabbatarian party rubs the temper of the non-Christian public the wrong way, and so defeats its own object. The Day of Rest might well cry out, "Save me from my friends!" It is doubtful whether the cause of true religion has gained anything since the time of Constantine by the methods which put law first and persuasion second. Whoever cares for the bodies and souls of his fellow-creatures must wish to preserve the sabbath. But is it not clear that a modification of our Sunday customs has been brought about in the interest of humanity, and by the needs of modern life? Yet it has been resisted at every stage.

A few years ago, in a company of ministers, when one of their number argued in favor of letting the street cars, the common people's coaches, run every day of the week, he was spoken of as "the gentleman who takes the devil's side of the question." The Sunday opening of libraries and museums and the running of suburban trains for public convenience were opposed with the same blind disregard to the needs of modern life; and it really looked as if some of the ministers were disposed to say to the people, "If you will not go to church, you shall not go anywhere else. The city poor must stay in their alleys through the heats of summer and keep quiet. They shall not profane the holy day by a breath of country air." But have not the people who are outside the churches, and who do not choose to be inside, some rights which the rest of us are bound to respect?

The Sabbath was made for man. For man let us use it. Let us keep it fresh and fair and sweet and sacred for ourselves; let us study how it may be made a blessing to our households and to the whole community. There should be ungrudging allowance for whatever amount of work, business or travel may be suited to the complex needs of society or reasonably adapted to promote human welfare and happiness; also for escape from constraint and discomfort, for natural freedom of movement, for friendly intercourse and the play of hospitality.

But all sorts and conditions of men and women may well cry out for a *minimum* of the common burdens of toil and care; for a *minimum*, too, of disquiet and noise and public parade and feverish excitement! And why not also for a *maximum* of facilities for getting away from the conditions that depress and exhaust and consume; a *maximum* of facilities for getting nearer to the things that refresh and cheer and refine—the things

that speak to us of the True, the Beautiful and the Good!

Surely if the church knows its business it will use the Sunday as a lever for lifting the whole community out of vulgar and sordid materialism toward the higher levels of intelligent virtue. It will not censure but utilize the cravings of great multitudes in our cities for cheerful music, for wholesome spectacles, for innocent out-of-door activities, for access to Nature, and for every kind of relaxation which a free people judge to be best for themselves. The tendency to convert the Sunday into a pandemonium and a horror of license is not to be checked by a return to austerity and arbitrary restriction, but by a sympathetic approach to the better side of human nature, and by favoring every just demand of modern life for its own relief and expansion.

For my part, how gladly would I see our Protestant places of worship thronged on Sunday mornings, as the Roman Catholic churches are, with multitudes who enjoy both their religious services and afternoon recreations! We have partly lost our hold on our own people by their natural reaction from the non-Christian rigidity of the old New England Sunday. And now, since we must compete with the Sunday paper and the bicycle and the excursion and the labor unions, let us not repeat the old folly of appealing to the civil law and the constable, or to the stern example of Nehemiah. Let us rather do what still remains possible to draw the people to the house of prayer by giving them fair reason to believe that the freedom of the gospel of Jesus, the vision of truth, the brotherhood of hearts in love with the best things, and the repose of the soul of man on the perfection of the good God who made him, are, after all, the supreme attractions of the universe.

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- WED.—Fidelity in transient, insignificant work leaves a heavenly savor in the soul.
- THURS.—If we live as we believe, we at least know.
- FRI.—It is not so much opportunity as fidelity which conducts to the greatest results.
- SAT.—Truth and love are necessary to each other. Neither will suffice alone.
- James Freeman Clarke.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Sometimes our pleasures turn to pain
 Within this world so bright and fair;
 Creation's smiles are all in vain
 With hope enslaved to dull despair.
 Sweet music still is ever near,
 Will we but give the list'ning ear.

We miss the flowers' perennial bloom,
 Scattered so brightly on our way,
 Filling the air with sweet perfume,
 Distilled and brought from common clay.
 Drive ev'ry phantom from thy breast!
 God guides our wand'ring thoughts
 to rest.

We magnify the smallest ill,
 Until each speck seems mountain high;
 Obedient to that subtle will
 We pass the daily blessing by.
 Oh, coward Heart, shake off thy fear!
 God's mighty power is ever near.

J. W. H.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

There is a man at the Great Northern who is in love with his wife, but stranger than this is the fact that he fell in love with her after they had been married over thirty years. It was a case of love at first sight on the part of both when they first met years ago. She was a good and beautiful woman and loved him truly. He had been "rather wild," and his regard for her was more a matter of the imagination. Impulsively he proposed marriage and was accepted. At least this is the way one of the children tells the story. After the glamor of the honeymoon had worn off and her continuous and unsolicited

manifestations of affection had begun to pall upon his ennuied soul, he returned to the companions and pleasures of the pre-marital period. She clung to him for some time and then left him to return to her parents, thinking that this act would bring him to his senses and her feet again. It did neither. Untrammelled, he plunged more wildly into the vortex of social life in Berlin, Germany, their home. His eyesight had always been weak. The disorder was increased by his irregular hours and life, until finally their light went out, as he and his friends supposed, forever.

The wife came back to him then and nursed him. She was his constant companion and ministered to him in the gratification of every whim and caprice. She became his sight; the light of his life. She was his amanuensis; she read aloud to him; she guided his steps through the thoroughfares; at the theaters she told him what the actors and the scenes looked like. A trained and accomplished vocalist, she sang to him in the twilight.

Children came and blessed their home, and she told which was the fair-haired and which the dark-haired one, and drew word pictures so true that he almost knew their faces. Only as the years went by his wife's face changed. She told him that the color had gone from her cheeks, that silver threads were distinct among the black tresses. He shook his head and smiled; there was one bright face he could always see; her young face, but around it and back of it was the darkness of his own life. When she sang her voice was the same, and he could not believe her face had changed.

When their children were men and women a celebrated oculist of Berlin undertook to restore his sight, though many eminent specialists had failed. After awhile he saw that there was light; then he could distinguish blurred objects. About this time his wife was taken ill with some throat complaint. She had sung a great deal. A surgical operation became necessary to save her life, but she lost her voice, even the power of speech.

The sight of the husband improved. At last he could see. He was confined in a dark room out of which he was brought by degrees. His children, whom he had never seen, were brought to him—and another, a middle-aged, matronly woman, with gray hair. It was his wife. He conjured before him the vision of the young woman he had neglected and to whom he would bow in adoration and love for her constancy and devotion. This woman was not the wife he loved, and her voice, which was the one physical link between the present and the past, was gone.

So she stood a stranger before the husband for whom she had sacrificed all the pleasures that are dear in life. There seemed to be no reward for

duty done, for love lavished, for devotion unexcelled; but the children called her "mother," and he had pity on the voiceless being whose eyes pleaded for some return of the great love she had given him. And pity is akin to love, and he was grateful. So now the father and the mother and the children are here, their first outing as a family in years, to see the Fair.

The name of the man who was blind for so long is Otto Berger. The family has been in the city for over a week.

—*Inter-Ocean.*

RUSKIN'S TENDER HEART.

Kindness to animals has often been noted as one of the most striking traits of Mr. Ruskin,—a sympathy with them which goes much deeper than benevolent sentiment or the curiosity of science. He cared little about their organization and anatomy, much about their habits and character. * * *

He founded the Society of Friends of Living Creatures, which he addressed in his capacity of, not President, but "Papa." The members, boys and girls from seven to fifteen, promised not to kill nor hurt any animal for sport, nor tease creatures, but to make friends of their pets and watch their habits, and collect facts about natural history.

I remember, on one of the rambles at Coniston, in the early days, how we found a wounded buzzard—one of the few creatures of the eagle kind that our English mountains still breed. The rest of us were not very ready to go near the beak and talons of the fierce-looking, and, as we supposed, desperate bird. Mr. Ruskin quietly took it up in his arms, felt it over to find the hurt, and carried it quite unresistingly out of the way of dogs and passers-by to a place where it might die in solitude or recover in safety. He often told his Oxford hearers that he would rather they learned to love birds than to shoot them; and his wood and mow were harbors of refuge for hunted game or "vermin," and his windows the rendezvous of the little birds.

—*Collingwood's Life and Work of John Ruskin.*

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
 And blow the birds about the sky;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
 O wind, a blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid,
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song

—*Selected.*

HOW JOHNNY GOES TO SLEEP.

I used to wish I was grown up,
Or at least as big as Fred,
For he can stay down stairs at night
When I am sent to bed.

They think that I will go to sleep;
But I just lie there and think,
And I've often felt 'twas *very late*
Before I've slept a wink.

But one night Mamma told about
Some pretty, snow-white sheep,
That bounded o'er a low stone wall
And down a grassy steep.

And I like to lie and think of them,
And watch them as they go
Over the wall and down the hill,
Their fleeces white as snow.

How fast, and yet how still, they go;
I count fast as I can,
For as many as I count I'll own
When I'm a grown-up man.

I count them bounding o'er the wall—
I think that's eleven, or ten;
But Mamma says I must count fair,
So I'll begin again.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight—
My pretty woolly sheep—
Nine, ten,—the first I know
I find I'm fast asleep.

—*Mary E. Sly, in the Cup Bearer.*

THEY WEAR VEILS.

The oddest things to be seen in the streets of Colorado Springs are horses decked with veils. We have grown accustomed to the jaunty little hats worn by many horses in our towns to protect them from the heat of the sun. We can even see an umbrella fastened over their heads without surprise, but a veil gives to the noble beast a dandyish look that is very droll. Some of these veils, belonging to fine saddles, are mere fringes of fine strips of leather that hang before the eyes; others are pieces of mosquito netting drawn tightly back and fastened like a lady's nose veil; but the most stylish and altogether effective are of netting drawn over a hoop which holds it away from the eyes, yet completely protects them. These exaggerated goggles give the gravest horse a waggish look. The veils are not worn for fashion's sake. They are indeed a stern necessity, and the comfort, if not even the life, of the horse demands it. Colorado, with all its great attractions, has one plague—the plague of flies. Flies of all sizes, from the least up to the enormous blue-bottle, are everywhere. Most parts of his body the horse can himself protect if not deprived of his tail, but his eyes he cannot, and these delicate organs are special objects of attack by the fly tribe. It is the least a man can do to provide a protecting veil for his most faithful servant.

—*Our National Issue.*

Notes from the field

Chicago, Ill.—Among recent visitors at the World's Fair have been a number of liberal ministers from a distance, including W. R. Alger of New York, A. W. Martin of the Tacoma Free Church, J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, editor of the *Unitarian*, Misses Marian Murdock and Florence Buck, the new pastors of the Cleveland Unitarian Church, who are en route from Oxford, England, to Miss Murdock's home in the West, Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport, Iowa, Rev. W. I. Nichols of Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. C. A. Staples of Lexington, Mass., Rev. Dr. Thomas Kerr of Rockford, Ill., Rev. Joseph Wassall of Windsor, Vt., and Rev. E. M. Wilbur of Portland, Oregon.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached at the World's Fair last Sunday afternoon on "Character."

New York, N. Y.—The Baron de Hirsch Trade School for the benefit, primarily, of Jewish immigrants, is doing an admirable work, is full to overflowing, and has at the same time the hearty support of employers and trade unions, with which it co-operates.

England.—In last week's paper we had occasion to suggest the advantages of substitution over prohibition as promotive of temperance. Mr. Joseph Bentley, at the World's Congress on Temperance, read a paper from which we quote the following: "Its rapid growth may be judged by the amount of capital which it is estimated is invested in coffee-houses, temperance restaurants, and hotels in Great Britain and Ireland. The sum probably exceeds two millions of pounds sterling, the number of establishments 7,000, and the persons directly employed 56,000."

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"Evening attractions are made a special study. Newspapers and periodicals are on the tables a piano is a requisite piece of furniture; in some cases concerts, entertainments, and debates are arranged. Games of skill, such as chess, draughts, and billiards, are provided and encouraged; for here they can be practiced apart from drink, gambling, profanity, and bad company, with which they are too often associated elsewhere."

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UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

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ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

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THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Lavin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

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Editorial

"Let us speak plain: there is more force in names

Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep

Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk.

Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.

Let us call tyrants TYRANTS, and maintain

That only freedom comes by grace of God, And all that comes not by His grace must fall;

For men in earnest have no time to waste In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."

—James Russell Lowell.

BIGOTRY, a hateful thing, is a heavenly virtue compared with hypocrisy. Bigotry is a stunted tree, alive, stalwart, gnarled, but strong. Hypocrisy is rotten wood, whose phosphorescent glow is a deception born out of decay and dampness.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Western S. S. Institute in this issue, and to the program of the Weirs grove meeting contained in our Notes from the Field.

**

ONE of the leading independent ministers in the West writes concerning the coming Parliament of Religions: "It will be worth a pilgrimage to Chicago to hear men of all lands and religions sing together. I hope to be there."

**

IF the press reports are true, that the "satisfaction" of Dr. Talmage's church debt was effected by paying only twenty-three cents on the dollar, we do not wonder that the secular papers are full of sneers. We trust that there is a misunderstanding. Otherwise we can but agree with those who denounce this dishonest financiering as a disgrace to congregation and pastor.

**

WE take pleasure in announcing that the *Woman's Tribune* was in error as to the action of the Atlanta ladies in reference to the contribution of fallen women to their Magdalen's home. Last week's *Tribune* corrects the mistake, and from it we learn that the little these poor women did contribute was reverently received. We make the announcement here because in the issue of June 22 we commented in this column upon the supposed rejection of this offered help.

**

NOW THAT there will be no danger of anybody seeing them on Sunday, we suppose that our Methodist friends and their immediate orthodox neighbors in the Liberal Arts exhibit at the World's Fair will uncover their Bibles and hymn books on Sunday. While human eyes were there to see, these gospel tools were concealed for fear they might contaminate the soul. Are the days of tithing the mint, anise, and cumin passed?

THE last week's Congress of Letters, divided into the departments of Philology, Folk-lore, Library and Literature, proved to be the most interesting and popular held since the first flocking of the women on the introductory week. One competent to judge pronounced President Angell's paper on the "Recognition of Diplomats by Historians," alone, worth going a hundred miles to hear. It showed the want of a just recognition of the diplomatist by the historians who are still too busy with the generals and the cannon. It was a grand plea for arbitration of international difficulties, the next great step in civilization.

**

OSCAR NEEBE was known to have been somewhat of a social agitator in sympathy with anarchy, though not present at the Haymarket outrage when the dynamite bomb was wickedly thrown. For this he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment by the State. Now that he is released the same State grants him, for a money consideration, the privilege of keeping a saloon, where he will daily pass over his counter liquid dynamite, destructive at once to the tissues of the body and the moral sanity of the individual, and the State. It is easy to see that the latter dynamite is a far more dangerous element in society than the former. Is it the suddenness of the dynamite that makes it horrible? Is it right to use it if it is only sufficiently diluted so that its work is slow, imperceptible, but none the less sure in its fell destruction? Oscar Neebe is now more than ever before a dangerous element in society, and now the city of Chicago and State of Illinois have legitimized his business with a license.

**

THE assembling of the new Congress will bring again to the front some searching questions. It will be or ought to be a momentous session. We trust it will avoid, if not correct,

some of the unwholesome mistakes of probably the most blundering Congress in the history of the United States. Judged by their effects in disturbing the public peace, unsettling the harmony, and interfering with the prosperity and progress of the country, the last Congress has transmitted to the incoming Congress at least four great and humiliating blunders, viz.: The McKinley high tariff bill, the Geary Chinese outrage, the silver bill, which satisfied nobody and defeated all policies, and that meddlesome ante-election piety bill, wherein, swayed by political ambition, profane and irreligious people became pious even to the extent of constitutional violations when they passed their Sunday-closing clause, after withdrawing their liquor prohibition clause, in the World's Fair appropriation bill. Subsequent events show that these legislators, creatures of a public vote, counted the voting power of orthodoxy more carefully than the Directory of the World's Fair. Let the new Congress correct these blunders and wipe away these shames from the national statute books, and it will make itself famous as its predecessor made itself infamous.

**

We are in receipt of two earnestly controversial communications concerning our editorial note upon the pardon of the anarchist prisoners by Gov. Altgeld; the first written, as the author admits, while he was "red-hot" over what he considers the unwholesome and unjustifiable attack of the papers of nearly every description upon the Governor for this act of belated justice. The other correspondent also writes warmly, protesting against the opinions advanced in our note. He regarded them as flavored with arrogance, inasmuch as they presume to pass judgment upon those who were more competent to judge of matters involved than the editor. He also thinks that to criticize the action of those in authority and in position of trust is itself anarchistic in its tendency. We have declined to publish both articles, simply because we do not desire to give our space to discussions for which the daily and weekly press make more than ample room. These antagonistic communications show how widely honest men differ—how slowly is clearness evolved on the great questions of state and society. As for our own position, we are glad to

be understood, or, if necessary, to be misunderstood, in this matter. We greatly regretted the hanging of the anarchists, and were diligent in our protest from first to last, not because we believed them guiltless, but because we believed that one crime does not justify another. Still less was it because we sympathized with the mad philosophy that has any apostolic uses for dynamite bombs. We believe that the social compact called government is the high fruit of evolution. It has come to stay. And the well being of the individual is inseparably connected with the solidity and sanctity of the state. And again we say that we are glad the three remaining convicts are once more at large because we think the safety of the individual and the state is not endangered thereby. We know of no reason why anyone should be locked behind prison bars except for the protection of life and property and for the reformation of the prisoner himself. Vengeance is not for man. The law of retribution will have its way whether the law breaker is within or without prison gates.

THE PIOUS BOYCOTT SUCCEEDS.

Last week, by a vote of 24 to 4, the Directory of the World's Fair rescinded their Sunday opening resolution, and returned to the six-day arrangement. Their reason for this action was purely financial. They found that it did not pay, although forty thousand were on the ground the Sunday previous to the vote. They accepted as real the argument of the clergymen that memorialized them, the substance of which was that the orthodox world was staying away, and that they proposed to stay away.

This was to be expected. It was what the Directory bargained for, and they ought to have foreseen the struggle and been prepared to meet it. We regret what seems to us a too easy surrender of a right principle. We do not believe that four Sundays was an adequate experiment. We do not believe that all the high expedencies and legitimate tests were tried. It is the history of all strikes and boycotts that they reach their maximum at the outset. Their clock strikes twelve at the beginning and then runs down. In this back-down of the directory we see a backward step, a violation of the true Chicago spirit, which overcomes in-

stead of avoiding obstacles. We fear that they are reckoning without their host if they trust these "millions" of the orthodox host who have been once more voted *en bloc* by the resolutions of a few clergymen. We think it would have been better policy as well as better principle for them to have thrown the gates of Jackson Park wide open on Sunday, free of any charge, rather than to have thus denied the natural rights of men to the entire privileges of the art and nature there centered.

But we are not disposed to judge the Directory harshly. They defied a strong public sentiment and conventional religion in the interests of the rational and the spiritual thing for over two months of the Fair time. Some of us who have to give our lives to the maintenance of principles that "do not pay" knew better than they did themselves what contentment they had in store for them. If they have surrendered to the most gigantic boycott known in history (if these ministers are right, over two million Christians conspired to defeat the Fair by staying away not only on Sunday but every day in the week) earlier than they would have done had it been their own business, it is because they were burdened with a public trust, the many-sided success of which it is their duty to secure if possible.

While regretting their action, and doubting even their judgment, we thank them for the high venture. They displayed for a short time an independence of church and clergy for conscience and judgment's sake, which is hopeful for the religion of reason and science. And we propose to lend our energies and influence, in the future, as in the past, toward arousing the public mind to a sense of the high spiritual and educational value of this Fair. For ourselves we are glad of six days' opportunity at what is worthy of seven days' appreciation and study.

But certain reflections crowd upon us. This boycott shows how solid, stalwart, and ponderous is Protestant "orthodoxy" in America. It is organized, determined, dogmatic, with the earnestness that always characterizes bigotry. This earnestness is the one redeeming feature of an otherwise wholly disagreeable attitude of mind. With lamentable consistency the church again has arrayed itself solidly against the forces of cosmopolitanism, culture, and progress. Theology has once more assumed the role of

antagonism to science and art, and has tried to justify this antagonism by an appeal to the supernatural and to what it calls "Revelation."

Another thing is manifest: The clergy of this type of religion have been found *following*, not *leading*, the procession. The so-called "Liberal Orthodox"—the many cultivated and eloquent gentlemen who in their own lives are known to be hospitable to science and literature, readers of Emerson and Darwin, lovers of the arts—have stood by, with scarcely an exception, without a word of protest, while Bigotry has been calling down the calamities of flood, fire, and pestilence upon this fairest outcome of human civilization of to-day, because its management would not be party to their confusion of Sabbath and Sunday, of Mosaic and sociological regulations. Hundreds of the so-called "Liberal Orthodox" ministers known to have been in sympathy with a rational use of the Sunday have bowed silently before this stupid piety, accepting a public opinion in their churches which it might have been for them to change and re-form on higher lines. In all this discussion it is apparent that the so-called Liberal tendency inside of Orthodoxy is an intellectual movement wanting an heroic conscience back of it. It is made up of people with opinions, but without the courage of their opinions.

This triumph of mere numbers, this success won by the bludgeon marked with a \$ mark, will set back in many places throughout our land the rational use of the Sunday, which calls for open libraries, art galleries, museums and parks, high concerts and noble lectures, twenty-five years. It will take the courage more than ever out of the man in the Orthodox pulpit who has been half persuaded that he not only ought to think certain advanced ideas but to preach them. It has widened the chasm between culture and organized religion. The number of men who will pay their money to support the church they do not believe in, in order to justify their own conscience in staying at home and taking no interest in any church, will be greatly increased.

The last lesson learned in this connection is a reproach to the so-called Liberal people of the United States. The non-orthodox elements in the community, including, on this ques-

tion, the Catholic and a large percentage of the Lutheran churches, have shown the weakness that goes with unorganized masses. Not until the Liberal people put a religious fervor into their liberality, not until rational religion becomes enthusiastic, and science becomes an inspiration in the field of natural religion, not until our wealthy men will put their millions at the service of the new, the free church that they do believe in, rather than at the service of the old, the closed church which they do not believe in, will we be safe from these perplexing and discouraging breaks in the onward march.

Jackson Park, with its vision of beauty, which, in a few weeks more will have vanished into air, is no longer available as a Sunday-sanctifying influence. The beauty of its art galleries is denied the prayer accents of the Sunday worship which it could not have failed to inspire. But the lesson of this effort remains. The final arguments of orthodoxy to-day, as revealed in the history of this agitation, has been *numbers* and *dollars*; by these has it conquered. How far these are witnesses to justice, to truth, or to piety, time will tell. Meanwhile let all lovers of the light continue to seek truth in the inward parts, and to spread the light of science and the warmth of human love everywhere, that we may have seven-day piety, and make art and science sacramental. Let us keep on the move. Let wealth and culture combine to do for mankind what superstition and bigotry are trying to do, but what they cannot accomplish.

SOLDIERS' WIDOWS.

It is of course very unpatriotic to say a word against soldiers' pensions, and very ungallant to utter any suspicions concerning their widows. But the latter at least seem sufficiently protected by pension agents and politicians, so that the facts may be stated fearlessly.

The war of 1812 ended eighty years ago,—so long that there are said to be only 165 of its soldiers now surviving as beneficiaries. But, according to an article in the last *Forum*, 6,600 widows are still drawing pensions for that war,—that is, forty times as many as the surviving soldiers. The conclusion would seem to be that most of these women were not very seriously wasted and worn out by the privations and sufferings of that war

eighty years ago, or by their subsequent toils in taking care of the veterans. And though we would not breathe a suspicion that they married these veterans from any but the most disinterested and tenderest feelings, still these figures seem to prove that there is no other position so conducive to long life and apparent prosperity as that of a soldier's widow.

This conclusion is still further enforced by the pension reports of the revolutionary war. That war ended about one hundred and ten years ago; but, according to the *World Almanac*, twenty-two widows are still drawing pensions for it. This almanac is also kind enough to give their respective ages, from which it appears that the oldest of them was not born until ten years after the war was over, and at least six of them were not born until thirty years after it was over. Whether it was passion or pity or the pension that moved these tender-hearted maidens to marry men more than fifty years older than themselves, history does not say; but the figures are prophetic. For if the same principles continue to work, then there are many babes in their cradles to-day, and even yet unborn, who will be drawing pensions during a large part of the twentieth century for the privations and agonies they endured from our civil war, which ended thirty years before they saw the light.

And the facts seem to indicate that these principles do continue unchecked and are even encouraged in our times. For several years after our late war few people thought of getting pensions, and during Grant's administration pensions were reduced and many suspended. So late as 1878 they cost the country less than thirty million dollars a year, and in 1880 President Garfield thought their highest point had been reached. But as the disabled veterans and their wives died, the pensioners increased, and so rapidly that they now number nearly a million, and over a million claims are now pending before the pension bureau, while the pension costs of 1878 have since multiplied more than six-fold. "In 1892," says the article in the *June Forum*, "the country was roused to the character of the legislation under which half a million dollars a day were distributed on account of the war that closed nearly thirty years before. For the

first time it awoke to the fact that our peace establishment for pension purposes was a greater financial burden to us than is the expense involved in keeping a great army on a war footing to any of the great powers of Europe. The item was one which from its extraordinary character admitted of no comparison—the largest single appropriation ever made for government expenditure on the face of the globe." The same writer says "among the pensioners are now known to be thousands of impersonators of brave men under whose names they have skulked; perjurers who have magnified or forged bodily ailments, or who have attributed to the service injuries and diseases known to have been received or contracted elsewhere; 'relicts' who never knew the soldiers in whose names they ask relief; 'pension jumpers' of both sexes who are drawing two, three, or more pensions at once under different names; and, lastly, and in increasing numbers, widows who were born after the war." It is to be hoped that the magnitude to which this evil has grown will arouse the nation to end or at least check it. We would encourage a very generous policy toward our soldiers' widows who are yet unborn, and toward those who were born during the first twenty years after the close of the war, but we would also remember the rights of the rest of the people.

H. M. S.

FROM a private letter of Miss Helen G. Putnam's, our Dakota missionary of the liberal faith, we quote the following. Are we to suppose that Mr. Cook regards Unitarianism as one of the seven wonders of the world?

I was much amused and amazed yesterday to learn what pains Rev. Joseph Cook took in March last to abuse Unitarians to Wessington Springs people. One woman had the courage of her convictions and spoke to him after his lecture, telling him that she was a Unitarian, whereupon he tried to wriggle out of what he had said, but she was evidently ready for him. He had a good deal of condemnation for Theodore Parker, although he claimed that there was no compilation of his works and that his influence was fast dying out. More in the same line. He declared the Unitarian cause to be one of little or no use in the elevation of humanity, and that to orthodox Christianity was due all the progress of the age. Considering his low estimate of Unitarians and their "ism" I could not exactly see why he should refer to them at all. The subject of his lecture was "The Seven Modern Wonders of the World."

Contributed and Selected

CREEDS OR DEEDS.

Once, seeking Truth, I wholly lost my way,
Rocked back and forward by the swinging tides
Of doubt and hope; confused by many guides,
Each one armed with a doctrine and a creed
Which each felt safe to say
Would meet and satisfy my every need.

One claimed that Jesus was the Son of God,
And one denied that he was more than man,
One scented wrath in the salvation plan,
One dwelt upon its mercy and its love,
One threatened with the rod,
One wooed me with the sweetness of a dove.

And whether souls were foreordained to bliss,
And whether Faith or Works were meant to save,
And whether judgment lay beyond the grave,
And Love with pardoning power went down to hell—
Whether that road or this
Led up to Heaven's Gate, I could not tell.

Amid the dust of theologic strife
I hungered with a want unsatisfied;
Heaven while I lived, not Heaven when I died,
Was what I craved; and how to make sublime
And beautiful my life
While yet I lingered on the shores of time.

To judgment swift my guides in doctrine came:
Which one lived out the royal truths he preached?
Which one loved justice, and ne'er overreached
His weaker brother? Which himself forgot,
To press another's claim?
Alas! alas! I sought, but found him not:

And wept and railed because religion seemed
Only the thin ascending smoke of words.
The jangling rude of inharmonious chords,
Until—my false inductions to disprove—
Across my vision streamed
The glory of a life aflame with love:

One who was silent while his brethren taught,
And showed me not the beauties of his creed.

But went straight onward, sowing precious seed
That made the waste and desert places glad;
Whose hand in secret brought
Comfort and healing to the worn and sad.

Aglow, I cried, "Here all my questionings end;

Oh, what is thy religion—thy belief?"
Smiling, he shook his head with answer brief—

This man, so swift to act, so slow to speak—

"In deeds, not creeds, my friend,
Lives the religion that I humbly seek."

Spake he again—the man of deeds not creeds,

Seeing the toils in which my soul was caught—

"But know this truth, dear comrade: it is not

What you shall do, but what you love to do—

The spirit of your deeds—
That brings the grace of heaven near to you."

And soft across my sea of trouble stole
The light and peace which I had vainly sought—

Keep thou the tender grace I have not—

In ministering unto another's need
Leave me to lose my soul;

And in Love's service let me write my creed.

—A. L. M., in *The New Earth*.

A RABBI HONORED.

In these days of rampant anti-Semitism, it is pleasant to record an incident that took place early in the present month at Salzburg, in the Oberpfalz (Bavaria). On the 4th inst., Dr. M. Loewenmayer, District Rabbi, celebrated his eightieth birthday, and the event was officially recognized by the Prince Regent, who conferred on him the Michael order. The entire population, Jews, Protestants and Catholics, the clergy of every denomination, the Burgomaster and Municipal Council and societies participated in the fete given the aged rabbi, who has held the office for fifty-five years. The whole town was gayly decorated, and all business was suspended. The decoration was publicly presented to the rabbi by Regierungsrath Roder, who impressed on Dr. Loewenmayer the fact that he attended not only as a Royal Commissary but also as a personal friend. The Roman Catholic priest Felsenstein addressed his Jewish colleagues in a hearty speech, brimful of the most fraternal sentiments.

—*The Occident*.

**MOTHER. NATURE. THE COM-
PORTER.**

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole." For any one who would rise above despondency, God has placed plenty of helps at his command. He to whom sorrow and trial has made the world seem only deathful and worthless, can walk forth on a spring morning and feel himself rejuvenated with the quickening of nature. We hardly realize to what an extent we may find solace and strength in the acceptance of nature's joyousness as our own. For the gray days of life the sky is blue; for him who can not sing the birds give voice; and for the deadened spirit all things are a quiver with breathing and growing. A woman who had suffered unfairness and consequent loss at the hands of another, wrote to a friend: "Things hurt me dreadfully at the time, but I never let it rankle long. What is the use? The world is so beautiful that I won't have it spoiled just by people; and, moreover, it is spring-time, and who can bear malice in spring?" Who shall say that God does not give us external nature for our own to help us through our trials? It is a fine and noble thing to say that we will sing with the birds, we will grow with the leaf, we will shine with the sun—let men be what they may. —S. S. Times.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.

There is a recasting of the lines going on in our own day; there is unrest in the church. The thin edge of the wedge of criticism and independent thought is forcing an entrance there, and the liberals, as we have said, are already in touch. The restoration and the revival of the religious spirit of mankind will take place. Shall it be a reinstatement of the old forms of worship? Shall it be a rehabilitation of the old edifice toward the crumbling of which the sciences have done so much? Surely not. The Church of God will be built, but it will not be that of creed or sect or race, but the temple of humanity, around whose altars all of God's children shall be gathered without distinction, all who believe in righteousness and justice, purity and loving kindness. We do not know whether men shall build domes with spires that tower to the clouds, whether organ peal and the chime of bells shall awake the religious sentiment in the soul of the man of the future, but we do know that the lessons of righteousness, as taught by all of God's great prophets, shall never be lost to mankind.

—Rabbi Sale, in the Non-Sectarian.

"AM I A UNIVERSALIST?"

This question has come to me of late so often, I thought I would try to answer it. For more than fifteen years I have considered myself a sound believer in that doctrine, and

often said, in speaking of its progress, and what it has done in speaking and in modifying other beliefs: "We have done this and that and the other." We—Well, let's see what we have done. I mean myself. I could better tell by showing what I have not done. When I think of the joy, the unspeakable glory, found in a firm faith in this doctrine, I feel I have done nothing, and judged by the rule, 'show me your faith by my works,' I would not stand the test; I am unworthy the name.

In going back over my life, coming up through joy and sadness, sickness and health, through clouds and sunshine, the sweetest, brightest hopes, the most strengthening joy, the golden glory of life comes to me through faith in the dear God whose mercy extendeth over all his works. Yet (I speak it with shame-facedness) I have done less for the cause than for almost anything else. I have talked more of politics, or making money, a thousand times, than in telling of God's goodness and everlasting mercy. I have spent more for tobacco than I ever gave to spread the "great tidings." I have failed to live that pure life every Universalist should live, if he walks in harmony with what they believe. I have not given our paper (*The Herald*) the support it deserves—in short, I am "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Like David (Psalms 119, 59, 60), I have been thinking on "my ways," and intend to do better. The greatest evil in the world is not that a man has sinned or been a failure somewhere along the line of life, but that he will persist in his failures and sins. David was a great sinner, guilty of the most grievous offense, and justly condemned for the same, yet a more sublime character is hardly found in the catalogue of great men. And why? Because after he thought on his ways, he turned his feet unto "thy testimonies, and made haste and delayed not to keep thy com andments." Well, that's all God wants us to do. We can do it. We ought to do it. Our cause pleads for it, the life of the community needs it, and heaven would rejoice in it. I, for one, see my sins, confess my wrongdoings, and, by God's grace, intend to do better.

A young man said to me, not long ago: "I am a Universalist, I believe all men will some time get to heaven." To which I replied: "You are a married man, are you not?" "Oh, no, sir," he said. "You believe in marriage?" "Yes, with all my heart." Now, said I, you are no more a Universalist because you believe in it than you are a married man when you believe in marriage. Your simply believing in matrimony by no means makes you a married man; nor does your belief in Universalism make you a Universalist. If a man who had never farmed any was to tell me he was a farmer, and had no other reason than that he believed in it, I could not believe him. But if

he took me to his fields and barns and showed me growing grain and full cribs, then I would say he means what he says, just so. Now, brother, what do you say? The Book is right when it says, "Show me your faith by your works;" and if all who profess to be Universalists would live so that they could be known by their deeds our cause would prosper to the surprise of all. May God help us all. May God help us all to live the life of the godly.—V. M. Tumlin, in *Universalist Herald*.

LIFE'S BLESSINGS.

How many beauteous things we have to bless,
While all the days in changing round appear,
What wondrous joys like blossoms fill the year
And with their perfumed breath our souls caress!
I count, and see that they are numberless;
A hundred smiles for sigh or falling tear:
A hundred joys offset a single fear.
Our life is born to grow in happiness!
Consider how the home may Eden reach;
How toil for bread can be a song of love;
Think how the arts of painting, music, speech,
Are life's strong ties and its endurance prove;
As sunshine in the heart of summer fair,
The goodness of our God beams everywhere!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Correspondence

THE ATLANTA PROBLEM.

EDITOR UNITY:
UNITY of June 22 quoted, with comment, an article from *The Woman's Tribune* reflecting somewhat severely on the action of the Atlanta women, who, wishing to found a home for erring women, felt constrained to refuse a gift of \$1,000, when they discovered that it came from "the dissolute women of the town." While, on the whole, the action of the Atlanta women seems unwise, is it not unfair to jump to the conclusion that it was "Pharisaical"? May they not have felt (with all charity toward the women offering this gift) they dare not make themselves part and parcel in the unholy traffic by which the money was earned? They dared not use the wages of sin, even while feeling all tender sympathy for these poor sinners trying to save some of their sisters from their own awful fate. This should be said in fairness to the good women of Atlanta. But what should they have done? Their attitude toward the special evil involved

could not be questioned; on this point there was no new need for testimony; so they were in no danger of weakening their work by the acceptance of this gift. This fund should not be accepted and treated like any common donation; it should be taken and used with special recognition—tender yet regretful—of its source; and it should be used for some portion of the work—a library, perhaps—to be labeled as a gift of those who, knowing to the uttermost this horror, would save others from their fate. Would not such action bless both givers and receivers? By this course all suspicion of Pharisaical virtue would be disarmed and no needless blow dealt to these poor souls. Let us women save a part at least of our horror of this sin for the men who choose self-gratification at the cost of degradation and untold suffering to their and our sisters,—and spend more of our charity on these poor women!

Here is another case where the principle is, perhaps, the same, and where there is more need to apply it closely.

A church, which has the usual struggle to make both ends meet, has a legacy of \$500 from a good man who has made much of his money by a distillery. Which of three courses of action shall this church take?

1. Shall the church, which is supposed to exist,—in part, at least,—to undo the work which whisky does,—shall the church accept for its own uses money earned in a business which contributes directly to the saloon, the closest partner and most prolific purveyor to this other social evil of which we have just been speaking?

2. Or shall the church accept this money and use it for temperance work, as such?

3. Or shall it say, "While we respect the memory of this man, who engaged in this business believing it to be right, and gratefully appreciate his gift to us, we cannot take it. We would not reflect on his integrity, but we dare not use, even to do good with it, the profits of this traffic in men's souls. Not that we all believe the use or manufacture of liquor in any way or fashion to be entirely wrong, but because the abuse of it has grown to such fearful proportions, has become so great a menace to the social weal, that we see at present no other safe and true way than to stand absolutely apart from it."

Which of these three ways should a church choose?
M. T. L. G.

[Our correspondent will perhaps remember that we were careful to condition our censure by the words, "If the motive which actuated them be that supposed by the writer in the *Woman's Tribune*" (giving the article from the *Tribune* in another column). We are glad to learn that the supposed event never occurred; but had the good women of Atlanta refused the contribution from this source because it represented the wages of sin and shame, the writer of the note to which our correspondent refers

still thinks that the term Pharisaism would rightly describe such conduct. "Pharisaism" is often used as identical with hypocrisy, and Webster (and probably the other lexicographers) give hypocrisy as a secondary meaning. For that reason the writer ought perhaps to say that he did not use the word in this secondary sense, which seems to him unfair to the Pharisee. Surely the Pharisee was not necessarily a hypocrite, but he was one for whom the form had obscured the substance. For him holiness took the place of righteousness; (ceremonial) purity was more than love. He would not touch that which was unclean although good might come of it. It seems to the assistant editor but just to believe that some of the Pharisees were in a large measure pure-minded as well as pure-bodied; but that did not prevent them from being Pharisees. And so, it seems to him, the women who refuse "the wages of sin" for such a purpose, and the "temperance" church which refuses the liquor dealer's contribution, are Pharisaical, however conscientious they or it may be in the matter. As to the three alternatives presented by our correspondent, the writer has no hesitation in preferring the first to the third, and thus hallowing the wealth, however come by; and he would say the same if the gift came not from a distiller but from a saloon-keeper. Even as "not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man," so it is not the ultimate source of that which we receive innocently which consecrates or defiles us, but the use we make of it. The contrary view is Pharisaical. In such cases, it seems to the writer that we may safely follow the example of our great religious teacher, the gentle Nazarene, who gratefully accepted the offering of the "woman which was a sinner."—F. W. S.]

The Study Table

STUDIES IN BROWNING.*

A helpful book for the new initiate in Browning's world, and by no means uninteresting to the older student. The author does not attempt too much, and performs all that he promises. Though he at times seems to grasp the finer rather than the larger meaning, he succeeds in revealing to us the soul of the man behind the poetic forms and figures, and we realize more fully the debt that pure religion owes to the reactionary influence of Browning, who insisted on the personal and the spiritual, though retaining the flavor of conservatism that the twentieth century will reject.

The book divides naturally into the six chapters. Chapter I. deals with "Literary Life," combining a brief biographical sketch with the chronology of his poems, showing how they reflect the development of the man.

Chapter II., dealing with "Religion and Ethics," together with the succeeding chapter on "Poems on Religion," makes the most interesting part of the book. In one place he

*STUDIES OF SOME OF ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS. By Frank Walters, author of "Studies of Some of Shakespeare's Plays." London: Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex street, Strand. Cloth, 12mo. pp., 180: 2s. 6d.

says: "To Browning man's spiritual being is the center around which facts of nature and events of history move, by which they are explained, from which they receive illumination. Until we realize this these poems must be dark riddles to us." And again: "One reason why Browning regards the external world as subordinate to conscious man, is the grand discovery that every fraction of power is subservient to the purposes of eternal wisdom and the destinies of infinite love. Power in itself is not divine: it may be feared, it cannot be worshiped. Unless the secret of the world be LOVE, man is more godlike than a whole universe of force. For, as he finely says:

"A loving worm, within its clod,
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amidst his worlds."

And on the ethical side he says: "On many occasions Browning thinks that what goes by the name of duty is merely a social conventional-ity, with no divine authority to control the living energies of a man's inner life. The mighty reserves of a divine soul may be wasted on the shallow levels of a monotonous conformity." But "the traditional precept must only be denied under the diviner stress of pure aspiration and holy passion; 'the only right of rebellion is the right to seek a higher law.'"

Under Poems on Religion, "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day" are presented, with argument, extract, and comment.

The remaining chapters treat of "Poems on Love," "Poems on Art," and "Dramatic Poems." Under the latter "Pippa Passes" and "The Return of the Druses" are presented.

The book will enable one who has felt himself shut out from an appreciation of Browning to cross the threshold, and, though but one of many, it must ultimately find its way into the libraries of all lovers of the great humanist poet. G. B. P.

"TOOLS AND THE MAN." By Washington Gladden. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 308; \$1.25.—This book may well be considered as a companion piece to N. P. Gilman's "Socialism and the American Spirit," issued from the same press at about the same time and reviewed at some length in this department. Of the two books, that of Gilman is far more scientific, though disclosing the bias due to previous special study; while that of Gladden might be called sympathetic, revealing a broad, or possibly second-hand, reading, rather than a profound study. Each chapter represents a lecture in a course delivered in November and December of 1892, before the Meadville Theological School, in accordance with the terms of the endowment of "The Adin Ballou Lectureship of Practical Christian Sociology," and this fact may in a measure account for the application

of the limiting adjective "Christian" to everything that Mr. Gladden considers desirable or commendable. The reputation of the author will doubtless bring the book into the hands of many who will, through a perusal of its pages, see many things from a different visual angle; and in so far as it acts as a solvent of prejudice it has a high mission. The book contains much faulty logic and not a few misleading and inaccurate statements, the attempted criticism of "Scientific Socialism" being especially anachronistic, due no doubt to the fact that the lectures were prepared several years ago; and it is here, too, that the weakness of the appeal to "authority" rather than to "facts" is made manifest. A comparison of the chapters on "Scientific Socialism" and "Christian Socialism" cannot fail to touch the humorous sensibilities of American socialists. But as a whole the book is instructive and timely, and no one would quarrel with its spirit, though its prophet author has seen no vision of a time when employer and employe have become merely historic terms.

G. B. P.

MCQUAKER TRUST LECTURES, SECOND SERIES. By Philip H. Wicksteed, J. Estlin Carpenter and John Page Hopps. Introduction by James Forrest. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Ass'n, Essex Hall. Cloth, 12 mo., 88 pp.; 2s.—The lecture on "The Jesus of the Gospels and the Jesus of History," by J. Estlin Carpenter, having been presented to the readers of UNITY in the issues of April 13 and 20, no comment is needed here; and it is perhaps enough to say that the other two lectures—on "Old and New Conceptions of the Bible," by Wicksteed, and "Incarnations of God," by Hopps—maintain the same scholarly and critical yet reverent attitude towards all that has ever inspired the devotions of men. The introduction, by Forrest, presents some interesting facts concerning the "liberalizing tendency" in Scottish religious circles. He makes much of the "omissions" in the latest volume of one of the ablest of the Free Church (not of the Tacoma genus) professors, Dr. A. B. Bruce, and the change in the method of apologetics indicated thereby. He quotes Dr. Bruce as saying that "miracles cannot be offered as evidences of Christianity with the confidence with which they were employed formerly. Men do not now believe in Christ because of his miracles; they rather believe in the miracles because they have first believed in Christ." The lectures are popularly condensed and of interest to the general reader.

G. B. P.

MR. PHILIP GREEN, 4 and 5 Essex street, Strand; has been appointed by the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association Publisher of Books of Liberal and Progressive Theology. He will shortly issue a "Hand Book of Rational

Piety," by the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S.; "The Beginning of Christendom," by the Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A.; "The Development of Theology as Illustrated in English Poetry from 1780 to 1830," by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D. He will also keep on sale American and English biblical and religious works of a heterodox type.

MAGAZINES.

WORTHINGTON'S MAGAZINE for July contains several good articles, notably Eliza Calvert Hall's excellent essay on the poetry of Henry Timrod, which contains some beautiful selections from the works of this neglected Southern poet. The illustrations add much to the interest of Mrs. Rudd's article on "Some Phases of Life in the Tyrol," which contains much in small compass. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells' article on "Snobbishness" has a more delicate appreciation of the point of view of the snob than most critics display, and for that reason is much fairer and more worth reading. Its purpose is not to say something smart, but to study the phenomena.

THE UNITARIAN for July is an excellent number. The Rev. C. F. Dole's sermon on "Moral Faith or Courage," Rev. W. H. Ramsay's paper on "Unity Guilds," and also his essay on "Church Sociability," and the editor's advice as to the conduct of services during the summer are all admirable. The magazine also contains an interesting chapter from Mr. Sunderland's new book on the "Origin and Growth of the Bible."

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE BEGINNING OF CHRISTENDOM. By W. G. Tarrant, B. A. London: Philip Green. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 121. 1s.

NANCE: A STORY OF KENTUCKY FEUDS. By Nanci Lewis Greene. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Paper, 12mo., pp. 257. 50 cents.

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.
—O. W. Holmes.

Members of One Body. Six sermons by Rev. S. M. CROTHERS of St. Paul. Subjects: Roman Catholicism, Calvinism, Methodism, Rationalism, Mysticism, the Unity of Christendom. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Afterglow. Four discourses by FREDERIC A. HINKLEY. Subjects: Voices Out of the Silence, They Had All Things Common, Spiritual Awakening, "The Star! The Star!" Cloth, 50 cents.

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BLESSED BE DRUGGERY.—A sermon by W. C. Gannett; 2c, mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Church-Door Pulpit

AN INSTALLATION SERMON.*

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

"And the Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering, but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect."

Why? What can have been the principle of discrimination? Although the question has been discussed so often that it may seem like a fruitless pounding of old straw to bring it up again, theologians have had such a way of whacking the wrong end of the straw in biblical matters that even in the time-yellowed sheaves that have lain for centuries upon the the much-befailed threshing floor, there may be still the grain by which a man may live, seed for the sower and bread for the eater.

Study of the Bible as literature has inspired us with profound respect for the unique religious genius of the Jewish people and given us a settled conviction that no thought of theirs concerning God and man's relations to him can be wholly astray. As in a great author, the very sentences which are hardest to understand, or perhaps seem at first most certainly false, contain the meat of his thought, his peculiar contribution to the mind store of the world, so the belief or usage of the Hebrews which appears most remote from our sympathies is often found to carry an idea of rich and enduring significance. It is by studying ideas which conflict with our established notions that we grow in knowledge. A man who reads only what falls in with his present thought becomes stationary and bigoted. The very essence of life is the power to assimilate unlike materials. It is not intellectual protection but intellectual suicide to refuse harbor to a strange craft that does not fly the flag of our petty mental principle. Of minds, as of homes, the saying holds: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Because, therefore, our feeling is so decidedly in favor of Cain's offering as against Abel's, it is worth while to inquire why the Jews ascribed to God the opposite preference. Each offering was appropriate to the manner of life of the worshiper. Abel was a keeper of flocks, Cain was a tiller of the ground. Naturally therefore the one brought the firstling of his flock, and the other the first fruits of the soil. "Thy gift must be a portion of thyself," said Emerson. "Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem, the shepherd his lamb, the farmer corn, the miner a gem, the sailor corals and shells, the painter a picture, the girl a handkerchief of her own sewing." Judged by this principle, Cain could have

brought no other offering than he did, for nothing else would have been so congenial to his life.

Moreover, our repugnance to animal sacrifices is so great that we cannot understand how they can ever have been deemed well pleasing to God.

"His.

What is his high pleasure in
The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking blood
To the pain of the bleating mothers
which
Still yearn for their dead offspring, or
the pangs
Of the sad, ignorant victim underneath
The pious knife? Give way! This
bloody record
Shall not stand in the sun to shame
creation."

When we think of the sickening sights and sounds that must have accompanied the sacrifices in the temple at Jerusalem, the sweet song of the psalmist seems like bitter irony. "The sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God." Can swallows nest by altars that steam with blood? "A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons

Shudders hell through all its regions;
The lamb misused breeds public strife."

Because of the inhumanity and cruelty of animal sacrifices we marvel that any one of religious insight should have deemed it possible that God should prefer a slain lamb to the fruits of the earth.

Before proceeding further we must notice the popular explanation of this seemingly anomalous preference. It is commonly taught that the chief reason for our preference of Cain's sacrifice, is the very reason why God rejected it—because it was bloodless. This sacrifice of Abel's, we are told, was the beginning of a long line of sacrifices in the Jewish economy, all of which looked forward to the great anti-type on Calvary. The sacrifice by Abel and all the sacrifices that followed it were efficacious because prophetic of the consummate offering upon the Cross of the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world. If the question we are considering were put to the evangelical Christians of this country, of all who have given any thought at all to the subject nine out of ten, I fancy, would give that explanation. Yet is it not written in Hebrews that by faith Abel offered up a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain? His offering was preferred not because there was blood in the sacrifice, but because there was faith in Abel. And even in Genesis it is written that the Lord said unto Cain: "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?" Both Calvin and Augustine, whom Dr. Shedd calls the most comprehensive and scientific theologians of Christendom, teach that Abel's offering was acceptable because he himself was acceptable because of his charity. It

is pure, clear blood in the worshiper that avails, not the blood that gushes from a slaughtered lamb. Furthermore, the idea of animal sacrifices as representative and typical, and for that reason ordained by God, is contradicted by the express teaching of the prophets of Israel. "I delight not in the blood of bulls or lambs or goats. I desire mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." The notion that animal offerings are acceptable to God is stated by Micah only to be distinctly rejected. The theory underlying the so-called Levitical legislation of Moses that God instructed his servant concerning sacrifices and ritual is denied by Jeremiah: "I spake not unto your fathers nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of Egypt concerning burnt offerings nor sacrifices, but this thing I commanded them, saying, 'Obey my voice and ye shall be my people.'" Outside of the Levitical legislation, which is of very late date and represents not the winnowed thought of the whole people, which alone contains the revelation of God through Israel, but only the professional opinions of a very small part of the nation, there is not the faintest authority for belief that a sacrificial system was ordained by God as typical of Jesus or that Abel's offering was accepted because it was not without blood and hence prophetic.

Let me state the principle as set forth by Robertson Smith: The idea of communion with the Deity in a sacrificial meal of food was primarily confined to the animal victim, and belongs to the nomadic life, while the proper significance of the cereal offering is that of a tribute paid by the worshiper from the produce of the soil, and this offering arises in the agricultural stage of civilization. This narrative, therefore, represents not merely, as has sometimes been suggested, the conflict between nomads and agriculturists; it represents the conflict between two thoughts of the relation between man and man and man and God, which arise in the two stages of civilization. To make this perfectly clear we must spend a moment over the history of animal sacrifices. In primitive times the slaughter of an animal for food was always a sacrificial act; the whole tribe took part in the sacrifice and in the feast that followed. But there was absolutely no thought of propitiation, and could not be till religion, by becoming a personal instead of a tribal affair, called into being the sense of individual responsibility and sin. Indeed, the ideas of sin and repentance have no place in the joyous festivals of early religion. God is father of the tribe. He joins them in their feasts, a portion is set apart for him, and the great feasts of the tribe are when they have a banquet upon animal food. The fundamental idea, therefore, of the animal sacrifice is com-

*An abstract of a sermon preached during the Southern Conference held in April, 1893, at New Orleans, La., on occasion of the installation of Rev. W. C. Peirce a minister of the Church of the Messiah. Republished from the *Southern Unitarian*.

munion: communion between man and man, for the tribe joined in the sacrifice and the feast; communion between man and God, for the God of the tribe was one with them, sharing their mirth. But as the agricultural life succeeds the nomadic, the thought of God as the Lord of the land becomes more prominent, and it is felt that a tribute of the first fruits must be paid him as his due. Thus the cereal oblation becomes an individual instead of a tribal affair, and the relation between the man and his God is conceived of as one of contract instead of as communion. Communion between man and man as against individualism; communion between man and God as opposed to compact; these are the conflicting ideas in the animal and the cereal sacrifice.

Whether or not we may accept this as a true interpretation of the legend (and let me remind you again that it is only a conjecture), it has at any rate brought clearly to view two contrasted conceptions of religion and morality which are found even in our own times. Is God the Father of men by virtue of community of nature, or is he sovereign, entering into the fatherly relation only with those who fulfill certain conditions contained in a contract of his making? The theology of the church has been suffused with the idea of commercialism or compact. By reason of sin man owes a great debt to God. But since that sin was committed against an infinite being, the debt incurred must be infinite. A finite being cannot pay an infinite debt, yet the debt must be paid by man, since man has sinned. Therefore, it is needful that there should come the God-man, able to pay the debt because he is man, and the infinite debt because he is God, and save the world from the debtor's prison of eternal punishment.

In one form or another this theory has dominated Christian theology. We are forgiven, not because God is loving and forgiving by nature, not because "God's free mercy streameth over all the world," but because "Jesus paid it all—all to him I owe." Is a debt forgiven when it is paid by another? Is that a free salvation which is purchased at the price of a human life? In the Roman Catholic church there was the heavenly treasury filled with the merits of saints, which could be drawn upon to make good the deficiencies of sinners, or rather to benefit the buyers of indulgences. Protestants kept the heavenly treasury, but stocked it with the merits of Christ alone. It is true, of course, that Jesus died for us because God loved us, and hence in the popular theology there is this salt of religious belief, but the stress has been laid not upon the ultimate love of God, but upon the purchasing blood of Christ. One hears of the terms of salvation, the conditions of redemption, and I have even heard the phrase used in a social meeting, "We

are doing business for eternity." All of these expressions imply the idea or concept of God as sovereign offering rebellious subjects a treaty, all of his making, upon the acceptance of which his favor depends. It has even been called a heresy to speak of God as the Father of unconverted men, as if conversion were not the recognition of a relationship that already exists.

Similarly and with entire consistency, those in the same church call each other brethren, but neither the designation nor the feeling is apt to swing beyond the limit of the church. Yet the increasing recognition of the actual brotherhood of man is prophetic of the future recognition of the actual Fatherhood of God.

Political theories always bear intimate relations to religious beliefs. The first Christians spoke of the kingdom of God, but one of the noblest books of this generation is entitled the Republic of God. Protestantism and Democracy go hand in hand historically and theoretically; Roman Catholicism and monarchy. Dr. Everett has recently shown how the change in the theory of the atonement from Anselm to Grotius indicates the change in political ideals. With Anselm it was the dignity of the monarch that was to be maintained; with Grotius the sacredness of the law must be upheld. Now the idea of contract in religion has its counterpart in theories of government. Till very recently the state was thought of as arising by social compact. Men who had been leading isolated lives came together for personal advantage by making certain individual concessions and assuming certain duties in return for certain rights. At exactly the same period the notion of contract in religion was most widely held. But the view of the state as based upon contract is practically extinct now. Researches into the primitive condition of man have put it almost beyond doubt that the horde, and not the individual or the family, was the original social unit. Man is a political animal. By his very nature he belongs to the state, and his nature finds its fulfillment only in the civic organism. The state is not a sand-heap of separate atoms held together by a social contract; it is an organism of vital unity. Hence, the state is grounded in the nature of man, and the new theories of ethics are based upon the idea that man must so act as to preserve the organic unity of which he is part. All the socialistic and co-operative ideas which are now rife spring out of the idea of organic communion. Not that the age of compact and individualism has not been of use in the development of the state. When the system of feudalism gave way to the individualism of the industrial revolution, the change was an actual loss but a prophetic gain, for in the tooth and nail struggle for existence and the merci-

less competition we have been gradually reaching a position where the new communism will become possible.

Now to match these political theories which base the state and ethical duties in the nature of men, the conception of religion has grown up which holds to an essential communion between the nature of God and the nature of men. The old idea of a kinship between all the members of a tribe and between the tribe and God symbolized in the offering of Abel is taking the place of the idea of God as the sovereign to whom individuals must pay tribute, the idea symbolized in the sacrifice of Cain. This is the so-called new theology of which we hear so much, whose central truth is the actual Fatherhood of God and the actual brotherhood of man. In him we live; his life is ours; his nature is in us, and because we are all thus his children we are all brothers and members one of another. The new ethics gives prominence to the one body of humanity, the new theology emphasizes the one spirit that is the animating life of the body. Actual human nature is potential divine nature.

What changes must come in the outward form of a theology which has this as its formative germ! Revelation is not from without but from within, since the divine dwells in man. Only in and through human reason and conscience has God revealed himself most fully, since human nature is the noblest part of the great Universal Nature which, in its entirety, is the manifestation of God.

Therefore the human reason and conscience, as they grow toward perfection, are the only authority for the truth, and the sufficient authority since they are informed by the indwelling God. And, consequently, revelation must be progressive, since man is growing continually wiser and better, and at each new level of manhood a more perfect vision of God is disclosed. And since the divine life is in man, the unfolding of its rich possibilities has given us Jesus and all saints, the Bible and all books of holy inspiration. This is not a degradation of Christ and Bible, it is the exaltation of the divine humanity which rose to such high levels in each. And if Jesus was human, then he shows of what our humanity is capable; he is prophetic of the future character of all men. But the salvation into his likeness cannot come by conversion, since there is no alien nature to be converted. It can come only by the education of the native powers and faculties of the human soul. And if salvation is by education, there rises before us a dream of humanity which is infinitely more thrilling than the old ideal. So long as the old idea of contract dominated religious thinking, the work of the church was necessarily individualistic. We were shut up to the narrow task of picking here and there one out of the

great mass hurrying on to death. A race cannot be converted, but a race can be educated. If the idea of communion holds and mankind is one, then the great mass of humanity can be educated, is being slowly educated, into the perfect image of God. Some of us can never forget the inspiration that came from the mere title of Canon Fremantle's great book, "The World the Subject of Redemption." It was as if a great door were opened in heaven to let the light of the New Jerusalem through. The vision of Paul, in his most exalted mood, is the hope that animates today those who work not merely that here and there one may be rescued, but that the world itself, humanity as a whole, may be led to higher levels of life. The primitive, tribal form of religion is returning larger and purer as we pray and hope that the kingdoms of the world may become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ, and that he may reign upon the earth.

And now we are prepared to see that the idea of religion and of the state, in which contract was the energizing center, was necessary for the production of this higher communion. In the state, we have already hinted at the necessity of this intermediate stage; and it was equally indispensable in religion.

It was a profoundly sagacious remark by Dr. Hirsch, of Chicago, that to elevate the masses it is needful first to unmass them, and, carrying the same thought further yet, to elevate the thought of God it was necessary to separate him from the world. When the simple communal relation between God and the tribe was broken up, the holiness of God and the sense of a will for righteousness superior to the will or wish of the worshiper were increased. The Greeks never gave ethics the prominent place that the Jews did, who separated God from the world and bowed in awe before his righteous will. It was the growing moral sense of the Hebrew people that made God transcendent, and aided in destroying the old simple communion. But when that moral sense, which began in hatred of evil, advanced to sympathy with the evil-doer; then the feeling of hatred in man which had led him to believe that God hated both sin and the sinner, was succeeded by a profound sympathy with all who had erred or strayed, and that same compassion was found also in the heart of God. And so the moral sense, which first set God apart from the world, now brings him back into the world as a mighty force of tenderness and loving sympathy. But the idea of holiness which involved separation had to precede the idea of sympathy, which brings again the thought of communion.

Similarly with the individualism which springs out of the conception of contract and intensifies it in turn. Without that stage we could not have had the dignity of man and the as-

urance of the infinite value of every human soul. Because we have learned our latent possibilities and understand how rich and precious this humanity is, we can see now how there may be communion between God and man, because of sympathy on the one hand and possibility on the other, which entirely removes the necessity for the apparent chasm between a holy God and a sinful world. In criticizing, therefore, the idea of religion, which has the idea of contract at its heart, I am not asserting that it was not an inevitable stage in the history of religion, but only that it is not a final stage. It is the means by which the religion of simple communion is passing to the religion of deep and rich communion. Has it not become already apparent to you with whom that idea of communion entered the world? When the theory of compact was at its worst, when Jews were teaching that if Israel could only keep one Sabbath as it ought to be kept Messiah would come, when they were striving to keep their part of the great contract, there came a man saying: "The kingdom of God is within you." Why strive thus to win the favor of God when his love has always been over you? "Believe this," he cried with passionate earnestness, "believe this thought of the present God ever in active communion with all aspiring souls, and you shall live in peace and joy." In Jesus the ethical sense had come to its fullest development, in tender, loving sympathy with all souls. In him the sense of the superlative worth of every human soul, because of its divine possibilities, was wondrously keen. Therefore was it, as we have seen, possible for him to reject the prevalent idea of compact and teach the present communion of man and God.

And thus the cycle is complete. Human thought moves in a spiral, it returns again and again to the same point, only each time on a higher level. From childhood to childhood is the law of progress everywhere: from the simple hopes and fancies of the child through the disappointments and chastenings of manhood on—not back, but on—to the simple life of the child again enriched by the experiences of ripening years. The idea of communion with which religion began its evolution is the idea which shall crown its process. Of races and of religion is it true: "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." The old tribal belief of God as one with his people, who were also members one of another, was obscured by the strenuous demand for holiness and the perfection of individual character, but the human spirit in the discipleship of Jesus is on its way to the same blessed belief again. The tabernacle of God is with men, and God himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

As prophet of this high faith our

church stands. It comes not with a contract but with a gospel in its hands. It says to men not that if they are good or if they believe in Jesus they shall become children of God. It declares that all men are children of God now, and that recognition of this present and eternal fact is the chief incentive to holiness and the supreme blessedness of every soul. Its overmastering purpose is to work with God, and not merely for God. Through all nature run the universal laws that work for righteousness; and to perceive these laws of perfecting humanity, and work in accordance with them, is to ally one's self with the spirit that goes forth conquering and to conquer over every form of evil. Therefore is ours a church of the Holy Spirit, speaking the message and doing the work of the Spirit. And because a church of the Holy Spirit, also a church of the human spirit, since the Holy Spirit is the transforming life of humanity, and the human spirit is on its way to holiness. As a church of the human spirit it is largely inclusive. It welcomes to its present fellowship all God's children who feel drawn to it by spiritual affinities; it builds no walls of dogma; it erects no barriers of creed. "Free as the sun and air it is of latitudes and boundaries." In every man is some arc of the divine revelation in mankind—in the patience and perseverance of Darwin as in the tender humanity of Jesus. And the church of the Spirit must seek to bind all the arcs into a perfect round of truth and one unbroken fellowship. Ours is a goodly fellowship, seen and unseen, recognized and unrecognized, for we strike hands through all the ages and in all lands with all sons of the Spirit, however different may be their phrase from ours. And because the Holy Spirit and the human spirit are one, our church has an abiding hope in the future of man, because it has an unshaken faith in the eternal presence of God. Men wander in darkness and error and sin, yet He abideth faithful. He cannot deny himself. To the eternal goodness, which is the very nature of God, and which abideth goodness still in all our sin and death, we trust ourselves and all who are dear to us forever.

Though we sink in the darkness,
His arms break our fall.
And in life or in death
He is Father of all.

ALL attempts to set up fences have not resulted in keeping the vulgar from getting in, but in driving the saints out.

Serious Railway Accident.

Milk train in collision; no milkman turns up; disappointed housekeepers; coffee without cream. A petty annoyance resulting from a neglect to keep the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. Order now for future exigencies from Grocer or Druggist.

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WHAT folly! To be without BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The Home

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUN.—The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

MON.—I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road.

TUES.—What joy shall dwell within the
faith
That feels Thee ever near!

WED.—His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

THURS.—All souls are his, and here or
there,
Are living unto him.

FRI.—Who followeth Truth, though men
deride,
In her strength shall be strong.

SAT.—By love, and not by might, shall
come
The kingdom of the Lord.
—From "The Thought of God."

CLIMB AND SEE.

Here's a pretty story
About a pretty thing—
A little morning glory
Climbing up a string.

He said to robin red-breast,
When just a dot of green,
"In that high window yonder
What is there to be seen?"

"Wond'ring cannot help me;
I'll grow till I can peep.
This long, strong string shall aid me,
Ill grow while you're asleep."

So bravely did he clamber,
At last he reached the place,
And thrust in a fair chamber
His morning glory face.

A wond'ring bow then made he,—
That very puzzled shoot,—
"Why, here's the pretty lady
Pours water on my root!"

—Selected.

INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMAL LIFE.

I was once the happy owner of a watermelon patch. A flock of crows congregated there, and in a dispute I was outwitted. I could not leave the melons but the best would be taken. The crows were the best judges; only the finest and ripest fruit was tapped, and the seeds carefully extracted. No scarecrow was of any use. One day I set to watch them myself, and how grimly you can imagine. But the crows settled in an adjoining field and worked their way through the grass and under the rail of the fence and regaled themselves on the finest and ripest fruit, then turned the melons carefully over so as to look as good as new, and, when they were through, flew away with a wild, triumphant cry that rang in my ears. Here was a careful plan of concerted

action fully carried out. I am free to confess that I hesitate in telling this story for fear you may doubt its accuracy. In sound common sense the crow is very closely related to mankind. When we follow the bird's life and see it return, after its migrations, year after year, to the same spot—for birds do return; when we see with what care the nest is builded and with what vigilance it is hidden from the eyes of men; when we see how tenderly the young are watched and tended and after long instruction are allowed to leave the nest,—we do not see in these things a long line of instinctive acts, but a series of thoughtful acts, governed by determination to overcome obstacles, that prove the birds to be thinking as well as living animals.

I had an ugly spider part of one summer, and I discovered that the spider, like the ant, was subject to anger and melancholy. It had mechanical skill, better known as ingenuity. This was shown in the skill with which it wove its web, using it as a pulley for carrying its food into its net; another web was constructed on the principle of a diving bell, and used to catch its prey. To watch this spider's web, you would find there contrivances for every purpose necessary to its life. You may call it instinct or intelligence; I say it was guided by intelligence.

I invaded the premises of the little ant-lion. The little engineers had their pit dug out, and I teased them by throwing in small seeds. They were quickly thrown out with force, that they might not roll in again. I threw in another seed, and it was thrown out with greater force. They seemed to resent the foreign substance. By great good luck I caught a little black beetle not larger than the head of a pin, and threw it in; the ant-lion seized it, and after giving it a tremendous shaking, threw it out of the pit. I tried yet again to tease them by suspending a good-sized ant by a thread so it would just touch the sand and roll it into the pit; they seized the ant and tossed it away, but the thread controlled its movements and it swung back again over the pit. The ant-lion again seized it and apparently gave it a jerk that tore it from the string, and then tossed it out of the pit. Would any sane human being have acted differently? If we can see intelligence in insects we must grant it to every living creature until we reach ourselves. If a being from another planet visited this earth and unseen watched man in his importance, and watched the living creatures around him, he would marvel to observe how deliberately each creature worked for a wished-for goal, how each lived for the pleasure of living. Then turning to the sacred cities of men would he see there so great a difference? Would the difference not be in degree rather than in kind? Would men and animals be separated by such an impassable gulf? The same

motive influence may be seen in human and divine, in the seen and the unseen. In the insect, bird and mammal world the same story is being told continually, and the same desire, in wisdom fraught, to carry out the same purpose.

—Chas. C. Abbott, M. D., University of Pennsylvania.

LIVE NEAR TO THE CHILDREN.

It is helpful when a man has been in one line of business for thirty-five years, and has had the opportunity of seeing many go out from under his tutelage and instruction, to see these people, perhaps, take up some of his thoughts and carry them out. He has a right to consider that some time, when with him, he has had something to do with those lives. This is the thing I want to say to you. Begin away back, and have the child trained from the time it is brought into existence.

The great difficulties that come into my professional life grow out of the fact that boys and girls are not trained at home. I am sorry to say that, but must tell the truth. And I absolutely believe the great difficulty with parents is that they don't know their children; they have to be introduced to them. They don't know where they live. They don't know what they think. They don't know anything about them. They can't see them; they have no perspective; they are too near to them. I have the advantage in that regard. I am not so much hampered by affection, although I have some affection for them all. A great majority of my boys and girls have no parents in this sense. Their fathers and mothers don't understand them.

I know a father who loved his son as dearly as a father can, and yet there was no possible understanding between them. He told me time and time again, with tears in his eyes, that he would give anything if somebody would take his boy and treat him fairly. "I can't do it," he said, "I don't understand him." The point I want to make is this: To train children, even when you love them dearly, they must be understood. We must not forget that we were once children ourselves. We are so anxious that the child shall do right that we destroy its individuality. We don't allow them to develop in the right way. We don't allow them to think why they were born, or what are their conditions, and the result is that we get out of sympathy with them and they go sometimes to the bad.

—Rev. S. S. Packard, in "Childhood."

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.

—Alice Cary.

World's Fair Notes

"It's astonishing how much the world's alike. Now here—in Denmark, I believe it is—is the exact image of my baby, and none of us ever saw Denmark since the flood."

I did not ask what flood she referred to, but quietly took it for granted that she would say that none of her baby's ancestors had ever been citizens of Denmark. It was her extravagant way, that was all. But the query remains whether a like extravagance entered into her asseveration as to the likeness between the Denmarkian baby and her own. A glance at the painting showed a sweet little face. No wonder if any mother felt moved to see her own darling imaged there. But a glance at the woman's face put one in doubt again; for it was, to keep within bounds, a "quite plain-looking" face. Nestling in her arms, the petite, cherubic little innocent of the picture would have looked separated from her by great unlikeness. Of course, at a certain age all babies look pretty much alike (this, braving the wrath of a million mothers); and remarkable transformations are to be daily chronicled in their development. But this particular painted baby was so sweet, and this particular living mother claiming its resemblance to her own was so *sour* would complete the antithesis, but *homely* is the better word; for far enough from "sour" was this homely face. Kindness, tenderness, and a great love were there to be seen as she stood in rapture gazing at the picture, claiming kinship, saying: "How much the world's alike."

And so it seemed, in even a deeper sense than was in her thought. How much alike in spite of feature! Features, after all, come to mean or play only a subordinate part. Nature has a defiant way of sometimes using very coarse and unlovely faces for expression of rarest beauty and intelligence. Great natures are not infrequently doomed to go through the life of this earth-sphere with very inferior or inadequate outward comeliness. But, somehow, they know the way to win the world's admiration, and it does often happen that one comes to take a real joy in homeliness, so often it proves itself "a joy forever," when beauty fades and goes out with unmeaning gaze.

The woman of whom I have been speaking was, I fear, though exceedingly homely, yet not homely enough to be truly great. Yet I salute her here, begging her pardon for seeming disparagement, and shall remember her with the child on the canvas as forming a picture worthy of the genius of our great artist.

Returning to Denmark again, urged thither by the memory of the scene depicted, I seek in vain the canvas that has been of such special interest. Not in all Denmark can I find a trace of it. Has it been spirited away or has there been a great mistake made?

Was that child, after all, not of Denmark? Could it have been a German or a Frenchman or an Italian? The mystery remains still unsolved. But right here comes up the thought of, what a treasure-house is the human mind. That picture lost, and many another picture, yea, the whole White City itself, when it shall also vanish into the night of the past, I shall carry with me—my own veritable possessions; Columbian guards, chair pushers, sellers of catalogues, Midway Plaisance, and the show of all the earth's one family entertained, pleased, captivated, enthusiastic, overwhelmed by this grandeur and beauty which the one human mind hath marvelously wrought.

Looking for one thing one finds many another thing. Denmark's art is a curious mixture of ancient and modern, of idealism and realism, of variety startling—and shocking at times. What a woeful thing is Zartmann's "Job and His Friends"! As a poem, while the man of Uz and his afflictions are portrayed by words only, the story goes. But when you are forced to feast your eyes on carefully wrought eruptive sores covering the entire body of that righteous man, dotting his limbs into set squares of writhing flesh, imagination hies away, its occupation gone. Turn to "Cain and the Eye of the Lord" (*La Legende des siecles*—V. Hugo)

—Cain shriveling in the Great White Light—and you have the benefit of a realism which gets a lift from the imagination that carries it into the realm of what you will be apt to regard as a more legitimate art. "Hercules bringing a Satyr before the Tribunal of Olympians," by the same artist, L. Frolich, is another lead into the imaginative that is interesting. What the Satyr thinks of it is your problem. "The Jews in the Wilderness" is the title of a canvas on the way to another exhibit, entitled "From the Children's Home (The Children have Cod Liver Oil)." Then, change of theme: "A November Night on the North Sea," "The Glacier of the Oefjelds," "Landscape in Jetland," "Griffenfeldt as a Prisoner at Monk Home, Teaching Two Little Boys." This last a return from nature, outwardly, grandly shown, to the quiet grandeur of the human soul, asserting superiority in simplest ways; teaching also a lesson from the text, "There is always liberty within one's own soul."

It was in my thought, when indulging my hardly chivalric meditations on the homely yet unhomely woman, to step over into the art rooms of the United States and gaze a moment at Abbott Thayer's "Virgin Enthroned;" by far, to me, the most impressive painting of the entire art-exhibit. If I mistake not, it is a portrait of a mother and her two children, but is of such elevation of sentiment, such nobility of feature, such natural grace and dignity of mien, that it might well have become a study so attractive as to have found

a fitting space for its particular exhibition in the Woman's Building or at the Woman's Congress. It is pre-eminently a great painting, not surpassed even by the choicest displays of the loan exhibit. S. H. M.

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Notes from the Field

Weirs, N. H.—The Unitarian Grove Meeting, to be held here July 30 to Aug 7, seeks to deepen the sense of religious fellowship among all who hold the Liberal faith, and invites to communion and counsel with an earnest company of men and women who are striving to build that Free Church of God whose foundation stones are Truth, Righteousness, and Love. The opportunities of the place and time for social intercourse and pleasant excursions, etc., make it an especially popular resort. Circulars and full information regarding railroad and board rates, etc., may be obtained by addressing Rev. Jas. B. Morrison, Laconia, N. H. Special railway information not contained in circular may be obtained of Col. C. C. Danforth, Concord, N. H., and for further information as to meetings Rev. Wm. H. Ramsay should be addressed at Manchester, N. H.

The program includes, besides receptions, excursions, services of song, etc., the following papers and conferences: *Sunday*, July 30, 10:30 a. m.,—Sermon by Rev. F. H. James, of China (probably); Rev. J. E. Wright, of Montpelier, alternate. 2:30 p. m.,—Sermon by Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, of London, Eng. 7:30 p. m.,—Conference led by Rev. S. C. Beane, of Newburyport. *Monday*, July 31, 7:30 p. m.,—Conference led by Rev. Wm. H. Ramsay. *Tuesday*, Aug. 1, 10:30 a. m.,—Conference led by Rev. Enoch Powell, of Nashua. 7:30 p. m.,—An intimate friend of the poet has been invited to lead the evening with Whittier. *Wednesday*, Aug. 2, 10:30 a. m.,—Sermon by Rev. Enoch Powell. 7:30 p. m.,—Address by Mr. Wm. M. Salter, of the Philadelphia Ethical Culture Society. *Thursday*, Aug. 3, 10:30 a. m.,—Sermon by Rev. A. M. Lord, of Providence. 2:30 p. m.,—“The Opportunities and Mission of a United Liberal Christianity,” upon which the following gentlemen are to speak: Revs. J. E. Wright; Henry Blanchard, D. D., of Portland; Grindall Reynolds, of Boston; F. B. Hornbrooke, of Newton; T. W. Illman, of Concord; and D. M. Wilson, of Boston. The meeting will be continued in the evening, when Revs. E. L. Rexford, D. D., of Boston; Watari Kitashima, of Japan; F. O. Hall, of Lowell; and F. L. Phalen, of Concord, are to speak. *Friday*, Aug. 4, 10:30 a. m.,—Sermon by Rev. D. M. Wilson. 2:30 p. m.,—Sermon by Rev. Henry Blanchard, D. D. 7:30 p. m.,—“The Religious Outlook.” Letters are expected from such veterans as Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, Dr. Morison of Boston, Dr. Stebbins of San Francisco, and others. *Saturday*, Aug. 5, 10:30 a. m.,—Sermon by Rev. W. H. Savage, of Watertown. 2 p. m.,—Laymen's Day Meeting. Hon. Geo. B. Chandler, of Manchester, will preside, and the committee, consisting of him and Col. Danforth, of Concord, and Hon. J. W. Fellows, of Manchester, will provide speakers. 7:30 p. m.,—Lecture by Rev. Mr. Kitashima, in native costume, on Japan. *Sunday*, Aug. 6, 10:30 a. m.,—Sermon by Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston. 2:30 p. m.,—Sermon by Dr. Rexford. 7:30 p. m.,—Farewell conference led by Rev. J. B. Morrison.

Wausau, Wis.—The State Convention of Universalists was held here June 5-8, Rev. J. F. Schindler preaching the occasional sermon.

Canton, N. Y.—St. Lawrence University commencement began Sunday, June 25, when President A. B. Hervey preached the baccalaureate sermon to the collegiate department, taking his text from Mark x., 44, 45, preaching the gospel of service. Rev. J. M. Payson, of the class of '74, offered the prayer. In the evening, after prayer by Rev. Francis A. Gray, '83, President I. M. Atwood preached the sermon to the theological class from Matt. ix., 36. That the Doctor was true to his old-time conservatism appears from this extract:

The course is marked out for the Christian minister and the port fixed. He needs only to follow and steer his ship to the desired haven. Other instrumentalities may be used, for the gospel is “co-operative.” It takes in all the good. But Christianity, as the revealer of divine realities, is the only agent that will fully accomplish the object for which the ministry was instituted. History, reason, science—the handmaid of religion—will not avail to cure the disease of sin or comfort the mourner. We need the authoritative declarations of Jesus, “the Saviour of the world,” “in whom dwelt the fullness of God.”

On Monday afternoon the Pauline brotherhood gave a pleasant reception to students and professors. In the evening Rev. Dr. J. M. Pullman, of Lynn, Mass., gave an address to the united literary and theological societies on “The Moral Capital of the World.”

In the theological school the commencement papers were: “The Relation of Jesus to His Age,” by Chas. R. East; “Unity in Christ,” by Burt B. Gibbs; “The Divinity of Man,” by Herbert H. Graves; “Socialism and Christianity,” by Wm. M. Lawrence; “Christianity and the State,” by Fred G. Leonard; “The One Increasing Purpose,” by Harry E. Townsend; and “Tendencies of Religious Thought,” by Miss Blanche A. Wright. The degree of B. D. was conferred upon John Murray Atwood, B. A., and Charles Henry Vail. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Gov. Flower, who was in attendance, and John V. N. Standish, Ph. D., President of Lombard University. At the alumni dinner Mr. Foster L. Backus, '73, presided, and responses were made by the Governor, Dr. T. B. Stowell, Hon. Chas. O. Tappan, Hon. George R. Malley, Gen. N. M. Curtis, Rev. D. L. R. Libby and Prof. Henry Priest. Wednesday evening the alumni reception was held in Miner Hall, the professors and their wives receiving the guests. Quite a fund has been raised for a gymnasium, and it is hoped to raise \$50,000 or \$100,000 to put the institution on a satisfactory basis and pay the faculty adequate salaries. George R. Hardie, late of Harvard University, was elected to a full professorship in Latin.

Pacific Slope.—From the *Pacific Unitarian* we have many items of interest concerning the work of the liberal church there. In Oregon the new movements languish as a result of the financial depression. In Washington the cause holds its own well. In California, particularly in the south, it flourishes greatly, the vigor and rapidity of the growth of our churches there being unsurpassed. As an illustration of this we may mention the fact that Mr. Thomson's average congregation at Los Angeles is about 1,000. In the same city Rev. Dr. Fay has been preaching twice a month in Davis Hall to the Independent, or People's Church, which is being gathered by Rev. Mr. Phil-

lips. Arroyo Grande is one of the new points at which work is being undertaken. Late in June Mr. Thacher preached there on “Some Aspects of Unitarianism.”

Rev. Chas. W. Wendte has accepted the Pacific Slope Superintendency for the A. U. A. for one year, retaining his pastorate at Oakland, where he is to be assisted by a junior pastor when the right man can be found. If he is able to stand the strain he will probably remain the superintendent after the present year, as his previous experience peculiarly fits him for the place; but the work is arduous, and for the present he is unwilling to leave his parish. Later in the summer he will visit Oregon and Washington, and in September will attend the Parliament of Religions at Chicago.

Redlands, Cal.—In this flourishing town, which, however, has only about 1,200 inhabitants, there has been found an audience of about 150 liberal people, who have raised \$1,200 for the first year's salary of their minister, Rev. A. J. Wells. This, notwithstanding the presence of five or six orthodox churches and an active Y. M. C. A. movement. Rev. Mr. Wendte thinks the personal strength of Mr. Wells, who has recently come out of the Orthodox fold, is quite sufficient to account for this. Mr. Wells is also preaching at San Bernardino.

Pasadena, Cal.—The broad Universalist Church, under the pastorate of Dr. Conger and Miss Florence Kollock, has decided that the Winchester confession is not obligatory for membership, and the Unitarians have, with the advice of Mr. Wendte, the new superintendent, decided to throw in their lot with the church, and help to make it a noble exponent of liberal religion. Four of five Unitarians have been put on the board of trustees, including President Keyes, of Throop University, and Mr. Wadsworth, formerly of All Souls Church, Chicago.

St. Louis, Mo.—The allied organizations known as the Self-Culture Clubs have done an excellent work the last year. Six lecture courses have been maintained—one monthly, one fortnightly, and four weekly. The strictly educational part of the work is free of charge, including use of the library, reading-room, etc.; but for taking out books a small charge is made (50 cents a year), as also for use of gymnasium, etc. The gymnasium is a valuable auxiliary. Its members largely join for it alone, but frequently become interested in the library and educational work. Among the various activities are a Civics class, led by a young lawyer, Mr. B. F. Charles, a debating society, and a singing school. Beside the main headquarters now occupying the whole of a large three-story building and its yard, at 1730 Washington street, there is a branch at 2004½ South Broadway.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Rev. S. W. Sample, minister of All Souls Church and of the “People's Meetings” held in the Lyceum Theater Sunday evenings, addressed the Home Rule meeting held in the city in June.

A union meeting of all the young people's societies of Minneapolis and St. Paul was held at the Church of the Redeemer Sunday evening, June 25, under the leadership of Mr. O. F. Tilton, and another similar meeting at the Third Church, July 24. Evening services in the Church of the Redeemer were discontinued June 18, but the

church will be kept open during the summer. Dr. Shutter will himself preach most of the summer.

Oxford, England.—The institution founded in 1786 at Manchester as Manchester Academy, and then moved to York seventeen years later, where it remained thirty-seven years as Manchester College, then returning to the place of its birth, where, in courtesy to a neighboring establishment it assumed the name of Manchester *New* College, which designation it retained during the thirteen years of its second sojourn in Manchester, the thirty-six years of its residence in London, and the four years of its temporary stay at Oxford,—is now established in its new home at Oxford, Manchester Hall, and has officially assumed the name of Manchester College, Oxford. The closing exercises of its year's work were held June 22 and 23, in the presence of a number of earnest friends of the liberal faith. The Visitor's Address, by Rev. J. E. Odgers, and the Welcome into the Ministry, by Rev. R. A. Armstrong, were particularly helpful.

Chicago, Ill.—Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, preached at Unity Church last Sunday. Rev. W. H. Spencer, of Providence, R. I., is in the city, attending the Exposition. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones addressed the Humane Society last Friday, July 14, and preached at Madison, Wis., Sunday, the 16th inst.

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The program this year will consist of ten two-hour sessions, from 10 to 12 a. m., led by Rev. W. W. Fenn. The study will be devoted to the fourth year's work of the Six Years' Course—"The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" The New Testament Time. Mr. Fenn proposes to arrange the studies upon an art string, using the great masterpieces of Christian art as centers around which the story of Jesus, the disciples and the apostles will be told. So far as possible these pictures will be made available to teachers and pupils.

It is hoped that this Institute work will fit into, rather than interfere with, the sight-seeing of World's Fair attendants, and every help possible to the management in this direction will be rendered.

Arrangements for room and board at economic prices can be made in the Unity Building or in the immediate vicinity.

Institute tickets for the season, \$2.00. For further particulars concerning Institute, address MRS. E. T. LEONARD, 6600 Ellis Ave., Chicago. Application for room etc., to be made to MRS. R. H. KELLY, 286 Woodlawn Terrace.

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES. FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johnnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

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SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH next Sunday morning, the pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, will preach on Buddha.

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(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS. At Art Institute Building. REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

Saturday, Sept. 16. THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.
 10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York
 Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York
 Its Place in the Development of Christianity.....
 The Church of the Spirit.....
 2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord
 In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, Cambridge
 In the Growth of Democracy.....
 Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17.
 There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS
 To be held in the Sinai Temple (Dr. Hirsch's), corner Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street.

Monday, Sept. 18.
 3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute.
 8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church.
 Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York
 Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Tuesday, Sept. 19. THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.
 (a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed. Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo
 (b) In Poland.....
 (c) In Hungary... Prof. S. Boros, or Bishop Ferencz, Kolozsvar, Transylvania
 (d) In France..... Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris
 (e) In Germany.....
 (f) In Italy..... Prof. Bracciforti, Milan
 (g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl Van Bergen, Stockholm
 (h) In England.....
 (i) In Holland..... (A representative assured)
 (j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period.
 Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor
 Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period.. Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis

Evening. UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.
 Protab Mozoomdar..... Calcutta, India
 A Representative Jew.....
 A Representative Mohammedan.....

Wednesday, Sept. 20. THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.
 (a) The Human Roots of Religion... Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass.
 (b) God..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.
 (c) Jesus.....

Evening.
 (d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.
 (e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse
 (f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

Thursday, Sept. 21. UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.
 (a) Scientific.....
 (b) Old Testament Criticism..... Prof. C. H. Toy, Cambridge
 (c) New Testament Criticism.....
 (d) Social Problems.....
 (e) Extra-Biblical Religions..... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio
 (f) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

Evening. THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.
 Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Anna Garlin Spencer, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale.

Friday, Sept. 22. PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.
 10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association..... Rev. Grindall Reynolds
 National Conference..... Rev. W. H. Lyon
 British and Foreign Unitarian Association.....
 Transylvania..... Bishop Ferencz or Prof. Boros
 Western Unitarian Conference..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer
 Unitarian S. S. Society..... Rev. E. A. Horton
 Unitarian Guilds..... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord
 Unity Clubs..... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston
 W. U. S. Society..... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago
 Pacific Coast Conference..... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco
 Southern Conference..... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga.
 In Australia..... Miss C. H. Spence

2 P. M.—Women's Meeting.
Evening.
 Fellowship Meeting. In charge of.....
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 Names to be announced Congress Week.

Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

Publisher's Notes

UNITY PUBLISHING CO. have just completed an arrangement with the associate organizations represented at 175 Dearborn street to take charge of the book sales at the Headquarters. We are now prepared to furnish our readers with any books found in the market, at the regular retail prices and on short notice. The liberal religious publications of the American Unitarian Association, George H. Ellis and other publishers will be kept on hand. Orders solicited.

Among those now in stock are the following:

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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Center in Religion

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Editorial

*A sower went his way alone
And I heard him sing and say,
The noon is bright, but soon the night
Will come, the grave of the day.
Then I smiled to hear his woeful song,
And sent these words their way—
The noon is bright, but the blackest
night*

Cradles another day.
—Quoted in a sermon by H. D. Maxson.

DON'T forget the Sunday School Institute next week. These higher exchanges are economic in point of time, money, and energy.

THE record of the Chicago Woman's Club, as described by Julian Ralph, in *Harper's Magazine* for July, is one that will interest not only every friend of woman's advance but every student of municipal reform and social science.

As illustrative of the spirit of the times, we note an appeal for the United Church of Jesus Christ, a call to unity from Rev. Jos. H. Bradley, of Tuckerton, N. J., who, taking John xvii. 21, as his text,—"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent me,"—contends that Christians are bound by the command of Jesus to unite in one body.

IN the recent death of Joel Tiffany the Unitarian parish at Hinsdale has lost one of its faithful pillars, and the friends of liberal thought in Illinois and elsewhere a familiar friend. His voice has been often heard in our conferences. His presence was always a gracious one. He was a man of varied resources; one who in his long life of eighty-two years had won eminence as inventor, jurist, and public speaker; one who brought a very active mind to the study of the most subtle of problems,—the problems of soul-life independent of and beyond the realm of body. He has gone to prove the truth of that psychical world, the existence and familiarity with which was to him not an hypothesis but a fact. In Judge Tiffany was to be found one of the innumerable proofs that spiritualism has in it to some souls the qualities of a life-forming and life-helping religion.

WE call attention to the word of Mrs. Wright in another column. Mrs. Wright has charge of the Unitarian exhibit at the World's Fair. Since this word from her was written we have received from one friend thirty dollars, with instructions to invest the same in such Unity Mission Tracts and Unity Short Tracts as may seem best adapted for free distribution. We are sure this will be sowing seed some of which will fall on good ground. We wish we could afford to place a hundred or more copies of UNITY on that stand every

week. Perhaps to many this would be the most acceptable of any tracts available, as it certainly would be most economical in a money one. We will be glad to appropriate any money sent us for this purpose, also, and give to it its longest purchasing power. Meanwhile let the friends visiting the Fair look into the little white Grecian temple standing unique among the church exhibits.

ABOUT 50,000 people were at the Fair last Sunday, although it was a surprise, gloomily announced, and the advertisements, attractions, and encouragement reduced to the minimum. Notwithstanding all this there were, doubtless, more people than could be found in all the orthodox Protestant churches in the city of Chicago that day, and those who went found just what we have been asking for from the start—"a silent Sunday," devoted to thoughtful, intelligent study of high things in quiet ways. One pastor we know spent in the Art Gallery a rare afternoon with some of his Sunday-school children, accompanied by several adults who accepted his Sunday morning invitation from the pulpit. And they will much miss the chances of repeating it. Let the management cut down the admission to 25 cents, give us a few open gates, and let those who will get the benefit of it. As yet the Fair has never been open on Sunday in an honest fashion. They have always asked full price for a fractional exchange.

AN item is going the rounds of the papers, accredited to Lyman Abbott, entitled "The Essential Element in Preaching," in which this great apostle of clearness and progress indulges in what seems to some of his friends a characteristic collapse, when he says: "There is no place in the ministry for the rationalist," and proceeds to draw the old-time and obsolete distinction "between a man of faith and a rationalist." The Bible

must seem to the preacher, he says, an "unique" book. He must have some sort of an estimate of Jesus as a "world's Master" and "world's life-giver," if he has the elements of a preacher. No matter what his beliefs in God, immortality, sin, etc., may be, if they are "*mere scientific conclusions* (the italics are ours), he has not the necessary equipments of a prophet." This mushy rather than mystic psychology has done much to rob the ministry of the young men and women whose services are most needed in these days. While such talk is indulged in, the pulpit will continue to miss from its representatives many of the ablest young men and women of our colleges. We would like to reverse the dictum of this prayer-meeting gush of the good doctor, and say that the time is coming when none but the rationalist will have a place in the pulpit,—when *faith* will be a beautiful flowering of *reason* as well as of love and conscience; when the immortal hope and that outgoing of the soul in aspiration, which always has been and always will be the essence of prayer, will confidently rest in the assurances of science and find abundant room in the scientific mind and heart. We say, give us more rationalists in our pulpits, that the eclipse of faith may pass. Reason and emotion, love and thought do go hand in hand. They are not foes, but friends. United they are the essence of life, the spirit of progress, the wings of the soul. Separated and antagonized they produce discord, superstition, or irreverence, as the case may be. Give us more rationalists in the pulpit, in order that we may have a faith-giving pulpit that will inspire faithful occupants of the pews.

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We welcome the *Moslem World* to a place among our exchanges, and confess to a great deal of admiration for the ability with which it is conducted. It is doing a good work in removing the false impressions so prevalent about Islam. The scholarly articles of Sir Seyd Ameer Ali, M. A., C. I. E., a judge of the High Court of Judicature in Bengal and a man of insight as well as learning, are especially worthy of attention. Besides original papers by men of broad nineteenth-century culture, such as Sir Seyd Ameer Ali, this organ of the Islamic propaganda contains remarkably well-selected dis-

cussions of Islam and Christianity from fair-minded Christians and neutrals, and by a page or so of newspaper clippings directs attention to certain characteristic blots upon Christian civilization, such as drunkenness and fornication. It ought, perhaps, to be noted that Mr. Webb and the high-minded Moslems who are back of him in this propaganda of advanced Islam are monogamists; and not only so, but Sir Seyd Ameer contends that a careful study of his words will show that Mohammed himself taught that monogamy was the true practice, although in consideration of the hardness of the hearts of his contemporaries this teaching was so expressed as temporarily to permit a limited polygamy. Those of us who are familiar with the arguments of verbal-inspiration Christians are used to this sort of reasoning, and are not now greatly impressed by it; nevertheless, it should be said that Sir Seyd Ameer All shows himself an able lawyer in the presentation of his case. But we think he misses it almost as far as the prohibitionists do in their effort to demonstrate that the Bible taught prohibition. The simple truth is that from the prohibition standpoint the Koran has greatly the advantage over the Old and New Testaments, and from the monogamist's standpoint the New Testament has as great an advantage over the Koran. While there is much that Christendom may learn by a study of Islam, and while it may be that from the less intellectual classes Islam will for a time make American and European converts, the day has gone by for any widespread success in this direction, for the simple reason that what is highest and best in Islam, just as what is highest and best in Christianity, belongs to the undenominational faith of all great minds,—is neither specifically Buddhism, Islam nor Christianity, but is the catholic religion of all souls.

PROF. GANENDRA NATH CHAKRAVARTI, of Allahabad, India, will attend the theosophical convention at the World's Fair Congress of Religions. Prof. Chakravarti is a high-caste Brahman and ranks high as a scholar. He leaves Bombay July 21, and will come to New York with Mrs. Annie Besant, meeting her in London. Prof. Chakravarti will be one of a very few high-caste Brahmans who have been in this country. He cannot cross the seas without sacrificing his rank. Another prominent theosophist who will be at the congress is M. Dharmapala, who is to represent the Southern Buddhist Church. —*Chicago Tribune.*

UNITY CLUB WORK.

The fourth year's course of Sunday-school work being prepared for several of our churches by Mr. Fenn, will bring into use the stereopticon and the camera and awaken an interest in the general study of art. Is it not possible to carry co-operation along this "line of least resistance" into the Unity Clubs next winter? Three months still remain of the World's Fair; unquestionably, the greatest attendance is yet to come. Of course the greatest treasures of this Fair are to be found in the Art Palace. To scatter this great and noble collection, so representative of modern art, will be one of the calamities incident to the limitations of life. Is it not possible for us to begin now to conserve some of the inspiration for next winter, and, by careful gleanings from newspapers, buying what books we can afford, pooling our resources to buy collections of lantern slides that will go the rounds, delighting one club, at least, every week throughout the winter, and looking with a purpose,—put study into our sight-seeing so as to have a profitable winter on modern art in our Unity Clubs?

Suppose that now, very soon, a tentative outline be printed, taking the twelve or fourteen leading collections by countries, and, for tentative study, the names of not more than four of the leading artists be given and the names of not more than ten notable pictures selected on any principle, other than mere technique, that would make them profitable studies. The names of the artists given would send our Unity Club workers off to the handbooks, current art literature and the encyclopedias. They might be "assigned" early, and the work of preparing the ideal Unity Club paper, fifteen minutes long, begin at once.

The names of the notable pictures would give the hint to the hunters in the art galleries of the World's Fair; lead them to look not only for these but to find better ones. These pictures would generally be of the sermon kind, gospel canvases that will teach life lessons, inspire pulpit effort, etc. If any considerable interest is manifested, much may be done with the officials of the several countries in the way of securing favors that will give us photographs, lantern-slides, and information not

in the books. Perhaps UNITY can make itself useful as a bureau of information and exchange. Next week at the Institute, advertised elsewhere, will be a good time to talk this matter over. Meanwhile let those who will not be at the Institute but are interested let UNITY know what they think about it.

Such co-operative work might be still more available in the Anthropological and Reformatory exhibits of the Fair. We will be glad to print any suggestion of tentative programs suitably prepared.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR COOKS?

I refer in this inquiry to that class of theoretical cooks, who write in the newspapers and cook books, and who recommend a small infusion of wine, or brandy, or rum, as a choice addition to almost all the dishes they fabricate. The majority of them, I presume, never really did any cooking in their lives, and some of the mixtures they recommend would turn the stomach and ruin the digestion of the average donkey or rhinoceros; but in spite of this fact foolish people do read their columns of recipes, and the most foolish of them try to follow them out. The best standard cook books also err very grievously in this direction, and the new teachers of cookery who instruct classes; but far beyond all these, the newspaper cooks revel in alcoholic flavors. You would fancy that every one of them was mistress of a wine cellar, and that the poor, ignorant people they aim to instruct are also lavishly supplied with a variety of alcoholic stimulants. I was glancing over a pile of old fashion papers to-day, where the domestic recipe fiend had full sway and is glorified, and the column fairly reeked with stimulants. Over as simple a dish as sliced bananas you must pour sherry before bathing them in cream; peaches must be drenched with brandy before they are sugared. All ices and creams have a certain modicum of wine, and there are no sauces for puddings that do not call for wine or brandy. Cakes require it, and mince pies must be fairly intoxicating if made according to these recipes. Then the iced drinks—but why particularize; the general idea is enough. That is, that the writers upon this subject are incurring a fearful responsibility by their lavish recommendation of alcohol in cook-

ery. I wish they could be made to see it, and that editors who print their pernicious teachings could be made to see the harm they are doing.

There is no more subtle and insidious way of cultivating a taste for alcohol than to introduce it freely into food. No mother who wishes to bring up a temperate family, dares feed them upon food with alcoholic flavors. No young wife but invites the most terrible of misfortunes by such a course. The taste for these liquors is latent in almost every person. We have come from an ancestry steeped in them in every fiber, and unwittingly we help to develop this taste by every toothsome dish we place before our families, which contains those ingredients. What good is all our teachings of the effects of alcohol, in the public schools and elsewhere, going to do if our children are to be tempted at our own tables, and if these brainless and irresponsible recipe-makers are going to dominate the minds of mothers and wives? Down with the alcoholic cook-book, say we, and down with the papers who furnish the domestic recipe column reeking with strong drink. H. T. G.

HIS "THUMB NAIL."

It is being remarked every day the Fair continues that the people are all wonderfully good-natured, civil, even cordial. Go where you please—up or down the Plaisance, with its innumerable rivalries and interests, where every opportunity is afforded showman or visitor to prove him or herself quite other than hospitable and courteous, and still the friction of ill-will is exceedingly limited. Free competition appears there to mellow or dissipate the "grasping greed" of all races, and you can run across many a little "aside" that is interesting, if of non-commercial value.

For instance, somewhere near the great Ferris Wheel you may chance upon a Brahmin who is busy turning off very pleasing effects on little cards with his thumb nail. He has bright eyes and a plentiful flow of wit. He is usually surrounded by admiring ladies.

"Only one nickel, Lady; will you buy? You seem interested."

The lady has been studying him intently for some minutes.

"No, I believe not. But I would like to know if you are a Christian?"

"A Christian! No, indeed. Why should I be a Christian? I am a Brahmin. As well ask 'are you a

Brahmin;' but I know you could not be. No more could you be a Christian if you were born in Turkey. You would be Mohammedan sure. For Bible you would read the Koran——"

"That is not my opinion."

"Opinion! It is not opinion, it is fact. We are all born to our religion. But, it's all the same—Mohammedan, Christian. Have a flower, Lady?"

Another lady interposing: "I would like one with your autograph."

"Oh, sure! 'Tis but a moment to write it." And as he writes: "This is not my profession. I wished to come to the Fair. My people say no. But the vessel come, the vessel go, and I was gone, too. So I make my thumb nail—I learn it when a boy—to serve me. I earn some money, I see the Fair, I go home. As for my religion, I am nobody here. Here, the Christian on top, I am under. At home I am on top, the Christian under. But we should not be so unkind. Apple pie you like; lemon pie I like; but it's pie all the same. So with religion. Different, but the same."

"But have you no fear of going to hell?" persisted the lady, intent on his soul.

"To hell? Oh, no! I fear to go nowhere; so hell is not in me, I am everywhere safe."

I was interested in noting that this little by-play of religion is nowise lessened his income. His autograph was all the more in demand.

With a smile, he said: "Since you so much demand the autograph, I can make no flower. I must make a bigger price. Ten cents, Madam."

S. H. M.

SOUTH CAROLINA has gone into the liquor business, and proposes to monopolize it. It is only to be sold, however, in those counties which petition for it. The Governor has laid in a big stock, and it will be sold in bottles bearing the seal of the State. It is said that the toppers show a great deal of indignation at this humiliation of the great seal. —Independent.

THEORY vs. PRACTICE.—Mr. Hubbie—What! Out again this evening? Why, you've been out every day this week so far! Mrs. Hubbie—I wouldn't miss Prof. Talker's lecture this evening for anything. She's going to speak about "How to Make Home Happy." —Puck.

LEARNING REWARDED.—"Did Brown stand the civil-service examination?" "First-class." "Went through the Greek alphabet?" "Jest a hummin'!" "And the Latin verbs?" "Every one of 'em!" "What place did they give him?" "Head coal-shoveler." —Atlanta Constitution.

Contributed and Selected

WAITING FOR ME.

Already I've climbed to the mountain top,

I am almost down on the "other side;"
Though my steps are weary, I may not stop,

For I may set sail with the ebbing tide.

Soon, soon I shall clasp the loving hand

Of one who has gone to the "border land."

Yes, already my feet have touched the shore,

I have heard the oars of the "boatman pale:"

A few short hours and a few steps more,

Then I shall pass thro' the shadowy vale.

When the hour is near my own will wait

To welcome me at the "open gate."

I am near the line where the two worlds meet,

And my brow is fanned by the balmy air

That is stirred by the rush of swift-winged feet

That hasten to welcome me over there.

They are gathered there, those gone before,

And they wait for me on the "summer shore."

The world is bright, and I gladly stay
Till the Master calls to me, "Well done:"

Then I'll fold my work at the close of day

And journey on toward the setting sun.

Then O for a touch of the vanished hand

That beckons to me from the "morning land."

CLARA F. EASTLAND.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR JOURNALS.

Summarizing in few sentences this discussion, we may say that the religious journal is not simply a secular newspaper committed to the advocacy of the tenets of a religious organization. Independently of its denominational affiliation, its character as a weekly newspaper imposes upon it functions which are altogether different from those of an ordinary daily. In so far as it is purely a newspaper it is governed by a different principle in selecting its material, and it estimates the value of the material by different standards. The fact that it is a weekly publication tends to make it a journal of comment, in which the news of the world is viewed in a more

comprehensive way in relations to principles than is ordinarily practicable in a daily journal. And the fact that it is a religious paper determines that its allegiance is not to a political party, but to the ruling principles of religion.

In the light of these contrasts between the secular newspaper and its religious compeer, the peculiar relations which the latter sustains to the family, to the church, and to the ethical life of society, make it a unique and essential factor in the influence of the press upon the progress of the world.

—*Rev. Gen. E. Horr, Jr., D. D., at the Religious Press Congress.*

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Hamlin Garland has written enough within the last few years to make his name familiar to all those watchers of the literary skies who stand ready to hail any new star which swings into ken. So far Mr. Garland has happily escaped becoming a craze, although he has many readers and some enthusiastic admirers. There is a sturdy manhood about this author which may be counted upon to keep him forever free from the dwarfing influences of extreme popularity. He is not likely to become a fad, and should thank his controlling star for exemption from such a fate.

It is said of Mr. Garland, whether truly or not one cannot say, that he refuses to wear a dress coat upon any occasion. His writings bear him out as to this trait. They refuse any kind of a strait-jacket in manner or form or matter. Mr. Garland even reviles verse, regarding it, probably, as a kind of dress coat in literature, too "cabined, cribbed, confined" for the full play of mental and moral power and beauty in the expression of life.

Mr. Garland's books, whatever his theories may be, are their own excuse for being. "Main Traveled Roads" is the title of his volume of short stories, in which appears "the first fine careless rapture" of this writer's genius. These are tales so real, so true, and so well told as to reach home to every reader instantly—sometimes to his sorrow, but never to his regret. From the pages of this book, as of every other written by this author, the toil-worn, stoop-shouldered man of labor and care looks out and says, "Am I not a man and brother?" The lives of men, women and children on the farms of the Northwest form the ground work of Mr. Garland's writings. Men's joys and their sorrows, their sordid cares, their holidays, their heroic struggles with Nature's closed palm for existence, their simple triumphs and failures—these are the themes upon which our author's pen loves to dwell. They are elaborated and set forth with a depth of sympathy and understanding, an insight into human life, which is amazing, uncompromising, and true.

"An Average Man" and "A Spoil of Office" are stories long enough to be published and sold, each as a separate volume, as novels; but the name "novel" seems a light and unseemly word when applied to those studies of life; they are so evidently histories of lives that are now being lived in this very world around us, among the hills, prairies and forests of Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. A later volume of short stories recalls those of the first collection. One is sorry to come to the end of them. Humor is playing about every page of Mr. Garland's work. "Ma Ripley's Visit to New York" and the story of the sign painting on the farmer's new barn are examples of a most fresh and delightful vein of this sure sign of sanity, without a trace of exaggeration or that rank poison, ridicule, both of which qualities embitter much of American humor.

ADA C. SWEET.

A HUMANE POOR LAW.

While on the one hand Austria taxes the food of the needy for the benefit of the rich, she provides, on the other, for her poor at once more wisely and more humanely than any other nation. Distinguishing between sturdy beggars, confirmed idlers, and men whom temporary misfortune has reduced to want, she metes out to each of them the treatment they merit. Besides, she has answered the difficult question, What can be done for the aged poor?

By the law of Joseph II. (1781) each town was obliged to provide food and shelter for the temporarily destitute; to take charge of the invalids, cripples, and idiots, among the poor; and in a special way to secure the comfort of the aged.

The principle established by this system—that each commune should take care of its own population—still remains the basis of all poor-law regulations in Austria. The imperial exchequer is under no obligation to contribute to the support of the poor. Instead of one uniform system there are now several in the empire, widely differing from each other.

We will study the system in force in Vienna. The municipal authorities, with regard to the poor, delegate their duties to a regularly constituted department, which administers all the municipal charities and has under its control upward of a hundred institutions. It consists, in addition to certain paid officials, of 537 Guardians of the Poor, elected by the ratepayers, and 233 *Waisenvaeter* and 54 *Waisenmuetter*. These latter are appointed by the Burgomaster for the special purpose of watching over the young.

The most distinctive feature of the Vienna poor-law is the sharp line it draws between the young, the able-bodied, and the aged or feeble; while in England the three classes are clubbed together in one building and subjected to the same treatment. In

Vienna a child is never sent to a workhouse, but placed under the care of a *Waisenrater* or a *Waisenmutter*. No guardian may adopt more than five children, however, whom he must visit, see that they are kindly treated, properly fed, clothed and taught, and being fitted to make their own way in the world. In 1889 the town of Vienna had nearly 7,000 children under its care. The custom is to board the children, while they are young, in families, and to transfer them into the orphanages, when the time comes, for more careful training and supervision. A child in an orphanage costs 79.96 *kreuzer*, while a man in the workhouse costs only 50.13 *kreuzer*. Care is taken that no stigma attaches to these children. Many of them attend the public schools, where special scholarships are offered for their competition. The University, even, is in sympathy with public opinion on this point, and admits the sons of pauper parents to all lectures and examinations free of charge. While it is a saying in London that a child born in a workhouse always returns there to die, it is a rare thing to find in a charitable institution in Vienna a man or woman brought up at the public expense.

Then there are the District Guardians, or *Armenrater*, to whom the pauper men and women have the right to apply for help. A guardian has generally one street or a small district under his care. He must know every individual living there, so that he can decide how any case of destitution may best be met. Great pains is taken to adjust the treatment to the merits of each individual case. Any one between eighteen and sixty can claim admittance to any *Asyl* or workmen's boarding-house, where a bath, supper, bed and breakfast are supplied free of charge. But these *Asyls* offer only temporary relief, and, unless a man secures work at the end of a few days, he is moved on to the workhouse.

There is only one workhouse in Vienna, the number of whose inmates, in 1889, averaged 166. It is by no means an uncomfortable retreat. The inmates must do a certain portion of work in return for food, shelter, and clothes; but when this is done they are allowed an amount of freedom unknown in similar institutions in England. In Vienna the people laugh and talk as they work, and seem to be on friendly terms with the officials. No work is done on Sundays and holidays, and on one day in the week they are free to go out in search of employment. A man is not expected to stay in the workhouse. He is a visitor, not a resident. There is no hardship in this arrangement, because, as the old and feeble are never admitted, the men and women in the workhouse all belong to the able-bodied class. Every effort is made to put them in the way of finding work for themselves. If a man seems inclined to look upon the

house as his permanent home, he is promptly drafted off to a *Zwangarbeitshaus*, a compulsory labor colony, where the sternest prison discipline prevails, and where the order of the day is that he who will not work shall not eat. The average cost per head in the Vienna workhouse is 50.13 *kreuzer* per day.

The greatest contrast, however, between the English and the Austrian systems of relief we find in the treatment of the aged poor. It has been recognized that it is practically impossible for the working classes to save enough money to provide for old age. Joseph II. faced the problem boldly, and decided that at sixty a man should have the right to claim from his native town a pension equal to one third of his average daily wage, not as a charity, but as the reward for past services. This is still the guiding principle of the Austrian poor-law, which recognizes the right of the old and feeble to be supported by the young and vigorous. In 1889 there were sixteen thousand six hundred persons receiving from the city of Vienna pensions varying from two to six *florins* a month. There were also thirteen hundred and twenty-two persons living at the public expense in the regular *Armeninstitution* and three thousand seven hundred and sixty-one in *Versorgungshäuser*.

These houses, peculiar to Austria, are divided into two parts, the women living in the one, the men in the other. The long corridors, however, the hall, the dining-room, and the gardens are equally open to the two,—an arrangement admitting husbands and wives passing the greater part of the day together. Once a week they may spend a whole day with relatives and friends outside. Visitors are freely admitted; young men drop in, when their work is done, to chat, and young women come in search of advice on the management of their babies. While in London pauper parents are shunned as if they were lepers, there is no such feeling in Vienna. Most visitors take with them little offerings. As sons and daughters know that what they give goes directly to increase the comfort of their parents, and not, as in England, to swell the workhouse treasury, they give generously. The town provides the pensioners with a uniform, but each may decide whether or not he will use it. They may also adorn their rooms with their own property, and they enjoy many other liberties denied to English paupers.

The Vienna poor-law is by no means an ideal system; it has many defects; it works too much for the poor, not enough through the poor; and it places too much power in the hands of irresponsible persons. But we may, nevertheless, learn from it how to preserve little children from the taint of pauperism, and how to introduce some touch of brightness into the lives of our aged, deserving poor.

—E. S., in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE WEIRS IDEA.

Perhaps the brethren are beginning to hear about "The United Liberal Church" and to wonder what it means. Permit me, then, a few words in explanation. At Lake Weirs, N. H., a number of Universalist and Unitarian clergymen, who were attending a series of liberal religious grove meetings, met in August, 1892, and discussed the possibility and practicability of a closer association of all liberal religious churches. There was very evidently a growing sentiment in favor of a union of Universalists and Unitarians and other liberal churches. It has been publicly declared by representative men on both sides. Resolutions looking to a friendly co-operation of the two denominations had been introduced in the New York State convention of Universalists some years before, and, although voted down at the time, the idea has been steadily gaining. The same sentiment was given strong utterance at the Ministers' Institute in Chicago in 1887. It was earnestly advocated by that able champion of liberal religion, the *Universalist Record*, and became a practical experience in the New Jersey State convention of Universalists, where, under the strong leadership of such men as Dr. Crowe and Rev. J. F. Thompson, Universalists and Unitarians had equal recognition in the public services. So the brethren assembled at Weirs, reading the signs of the times, and already enjoying practical co-operation in their meetings, concluded that the time was ripe for a positive advance in that direction. A meeting was called at which there were present: Rev. E. B. Payne, of Berkeley, Cal.; Rev. E. L. Rexford, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. M. D. Shutter, of Minneapolis; Rev. E. W. Whitney, of Milford, Mass.; Rev. F. A. Bisbee, of Philadelphia; Rev. L. H. Squires, of New Haven, Conn.; Rev. H. A. Rose, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Rev. J. B. Morrison, of Laconia, N. H.

An association was formed and named "The United Liberal Church." Rev. E. B. Payne was chosen President and Rev. L. H. Squires Secretary. An annual meeting will be held and an effort made to bring together for mutual counsel and co-operation all liberal Christians.

It is encouraging to learn that Michigan and Wisconsin are already getting the brethren together, that a "Liberal round-up" in Chicago is talked of, and that the *Co-Worker* has come to help on the good cause. Rev. L. H. Squires, Jamestown, N. Y., is gathering a list of friends of this movement, and earnestly desires that all clergymen, of whatever denomination, who are in sympathy with it, will send him their address that they may be added to the list and communicated with in regard to the future of this movement.

—L. H. Squires, in the *Liberal Co-Worker*.

Church-Door Pulpit

PURPOSE, NOT ROMANCE, IN RELIGION.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

In the minds of many, religion is associated with mere sentiment. As the flower exhales perfume, so, they hold, the soul of man breathes forth sweet fragrance, and this scented breath, as it were, is religion. Thus religion would largely be the manifestation of the æsthetic impulses of human nature. It would be a sister of poetry and music; it would be one of the gifted family that is sent out to gladden earth and to beautify it; the daughter of song or the inspired minister of the arts. Some truth there is in this conception; vainly would one endeavor to question this. Man is mentally so constituted that he cannot rest satisfied with a fragment; he would push on to the complete, and whenever the wings of real observation and possible experience droop, because too weak to carry the soul to those regions where the perfect looms into sight in undimmed beauty, the mind calls to its aid imagination, and fills out the gaps left by the outer, through the medium of the inner vision. Poetry will for this reason ever command the ready ears of men, for the poet brings report from dreamland; he has visited the table-lands of the heights; he sees in full, harmonious, rounded-out completeness what dusty day presents in broken outlines. The experience of which he sings is not the individual occurrence of a fleeting life, but is the universal law, a law which, sceptered, rules not merely now or did yesterday, but before time was, and also when time shall be no more. But the poet is not a solitary dweller on those heights where the broken rays are gathered into one grand warming sun; the philosopher, too, explores those glacial caverns, his thought is architect to the stately castle, with not one line out of proportion, not one room dark, not one stone misplaced, and not one column out of plumb. For this reason metaphysics will forever command the services of the boldest intellects, rewarding, as it does, their effort with a satisfaction and strength which the less courageous minds will forever lack.

And the third in this company of daring travelers towards the region hidden usually from view is, indeed, religion. It, too, dreams of completeness; it, too, creates the perfect world; it, too, takes the broken thread, and changes it into one of a web spun on the loom of eternity; it cherishes the conviction that the pattern but half unfolded will be revealed in its full colors and in its grand execution sometime. This certainty and this positive confidence of the completeness of things, now but partially unclosed, is fundamental to

the message of religion. And yet, all this granted, he who holds religion to be only this—who makes her to be merely the sister of song, or of thought, has not the full, not the clear insight into her function, is a stranger in the regal audience chamber of religious inspiration. We account readily for the fact that, with so many, religion is dwarfed into a mere sentiment, not to say sentimentalism. So many of the professed prophets of religion have robbed her of her poetic laurel wreath. They have presented her in a guise aught but attractive; they have dashed from her hand the foaming, brimming cup of inspiration, and have instead compensated her with a rod wherewith to chastise men; they have hushed her sweet, soft voice that would sing, and made her the mouth-piece of dead, crystallized dogmas. Instead of leaving her to sound the clarion notes of the advance up the heights, they have made her sigh the wail of foul despair, degradation, doom, perdition.

This dreary, ungainly caricature of religion could not but in course of time bring on a reaction. Nature abhors a vacuum. The human soul cannot be mutilated; it cannot with impunity be hampered in its natural functions. As the craving for that which religion was destined to bring was not satiated, by natural recoil the human soul laid to its embrace the warmer figure of poetic religion, with all the greater intoxication of joy since priest and preacher had so often commanded to embrace a dead, chilled, cold verbal idol, without warmth, without love, without uplifting impulses. Not that we would join in the silly, one-sided condemnation of dogma; not that we would have a religion barren of thought. The dogmas are merely the trial balances of religious acquisitions. In the course of the development of humanity there come times, and they come frequently, when it is necessary to look into the ledgers, to examine whether they tally, or tally not. This is absolutely indispensable in the domain of active business; it is equally essential in the sphere of thought. There are hours when the human race would like to ascertain where it stands, what the amount is that is to its credit, what new venture, therefore, it may safely engage in. Dogma, now, is the crystallization of thought attained; is the currency struck for ready use in the mint of religious reflection and speculation. But being so, being merely a token of acquired possessions, it cannot at the same time be the symbol of what can ultimately be obtained. The dogma as a provisional statement, as a makeshift, a crutch to lean on, a round in the ladder to scale higher, is of eminent service, has been of great profit to the advance of religious thought. But mere dogma, repetition of the thought of an age that was, handling the worn-down pennies, the depreciated exchange of values,

once standing for actual possession, beyond which we have gone, will do violence to the spirit of religion. This insistence upon dogmatic religion, on the part of metaphysics, as the substitute for religious culture, has brought about the revulsion which lands so many into the opposite mistake of confounding religion with mere sentiment, with mere romance without purpose. We Jews, perhaps, have never been troubled much with dogmatics. * * * But if Judaism has not suffered from the dogmatic spirit, Judaism as a religion has almost been robbed of its healthy life-flow by another distemper. Religion was thought to be by the Jews a mere matter of legal dialectics. The ceremony, the symbol, the perfunctory act were held to be the essential. Chained to a rite and hampered by fetters, that was the Promethean agony of Judaism, however loyal its supporters in the dark months and years of the middle ages. In those times there was an excuse for this conception. Yea, the willing martyrs felt not this guise of slavery as the garb of the prisoner. Underneath this outward restriction flowed, yet not as robustly as it might have, and as it should have, something of the old, the better, the nobler, the fuller fervor and the broader ambition of the prophet's freedom.

But in modern times the insistence that the clanking chain is Judaism, that the hampered gait marks the religious man, that the pot and the pan, an hour, a certain day, is the sum and substance of Jewish hope and duty, does indeed prey upon the vitals of Judaism as a religion. This emphasis robs it of all of its attraction, and what is worse, does injury to its true message; it is the cause of so much ignorance within Judaism to-day as to the true purpose of Judaism, leading naturally to indifference and ripening the fruitage of open desertion; hurrying our present generation into the old error of exchanging the cistern of living water for a broken well, of worshipping a new idol, the golden calf, instead of bowing in humble reverence before the as yet invisible altar where flames the true light of Jewish ethical and universal destiny.

No wonder, then, that to-day religion as a whole, and Judaism in particular, has merely for many the function of a safety valve, lest by pressure of too great emotion that boiler of ours, the heart, might explode. No wonder, then, that many pulpits to-day, Jewish and non-Jewish, ring with the appeal that, lost as we are in a dreary desert of ceremonialism or credal metaphysics, the emotions shall once more receive their due right. Ah, if they only received their due right, who would object? But as all reactions go to the extreme, so this recoil from dogmatics, or from ceremonialism, naturally whirls us to the other pole, where the emotions shall receive more than their right; yea, where

they shall be constituted the sole ushers to the palace of religion.

Others again, and their thought, if thought it be, is clearly akin to the views of those whom I have sketched so far—others, indeed, believe that religion is not merely romantic sentiment, but is a purpose. Their purpose, however, again is romance. For many that are not Jews religion is merely a means to something beyond this life. It is a bridge-builder throwing the bold arches over the broad dark chasm which divides this life from the mysteries of the hereafter. It is merely a sort of arrangement to be insured against hell fires, and a contract to gain glory to come. This view of the purpose of religion is romance in itself, for the very insistence upon the concerns of the hereafter is due not to our clear thought and not to our ethical intentions, it is due to the requirements of our æsthetic nature. Why do men insist that there must be a hereafter? Because their æsthetic notions rebel when confronted with the blemishes, the imperfections of the present world. This world is not complete. Can this be the last? Can have come from one to whom we attribute completeness a work that seems to be the make-believe of a bungler? Ah! the woe of this life shall be turned into glory in that to come, and the imperfections of now and here shall then and there fall away from us, the discord be solved by the accords of the grand harmonies of the life to be. Can it be otherwise? The picture is here but half unrolled: these outlines must be filled up. The canvas shows unsightly blotches; these are the indications that the ultimate painting will be of transcending perfection: the divine artist cannot leave his work half finished.

In this manner the assurance and the need of assurance in the life to come is largely offspring of our æsthetic sense; and thus far those who would make religion a purpose, far yonder, are in the grasp of romance. There is a mere sentiment, sentimentalism, perhaps, not the clear guidance of religion. Others do not go so far. They make it the purpose of religion to act as a sort of anæsthetic. When we have to weep religion's hand dries the tears; when we sigh religion whispers into our ear soft words of hope; when we are suffering, religion applies the lotion which dulls the sting; when we are burdened, religion eases the yoke. As the surgeon requires his preparations to deaden the nerves; so religion when life with circumstance sharpened to cut approaches, hands us the balm, the elixir, which, if applied, makes us insensible to pain. Life is a great surgical operation room. The circumstances of life are the brutal surgeons; they wield the knife, bones are chipped, nerves are lacerated, organs are mutilated, blood flows. We are disappointed here; we are met there by obstacles;

we must separate friend from friend, father from son. Religion proffers the draught that makes unconscious; this is the purpose of religion. Again a romance! For a moment such religion may deaden the pang, but the more of this anæsthetic is applied, the greater grows the need of repeated application in larger doses until at last no effect can be produced upon the abused nervous organization, and blank despair remains. Ah! we whose duty it is to stand by coffins, we who have the opportunity of seeing men and women in situations which unbare their real nature to view, when the outer veneer is stripped from them and the assumed culture has taken wings and fled with the winds—we know that these anæsthetics are inoperative, that if religion has no higher function than this, it is a snare and a delusion.

Is there no purpose in religion? Is it merely sentiment and romance? Ah! there is to it a purpose. Religion is that force which makes man feel his "manness," if I may coin that word. In German I could express it graphically at once, *Menschen-tum*. We are not men unless religion speaks to us. We are this or that—we are one, opposed to all others. What are the principles of our actual life? Each one for himself, this is the law of our society; God blesses the foremost, the devil takes the hindmost. No feeling of affinity: We are the animal that fights for life—has merely the instinct of self-preservation and of self-propagation. We are engaged in a battle. But religion proclaims we shall not be this; as long as we are this we are incomplete. Man is one of a society. He is one of a kind that is created for something to do, and in the doing of that something lies the value of humanity at large, and of individual man for humanity. Religion has always been a social force. In its lowest forms already this was characteristic of it. The natural sciences have taught us the methods, how we should proceed with our studies. The man in the laboratory takes one fact, another, then a third; he takes one occurrence, and then a second and a third; he makes one experiment, a second, etc., and after he has gathered all the facts, he carefully sets out to draw his conclusions. He does *not* enter the laboratory with the theories made; the theories are to be found. It is the same method which the properly trained thinker must pursue, in religious speculative thought. We take the facts, and from the facts we derive the true theory.

Now take the facts of religious life in the most primitive types: among the tribes of savages, for instance; religion even there is the bond that binds the different individuals into one community, a community that has a common life, some common purpose; a community that gives to each member a certain standing, but asks from each one a certain return

in the shape of duty and obligation. God himself is not excluded from this community. It is the fundamental concept of primitive religion, that God is one of the tribe: he is not merely the God of the tribe, but he is a member of that tribe. At the banquet he receives his share; in this lies the origin of sacrifice. At the common gathering God is remembered; that is the origin of prayer. He is spoken of as the ever present but invisible friend; he is a member of the community. He assumes occasionally the semblance of an animal; that animal therefore becomes sacred; it is not eaten; for you do not eat your brother, even savages would not eat one of their own tribe; the "Totem" animal is not deemed permissible food, because he is one of the tribe. The religious idea it is, then, which forges the chain of social union, even in the form in which primitive religion presents itself. Go east and west, abide with the varied sons of man! Listen to the proclamation of the primitive Aryans; yea, tarry in the land of the almond-shaped eyes, rest in the countries where dress is almost unknown! you find these to be the facts. The conclusion is certainly warranted: Religion is that force which makes of individuals a community; the object of religion is to bind man to his fellow. Religion has this purpose in all of its manifestations; such should be in a greater degree the purpose of religious association in those higher developments of religious thought which are so near to our heart. Religion has this purpose not for life to come, but for life here on earth. Religion, being the force that binds man to man, is essentially ethical. The word ethics is bandied about on the lips of so many as standing for highest thought, but I doubt if many ever give thought to what it means. It sounds well; what is more, it sounds big, and what sounds big is liked. But many know not what the big term denotes. Such words are with many mere fads. Such phrases are heard from the north pole to the south, all around the world. Slang phrases even have belted the earth; a very epidemic they sweep across the seas. In this, more serious terms share somewhat the fate of the gutter-terms. They issue forth we know not how. They stand for something, they indicate a certain direction of thought; they are taken up by everybody, and when we do not know what to say we use these words. They sound well, they sound big; that is the main thing. Ethics, one of the latter day sacramental spell-words, has come to mean something out of the ordinary run of life, something mysterious; something that is not to be found in a synagogue, in a church, something entirely new that nobody ever dreamt of. But ethics is old. It is based on the fact that man owes something to his fellow; that he is not one by himself to perhaps force

others to serve; that he is one of a community, whom he must serve.

Now, religion in its crudest forms sets forth that purpose; it has been ethical even in fetishism, and was even in this form busy with right and duty, with obligation and consideration for the common life; and the higher forms of religion are certainly not inferior in this respect. But ethics does not concern itself with life to come. Indeed, we can wait for the life to come. All our bothering will not lift the veil, all our dreaming will not give the surety, and all our pleading will not open the door, and all our imagination will not allow us to peep through the crack of the wall that shuts us out; speculate, doubt, hope, despair, all vain to make response to these questions. One surety is as immovable as the everlasting hills: that a life well lived here is the best preparation for what comes hereafter. More than this, religion has not to do with questions of this order. Religion originally was something for this life, and something for this society, and it is this which Judaism has always preached. Not a word of a hereafter in our Bible. They say this is poverty; I say it is power. They tell us it is a lack; I say it is fullness. It is characteristic of our religion that it makes no announcement about the things to come, and does not pretend to make them the magnet to draw us on. How little to-day the Jews understand their very religion is shown by the fact that nothing holds us together half so strongly as the cemetery; that there is no use for a man in my position but to preach funeral sermons. But for life the rabbi does well as an ornament for the mantel-piece. We have lapsed from the clear perception of the prophetic mission of Judaism, or else these questions of death and the graveyard would not be the most prominent. And in our pulpits the young graduates are always indulging in discourses about the existence of God, to prove what needs no proof, and the immortality of the soul! A beautiful subject, indeed, for a Yom Kippur afternoon. It will make the women cry and the men simper, and the preacher will be lauded as eloquent, nice, cute and sweet. But, in confidence, that is not Jewish. It may be nothing, but if it is something, it is absolutely not Jewish. Judaism has never lost itself in the mysteries of a hereafter, but it has said: Here is your duty, this life, this world; they are enough, for the present.

Not in prayer and not in festival, says the prophet, consists our religion. "Your sacrifices I have not asked; if you come to my temple, have I invited you? Why, you make me weary with your prayers; your hands are full of blood. Wash you and make you clean; cease to do evil, learn to do good." Good and evil are terms denoting conduct. Good is what is social (not in the

sense of our club-jargon); evil, what is selfish, anti-social. "Cease to oppress;" do not live for yourself alone, "plead for the right. Judge the fatherless." Do not pick them up and dump them into institutions and pay your annual contributions, and think that thereby you have done your duty; but judge them—judge what they need. Do not think that by an annual contribution, to pay somebody else, you have discharged your duty. "Help the widow;" "those that are weak, come to their rescue;" that is the religion which Isaiah preached. His religion is religion indeed! not a sentiment and a romance; not a dream and a promise; not dry metaphysics, but purpose in life: The knowledge that we belong to all, and that each one has to do his share in the life of all! To change this knowledge into a firm conviction, and to strengthen this impulse, to give it deeper roots and a richer fruitage, is the purpose of true religious training.

Judaism is often presented in the guise of a romance; a romance of race. Orthodox Judaism would have the purpose of Judaism be to keep us together, so that at the dawn of redemption's day we may march with flying colors back to Jerusalem. And what will we do in Jerusalem? We shall re-erect the temple; we shall again bring sacrifices, we shall be a kingdom apart from all others under the scepter of our king. In the meantime, while waiting for this, we must have our own barriers so that we will not be lost; we must have our ceremonies, so that we will have the testimonials of our citizenship in the priestly kingdom. Conservative Judaism, if one can characterize that which has no character, is romantic in another way. The history of our religion is indeed a romance of suffering more terrible than Dante's divine comedy, more pathetic than the *Nibelungen*; an epos of tears and persecutions, scanned for more than fifteen hundred years, the last stanza of which has not yet been composed; a romance such as the world never before heard of, and I hope will never again bear of. This romance it is that is brought into the foreground by conservative Judaism. Judaism is then merely a memory of sufferings gone through. It is the historic pride of suffering. There is such a thing as pride of suffering; there is such a thing as voluptuousness of grief. I have met mothers having lost their children, who for three or four, ten years thereafter, would constantly nourish their grief. They nursed it because it gave them satisfaction. Such fondling of grief is by psychology called the voluptuousness of grief. Something of this order conservatism indulges in. It revels in rehearsing our sufferings and it makes us a religious organization held together by nothing else and for no other purpose than by the memory of suffering gone through and for the determination to suffer again.

This determination I should, too, emphasize. I should, if I had the eloquent tongue, thunder into the ears of our rising young women and young men the knowledge of the nobility of suffering. I should tell them that the sufferer in history is not the meanest, but rather is the most glorious. I should impress upon them the fact that, according to the code of military ethics, at least in European armies, the officer that resigns in the face of the enemy is shot as a coward. The officer must remain in the service until peace is signed: then he may sheathe his sword, and if he wishes to be relieved of his emperor's commission, he may petition to be retired. But as long as batteries pour forth their fury, and as long as battle-fields wait for the harvest, the officer that would resign marks himself as a coward. The military duty of Israel is not yet ended. A coward he who would run because the enemy is massing his columns for the attack. With a view to escape the unpleasant fight many seek new affiliations. But the very escape sought is not vouchsafed. Is it the Jew that to-day is attacked? It is the *Shemite* that is obnoxious. And as a fact all or most of those who do not want to be Jews in religion, present all those characteristics that make the *Shemite* indeed objectionable. Loud they are in their professions; they want to be in the first rank, they must get the best seat! Anti-Jewish Semitism deserves all the blows it receives. I for one decline to fight its battles. Desertion from the post of duty does not help. Let the "cowards" be branded as they deserve to be, by Jew and non-Jew alike!

But this is not all of Judaism. There is a purpose beyond, and that purpose is ours. Judaism has always looked toward the future. It has always looked forward to the time to come when this earth shall be reclaimed and be relieved from selfishness, and to be the leader in this hope is the historic mission of Judaism. And this is our Judaism, not pinned to race and not pivoted on creed; not a sentiment, but the purpose to go into the world and reclaim the world. But well and wisely have the rabbis said, first adorn thyself and after that attempt to wreath in flowers others. So the Jew wishing to bring about the humanitarianism of the world must at home first learn the song of humanitarianism; but after he has learned it, let him go out to wake the world by his sweet lay of love! That is the purpose, not the romance of Judaism. So, friends, let me ask of you, if still you are in the thrall of error, break the shackles. Not as a sentiment, not merely as an aesthetic need, not merely as a service of fear, not merely as an anesthetic, something to lighten the gloom of the grave, has religion power and charm. Religion is that force which wings the thought that man is brother to man,

which fills the heart with enthusiasm for that thought, and which steels the hand to carry out the thought in active life. Thus, religion addresses itself to the three great departments of the soul-life, to the mind, to the heart, and to the will. And Judaism is the historic force united to realize the human life in example for others to follow. Thus let us be rid of error, let us be wedded to the nobler, the more inspiring truth, to purpose without romance!

The Study Table

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

Namely, that of Amos Bronson Alcott, as reported by his friend Frank B. Sanborn, in two handsome volumes, published by Roberts Bros., Boston, for three dollars and fifty cents, and well worth the money. Mr. Sanborn is not an ideal biographer. He has plenty of materials, but he lacks the art of continuity. He does not seem able to fuse them into a whole of mutually consenting parts. Often we find ourselves craving a few more solid facts, a few more details, where, it would seem, it should be easy enough to furnish them. The total impression is, after all, somewhat fragmentary and scrappy. There is a lack of definition and analysis. We feel at every page how great his admiration for Alcott was and is, but the grounds of it we do not find clearly set forth. Perhaps we ought not to look for them in any formula or definite contribution to his biographer's theory and practice of life, but rather in an attitude of mind, a charm of personality, a devotion to plain living and high thinking as life's double best.

Notwithstanding these deductions, Mr. Sanborn has given us a very interesting book. If we never seem to see Alcott single and whole, we have many glimpses of him that are full of charm, and, with a man as with a mountain, that is always good. Moreover, we have many of Mr. Sanborn's deliverances on topics relating to his subject that are most interesting and valuable. Best of all, we have a great deal of Emerson. Some of it, a good deal of it, we have had here and there before. It is no worse for that. And it is no careless derogation from the passages quoted here from Mr. Alcott or any other writer to say that every bit of Emerson gives us a peculiar and unrivaled happiness. We always brighten up when he appears upon the scene, and not less because the trait he manifests habitually is a certain noble common sense. Children, they say, are "not a mean but a mixture" of their parents. So is it with the thoughts born to Emerson concerning his friend. They are not a mean but a mixture. There is no middle term between the praise and blame. The blame is frank, and sometimes stern enough. But the praise is always paramount. Alcott had a very high

opinion of Emerson. We have not only his monograph about him, than which nothing at once so good and so compact has so far been written, but many other things. But Alcott's admiration for Emerson is surpassed by that of Emerson for Alcott. Alcott's was that of a superior for an inferior person. Superiors he did not know. He said to Emerson: "You write on the genius of Plato, of Pythagoras, of Jesus; why do you not write of me?" This self-estimate may seem a trifle overweening, but for those who are disposed to think Alcott a simpleton, a crank, there remains forever to rebuke them the opinion of Emerson, who, recognizing clearly his defects, still thought him one of the most remarkable of men.

Alcott's father's name was Alcox, but so only by corruption from Alcock, the name of the progenitor from whom all the Connecticut Alcotts and Alcotts and Alcoxes are derived. Alcott changed his name from Alcox in his youth, a cousin, William, doing the same thing at the same time. His father would gladly have sent him to college, but he could not afford to. So he went peddling in Virginia and North and South Carolina. In this way he got an education and experience that cost him, Mr. Sanborn reckons, about as much as a college education—from four to five hundred dollars! This means that he did not do a lucrative business; also that he did not attend to it; was shiftless and extravagant, especially in the matter of fine clothes; borrowed from his father \$600, paid him \$180—the beginning of a continuous and increasing misery of indebtedness which reached its term only when Louisa Alcott wrote "Little Women." The conversions of the saints do not offer any livelier contrasts than that between Alcott the young dandy, proud of his ill-gotten clothes, and Alcott the educational reformer. The transition was abrupt, unheralded. The new life brought him into connection with Samuel J. May, and then—of all things in his life the happiest—with a sister of that saint, forever blessed, who became his wife. To label Alcott's philosophy may be a difficult matter. To label the philosopher is easy enough. He was a peripatetic. He went from one place to another in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, always beginning the new enterprise hopefully, only to find it dwindling before long. The last and most important venture, the Temple School in Boston, began with thirty children and gradually went down and down till there were five children left, three of them his own, one a friend's, the fifth the colored girl, whose retention in opposition to the protesting parents of other children gave his school its *coup de grace*. The publication of his "Conversations on the Gospels" had already done its work of disintegration. The fault was not in him, but in his patrons' minds—that they were too

ignorant and prejudiced to appreciate his better way. A Harvard professor said of the work that one third of it was absurd, one third blasphemous, and one third obscene. The first count was probably true; the others utterly false. In Alcott's school-keeping there was much of real wisdom mixed with some things impracticable and wild. Its generous ideals are still a sound impeachment of our prevailing methods, and much that is best in our improved methods is the fulfillment of his prophetic hope. In this connection, as elsewhere, Mr. Sanborn has defrauded us of those humorous aspects of the matter to which we were entitled. His own sense of humor is sufficiently keen, but Alcott has been so much laughed at that he is bound he will not flatter the exaggerated tendency. But he might have been much less sparing of the comic, as we can imagine Emerson would have been, and still have shown that none the less here was abundant call for admiration, love and praise.

Alcott's loyalty to his colored pupil was one of the many signs of his anti-slavery sentiment, which, beginning early in the contest, never wavered till the end. When Garrison was imprisoned to save him from the mob of Boston gentlemen of property and standing, Alcott was one of those who visited him in jail. (There is no excuse at this late day for putting the rope by which Garrison was dragged around his neck. It was around his waist, as Mr. Sanborn ought to know.) Alcott's most heroic moment, as heroism is commonly reckoned, was when he went with Higginson and others to rescue Anthony Burns, and, standing on the Court House steps alone, said to the rescuers: "Why are we not within?" Higginson tells the story in his inimitable way. A few years later Alcott was ready to go to Virginia in behalf of John Brown, whose clientele was larger in Concord than anywhere else.

In the Transcendental Movement Alcott's place is high up among the highest. Mr. Sanborn calls him and Emerson the founders of the Transcendental Club. If he had said they were among the founders, he would have been more accurate. Others were more initial in the club than they. But Alcott was emphatically "a clubbable man." His conversational class was a kind of club, a continuation of his Temple school, but with adults for scholars, whose questions frequently were not less childish than those of his first pupils. The sturdy common sense of Parker and Emerson comes into the discussions like a strong wind into a bank of fog. The "Town and Country Club" was also of Alcott's devising. Higginson would have let in women. Emerson objected in a letter which Mr. Sanborn calls "remarkable." It is so for its lack of any reason for his course. The "Saturday Club" agreed with Wordsworth that

"Plain living and high thinking are no more,"

and arranged for high living and high thinking, much to the distaste of Mr. Alcott, who was an infrequent visitor. For something racy we commend to our readers the elder Henry James' account of one of the dinners of this club. Its glimpse of Hawthorne is one of the best vouchsafed to us.

Mr. Sanborn's second volume opens with an account of "The Dial" and Alcott's relation to that time-marking periodical, so provocative of mirth to the Phillistine mind. Going to England he attracted other spirits, worse than himself for dissatisfaction with the existing order, and two of them, Lane and Wright, came back with him, and with him initiated the experiment at Fruitlands. This was a much more drastic experiment than that at Brook Farm, where, according to Lane, there were "eighty or ninety persons playing away their youth and day-time in a miserable, joyous, frivolous manner," and "not above four or five who could be selected as really and truly progressing beings." At Fruitlands not only was all meat abjured in the first degree but also in the second and the third. No eggs or milk were to be used. Predatory vermin were to be let alone. What shoes should be made of in default of leather was a serious problem. Mrs. Alcott's cooking for the community, with her limited resources, must have been a fearful tax upon her ingenuity and strength. The experiment ran its course in a few months, a rigorous winter hastening the conclusion, which was the hardest blow that Alcott ever got. It drove him to his chamber in despair, where he refused all food and came near to ending his visible relation with our present life; but his good wife persuaded him to go on with the hard struggle. The remainder of his life—and half of it was yet to come—ran a more placid course, in less violent antagonism with the social order as he found it, partly because of his own changing temper and partly because of certain more or less evident realizations of his hopes. The great literary success of his daughter brought his financial troubles to an end, and enabled him to publish his own "Tablets" and "Concord Days," regardless of the expense. Moreover, his own lecturing tours were not always so pitiful as that one from which he returned with one dollar as the gross proceeds; the net being much less, as his overcoat had been stolen. When he was eighty-one he traveled 5,000 miles in seven months, and, lecturing more than once a day upon the average, came home with \$1,000 in his purse. In a good chapter on "The Alcott Family in Literature" Mr. Sanborn urges the consideration that the family debt to Louisa was not so absolute as it has been commonly regarded, seeing that without the material furnished her by the household expe-

riences she never could have written her books. Alcott's literary ability was at its best in the sonnets which he wrote in his old age, some of which are packed with lofty meaning and felicitous expression. It was Mrs. Alcott, who never wrote anything called literature, who had—so Mr. Sanborn thinks—the rarest literary gifts.

Mr. Sanborn has sometimes been considered an extravagant admirer of Alcott and a too lavish ministrant upon the altar of his vanity. But there is little in these volumes to bear out such an accusation. There is frank allowance of his hero's weaknesses and faults, and of his tendency to drop below the level of his best. Prof. William T. Harris adds a chapter of 125 pages, in which he discusses Alcott's philosophy. The outcome of his study is by no means flattering. It is that Alcott, following the Neo-Platonists, made the idea of lapse central to his conception of nature and humanity. Here he was diametrically opposed to Emerson, who was nothing if not a believer in an infinite progression. It is Prof. Harris' belief that from the failure at Fruitlands dates a more or less conscious attempt on Alcott's part to introduce certain elements of evolution into his system. He does not seem to think that the new patch on the old garment is a complete success. The truth would seem to be that Alcott was a philosophic pessimist, an optimist by temperament, and that as he went on in life his temperament got the better of his philosophy, the improvement in his personal environment helping to this end. But Alcott's value was not in his philosophy as such; else Emerson could not have valued him so highly while directly at variance with his doctrine of the lapse of spirit into matter. Something of pure fancy mingled with his philosophical ideas in their habitual expression. No doubt these ideas attracted some people. But his attraction for the best was of a different sort. It was an attraction which declares itself in many sentences and passages of his writings in these volumes. Re-enforced by his personal exaltation, if such things had not stirred men's hearts in some strange fashion, it would have been strange indeed.

I set out to write of a successful life. Certainly Alcott's was far enough from being one, judged by the ordinary standards of the forum and the market, but not farther than the ordinary successes of our business and our politics are from being successful, judged by Alcott's standards. And, when every allowance has been made for the defects of Alcott's character and philosophy, I must confess that in his devotion to ideas and ideals he impresses me as vastly more successful than a good many of our millionaires. He once said, "That is failure when a man's idea ruins him, when he is dwarfed and killed by it; but when he is ever

growing by it, ever true to it, and does not lose it by any partial or immediate failures,—that is success, whatever it seems to the world." He did not say this of himself, but it could not be truer of another than it was of him. After this fashion his was a successful life.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS OF GOETHE. Translated by Bailey Saunders. With a preface. New York: Macmillan & Co.—Mr. Saunders gives a good account of Goethe's maxims and reflections, when and how they were written. There is the usual apology for Goethe's immorality, and it is as lame as usual. He has the right idea of the true work of a translator: "In so far as every language has a peculiar genius, a literal translation must necessarily be a bad one; and any faithful translation must of its nature be free. * * * But he must guard against the abuse of his position: his liberty may become license, and his translation instead of being faithful may be fantastic. The translator's first and last duty is to efface himself." As for the maxims and reflections, their average quality is excellent, if they do not entirely bear out the lofty praise of the translator. They range through a scale of several degrees. The best are wholly admirable; the poorest "say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." They are classified under the heads of "Life and Character," "Literature and Art," "Science" and "Nature." One note continually recurs, "In contemplation as in action, we must distinguish between what may be attained and what is unattainable." But how are we to know what is unattainable except by pressing against the barriers with all our might? Who knows but they may break? There are maxims here which seem to teach this also. For example, "A man must cling to the belief that the incomprehensible is comprehensible; otherwise he would not try to fathom it." And again, "If I acquiesce at last in some ultimate fact of nature, it is, no doubt, only resignation; but it makes a great difference whether the resignation takes place at the limits of human faculty or within the hypothetical boundaries of my own narrow individuality." The one thing is easily confused with the other. There are many good sentences about the Bible, so good that we have to remind ourselves that they were written nearly a hundred years ago. There are sentences about literature which seem to anticipate Zola and Guy de Maupassant by a whole century and to condemn their evil ways. Some of the most practical maxims are among the best. For example, "If one has not read the newspapers for some months and then reads them all together, one sees, as one never saw before, how much time is wasted with this kind of literature." There is blissful

ignorance of the Sunday journal's superabundance in that naive remark. Reading, in any true sense of the word, will soon be a lost art if our present tendencies are kept up.

PIETRO GHISLERI. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: MacMillan & Co.—To enjoy Mr. Crawford thoroughly one must not expect too much of him. He writes for the amusement of his readers, and those who go to him to be amused will get what they require. They will get more than this—the attraction of goodness in some of his characters, the repulsion of badness in some others. In the present instance we have in Pietro Ghisleri a man not wholly good; a man fascinated by another's wife and giving himself over somewhat recklessly to his fascination. We cannot help liking him, but we do not like his faults, and we are glad when, at the end, he is made happy by the love of a true woman, the heroine of the book, whose first husband is taken off in the convenient manner of the novelists, so seldom encountered in real life. Over against the good woman there is the bad woman, for cruel intrigue one of the baddest of the bad. Gossip—Virgil's rumor, which grows as it goes—the way it grows, its blighting, killing power—plays a great part in the book. Sometimes the net is woven so close about the victims that it seems they must be hopelessly entangled, but Pallas Athene was not more kind to much-enduring Odysseus than is Mr. Crawford to his own elect. He writes much better now than formerly, having much fewer oracles. He is reported as saying that he has no pleasure in writing except for the money that it brings. We do not believe he said this; and if he did we do not believe that it is true.

The many friends of the late Henry Doty Maxson will be pleased to know that his sermons are just out from the press of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. We hope to notice them in UNITY in a week or two, and meanwhile we shall be glad to fill orders for them.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ARENA for July opens with a short paper by W. D. McCrackan on "Our Foreign Policy," the chief value of which is in its emphasis upon the fact that freedom of access to natural opportunity is the greatest benefit to the people of a country; the writer pointing out that, land being a fixed quantity, "every child born in the United States and every immigrant landing upon these shores increases the demand" and further enriches the land-owning class. Helen Campbell's sixth paper on "Women Wage-Earners" discusses specific evils and abuses in factory life and in general trades, and suggests remedial measures. Rev. T. E. Allen has a thoughtful article on

"Reason at the World's Parliament of Religions," in which he discusses our true relation to Jesus. Mr. Geo. G. Brown presents very ably the liquor dealer's side of the question, an answer to which is promised us at an early day. There is, also, a bright dialogue on the "Charities of Dives," by A. R. Carman, the scene being laid in the spirit world; the verdict of nine jurors in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy—among the jurors being Alfred Russell Wallace, O. B. Frothingham, Cyrus A. Bartol, Frances E. Willard, Henry George and the Marquis of Lorne; two articles on the money question, the critical part of Mr. Buell's being the more able; an article on "Realism in German Literature," by Dr. Blum; a negro sketch, by Miss Dromgoole; "The Confessions of a Suicide," by Coulson Kernahan; one of Mr. Flower's vigorous editorials; and a number of interesting reviews—on the whole, a particularly strong number.

THE FREE THINKERS' MAGAZINE is doing a good work in discussing the points at issue in the minds of those who affirm and those who deny religious doctrines,—not indiscriminately ridiculing form and substance, as some so-called free-thinkers' organs do. In evidence of its fair-mindedness we note that the leading article in the July number, "Reason and Dogma," is by one to whose name "Rev." is prefixed, and that there are two other clerical contributors,—the three being Messrs. J. C. F. Grumbine, E. P. Powell and E. P. Adams.

THE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION WORLD for July has a timely and judicious article by Mr. Richard Waterman, Jr., entitled "The World's Fair—What It Offers to University Extension Students." It also contains the recent convocation address of the President of Chicago University, which is very interesting reading.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE for July 1-8 has an interesting and instructive article by J. W. Fortescue, taken from the *Nineteenth Century*, on the "Influence of Climate Upon Race." No very definite conclusions are reached, but the reality, strength and rapidity of the influence are made evident.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

SERMONS OF RELIGION AND LIFE, By Henry Doty Maxson. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 334. \$1.00.

PRATT PORTRAITS. By Anna Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Paper, 16mo., pp. 325. 50c.

THE WILDERNESS HUNTER. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 470. \$2.50.

GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Rowen-Merrill Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 224. \$1.25.

The Jenness-Miller Monthly is a magazine devoted to artistic dress, and is a standard in this department. . . The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, but if subscribed for in connection with UNITY we will send this magazine and UNITY for one year (whether the UNITY subscription be a new one or a renewal) for \$1.65. Address the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."



STOP THIEF.
Dyspepsia is stealing the roses from many ladies' cheeks, and making many men's faces blank.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will arrest the rascal, and restore health, vigor and color; they will cure Sick Headache, acting like a charm on the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Price 25 cents a box. Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.
New York Depot, 363 Canal St.

WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

L. A. WHITE, 6427 Sheridan avenue. My private residence in Woodlawn Park is open for visitors. Location, four blocks west of 64th street entrance to grounds, in a delightful residence neighborhood; quiet and restful, being one and one-half blocks from a traffic street, and the same from any railroad. Will send circulars and information to parties desiring.

MISS L. M. DUNNING, private residence, 411 Bowen avenue; 20 minutes to Fair Grounds by four lines of cars, and 30 minutes to center of the city. House new, airy, well furnished, superior plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes between house and cars. Rooms accommodating two and three persons. Terms, \$1 per day for each person. References exchanged.

MRS. M. H. PERKINS, private residence, 3929 Indiana avenue. Twenty minutes' ride by Elevated Road to Fair Grounds. House new and with superior plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes convenient and reasonable in price. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Special rates for periods of two weeks or more.

MRS. GEORGE PARKER, private family, "The Cristoval," corner Cottage Grove avenue and 40th street; 20 minutes to Fair Grounds by two lines of cars; 35 minutes to center of city. House new; rooms well furnished. Terms, \$1 per day each. References exchanged.

UNITY BUILDING, 286 Woodlawn Terrace. Four minutes' walk from entrance to the Fair. Unitarian headquarters. Rooms at moderate prices. Send for circular to Mrs. R. H. Kelly, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

Subscriber: Notice the date on your address label. It indicates the time to which your subscription is paid. If yours is past due, help us along by renewing now.

World's Fair Notes

It would be a surprise greater than the Fair itself if a collection of works as large as that exhibited by American sculptors should make good its high claim to recognition on the ground of interest or artistic merit. With much that is promising, there is nothing supremely satisfying—nothing wholly good. To be even more frank, what one work of the American sculptors deserves more than a friendly word—a sort of very-good-for-you praising? Art does not require one to be patriotic. It insists on individual responsibility, and names the man, not the nation.

In my judgment it is a sort of barbarism to divide the art building off into sections, naming the United States, France, Denmark, etc. Truth told, France should not send art exhibits as she sends stuff for her agricultural department. But Paul Dubois should send his splendid sculptures, Bonnet his pain ings. It should be emancipated from territorial limits, and come to us as the expression of the individual genius. It is what the man can do, not the French-man or English-man. What we get in these displays is not so much what the national life produces, but what it arrests.

America has not got far enough along to do more than say of her exhibit, "These things were done in the United States. It is our home talent."

The hope of a distinctively American art may never be realized. It is after all an unwise clamor. William H. Seward once wrote to an aspiring youth: "The mission of America is to break down barriers, race limitations, prohibitions, in art as in all things, and foster only the growth of individual liberty. The symbolism of race or nationality under the sway of personal freedom will be worn lightly by the emancipated soul." Perhaps it is this force of emancipation that is putting off and may be circumventing altogether the building up of a distinctively American art; the distinction, if there is to be one, to be seen in its variance not only from old standards but from any new ones whenever the individual gets "a gleam of light from the above."

In the room devoted to sculpture by the United States there would appear to be innumerable "gleams," but whether from above or not one hardly dares to say. In some cases, however, the fact is pretty plainly to be seen.

What to say, for instance, of this group called "The Vanderbilt Family," by a Miss Brooks? What not to say, or what to say, it is all one. There is nothing to say. It is silly, and you don't wish to consider it; yet around it circle admiring eyes, and you must stop and wonder. If some conceited lad from the country, who had not had advantage for measuring the lucubrations of his genius

with contemporary art or the models of the antique world, should come along and say: "I did it; whittled it all with a knife," you would feel happy in being able to graciously let it all pass, and go seeking the art-soul elsewhere. But, no; it has been deliberately placed as a good exhibit, and the papers have spoken well of it. Query: Suppose it had been named the "Humpty-Dumpty Family?" Ah, there were a chance for a laugh, and so would come relief. But seriously regarding it—what shall we say? A stuffy, hideous thing? Yes, quite so. And so neither distinctively American nor distinctively anything else that pleases the mind's eye.

But how is the model for the new Shakspeare statue, by Mr. Ordway Patridge?—the duplicate bronze to be placed in Lincoln Park. Mr. Patridge has written entertainingly of the "American School of Sculpture," and his early sketch for his Shakspeare promised a vigorous treatment of his clay. But this large finished model has woefully lost the best suggestions of the original. The face is commonplace, the position lazy. It is dudeish and wholly uninteresting. His Lowell and Hale busts are better, but fall short of the mark in not even growing on one. But, for all this, there is a purpose of great work discernible, and Mr. Patridge is doubtless sharing in the uncertainties attendant on the new emancipation.

Mr. Gelert contributes his group called "The Struggle for Work." It was a great undertaking and demanded far more time for its execution than the sculptor was able to give it. The idea of it is catching, and the group has received much praise. But it can hardly be called a successful rendering. It is confusing to the eye, frantic beyond need, and leaves an impression of weakness, uncertainty of aims, etc. That is about all one can say of it, but it is cheering to see Mr. Gelert, though not to the manner born, driving away in the instinctively American fashion, hitting the mark if he can, but going ahead all the same if he doesn't. What he needs, like all us Americans, is more repose, a vaster leisure in which to nurse the great resolve until it answers its own readiness. S. H. M.

Correspondence

FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR UNITARIAN EXHIBIT.

DEAR UNITY: Your readers ought to know that the Unitarian exhibit in the gallery of the great Manufacturers Building is justifying its existence and fulfilling its mission. Here in a quiet nook in the midst of the whirl and greatness of the colossal exhibition we lose sight of the individual, but the human family stands before us in magnificent proportions, and the word "Unitarian" carries with it the thought of the unity of things and the loving Father over

all. This church corner of the Exposition is not without its suggestive interest. Representatives of the faiths of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Swedenborg, and Parker greet each other here in cordial good will. Our little exhibit contains samples of the British Unitarian publications, Sunday-school material, etc., the publications of the Western Unitarians, the Southern and Pacific coast periodicals, and a full line of the A. U. A. publications, with such photographs as have been placed at our disposal. We are not permitted to sell under the rules of the Exposition, but the American Unitarian Association has placed at our disposal a large number of tracts for free distribution. This has proven to be an opportunity for missionary work rarely offered to one space and time. During the last four weeks I have spoken to over nine hundred persons; many of them called not for love or idle curiosity; and I have been able to put into the hands of earnest inquirers from all parts of the United States hundreds of such tracts as James Freeman Clarke's "Why I Am a Unitarian," C. W. Wendt's "What the Unitarians Believe," etc. etc. A limited number of copies have been furnished me for free distribution, of the sermons of Revs. Sunderland, Milsted, Fenn, Blake, Jones, Savage, and others, and much gratitude has been expressed for them. It is a matter of regret that the Unity Mission Tracts and Short Tracts are not available for free distribution, owing to the lack of funds. We trust that those who believe in the missionary power of the printed page will bear this in mind and increase the material for distribution. Here we may send your best and highest thought to all parts of the world.

ANNA L. WRIGHT,
Attendant.

To Restore

hair which
has become thin,
and keep the scalp
clean and healthy, use

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

It prevents the hair
from falling out
or turning gray.
The best

Dressing

INSTRUCTION given by correspondence to students of Plato, Aristotle, and other philosopher's. Circular Editor *Bibliotheca Platonica*, Osceola, Mo.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—Fame is good only in so far as it gives power for good.
- MON.—Man is more than money, as the workman is more than his tools.
- TUES.—Distrust is the last wisdom a great heart learns.
- WED.—Knowledge comes of doing. Never to act is never to know.
- THURS.—The time for doing best things, like eternity, is ever present.
- FRI.—True thought, like right conduct, is its own reward.
- SAT.—To grow is to outgrow; and whatever of the past survives, does so because it is still living and applicable here and now.

—*J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.*

CALLING THE ROLL.

They have taken their places before me,

The children, with faces so bright,
All ready for school and its duties,
With hearts that are happy and light.

And I, with my ledger before me,
Look over the faces so dear
To see who is missing this morning,
Or who answers blithely out—
"Here!"

There is Gertie, and Minnie, and Ida,
And Lillie with golden hair,
And over the way, just beside her,
Sit Meta and Lizzie and Clare.

All here. But the *next* name is missing,
And my heart throbs, and fast the
tears fall;

O, George! thy life's lesson is ended,
Thou art with the great teacher of
all.

So the names of the lassies and laddies
Ring out on the air strong and clear.
Some are missing, some few gone for-
ever,
And from some comes the cheerful
"I'm here!"

Heaven grant on Eternity's morning,
When we stand by the Father so
dear,

And He calleth that last long, long
roll call,

May we all answer. "Lord, I am
here."

KATHERINE PECKHAM.

St. Louis, Mo.

CANINE MANNERS.

Few animals excel the dog in the power of expressing emotion. This power is a sure sign of an animal which is habitually in communica-

tion with its fellows for certain common ends. There are many reasons for the tail being the chief organ of expression among dogs. They have but little facial expression beyond the lifting of the lip to show the teeth and the dilation of the pupil when angry. The jaws and contiguous parts are too much specialized for the serious purpose of seizing prey to be fitted for such purposes as they are in man. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others seeing the signal instantly join, and there is an assemblage of waving tails: before the least whimper is heard. When the pack is at full cry upon a strong scent the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view.

The whole question of tail-wagging is a very interesting one. All dogs wag their tails when pleased, and the movement is generally understood by their human associates as an intimation that they are very happy. The chief delight of wild dogs, as with modern hounds and sporting dogs, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. When the presence of game is first detected is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is an almost invariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in a wild state. Owing to some inoculation of the nervous mechanism, which at present we cannot unravel, the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the emotion, whatever may call it forth.

An explanation of a similar kind can be found for the fact that dogs depress their tails when threatened or scolded. When running away the tail would be the part nearest the pursuer, and therefore most likely to be seized. It was therefore securely tucked away between the hind legs. The act of running away is naturally closely associated with the emotion of fear, and therefore this gesture of putting the tail between the legs becomes an invariable concomitant of retreat or submission in the presence of superior force.

—*Louis Robinson, in Contemporary Review, abridged.*

THE BURNED HEN.

A friend has lately told me the following story. In the western part of Massachusetts a man had a fine stock farm; that is, a farm for raising cows and horses. But a few weeks ago a fire broke out in the barn, and burnt not only the building and the hay, but most of the animals also. After the fire the owner walked over the ruins. It was a sad

sight to see the charred bodies of his fine Jersey cows and his high-spirited horses, to say nothing of the money lost with them.

But at the end of the barn he saw a sight which touched him more than all the rest. There sat an old black hen. He wondered that she did not move her head to look at him as he came near her, but he thought she must be asleep. He poked her with his cane, and to his surprise, the wing which he touched fell off into ashes. Then he knew that she had been burned to death. But out from under her came a faint little peep, and pushing her aside with his cane, the man found—what do you think?—ten little live yellow chickens! The poor hen had sacrificed her own life to save them, and had held her place in the fire as *Casablanca* held his on the burning deck. That sight touched the man more than everything else, and he has to own that his eyes grew a little more moist than usual.

Perhaps this may make some of our readers think of what Jesus said over poor Jerusalem. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not!" Do you not think he would have been glad to know of such a hero as this one? And if the lower creatures, as we call them, can sacrifice themselves for others, ought we to be any less loving and self-forgetful?

—*W. H. Lyon, in Every Other Sunday.*

STORIES OF BATTLE.

A pleasing incident is told of Robert E. Lee, in the late civil war. One day when he was inspecting a battery, and his soldiers had gathered in a group to welcome him, this action drew upon him the hot fire of the Union guns. The General noticed it, and he faced about and advised the men to go under shelter. But he did not do this himself. He walked coolly onward, at the risk of his life, and picked up and replaced an unfledged sparrow which had fallen from its nest in a tree close by the battery.

One of the surprises of the civil war was the nerve shown by boys whose youthfulness caused the recruiting officer to hesitate about enlisting them. At the battle of Shiloh the little drummers of the Fifty-fifth Illinois were found in the ranks, gun in hand, whence they were rescued by the Chaplain, who formed them into a hospital corps. One of them, "Little Joe," worked like a hero in caring for the wounded. When night came it found him by the log-house used as a hospital at Pittsburg Landing. He lay down on the wet ground outside, and went to sleep. As the wounded died inside they were carried out and laid alongside the sleeping boy, whom the attendants supposed to be dead. In the morning,

when Joe awoke, he found himself at the head of a ghastly row of dead bodies. The nerve which had carried the boy through the toil and dangers of the preceding day forsook him, and with a yell he fled from the spot, shouting: "I won't be used as a header to dead men."

—*American Youth.*

THE relative value of property and children was amusingly estimated by Baby Hattie (less than two years old), who had climbed up to her mamma's desk to "vite" and upset the ink bottle—its contents flooding desk, letters, carpet and baby, who, nothing daunted, suggested: "Frow Baby 'way! Vash (wash) 'e paper!" She had evidently been taught that the consideration of property came first, and philosophically prepared herself for the natural consequences. It is highly probable that in the first flurry of the moment the much tired mother felt like adopting the baby's suggestion.

—*"Childhood."*

THE VIOLET'S PRAYER.

A thirsty little violet

Looked up into the sky,
So blue it was, so far away,
So radiant and so high.

She did not speak the want she felt,
But One there was who knew.

He sent the pretty little flower
Bright drops of evening dew.

The violet looked up and smiled
In thankfulness, and then

Down over all her velvet robes
Came the soft summer rain.

Then all the pretty violets

And all the gay bright flowers
Looked beautiful and fair again
Under the summer showers.

When flower or bird or little child
Looks up in prayer to heaven,
God listens; surely as he lives
An answer shall be given.

—*The Myrtle.*

Notes from the Field

Chicago, Ill.—The program of the Jewish Women's Department of the Religious Congress is given below. It is said that the necessity for a woman's congress came from the unwillingness of the rabbis to give them a fair representation in the Jewish Congress. Following is the tentative program:

Monday, Sept. 4, 10 a. m.—Jewish Women of Biblical and Mediæval Days; Mrs. Louise Mannheimer, Cincinnati, O. Jewish Women of Modern Days from 1500; Mrs. Helen Kahn Weil, Kansas City, Kan. Discussion: Mrs. Henriette Frank, Chicago, Ill.

Tuesday, 10 a. m.—Charity as taught by Mosaic Law; Mrs. Eva L. Stern, New York City. Woman's Place in Charitable Work—What it is and what it should be; Mrs. Carrie S. Benjamin, Denver, Colo. Discussion: Miss Bamber, Boston, Mass. **Tuesday, 2 p. m.**—Women in the Synagogue; Miss Ray Frank, Oakland, Cal. Women as

Wageworkers, with special reference to directing immigrants; Miss Julia Richman, New York City. Discussion: Mrs. Sadie Leopold, Chicago, Ill. **Wednesday, 10 a. m.**—Influence of the Discovery of America on the Jews; Mrs. Pauline Rosenberg, Alleghany, Pa. Discussion: Miss Esther Witkowsky, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Newbury Adams, Duluth, Ia. Influence of the Jewish Religion on the Home; Miss Mary Cohen, Philadelphia, Pa. Discussion: Miss Julia Felsenthal, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, New York. **Wednesday, 8 p. m.**—Mission Work among the Unenlightened; Mrs. Minnie Louis, New York City. Discussion: Mrs. Dr. Kohut, New York City. How can nations be influenced to protect or even to interfere in cases of persecution? Mrs. Laura Jacobson, St. Louis, Mo. Discussion: Miss Lillie Hirshfield, New York City; Dr. Emil G. Hirsh, Chicago; Mrs. Celia Woolley, Chicago; Mr. William Onahan, and others. **Thursday, 10 a. m.**—Organization: Miss Sadie American, Chicago, Ill.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Rev. Geo. L. Chaney, the indefatigable Southern Superintendent for the A. U. A., has just completed a month of missionary labor in West Virginia and Southern Ohio by preaching and lecturing here. During the month of August he will be at Leominster, Mass., and in September he will go to Chicago for a few weeks.

Atlanta, Ga.—The special course of sermons given under the auspices of the Liberal Church League of Atlanta completed its series July 16th, the last service being conducted by Mr. John Y. Dixon, the president of the Southern Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, who spoke on "The Liberal Church League; What It Is and What It Stands For."

Iowa Falls, Ia.—In the absence of Rev. Mr. Snook at Des Moines, Rev. M. W. Chunn, of Luverne, Minn., occupied the Universalist Church pulpit here last Sunday. He preached two able sermons, and his hearers were impressed with his earnestness in the espousal of liberal thought and belief. His subject in the evening was the "Brotherhood of Man Beyond the Grave," in which he directed attention to the belief of endless torment taught by orthodox churches, and, without mincing matters in the least, held this horrible dogma up in the true light of freer thought and its terrible teachings.

F. E. FOSTER.

In Dyspepsia and Nervous Exhaustion

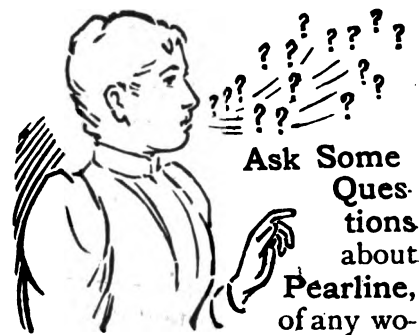
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. B. KREIDER, Bucyrus, Ohio, says: "Have used it in Dyspepsia and nervous prostration. I am delighted with the results obtained. It has proved an admirable medicine in my hands in relieving that nervous exhaustion which so commonly ensues after days of exalted temperature, as well as that which follows as a sequel of dyspepsia and other prostrating diseases."

POWDER POINT SCHOOL

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man who uses it. Ask her what she thinks of it, and whether it's quite safe to use, and if washing and cleaning is any easier with it. Ask her how the clothes look and last, when they're not rubbed over the washboard. Ask her how it would seem to go back to that eternal rub, rub, rub, now that she has got rid of it. If she has used Pearline faithfully, and just as directed on every package, she'll probably have one question to ask you: "How in the world do you manage to get along without it."

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Announcements

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 2nd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Lavin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, next Sunday, the pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, will preach at 11 a. m., on "Socrates, the Prophet of Reason."

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Under the auspices of the Western S. S. Society, will be held this year in the UNITY BUILDING, under the management of

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The building is located at 286 Woodlawn Terrace, within three minutes' walk of one of the World's Fair gates, and about the same distance from the Illinois Central Railroad Station at Sixty-seventh street.

The program this year will consist of ten two-hour sessions, from 10 to 12 a. m., led by Rev. W. W. Fenn. The study will be devoted to the fourth year's work of the Six Years' Course—"The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" The New Testament Time. Mr. Fenn proposes to arrange the studies upon an art string, using the great masterpieces of Christian art as centers around which the story of Jesus, the disciples and the apostles will be told. So far as possible these pictures will be made available to teachers and pupils.

It is hoped that this Institute work will fit into, rather than interfere with, the sight-seeing of World's Fair attendants, and every help possible to the management in this direction will be rendered.

Arrangements for room and board at economic prices can be made in the Unity Building or in the immediate vicinity.

Institute tickets for the season, \$2.00. For further particulars concerning Institute, address MRS. E. T. LEONARD, 6600 Ellis Ave., Chicago. Application for room etc., to be made to MRS. R. H. KELLY, 286 Woodlawn Terrace.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE PROGRAM.

In the New Testament lessons for next year, which will form the basis of the Institute work, three things will be attempted: First—to study a few good pictures; second, to present by the pictures, arranged in chronological order, the chief events in New Testament history; third, to show, by the aid of the pictures, leading New Testament ideas which may be regarded as the flowering of the Hebrew religion. Obviously no single lesson can be completely ideal: an event which cannot be omitted in an outline of New Testament history may not have been the subject of a great painting; or, sometimes, a picture of not the highest artistic merit may show more clearly than another intrinsically better a truth which must be included. Yet it is believed that a set of fairly good pictures has been selected, and that the series, if not perfectly ideal, will be found serviceable.

The pictures selected are the following:

The Holy Night—Correggio.

The above will explain itself. We earnestly solicit the co-operation of ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers in extending this notice. One representative from each school that proposes to use this fourth year's study in the Six Years' Course, at the Institute, will greatly help the teachers' meeting and other Sunday-school work in the parish during the year.

- The Sistine Madonna—Raphael.
- The Carpenter's Son—Hofmann.
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- The Good Samaritan.
- Jesus and the Children—Hofmann.
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- Ecce Homo—Rembrandt.
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- The Death of Ananias—Raphael.
- Stephen the Martyr.
- Paul Preaching in Athens—Raphael.
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All of these pictures are published by Soule, and arrangements will be made to supply sets at lowest possible rates. This list is published provisionally, subject to slight alterations before the meeting of the Institute.

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UNITY PUBLISHING CO. have just completed an arrangement with the associate organizations represented at 175 Dearborn street to take charge of the book sales at the Headquarters. We are now prepared to furnish our readers with any books found in the market, at the regular retail prices and on short notice. The liberal religious publications of the American Unitarian Association, George H. Ellis and other publishers will be kept on hand. Orders solicited.

Among those now in stock are the following:

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Character in Religion

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Editorial

*And hark! how blithe the thrush sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things—
Let Nature be your teacher.*

*She has a world of ready wealth
Our hearts and minds to bless,—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.*
—Wordsworth.

**

THE wish has been expressed that UNITY should announce the date of the Peace Congress. It will be held in the week beginning August 14.

**

A WORKINGMAN, in a Chicago paper, says: "The World's Fair never was open on Sunday. 'No admittance' cards were confronted everywhere, and still they charged full fare for less than a half privilege."

This may also be one of the primal dishonesties, well meant but far-reaching.

**

THE Cambridge Divinity School will be represented at the Unitarian Congress next month by Prof. Toy, who will read a paper on "Old Testament Criticism," and the Meadville School by Pres. Cary, who will read a paper on "New Testament Criticism." The revised program almost in its completeness will be found in our announcement column.

**

WE are informed by the Secretary that at the congress of the Free Religious Association, to be held September 20, as a part of the Parliament of Religions, Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. Wm. J. Potter, Francis E. Abbott, Ph. D., Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. Edward McGlynn, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Mr. Mangasar Mangasarian, and Mrs. Edna D. Cheney will speak, as will also the senior editor of UNITY.

**

THE woman's part in the International Congress of Unitarians which will be held Friday afternoon, September 22d, will be an unique one. The women's organization having had their field day last May, this session will be given to a discussion of Woman's Theological Emancipation. Rev. Marion Murdoch will speak for the Unitarian, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney for the Free Religious movement, Miss Mary Cohen for the Reform Judaism, and, it is hoped, Miss Florence Kollock for the Universalist movement.

**

WE call special attention to the program of the Unitarian Congress revised up to date. Our English brethren have at last been heard from. We much regret that they do not give us assurance of personal representatives, but are glad of the assurance that we shall have the words of such men as Professors Upton and Gordon and

the Rev. Messrs. Croskey and Wicksteed. We cannot think that England will allow itself to be outdone by France and Scandinavia, and trust that it will yet see to it that we have at least one representative, in person, of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Let there be a full attendance.

**

WE commend to the attention of our thoughtful readers the words of our friend Mr. Sprague, of San Francisco, found in our "Correspondence" department. He speaks out the desire of many hearts, and the clear judgment of a few. The true success, the ultimate triumph, not only of the Western Unitarian Conference but of Unitarianism throughout the country and throughout the world, is to see the "Unitarian" name fading like the morning star into the glory of the rising sun which it has heralded. The principles that underlie the Unitarian name and inspire the Unitarian movement have already received a recognition through other agencies than its own, which will necessitate a recognition of the same by a movement so large that it will include the Unitarian name, or such Unitarian organizations as are willing to profit by the enlargement, but can never be included by it or them. If Unitarianism knows its destiny and Unitarian organizations are equal to their opportunity, they will lead in this fusion and rejoice in the high synthesis that is to make for the free church of character, the Liberal Church of America.

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THE *Christian Register* in noticing the coming International Unitarian Congress asks that the program be condensed from seven days to four. If our neighbor had studied the program closely, he would find that that is practically the condition of the program now: all the papers that belong to the Congress proper are arranged for Tuesday, Wednesday,

Thursday, and Friday. The socials arranged in the Church of the Messiah and Unity church and the Sunday preaching are matters of local hospitality. The one exhibit day for the Unitarians at the Parliament of Religions is a matter outside of the Unitarian Congress' control. As to the number of papers, the committee, in common with other denominations, had not in mind primarily the listening capacity of "ordinary Fair goers," but rather the completeness of the record up to date. They went on the theory that somebody would attend each session, and they hoped that subsequently all the papers would contribute toward the publication that will have permanent historic and educational value.

"A CHICAGO TRICK."

The Sunday opening question continues to attract and distract thought. The fining by the Court of four or five of the leading officials of the Fair a thousand dollars each, for contempt of court in ignoring the injunction that forbade their closing Jackson Park under the laws of the State of Illinois, was an unexpected rebuke, and puts a puzzling turn to affairs. To our mind the decision of Judge Stein was a righteous one. Millionaires have no more right to presume on the indulgence of a court than the day-laborer. The former more than the latter are called upon to maintain the dignity of law; and whatever the ultimate merits of Judge Stein's injunction may have been, it was the business of all concerned to respect it until it was properly dissolved. Meanwhile we cannot regret that this discussion continues. The agitation is wholesome, educating; though it brings out in painful clearness the tendency, even of judicious minds, to indulge in sweeping generalities and unfair epithets. In illustration we give an extract from a private letter written by a clear-headed friend of UNITY and of the open Fair. Speaking of our editorial on the boycott he says:

To one at a distance—and perhaps in that matter distance lends disenchantment—it seems as if the boycott probably had little, probably very little, to do with keeping the Sunday crowd small; but that general reasons did it,—the Saturday's return for many visitors: the week's tire for all; the feeling that one couldn't see everything, the whole Fair and the Fair at work; the feeling that there might be a crowd, and of the persons the well-to-do would care least to see things with,

etc., etc., and then a sense, which I feel sure must be wide-spread, though in your article you did not even allude to it, that the attempted opening under the conditions of that national contribution was a trick, an attempt to keep the advantage of a promise while breaking the promise. I fear it has stamped the phrase "a Chicago trick" pretty effectually in people's memory the country over and abroad; and think thousands and thousands who thought the closing a Sunday desecration, and the condition imposed by Congress a desecration of the Constitution, thought the directors' action a desecration of honor, and by far the worst desecration of the three; for the first was more or less sincere, and the second more or less thoughtless, but the third a deliberate act of sharpness. Is it not true, too, that the great Sunday crowds hoped for would be mainly the local population of Chicago and its neighborhood,—and that there are thousands of these to whom the Fair would really be a tame show, and thousands more to whom the 50 cents admission, multiplied by two or three (for members of the family), would be a tax beyond their power? Is it not possible that the directors may yet try the effect of a *Saturday half-price day*? Wouldn't that draw the crowds, stir enthusiasm among the citizens at large to make the going possible for the employes, and actually make money for the directors?

In reply to the above we have little to say in the way of dissent. Doubtless all the points urged have great force. The main point we meant to urge in our editorial was that the boycott had succeeded in *intimidating the directors*. With our correspondent, we doubt very much whether it succeeded in keeping as many away as the Sunday-closing agitators claimed. We also regretfully recognize the mistakes and blunders of the directory in this matter, and admit the wide chasm between ideal ethics and the actual ethics prompted by the test of money success and financial necessity. The only thing we protest against in the letter of our friend is the insinuation contained in the phrase "a Chicago trick." This savors of that greatest hurt and most effective injury done to the Columbian Exposition from the start, "the deep-seated distrust on the part of our Eastern friends of the integrity and good intentions of Chicago in this matter. There is an apparent incapacity on the part of some friends living east of the Alleghanies to believe in the genuineness of anything in Chicago. We suspect some of our New York friends distrust the consensus of the competent concerning the architectural triumphs on the Grand Court, and suspect that there is somewhere "a Chicago trick" in it. We do not say that wealthy men

are always honorable, that capital is not sometimes manipulated ignobly, but we do say that these things are not peculiar to Chicago. There are tricks in New York, and, if local papers are to be trusted, there are some devious ways in Boston. Our wealthy men in Chicago are not ideal. In this and other matters we have been quick to criticise, and perhaps too quick to blame. But we do believe that in this matter they have displayed public spirit, energy and enthusiasm,—and that in excess of the self-abandon of capitalists elsewhere,—which redound to their credit and not discredit. It is well known that there were thousands of favored visitors who found their way into the Philadelphia Exposition on Sunday through the closed gates. But it would be unfair to characterize that as a "Philadelphia trick." It is also well known that some New-Yorkers have put many hindrances in the way of the success of the Chicago Fair, but that is not a "New York trick."

Let Chicago men be held to severe standards; as severe as those of Boston or of London. Let blame fall where it belongs; but let us have done with this superstition about the *special depravity of Chicago*. It has its faults, many of them incident to its rapid growth, but it has its inspirations also. And from Chicago there radiates to-day and will continue to radiate for the next century, a river like that of the Apocalypse, in the midst of which grows a tree "whose leaves are for the healing of the nation." Intellectually, artistically, ethically and religiously Chicago to-day is a creative force, an inspiring factor, which deserves respect and confidence; which, we believe, compares favorably with anything that New York, Boston, or any other city on the globe has to send forth. There have been "tricks" in this business, but they have not been confined to Chicago, and the worst of them did not begin in Chicago. Let the nation take the primal shame, and blush for the trickiest trick, played by that tricky Congress when, under the guise of piety, it perpetrated in the Sunday closing law that violation of the religious liberty vouchsafed by the Constitution.

We greatly regret, with our correspondent, the action of the local directory in various particulars. But as a close student of them and near

neighbor to them, we desire to record our belief that they have tried to act honorably in this matter; that they are gentlemen who have sought to do the right thing, and that even with their mistakes they deserve the praise and confidence of their fellow citizens. And we urgently commend their example to the ampler millionaire living elsewhere.

CUSTOM IN DEVOTION.

I recently met the pastor of a large independent German congregation in a neighboring city. He is a scholarly and devout man, and is kept very busy by the demands made upon him for pastoral work. The calls on him are numerous from those outside his charge. I was interested in many things he told me of the methods of his church. He will not have a Sunday school—because it is impossible to find teachers competent to give religious instruction. Classes for confirmation he prepares himself. His theory is that a Sunday school, to be of value, must never depend upon volunteer or gratuitous services, but must have a paid instructor thoroughly qualified for the work. We find this method realized in many Jewish synagogues.

His idea of domestic worship is worth noting. The custom is not quite obsolete of expecting the minister to offer prayer or say grace, on occasion, in the homes of his parishioners. Our pastor never prays in other people's houses. He dispenses with prayer in his own house, if there are strangers or persons not of the family present. If at a wedding supper he is requested to say grace, he asks the head of the family to do so, as his peculiar privilege. If the father replies that it is not his custom, then our pastor answers that we will omit it.

As a rule, the people are quite as much embarrassed as the young minister in trying to reach the right in such matters. There is apt to be very little independence on either side. The chief question is as to the "proper thing" to do. Yet some people like to hear prayers who do not like to make prayers. There are ministers who offer public and official prayers who have no custom of devotion in their own families. For some it would be easier to offer prayer in a church and before a large assembly than it would be in the presence of only wife or child.

This reminds us of what Rev. John F. W. Ware, formerly of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, once said in a public discourse of his father, Dr. Henry Ware: "As a child, when I traveled with my father, and we had the same room and got to our beds together, I remember that I marveled that I never saw him on his knees or heard his morning or evening prayer or could divine when he was praying." So the ancient Brahmins were instructed to pray apart and in secret. Not even a neighbor must be permitted to hear the petitions of his fellow—a literal fulfillment of the precept of Jesus to "enter into thy closet" in the act of devotion.

Yet more than any authorized or permissible use is the spirit and life. Is there reverence, patience, gratitude, aspiration? Is there sincerity, simplicity, spontaneity? Speech is welcome and appropriate, but silence may be safer. As some one says, "thanksgiving is well, but thanksgiving is better." J. C. L.

A CONVERT TO ROME.

The announcement that the Rev. Henry A. Adams, rector of the Church of the Redeemer in New York City, has left the Episcopal Church for the Roman Catholic fold has called forth some pretty severe comments from the Protestant press; the New York correspondent of the *Independent* being specially hostile in the tone of his remarks. In view of the fact that the papers which condemn him most strongly represent him as a young assistant minister, instead of the senior minister of a large parish, thus seemingly endeavoring to minimize the importance of the event, one cannot but feel that the event touches them more closely than they are willing to admit.

It is ungenerous and unfair to endeavor to convey the impression that some petty personal disappointment or unsatisfied ambition led Mr. Adams to the step he has taken. The fact is that Mr. Adams is one of the most unselfish and devoted ministers of our day. A man of large culture and marked eloquence, he declined large salaries to do the work that lay near his heart, and endeavored manfully to help the poor by preaching justice and brotherhood rather than charity. By so doing he moved the hearts of many of his hearers and helped them to a larger life.

But he doubtless offended many of the richer and more worldly of his congregation, the class of which the vestry is so largely made up. A high-churchman, believing in the divinely inspired character of the visible Church, it was but natural that the absurdity of the position should deeply impress and hurt him,—the discrepancy between theory and practice, where the Church, the representative of God upon earth, was governed not by those who had consecrated their lives to the divine service, but by those in whose lives religion played a small part—"rich men, sometimes immoral, often ignorant, usually officious."

In some respects the Episcopal Church is the most inconsistent of bodies; because, theoretically ecclesiastical, it not only shares with all the orthodox denominations the doctrine of the *visible* church of God, but it further shares the doctrine of the Roman church that the priesthood has received from Christ himself, through apostolic succession, divine authority to rule the Church,—i. e., the kingdom of God on earth. And therefore the control of vestry and church wardens over the parish, thus making the priest subordinate to the laity, is particularly illogical. The perception of this, and the recognition that in the Church of Rome the doctrine of apostolic succession, instead of being a meaningless fad, is practically carried out in church administration, is the head and front of Mr. Adams' offense in the eyes of the Episcopalians.

But we may presume that what rouses the ire of orthodox Protestants in general and of the *Independent's* correspondent in particular, is Mr. Adams' perception of the truth that he who would rest religion upon external *authority* rather than the Divine revelation of the *Universe* to the soul of man, can find no logical abiding place short of the Holy Catholic Church whose head professes to be the Vicar of Christ on earth, and which tells you positively what you shall or shall not believe; that, in short, there is no alternative between Rome and Reason. Yet in this Mr. Adams is certainly right. We must either accept religious truth upon authority or upon reason. If upon reason, we not only may, we must examine for ourselves, and reject so much of the doctrine offered to us as does not appeal to our minds and

hearts as true; and this opens the way for, and leads to, the rejection of much that is commonly taught as essential to salvation. If one maintains that the other alternative is the true one, and rests religion upon authority, he will find no resting place short of Rome. Is the Bible the authority? Which Bible—those books used by Romanists or those used by Protestants, the old translations or the new, the Hebrew version of the tenth or the Greek version of the second century? And where the writers differ, whom shall we follow, Ezekiel or Isaiah? Shall we accept Deacon Smith's interpretation or Parson Brown's? (If we really study the question for ourselves we must choose between this book and that, between Amos and Jeremiah, between Mark and John; and this involves the setting aside, the rejection, of one part of Scripture, where inconsistent with another—which is putting reason above Scripture.) The interpretation of the church is what the old orthodox Christians do actually rest upon; but that interpretation varies, and does not cover the whole ground of life. And while the Protestant churches actually offer a particular interpretation, they do not profess to be infallible. So the longing for certainty, for definite authority, remains unsatisfied. Rome alone undertakes to direct your life and claims to speak with absolute authority. Having decided, then, that in religion you must rest upon authority, you will not find *sufficient* authority to rest upon till you get to Rome.

And then? Can we rest upon authority which asserts a thing against which our mind and heart revolt? "Ah, there's the rub!" Perhaps this sensitive and earnest man who has followed Newman into the ancient church can find in practical work surcease from intellectual unrest. But we doubt it. Sooner or later we think the day will come when he shall be convinced in every fiber of his being of some practical or theoretic truth which the church authoritatively denies. Then he must question the Divinity of that authority to which he had till then so gladly surrendered himself. Mr. Adams is or was a believer in the land theory of Henry George. With Father McGlynn's experience before him, even though that devoted priest is at present in favor at Rome, we

should have thought this dissatisfied Episcopalian would hesitate to put his conscience under the guidance of the Roman church. That question may have been settled in his favor, but what of others likely to arise? He may think now that he will always be able to feel that the church's view is right, but will he? Can the contest between authority and freedom of thought, between Rome and Reason, ever be settled until the supremacy of the latter is recognized? No; the ultimate appeal must ever be to consciousness. No revelation can be received but through our human faculties. It is not a revelation to us until it is thus grasped. Man is not a compound, but a complex being. Reason and faith are not separate parts of him, acting independently. True faith and reason work together, the one impossible without the other. Man cannot be true to himself or God, and rest upon authority one moment longer than it coincides with reason. If the alternative fairly presents itself, he *must* decide in favor of reason.

What leads men to the endeavor to lean upon authority in preference to reason? The desire for rest; the longing for certainty. They will not believe that there is no royal road to knowledge; that life and knowledge now and here are necessarily imperfect; that revelation is a continuous process, which can only be received by carefully studying the whole manifestation of God,—the Universe,—as it unfolds itself before our quickening powers. When Mr. Adams' religious feeling shall have brought him to appreciate not only the greatness, but the *Infinity* of God, he will cease to cry out for definite authority. And then, perhaps, he will unite with us in the true catholic church, the open church of all souls. Ours is a creedless religion, not because we believe nothing, but because we recognize the immensity of the thought of God. Men have long *spoken* of the Infinity of God, but they have only begun to *realize* what it means. For us of the free church God is in very truth, as well as in word, *Infinite*. Recognizing this, we know that our best and highest thought of God cannot but be inadequate, and that, state our thoughts as best we may *to-day, to-morrow*—if, as we hope, we continue to draw nearer God—that statement will be

outgrown. Would that Mr. Adams could see that he would find more true happiness by going forward into the open alone with God, than by surrendering himself to the guidance of an authoritative church!

F. W. S.

Men and Things

It will hardly be believed that the chief electrician of the London Post office has recently conveyed a message by electricity from Cardiff to a little island three miles off in the Bristol Channel, without the intervention of a wire. What he did was to put a long wire on the shore and a shorter one on the island, fitting the latter wire with a "sounder" to receive the message, and sending the message by a powerful telephonic generator. That message from the mainland was distinctly heard on the island. The message did not travel through earth or water or even air, but was transmitted through ether by means of waves of a certain and probably unusual magnitude; or, to put it differently, as the London *Spectator* says: "It flew through a medium independent not only of human volition or energy, but of this planet, the medium which fills, so far as we know, all space, the medium through which light reaches us from the star Sirius." The principle being established, it is quite possible that if we had a generator strong enough we could send a wave of electricity to the planet Mars, where if a "sounder" was ready and human beings were there to hear, it would be audible; or to come nearer home, if we cannot some day communicate by telephone through the ether to New York or Melbourne without cables, the fault will be with our generators and sounders, for there is no natural law against it. Who shall say that beings may not exist who can in thinking a thought make that thought audible to finer ears than ours? The only person in these days likely to make mistakes is the one who says that this or anything else is impossible, for it seems as if we have come to the period when it is the impossible that happens. —*Exchange*.

THE forthcoming annual report of the Jewish Training School of Chicago, besides giving the ordinary items of interest as to size and success of this most admirable philanthropy in the ordinary directions of education, both manual and scholastic, adds some paragraphs relating to the tender watchfulness of the physicians in charge over those physically disqualified for the demands made upon those of sound bodies. Careful observation discovered cases of heart disease, and excused such children from gymnastic exercises. Defective eyes were fitted with proper glasses. Cripples, from the neglect and ignorance of parents, were cared for in a way, if possible, to cure, and if not, to ameliorate their condition. All this is quite an expense, but is not that *true charity*? Where is the school in which teachers take enough interest in their children to have their eyes examined, eyeglasses provided, splints and trusses made, and the source of puzzling conduct traced back to the germs of disease and counteracted? Where is the institution in which the *teachers are educators* in the real sense of the word and come in close contact

with the parents, and endeavor to straighten and properly shape everything suitable and necessary for the correct and successful breeding of the children?

—From the Reform Advocate.

HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON, editor of *Table Talk*, is demonstrating at the Chicago Exposition that electricity in cooking will do more to lighten the labor of the kitchen, save housework as well as money, than anything she knows of. All kinds of ordinary utensils heated by electricity are shown, and it is demonstrated that a steak can be cooked to a turn in four minutes and everything else in short order. The utensils include everything required for all kinds of cooking, from the making of pancakes to the baking of a ham, and even the hot-footed flat-iron is obtained by simply hooking on a cord and switching on the heat producing current. All the cooking on the whaleback, "Christopher Columbus," is done in this way, and the Minnesota Club, of St. Paul, uses electricity exclusively in its kitchen.

—Exchange.

SABBATARIANISM IN TORONTO.—The street cars in Toronto have never run Sunday, but a special election is soon to be held, upon the question of allowing them the privilege. Here is one of the arguments advanced by F. S. Spence, an opponent of the proposition: "If we have Sunday cars there will be thousands of people at the parks, and who will control these people? There will be all sorts of vice and extra policemen will be required to keep order. It is impossible to imagine the evil that will result." Mr. Spence should take the train for New York next Saturday, spend Sunday in this city and Brooklyn, and visit Central and Prospect parks.

—New York Evening Post.

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH, at the Librarians' Congress, epigrammatically stated the value of the public library when he said it was the key to open the hidden territory of self-consciousness. Many other interesting papers were read, notably two by women: Miss C. M. Henries, of Hartford, on "The Pictorial Resources of a Small Library," and Miss S. R. James, librarian of the People's Palace, London, on "The People's Palace and Its Library."

—Exchange.

HEALTH is oftentimes a matter of moral perception. It is the full realization of the necessity of a sound body if one would have a sound mind; for it is the sound mind that keeps a moral balance and sees the true relations of men, of things, efforts. Overwork is more often the sin of zeal without knowledge than of intelligence; it is the blindness of selfishness that fails of recognizing the rights of others.

—Christian Union.

THERE have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and numerous other relics of the stone age used in pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss scientists consider this discovery a proof that Mount St. Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and that the canton of Valais must have been inhabited by human beings as far back as the stone age.

—Exchange.

MRS. VIOLA FULLER MINER, who graduated from the Minnesota State University in 1877, with the degree of B.

L., lately died at her home in Minneapolis. Mrs. Miner was one of the growing number of college women who make a special application of their learning and training to house and home questions. The crowning effort of her life has been the preparation of a comprehensive treatise on domestic economy from a scientific standpoint. To fit herself for this work she took a post-graduate course in natural science. Her book, which was nearly completed at the time of her death, covered the entire range of home development in its fullest sense, from the selection of a building site, and it was intended to form a thesis that would entitle her to a higher college degree.

—Woman's Journal.

MRS. CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN has an erudite article on "A New Theory of Light Sensation," in the June number of the Johns Hopkins University Circulars, published with the approbation of the Board of Trustees. It is an abstract reprinted from the proceedings of the International Council of Experimental Psychology in London last year.

ONE by one the objections to the higher education of women become arguments for it.

OUR genial friend of "The Pulpit," in the *Advance*, observing that the text, "We saw one casting out devils and forbade him," is a favorite Scripture with the defendants of Dr. Briggs, is moved to say, "The application to this case is not so apparent, as the Union Professor has not been casting out the devil." No; he has only tried to cast him out and failed. The devil is still in the Presbyterian body, in about his original dimensions. But he must be cast out or he will rend and ruin the unfortunate possessor. It is all a matter of taste; but it seems queer to an outsider that the General Assembly should prefer the devil to Dr. Briggs.

—Christian Leader.

THE Brooklyn bridge is just ten years old. The cities were allowed to build it for themselves, as capitalists saw no money in it. Fifteen thousand people crossed in one day ten years ago. One hundred and fifty thousand people crossed in one day last week. Its cable fare, reduced to two and one-half cents, provides a surplus revenue of half a million dollars. The bridge will last a thousand years and cost the people nothing. It is paying for itself as fast as its bonds can be redeemed. Capitalists are now ready to build two more bridges, better and more costly ones. They see money in it now. Do the people see anything?

—Twentieth Century.

THE fifteen new forest reservations recently created by the government are described in the July number of the *Review of Reviews*, and maps are presented showing the exact location of each. These regions are scattered throughout the great western half of the country, and aggregate in extent probably not less than fifteen million acres. The writer makes plain the importance of preserving the great forests which guard the headwaters of many of our large rivers and urges that the undertaking so splendidly begun may be further extended.

—Times.

ABOUT five hundred Detroit women who are enthusiastic over the passage of the law that gives them the right of municipal suffrage celebrated the fact by a ratification meeting on the 4th of

July. The State of Michigan holds an enviable reputation for its progressive ideas in educational matters. It has now given another proof of its advancement along the lines of common sense and justice.

—Exchange.

ANOTHER literary landmark of London will disappear very soon when the house in Staple Inn, occupied by Dr. Samuel Johnson, is torn down. This abode of the great dictionary maker is to be leveled so that its site may be used for an extension of the British Patent Office. It was while living here that Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas," the little book that was "dashed off" in a week to pay his mother's funeral expenses.

—Exchange.

A CHICAGO contemporary complains that \$60,000 was spent on a recent New York wedding "and it lasted only fifteen minutes." But Chicago's local experience is not safely applicable to events in New York. Weddings are always expected to last much longer than that here, and indeed a single one has often been known to serve for a whole lifetime.

—Life.

THOMAS DENBY, who has charge of the Bible Society in New York, on being asked to cover the Bibles at the Exhibition on Sunday, replied: "I have never veiled the Bible from eyes that hankered after a sight of it yet; and at this time of life" (he is white-haired) "I do not propose to begin."

—Exchange.

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph J. Synnott, of Seton Hall College, South Orange, was among the number who received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Yale, on Wednesday. Dr. Synnott is, we believe, the first Roman Catholic priest to be thus honored by Yale.

—Exchange.

TUFTS COLLEGE is to establish a scientific and manual training school for students of both sexes. The school is made possible by the receipt of a fund for its maintenance, which comes to the college under the will of Henry B. Pearson, who died many years ago.

—Woman's Journal.

ANY persons having letters from Bishop Brooks which might be useful in preparing his biography, are requested to send them, or copies of them, to Rev. Arthur Brooks, 209 Madison avenue, New York City.

CORPORAL punishment for women exiled to Siberia and manacled their feet during transportation have been forbidden by the Russian Government.

—N. W. Christian Advocate.

IN planning your summer holiday, do not forget to do something for somebody who is too poor to get away from the city. Good deeds are the best investments in life.

—Baltimore American.

"PAPA," said Jack, "what is extravagance?" "Well, my son," returned the wize parent, "if you had a 75-cent straw hat blown off into the sea, it would be extravagant to hire a boat for \$1 to go out and get it."

—Exchange.

STILL IN DOUBT.—*First Little Girl*: "Has your sister begun takin' music lessons yet?" *Second Little Girl*: "She's takin' somfin' on th' piano, but I can't tell yet whether it's music or type-writin'." —*The Daily Traveller*.

THIS world was made for poor men; and therefore the greatest part of it was left out of doors, where everybody could enjoy it.

—Exchange.

Contributed and Selected

ALL IN ALL.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us. Yes, the work of our hands, establish thou it.—Ps. xc. 16-17.

My eyes are Thine, that earth may show

To Thee its blossomings;

My ears, that Thou mayest hear Thy birds

At their dear rapturings.

To Thee the mountains look sublime

When they my vision please:

To Thee I bring the splendors of

Thy chanting emerald seas.

That Thou mayest rapture in a child,

My heart is love for Thee;

Its happy tenderesses give

Their answer back through me.

And so interpreter I am

Of all that Thou hast made;

When Thou wouldst joy in all Thy earth,

Thy life in mine is laid.

And so of this that's ugliness,

And this that's dreadful pain:

Through me Thou feelest every moan,

And every sad refrain.

O, help me, that I faithful be

To all Thy holy need,

That less my sad unfaithfulness

Make thee and nature bleed.

Such blessed unity with Thee

May I more realize,

That for Thy faithful love to see

I give Thee faithful eyes;

That I in steadfast heart and hand

Be but Thy holy will,

Thy moral grandeur moving men,

Till they Thyself fulfill.

Then deeper will the earth in joy

Of holiness increase,

And not an ugly troubling be,

But only holy peace.

Thou art a God of beauty, and Thy creation is fashioned fair. Thy beauty comes forth in the violets by wayside and in field. It flies and sings with the bobolinks, and answers their song in the blossoming orchards. Its tenderness is in stars. Its grandeur is in burning noonday and in evening skies. It neighs in the strong horse and bleats in the gentle lamb. In mountains and oaks it is mighty, in seas it is sublime. It blows in the sweet breath of summer, and comes forth in the waving harvests, the blushing grape, the orchard's autumn robe of silk and satin dyes. It is the wonder in the storm's terrible loveliness, and its marvel is a breathing spirit of gentleness everywhere. In that dear kiss of wife it is, in this dear baby face. In friendships tender, true, and wise, it hallows days and makes the hours like song. Within me it is beauty to answer all the beauty that's without. Something is within that knows and loves the violets, the

bobolinks and skies; that strengthens in the mountains and the seas; that trembles in the storms, and is at peace in quiet winds; that goldens with the grain and mellows in the fruit; a little child within to laugh back at the little child without; a noble friend within to give true love for love; a breathing marvel of the soul to know and understand the breathing marvel everywhere in all that Thou has made. What multitudes of tender thoughts Thou givest me! What beauties of the brain and heart! What love to answer Thine and know that Thou art Father everywhere, with dearest, tenderest, wisest love for all. Sometimes a lip I am, and all about me golden pipe that Thou dost play, and filling all with sacred music, until I am at peace and know I am forever with Thee in Thy perfect life, in spite of every change and shadow that may fall. And yet—and yet there's heartbreak, Lord, the things about I shrink from, the ugly deaths I fear and moan about. Ah, me! I so lament a dear one gone, a little child Thou gavest me. Her voice—O, that it might speak to me now! her kisses be upon my face, her arms about me, all her laughing love outjoking for me every other thing on earth! O, could she speak to me from Thy bright other world, her dear face show, and make it certain that the meeting hour will come! But silence all about and darkness of the grave, no face, no voice, no conscious nearness! And so the violet loses beauty, and a voice of sorrow moans in all the songs of birds. And I am not alone in grief. All hearts are sometimes touched with this same agony. This loneliness is desolation for us all; for all, this voice moans in the melodies of time. O, keep us from despair! Still keep us deep in love with Thee; still may our hearts be the unswerving trust that love and wisdom is in all, to give at last a perfect peace and joy in fullness of Thine own eternal life. Give us to see more clearly every day that Thy work is only making, not done and hopeless marred; that we are only lost as statue in the marble when the quarry holds, or when in studios it is but coming forth, imperfect yet. Give us to strengthen and grow joyous in the faith that Thou art using everything—what pains, what gladdens, what brightens, what makes dark—to bring forth in us all Thy holy beauty, till at last the children of Thy heart's deep thought are laughing in Thy dear eternal home: the gladness then, the glory of the sorrow now, the peace the blossom of the trouble sore, the life the holy dawn that hides in every death, the finding of our lost loves there outweighing far this lonely losing for a little while. Then shall such faith Thy dear companionship make real, and through the fields of life together we will go in contemplation sweet, in conversation glad.—we joying in our Father, Thou so pleased in children that can love Thee and can understand. Amen!

All beauty that without me lies

Is there to fashion me,

A child of beauty that Thy heart

May love so joyously.

A bird Thou lovest for itself:

Thy heart flies in its wings:

Some dear enchantment of Thyself

In all its music sings.

But yet it flies its happy way
Within Thy tender thought,
That somehow all its beauty may
Within my heart be wrought.

It wakens life within my soul
That deathless beauty gives;
That life, its happy counterpart,
In me eternal lives.

And so of all these wondrous things
That stir my senses so,
They are without, that I within
May in their graces grow.

Thy whole creation joys Thy heart
For its own beauty's sake;
And yet Thou dost through all its ways
Thy human children make.

And they can love Thee as no bird
Abroad on happy wing;
They understand Thy holy thought:
They feel Thy passioning.

So through creation moves my life,
That it may move in me,
And Thou at last may have a child,
Thy heart's dear company.

The travail of my making, then,
Will both so satisfy;
Thou, as a bird's own beating heart,
I, as its wings that fly.

O life eternal flying, then,
One heart that happy beats;
My love in Thine is perfected,
Thy life mine own completes.

PASTOR QUIET.

THE WEAKNESS OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

The restlessness with which many men and women are afflicted does not come, as they often think, from their surroundings, but from themselves. It is an old truth, which each man must learn for himself, that we do not bind happiness and content; we carry them with us. We are always transferring to conditions and surroundings a responsibility which belongs to us, and we are always trying to get from conditions and surroundings that which we can get only from ourselves. It is a sign of the greatness of our natures that we carry within us the seeds of happiness or unhappiness, and that, in spite of our intimate and necessary relations with the world, we are fundamentally independent of it. Of itself it can neither give us peace and content nor take them away. The secret of peace is self-mastery; the conscious direction and control of our inward lives; the putting of the thought of self in the background, and the free reception of all that life offers us, and the unconscious outgoing of all our activities in response. In no way is this self-mastery more distinctively shown than in the diminishing self-consciousness and an increasing unconsciousness. Many good men and women are hampered and distressed by self-consciousness; by the fatal intrusion of self at the

moment when a clear field and a clear vision are necessary. Such men rarely look through a clear atmosphere; they see through an atmosphere which distorts and exaggerates all objects. Instead of having the stars for company on the long, hard journey, they stir up the dust of the road to such an extent that the heavens are obscured. Instead of seeing the world clearly and steadily, they see it always in relation to themselves; instead of deciding each question in a clear, intelligent mood, they are confused and perplexed by the intrusion of the personal element. This temper is not egotistic, for self-conscious men and women are often unselfish and generous to a degree; it is, rather, egoistic, or the undue and abnormal consciousness of self. And it is a weakness, because it throws the nature out of harmony, diminishes its capacity for growth, and destroys its repose and content. All the deepest thoughts come out of our unconsciousness, out of that profound resting upon God in which there is no thought of self; and the more unconscious we can become, the richer, the stronger and greater we are. To turn our conscious thoughts and moods into unconscious ones is the need of those who would live the whole life which God opens to us; to get away from the shallows of our small selves, and spread sail on the shoreless sea of truth and action and life.

—*The Outlook.*

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

From the Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses, World's Columbian Exposition, we learn the following facts:

The World's First Parliament of Religions will convene Monday, September 11. The sessions will be held in the Hall of Columbus (seating about 3,000), in the new Art Palace on the Lake Front, already made famous as the meeting-place of the many congresses of the World's Congress Auxilliary. The sessions will continue seventeen days.

It has been definitely settled that H. Darmphala, general secretary of the Maha-Bodhi society of India, will attend the Parliament of Religions as the accredited representative of the Southern Buddhist Church.

The chairman of the general committee, Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., is in receipt of a communication from the Archbishop of Zante, in Greece, who signifies his intention of being present at the Parliament. The archbishop will come in his personal capacity, the Holy Synod of Greece having decided to be thus unofficially represented.

President Bonney is authority for the statement that the congresses so far held have been successful beyond all expectations. He realizes, however, that the bright particular jewel of the congress coronet will be the Parliament of Religions.

Japanese Christianity will have as its representative at the Parliament the Rev. J. T. Yokoi, of Tokyo. Mr. Yokoi has an international reputation as a speaker of great force, and nothing but approval has been expressed upon all sides at his selection for this important position.

One of the most interesting figures at the Parliament will be Mr. Minas Tcheraz, of London, who will come among others on behalf of the Armenian Church. Mr. Tcheraz had the honor of representing the Armenian people at the Congress of Berlin, for which service the Sublime Porte has banished him from Turkey.

The Free Religious Association of the United States has applied for and has been given a day for holding its regular annual convention in connection with the Parliament of Religions. The date assigned is Sept. 20, and among the speaker will be Rev. William J. Potter, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Francis E. Abbott, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Among the eminent Roman Catholic divines from abroad who will address the Parliament are Monsignor D'Harlez, of the University of Louvain, and Monsignor D'Hulst, of Paris. Representing the American hierarchy will be his eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland, Ryan and Chapelle, and Bishops Keane and Spalding.

University and college faculties will contribute largely to the program of the Parliament. President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell, is slated for an address, as also are Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, of the University of Chicago; President W. P. Martin, of the Imperial University, of Peking, China; Prof. Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin; Prof. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C.; Prof. George P. Fisher, of Yale University; Prof. Thomas Dwight, M. D., of Harvard, and others.

Many who intend being present at the Parliament will be glad to know that the Rev. Dr. Jessup and Dr. George E. Post, of the Syrian Protestant, of Beirut, have signified their intention of coming to Chicago for the great event.

Judaism will make a strong presentation at the Parliament. Among the Jewish rabbis who have already been selected to make addresses are Dr. Berkowitz, Dr. Wise, Dr. K. Kohler, and Dr. Silverman.

The Presbyterian General Assembly one year ago frowned officially on the Parliament of Religions. This action, however, did not prevent some good orthodox ministers of that church putting their seal of approval on the plans of the Parliament. Among the host may be singled out Doctors Ellinwood, Patton, Green, DeWitt, Hunt, Willis Beecher, Happer, Haydn, Briggs, Van Dyke, Sample, Morris, Riggs, William C. Roberts, Willian H. Roberts, Mar-

vin R. Vincent, Schaff, C. L. Thompson, Ecob, Parkhurst, W. A. Bartlett, Niccolls, Teunis L. Hamlin, Ray, Withrow, Worrall, McClure, Tuttle, McPherson, Freeman.

The foreign delegates to the Parliament, especially the non-Christian, will, it is hoped, have all hospitality extended to them during their visit to Chicago. This will be a grand occasion for the Christian people to emphasize the teaching of Christ in their relations with these visitors. It is confidently hoped that for them many latch strings will be hung within easy reach.

India will send to the Parliament, among others, the Hon. Rai May Das, who will tell the world what Christianity has wrought for India.

IN THE DARK.

Oh, in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain.
When even the sigh of the sleeper
Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder
I may never well define,
For the thoughts that come in the
shadows
Never come in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor,
Like the sleepless mourner grieves,
And the seconds drip in the silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal
The hours there in the gloom,
And wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the darkened room.

And I think of the smiling faces
That used to watch and wait
Till the click of the clock was answered
By the click of the opening gate.

They are not there now in the evening—
Morning, or noon—not there;
Yet I know that they keep their vigil
And wait for me somewhere.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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Church-Door Pulpit

CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

It is vacation time. The boys and girls have shut their school books, the school rooms are given up to janitors, the teachers are resting in the country places or have themselves turned into scholars in the summer schools or at Chicago. It is a good time, in this breathing space, to say over again to ourselves certain homely old truths about education, which we are apt to forget in the school hours; certain old truths about education which those who go to school, and those who have got through school, and those who hardly ever have had a chance for school, all equally need to bear in mind. Homely truths which the school masters and the school books comparatively little emphasize, yet which are more important than anything which they do emphasize; truths about the fundamental education, that which underlies all other education, and which all the rest is *for*; and which goes on independently of time and place, equally in school and out of school, equally in term-time and in vacation, equally in youth and age; truths about the fundamental education which knows no vacations.

And this is the very first thing to say about the matter: One girl and one boy can go to Harvard College or to Wellesley or Ann Arbor or Cornell, while a thousand boys and a thousand girls can not go. *Let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.*

But of the thousand many say, perhaps, that they do not care for "culture" anyway. Yet "culture" is but a sort of glory-word for education. There is a flower-hint in "culture," that suggests not only the process of growing and unfolding, but the beauty of the blossom and the service of the fruit at last. When men laugh at it, the very misspelling—"culchur"—shows that what they laugh at is not the real thing, but some dwarf and caricature that apes the real thing. No one that is wise laughs at the true culture. Everybody that is wise wants it. Everybody that is wise tries for it. Culture is that which turns the little, sour, wild crab-apple of the roadside into the apple of the orchard. Culture is that which turns the clumsy apprentice into the workman who is an honor to his calling. Culture is that which transforms the willful, crying child of five years into the earnest boy of ten, the self-controlling man of twenty, the helper of men at thirty, the loved of men at fifty. Nobody really laughs at this. The laugh comes in when this large, inspiring word is dwarfed to mean a bookish education only; or—dwarf of a dwarf—a mere text-bookish education, such as the high-school and college are sometimes thought to give. And sometimes do give.

Yet if to-day they give no more than that, it is the fault of boy and girl rather than of the school. Our colleges and high schools have much yet to learn, but no one knows this better than themselves; the educators were never quite so wise as now in suspecting their own methods, and never more in earnest to find out better ones. By all means go to college, if you can; or if, when young, you could not go, give your boys and girls the chance you missed. That is an uncolleged parent's glory—to give his child the education that he missed. Go to college if you can. For the college is a green-house for the mind, where its faculties can be started and trained more quickly than outside. But, after all, the great crops on which the country feeds are not started in the green-houses, and the great faculties of mental and moral nature have no vital need of college training. Yes, go to college, especially if you have to pinch in order to get through it: for that pinch on the money side will halve the college dangers and may double the college profits for you. But whether one goes or not, keep two main facts in mind: this, first, that education depends chiefly on the boy, not on the place, even when the place is the best college in the land; and this, second, that, in the boy or girl, it depends more on the will power than the brain power. And what are these two facts but saying that culture can be won outside of college by means which nearly all of us can master? So I repeat: while one boy and one girl can go to Harvard or Cornell, and a thousand boys and girls cannot, let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible.

THE MAIN OF EDUCATION.—WHAT IS IT?

Rather let each one of the thousand think just the other way, and repeat often to himself or herself, "Culture without college is possible, and possible for *me*." Keep that motto bright on the mind's inner wall. It is possible because the main of education lies in self-disciplines—self-disciplines in certain habits that are the tap-roots of both mind and character. Parents, teachers, friends, employers, home, school, workshop, travel, never make one grow; they only offer us materials for growth; "each for himself" is the inevitable law of the actual growing. No one can assimilate the materials and make mind from them except one's self, just as no one can digest another's dinner for him. Education is always at bottom a self-discipline, and all of us, to speak exactly, are "self-made" men. What is more, these tap-root habits lie at the bottom of everybody's culture, and are the same for all, college men and uncolleged need them alike. Rich men and poor men need them alike. Talent and genius need them as much as the ordinary mind.

What are they—these tap-root habits? They lie in three great groups.

First, and underlying all, those habits by which we adjust the powers within us to each other: I mean self-control and temperance, courage to bear, courage to dare, concentration, energy and perseverance. Do you call these mental, or do you call them moral, habits? Practically they are both. They make the tap-root of both mind and character. It is they that compact the man into a unit, into a "person." And without them high success in any life-path is impossible. One cannot go far in book-knowledge without them; cannot go far on in his trade without them; of course cannot rise far toward nobleness without them. Without them the average man dooms himself to remain all his life a half-failure. Without them talent is lopsidedness and genius top-heaviness, sources of downfall rather than of rise. But with them, whether one be dull or talented, every year of life sees growth, advance, uprise.

Next, another group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to other people: habits of justice, of sympathy, of courtesy and of the public spirit which begins in self-forgetting for those we love, and widens into self-forgetting for all whom we can help. And besides these two, a third group—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to our ideals; habits of loyalty to truth as truth, of delight in beauty as beauty, of reverence for goodness as goodness. In this last group we reach religion.

As we name these great names over one by one, the feeling rises in us,—these surely are the main things in culture; to have these habits is to have vigorous mind, firm character, high tastes. Specialties of knowledge and of art are good, but these are worth more than any specialty the college gives. Think them over once again, these man-making habits: the power of self-control, the power to dare and to bear, the power to face obstacles, to stand and push; the splendid power of centering one's whole mind in fixed acts of attention; the power to side instinctively with right against the wrong, to side with the weak against the strong, to side with public against selfish ends; the power to obey with answering joy a call to come up higher. Yes; this, this, is the real culture! And he who strengthens these powers in himself is a well-educated man. Now all these noble powers can be attained without high school or college. Then culture without college is possible—and for me!

THE THREE TEACHERS: (1.) ONE'S WORK.

Who are the teachers that teach these things to us—us who cannot go to Harvard or Cornell? The teachers are three in number—Work, Society, Books; and the greatest of the three is one's Work. To our work we owe more education than to anything else in life, spite of the hard names we sometimes give it. Work makes mind: work makes character. No

work, no culture. It matters less than we are apt to think what the work is, so that it be hard enough to require will, attention and honor to do it. Of all the educating forces, a steady need to do something promptly, persistently, accurately, and as well as we can, stands paramount, because nothing else so vitalizes those primary roots of mind and character, the habits that came first upon our list. "Every man's task is his life-preserver," Emerson reminds us: he means our soul's life. The worthless people are the worthless people, even to themselves. What wealth gives, or should give, is choice of work, but not exemption from it. The man born rich is born into danger; he, as also the man quick to win riches, must make himself trustee for causes not his own, or else his riches become his doom. In our land at least, a "gentleman," whatever else he is, is a good workman; that is, one who has something to do, who can do it well, and who always does it well. To-day even the daughter of wealth elects a task to save her life. To be a true woman, to be an educated woman, she must stand for some good work well done.

Well done, for, if our work is to teach us, it must be good work—good as we can do. The culture in it is proportioned to the quality of it—not the absolute quality, but the quality as proportioned to our power. And good work means first or last, and usually both first and last, hard work. The master-workmen in any trade or profession have always been hard workmen. The actor Kean was a master on the stage; he practiced two days on a single line, but when he spoke the five words, they melted the house to tears. Hard work did that. Ruskin is a master in the art of making sentences; he tells us he has often spent several hours in perfecting a single period. Hard work, again. Edward Everett Hale is a master in the art of writing short stories. To write the well-known story, "In His Name," took a journey in Europe, the ransacking of a Lyons book-shop for old pamphlets, a study of the history of poisoning, a week or two shut up in a country house, and then, says he, "I was ready to go to work." George Eliot was a mistress in the art of writing a long story; she spent six weeks in Florence before beginning "Romola" in order to catch the trick of language among the common people of the city, and her husband said that before writing her "Daniel Deronda" she read a thousand books on Jewish history. Hard work, that; and she was a genius, too! Darwin was a master-workman in science. In his scrap of autobiography he explains the success of his book, "The Origin of Species," by two causes: (1.) It was so slowly written. More than twenty years of collection and arrangement of facts preceded its publication, and that publication was his fifth re-writing. First came a short, con-

densed statement; then another; then a long, full statement; then an abstract from this, and, at last, abstracted from this abstract, came the book. What patient labor! Yet Darwin was a man before whose genius all the men of science in the world would stand in reverence. And (2) for years it was his "golden rule," as he calls it, to note and study every fact that seemed opposed to his theory. The result of this rule was that his book, when it appeared, was a sifted argument presented at its strongest, anticipating most of the objections that were raised to it. Hard work, all this, as he himself knew well; for it was himself who said: "Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself: 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'"

Such instances hint how master-workmen educate themselves by and in their work to be the masters. And if this be true in book-making, it is no less true of any humblest task. Hear what Mrs. Garfield once wrote her husband, the man who was to be the President: "I am glad to tell you that, out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine, that I need not be the shirking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits."

It is a great comfort and inspiration amid long, hard tasks to remember all this, and to say to one's self: "Why, this is going to college for me; this task is the day's lesson; I'm not a drudge, but a pupil; do this as well as I can, and there is education, there is 'culture,' in it for me." The sense of quantity in the task may tire and age us, often does; the sense of high quality put into it refreshes and makes young. Many of us contrive to miss the joy by not doing the work well enough to get it.

(2.) SOCIETY.

The second teacher for those of us who cannot go to college is Society. And, as with the head-teacher, Work, we scarcely realize how much

we owe this tireless assistant, and how much more it can teach us than it does, if we will let it. "Every man my school master," is a motto for the wise. It is said of Daniel Webster that he never met a stable-boy without extracting some bit of information from him that was worth remembering. Probably no eye meets eye, no hand clasps hand, no two voices mingle in a minute's conversation without some actual interchange of influence, unconscious if not conscious. Think, then, of the education always going on for good or ill! A wilderness of varied character stretches around us in every social circle. The heroes and the villains of the novels walk our streets, and we ourselves are the stuff that Shakspeare's plays are made of. The carpenter and the carpentress, the grocer and the grocer's wife, the parson and the lawyer, and the broods of playing children hold more texts than any text-book. If we can only read well our neighbors, each, like a bit of scripture, is "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" and the best among them are "inspired of God" to reveal to us—what? Ourselves, our unknown possibilities, the sleeping powers within us—and to make us come up higher. "Our chief want in life—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can? We are easily great with the loved and honored associate." As if unexplored wastes of human nature lay within us all, waiting for some Livingstone or Kane to come that way. Blessed are they who have the eyes to see to the inside of a neighbor!

Among discoverers thus gifted are men we put upon the school-committee, send to the Legislature, elect as Mayor and as Governor, make overseer of the very college that, as boys, they longed, but never could afford, to go to. And these men might answer, should we ask them about their schooling,—“My schooling? I have had none to speak of. My school-masters have been the men and women I have met in parlors, in the church, in the caucus, in the shop, the counting rooms, on 'Change. One taught me manners; one taught me tact; she raised my standards of justice and truthfulness and honor; he widened my ideas of public spirit; this one showed me how to save time in my work, and that one how to spend my leisure to advantage; and many a man and many a woman has served to warn me by making my mistakes for me. I have seldom faced a neighbor without facing a teacher.” He who can truly say such things was born for education, and will get it, whether he go to college or not.

But how is it that they manage to extract so much—these head scholars in the bookless school? Some do it by that gift of eyes to see the inside of a neighbor; others have a genius for geniality. But, as in work, so in s-

ciety, few win a great success without deliberate effort. There is no easy, royal road to any art. To extract the good out of society takes bravery, takes modesty, takes a kind heart, takes a high aim. Bravery to conquer shyness, if one has it; for some poor fellows it takes campaigns of suffering to conquer shyness! If we know that we are shy, better launch ourselves into the party, though we drift to the wall forlorn; better send ourselves to dancing school, though we only dare to dance with the little girls; better make ourselves tell the story at table until we can tell it, and others can hear it, without a shudder. By and by we shall hug and bless ourselves for all this bravery. But through it all keep bravery's twin, modesty; for modesty gives the ready passport through the lanes of good society. The clean, kind heart is needed, too, for this alone admits one past the outer doors and the reception rooms of courtesy to the inner living rooms of mind and heart. And the high choice is needed which companions the best side, not the poorer side, in men, and which instinctively seeks friends among those brighter and nobler than one's self. Four things,—it takes them all; bravery, modesty, a kind heart, and high choices in comradeship. Have these, and you will have the art of making neighbors, and of making your way quickly to the inside and the best side of a neighbor, and men and women in loving faculties of approval will confer upon you the invisible degree, "Master of Arts."

(3.) BOOKS.

And now a word about the third teacher who waits to teach us boys and girls and men and women who cannot go to college. His name is Books. He is the same great teacher that they have in colleges, but in this day he goes about the country teaching everybody. He goes to the big city and every alley in it, teaching. He goes to the little village and every cottage in it, teaching. He will teach just what one wants to hear—all manner of trash, all manner of vileness, if one wants that. He does teach a vast deal of mental dissipation, and leads many minds into very bad company. On the other hand, there is no end to the good things he will teach, if one wants them. He will teach us history; he will teach us science; he will teach us the love of good literature; he will teach us how to think well, how to talk well, how to write well. And he will stand to us in place of good society, if we cannot otherwise command it; for in books we can visit the best of the race. He will almost bring the college to us who cannot go to it, if we are willing to study under him patiently and steadily and with high aims. But again, it takes the patience, the steadiness, the high choices, and the hard work, or else he can do little for us. The young man ready to give that price for his

help, will make for himself three golden rules:

I will be a reader.

I will read best books.

I will read best books in the best way.

"I will be a reader": that is, no day shall make me so tired that I will not find an hour; if not an hour, a half hour; if not a half hour, then a quarter; if not a quarter, then five minutes, in which I will read something. With many of us the odd minutes of ten years are enough to make the difference between an educated and an uneducated man. The odd minutes of this summer can make the difference between two good solid books put into us and none at all put in. The odd minutes of tomorrow can make the difference between a rich day and a poor day for our minds. The men on exchange grow rich on margins: it is margins of time well used that gives us mental riches. How many opulent minds have taught that secret! There were Franklin, Theodore Parker, Lincoln—all of them poor boys with horny hands and candlelight, no more. There were Faraday, Chambers, Stephenson, poorer boys, if possible. Many and many a boy starting with good eyes, a fair mind, a strong will, and his odd minutes, has become an intellectual capitalist. Many a boy—and how about the girls? Let me quote from "*Far and Near*," a journal for working girls:

"A young mother said: 'I haven't read a book in three months; I can't with the children.' But her neighbor across the way, with one more child, had read many volumes in that time by always keeping a book in her work-basket, ready to catch up at odd minutes. She seasoned her darning and mending with literature. Lucy Larcom, when a mill girl in Lowell, carried a book in the big pocket of her apron, and records specially the fact that she read Wordsworth's poems and many of Shakspeare's plays in spare minutes amidst the clatter of spindles. Another lady told the writer that she read Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and Taine's 'English Literature' while waiting for her husband to come to dinner. She was her own housemaid and kept the books close at hand in the dining-room."

But, of course, if I am to reach culture, the books I read must be "best books;" not bad, not even pretty good, but the best my mind is able to absorb. That is our second golden rule. In this day of cheap literature, beware of the literature of cheap quality. Too much newspaper will spoil one for magazines. Too much magazine will spoil one for a solid book. Our margins are small. How shall we use them? It is easy to use them all up and have nothing to show. Look out the words "Index Expurgatorius" in the cyclopedia to see what they mean, and then make a private Index Expurgatorius, on which a great many

innocent books, as well as all bad books, should be registered,—innocent books which are not innocent for you and me because our time-margins are so small. Am I a boy, the question on which my education is apt to turn is this: Shall the newspaper be the staple of my reading? Am I a girl, the turning question is: Shall love-stories be the staple of my reading? Am I a grown man or woman, the turning, or perhaps the turned, question is: What sort of books lie waiting on my table for the leisure hour at night, and what do I read on Sunday afternoons? In the public libraries seventy to eighty-five per cent. of the books taken out are classed as "juveniles and fictions." If my library book is often in that seventy per cent., I am no candidate for "culture." Whereas the habit of absorbing three or four "real" books each year, and year by year, goes far towards making one the gentleman or lady.

Of absorbing them, I say, for "I will read best books in the best way." This, our last rule can be put in one word—Read and *ruminate!* Read and *ruminate!* A book that gives no cud to chew is scarce worth reading once; a book worth reading of which one does not chew the cud, has scarce been read.

A bracing word from John Stuart Mill shall end our talk. He says: "They who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them, and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess than on the use we make of our time. Several great things which this generation is destined to do will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done far less, to whom it has given far less preparation, than those whom I am now addressing." If that be true in England, how much more true here in the land of opportunity! Work, Society, Books—with these three teachers, and a will to get the best from them, Culture without College is possible, and possible for *me*.

SUNDAY IN JUNE.

Hark! In the orchard, near to my window,

A thrush is spokesman for all the birds.

"We bring you," he carols, "a new June morning:

Use it—live it—set it to words."

Hark! From the porch, right under my window,

Children's voices rising in glee.

"We bring you," they say, "two souls new dawning:

What is their human day to be?"

Day of June, may the songs that greet you

Ring as clear at your set of sun!

Souls, with you be it always morning,
Ever a larger life begun!

ELIZA S. TURNER

World's Fair Notes

Hovenden's "Breaking of Home Ties" must be regarded as one of the successes of the Fair. Hovenden is from Plymouth Meeting, Pa. He must, as Emerson said of Whitman, have had a "long foreground" somewhere, but so far as I know he comes to the Exposition very much of a stranger. But he is a stranger no longer. No painting in the building arrests everybody's attention as this creation of his does.

I overheard one criticism: "Well done, affecting, but commonplace." More commonplace than Millet's "Sheep Shearers," than his "Pig Killers"? But what of commonplace? Are we ashamed of the common, every-day life? Nothing is commonplace, in any sense of being poor or cheap, which art can glorify. Lifted into the realm of the imagination the common things of life take their place securely in the home of the universal, inseparable parts of the whole. But is it meant that Hovenden's picture is "too real" in treatment, depicts everything with too close resemblance to facts, tells the whole story too clearly? Therefore it lacks imagination, leaves no room for imagination. There is much cant about this "too real." Nothing is "too real" until the story is told.

"The Pig Killers" are very real, and the pig is very real, unless his snout is too long; that is very true to life. And the scene of the proposed butchery is realistic enough. But what of that? Is the imagination balked? Not a bit of it. The feelings of that pig, the reasons for his obstinacy, the baffled wiles of the man, the woman's perfidy in trying to fool him to his doom with a bucket of swill—oh, there is plenty of room for the liveliest imagination! And if some tender soul is seeking a "moral"—what a stretch of the imagination awaits it!

In this "Breaking of Home Ties," here is the very embodiment of the mother forcing herself to the inevitable, sending forth her idol boy, now taller than herself, to do his battle alone in the great and all too unfriendly world. She must do it, but her heart is in her eyes, in her every feature, despite all she can do. Will that boy ever forget that look?

And the boy! Choking back now all the great expectations of this to him supreme moment, as he stands on the threshold of the career he has pictured in his mind until it almost seems as real and sure as all that he now puts behind him, he looks past his mother into the future; or, if his eyes meet hers, they still look beyond. He can hardly realize why there should be this agony of parting. He is not afraid; he will return again and they will find that his head has been "level." But the mother thinks she knows the world,

and it is her one stripling boy against it.

But why against it? Is there not some mistake here? The boy has, perhaps, the truer instinct after all. As a rule he will receive from that world in kind like unto that he carries. He will make friends, warm friends, true friends, if he himself be a friend. Let the mother trust him; let her trust the world more. Let her not so much dampen his ardor, nor sow in his heart the seed of too great a suspicion. It is far better for her to believe than to doubt. Yet, there she stands, and cannot do otherwise.

The father, I take it, clutches the grip and moves on, his back to the scene. The boy shall not see tears in his eyes. Yet his heart already is lonesome. He knows the world better than the mother does, is more trustful, courageous, expectant. He would not be so proud of his boy if he did not believe him equal to the emergency.

Altogether, it is a picture too sad to see, yet one that can never be passed.

From the point of view of its technique, it seems a little too smoothly done, and yet it is probably all right. There is no standard in this respect, no better rule than, Handle your material as you please so you hit the mark. Take the dress on this mother,—spotted calico, or whatever it may be,—how it fits to her form with a homely grace, as part and parcel of her very soul. No flowing, sweeping, graceful lines; merely a true mother, clothed simply and unadorned; not a spectacle, but a soul.

S. H. M.

Correspondence

THE COMING CHURCH.

DEAR UNITY: I wish to send you my congratulations over recent improvements. Surely the thoughts of freedom should be clothed in choicest form. UNITY is needed in the ranks of rationalism. Its cry for a religion greater than any denomination is a wholesome noise. Gladly do I welcome the "one step more" in the history of UNITY's improvement. One suggestive sentence in an editorial of May last I hope some day will bring results: "Would not this conference [the W. U. C.] be coming not only to itself, but to its own, if it called itself the Western Conference of Liberal, or Free, Churches?" Some of us feel a growing need of a conference with another name. The "Unitarian" name is a good name. It has served its purpose well. But the movement which that name today tries to represent is far greater than our denominational history. Can we wisely wish the name to be a "red rag" to bigotry and ignorance? and such it surely is. Our individual churches will hold the name applied to the conferences. We have that much of organization, at least,

in our denomination. Let the conference therefore change. May the discussion continue until it issues in a "conference of progressive churches." Such a conference will be not Western, but American. It will not be a "branch" of Unitarianism, but Unitarian conferences will become its auxiliaries. May the Western conferences give its emphasis, as it has ever given it, to rational, broad religion,—to rationality and breadth for the sake of religion; and may it in all peace and friendliness establish the "coming church!"

If the Western Conference ever takes such a step; or if it does not, UNITY will still advocate the church too great for name to fetter it, too free for any bonds.

If the church needs any one thing more than another, it is to be "socialized." "For thee and for me" should be its motto. And this state of church life will never come until the people ask for it by their appreciation. Educate the people, therefore, O UNITY! The secular press will not do it. Few people read the social science press of the day, and it must be acknowledged that they might absorb more fanaticism than wisdom if they did. Give us a religious sociology, a study of the association of hearts and heads! If UNITY will do this thing it will become the prophet of the Higher Faith.

LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

San Francisco, Cal.

OPIMUM-FIENDS FROM THE CRADLE.

[The following communication we print in fitting humiliation. Notwithstanding our vigilance and well-understood policy, the medicine man will creep into our advertising columns once in a while. As soon as our attention was called to it, the obnoxious advertisement was suppressed, and a snug little annual contract for advertising space sacrificed. Only those who have tried it will ever know how persistently business and principle seem to war with each other in the advertising department of a newspaper.—ED.]

DEAR UNITY: It gave me quite a start, the other day, to find you taking stock (inadvertently, of course) in the business of making opium-fiends.

Probably nothing else—not even the reckless prescribing of laudanum and hypodermic injections by certain classes of "physicians"—has done more to breed the opium habit in this country than the persistent advertising of the famous (or infamous) nostrum, composed of syrup, anise and morphine, wherewith credulous young parents and unscrupulous nurses have, for a generation past, been urged to dose and soothe (stupefy) helpless babies. The seeds of that baleful habit have been imbibed with the mother's milk; and the "doped" cigarette a few years later has quickened their sprouting.

The facts of the case are too well known among well-informed people to call for testimony or argument in your columns. And for my part, I do not believe that the vilified Chinaman's opium-joint has wrought America a tithe of the harm that has

been done our little ones by the business enterprise and "push" of a single drug firm, which have been bribing the press of the country generally, year after year, with the price of a three-line "ad."!

For once UNITY seems to have been caught napping; but for the sake of the higher health, of sobriety and humanity, make haste and get up again among the "few honorable exceptions"!

Faithfully and fraternally yours,
N. E. R.

Chicago, Ills.

AUTHORITY WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY: In a recent discussion with a Methodist I asserted that Wesley was radically opposed to the Trinity doctrine, and denounced it in very emphatic terms, but when my authority was called for I could not give it.

I am convinced, however, that the statement was correct, and will be obliged if you or any reader of UNITY will inform me where the proof of the assertion can be found.

CINCINNATI.

The Study Table

THE MONIST for the quarter ending in July, beside several interesting reviews, had two discussions which commanded our special attention: that between Mr. Peirce and the editor on "Chance versus Necessitarianism," in which Dr. Carus shows himself an able controversialist, and Prof. E. D. Cope's paper on "The Foundations of Thism." While we are unable to accept all his premises and conclusions, we found much in this article that was suggestive and helpful. As illustrative of this we quote his statement of the "utilitarian ground of our numerous ethical and religious organizations:"

If ethics cannot exist without material expression, it is clear that, on the other hand, they cannot exist without a subjective foundation. Thus ethics is the highest expression of the relation between mind and matter. Ethics is the practical application of the mental powers to human relations, and the more complete the evolution of mind the more perfect is the ethical practice. Thus the evolution of the mind is the guarantee of ethical progress, and the more intelligent the mind, the more easy will the evolution be. As in all education, the laggards experience the severities of compulsion, while pains and penalties are avoided by those who perceive their approach and do not await their arrival. Here we have the utilitarian ground of our numerous ethical and religious organizations. They invite men to a priori subjective theory, and objective practice, so as to preserve society from the evils of inferior and painful methods of compulsion, which lie at the basis of ethical evolution. It is the dread of this method which rouses a natural repugnance in the minds of many men to the doctrine which teaches of it. But it must be remembered that the instruments of evolution change with

the thing that is evolving, and the conditions of progressive ethics are the stages of progress of the mind. What is necessary for the education of the lower mind is no longer necessary for the higher. This is not only a truth of philosophy, but the fact may be discerned in the religions which men made for themselves. They describe the ethical state of their authors, and prescribe the treatment appropriate to it.

THE OUTLOOK continues to deserve the esteem won by the *Christian Union*. The issue of August 5 is a particularly rich one. The editorial, "Settled," although perhaps stating what is now agreed upon as religious truth a little too strongly, certainly gives an approximately correct picture of the present state of religious science. In another column we republish the editor's discussion of "The Weakness of Self-consciousness." In the two papers on the financial question, that by the bimetallist, A. Foster Higgins, is at the same time one of the best and briefest statements of that side of the question that we have seen.

Notes from the field

Pittsfield, Mass.—Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, will preach here Aug. 27 and Sept. 3. Every one of our church should read Prof. Harnack's article on the Apostles' Creed in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Rev. Mr. Horst gave an excellent sermon on "The Four Corner Stones of Our Faith," which are: 1. The honest, heroic search for truth. We believe in the continuous revelation of God, which implies that all the truth has not yet been spoken. 2. Christ, whom we follow as our master and under whose leadership we seek to build up the kingdom of heaven on earth—i. e., by love and helpfulness make earth our community, our own homes a heaven. 3. The worship of God. 4. The service of man, in which all true worship must express itself. This noble faith of ours which loves truth, and follows Christ, and worships God, and helps men, is good, not only for this day and age, but for all times, for it is founded on eternal principles which can not pass away. All true Christian faith must be founded on these principles, which no man can ever outgrow, unless he can outgrow God.—*Unity Notes, in The Berkshire Eagle*

Ramona Ranch, Montana.—On Tuesday, July 25, 1893, Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Helena, officiated here at a double wedding,—the marriage of Charles J. Mayers and Fannie M. Spencer: and also, Frederick A. Spencer and Hattie Wood,—son and daughter of Rev. A. A. Spencer, well known in Wisconsin, and at present at the head of this very successful educational work among the Crow Indians.

Delightfully Cool and Refreshing.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
with ice-water and sugar.

How does your Unity subscription stand? Notice date on your address label, which indicates time to which the subscription is paid.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."



In the family are more often the result of *disordered digestion* than most people know.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will keep peace in a family, by curing Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, Constipation and all Bilious and Nervous Disorders arising from these causes. Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

L. A. WHITE, 6427 Sheridan avenue. My private residence in Woodlawn Park is open for visitors. Location, four blocks west of 64th street entrance to grounds, in a delightful residence neighborhood; quiet and restful, being one and one-half blocks from a traffic street, and the same from any railroad. Will send circulars and information to parties desiring.

MRS. M. H. PERKINS, private residence, 3929 Indiana avenue. Twenty minutes' ride by Elevated Road to Fair Grounds. House new and with superior plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes convenient and reasonable in price. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Special rates for periods of two weeks or more.

MRS. J. A. MCKINNEY, 4209 Ellis avenue, will be glad to entertain World's Fair visitors. House stone; rooms large and airy; 3 blocks from Illinois Central; five minutes' ride to grounds; fare, five cents. Terms, \$1.50 each per day for August.

UNITY BUILDING, 286 Woodlawn Terrace. Four minutes' walk from entrance to the Fair. Unitarian headquarters. Rooms at moderate prices. Send for circular to Miss E. H. Kelly, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 479-481 Dearborn Ave., CHICAGO. 18th year begins Sept. 20th. Prepares for college and gives special courses of study. For Young Ladies and Children. MISS R. S. RICE, A. M., Principal. MISS M. E. BEEDY, A. M.,

If You Want Work

that is pleasant and profitable, send us your address immediately. We teach men and women how to earn from \$6 per day to \$3,000 per year without having had previous experience, and furnish the employment at which they can make that amount. Capital unnecessary. A trial will cost you nothing. Write today, and address

E. C. ALLEN & CO.,
Box 1001. Augusta, Maine.

WE SEND FREE with this beautiful Organ an Instruction Book and a handsome, upholstered Steel! The organ has 11 stops, 5 octaves, and is made of Solid Walnut. Warranted by us for 15 years. We only charge \$45 for this beautiful instrument. Send to-day for FREE illustrated catalogue. OXFORD MFC. CO Chicago.

BLESSED BE DRUGGERY.—A sermon by W. O. Gannett; white, hand-made paper cover, 10c. UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 175 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Do you want books? Send your order, to Unity Publishing Company.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—Commend to the keeping of the Truth whatever the Truth hath given thee, and thou shalt lose nothing.
- MON.—One must have gone through the dark places if he is to carry others through them.
- TUES.—In the most pessimist forecasts we make of ourselves, there is always an under protest of hope.
- WED.—She would not harass his inexperience with over-advice.
- THURS.—A strong nature has always difficulty in self-revelation.
- FRI.—There need be no sting in the world unless we ourselves envenom it.
- SAT.—The torch of God passes on its way, hand reaching out to hand.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

THE WORD SHE REMEMBERED.

"You remember the sermon you heard, my dear?"

The little one blushed and dropped her eyes,
Then lifted them bravely, with look of cheer,
Eyes that were blue as the summer skies.

"I'm afraid I forgot what the minister said,
He said so much to the grown-up men,
And the pulpit was 'way over my head;
But I told mamma that he said, 'Amen.'

"And 'Amen,' you know, means 'Let it be,'
Whatever our Lord may please to do;
And that is sermon enough for me,
If I mind and feel so, the whole week through."

I took the little one's word to heart:
I wish I could carry it all day long,
The "Amen" spirit which hides the art
To meet each cross with a happy song.

—M. E. Sangster, in Myrtle.

A LITTLE GIRL'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

Margery and Cuthbert lived in a little town in the south of England. Every summer they went with Mamma to the seashore. They had been to Brighton, Yarmouth, Scarborough and Leamington.

"This year," said Mamma, "we will go to Dover."

"And perhaps I can run down for

a week or two and take you across the Channel to France," added Papa.

"Won't that be fun?" said Cuthbert, aged eleven. Margery, who was seven, and just beginning to study the French grammar, asked timidly:

"How can we understand what the people say?"

"We will invite Cousin Laura to go with us," said Mamma. Cousin Laura was a grown-up young lady who had just finished school, and prided herself upon her pure Parisian accent.

Two delightful weeks were spent in Dover. The children found various treasures in the shape of shells, stones and seaweed on the beach; they rode on the patient donkeys, dug sand with their wooden spades, gazed curiously into the windows of the tiny houses hollowed out of the huge white cliffs, and looked with awe upon the immense mountain of chalk that loomed behind their boarding-house, on which the tall soldiers in scarlet uniform looked, to the wondering eyes below, like tiny toy men, and their barracks like dolls' houses. They went up the Giant's Causeway to Dover Castle, in which are stored many curious things, not the least interesting to Cuthbert being the coats of mail and visors worn by gallant knights of old. They walked along the Grand Parade, and on the pier far out into the sea. One day, while on one of the smaller cliffs, Cuthbert thought it would be great fun to roll down its steep declivity.

"No, no!" said Mamma. "You might injure yourself for life."

Just then, whether by accident or design they never knew, over the edge went Cuthbert. Mamma almost fainted with fright, Cousin Laura screamed, and Margery began to cry. But Cuthbert, at the foot of the cliff, rose to his feet, clapped his hands, and laughed aloud. He wasn't hurt, and wanted to repeat the experiment, but Mamma would not hear of it.

The morning set for crossing the Straits rose gray and lowering. A strong gale was blowing, but their trunks were packed, arrangements made, and they determined to go if possible. It was only with the greatest difficulty, and by the offer of an extra fee, that Papa could induce a captain to take them in such a furious storm. Finally they put out to sea, Margery carrying a big bag of lemons, and Cuthbert a bottle of brandy, two infallible remedies for seasickness. No sooner were they seated than the boat gave a lurch, and Cuthbert fell forward; the bottle broke, and all the brandy was spilled on the deck, where probably it did just as much good as it would have done elsewhere. Oh, how that boat rocked and creaked and groaned! Angry waves dashed against her sides, but she bore up bravely, and kept on her way, though wind and tide were against her.

Soon Mamma and Margery had to retire to the cabin below, and Papa

went to wait upon them, for the lemons were of no avail. Cousin Laura and Cuthbert staid on deck. Laura would have been drenched by the salt spray had not the kind-hearted captain lent her a dread-naught coat, which covered her from head to feet. Cuthbert enveloped himself in Mamma's shawl, much too large and too long, and trailed up and down the wet, slippery deck, greatly to the amusement of the captain and crew. All were glad when safely landed and housed in the cheery hotel at Calais. Such a dinner as they ate. First came soup, which the ladies could not touch, because that mischievous boy, Cuthbert, declared he saw frogs' legs in it; but Papa pronounced it very good; then a roasted chicken, daintily browned, with delicious gravy; vegetables served in all sorts of fantastic shapes; tomatoes like large pink puff balls; potatoes that seemed to be snowy flakes of sea foam; pale-green cabbage leaves, crisp and curly, filled with ripe red raspberries; sherbets that sparkled, and custards beyond compare.

After dinner they drove along pleasant country roads and winding lanes, and watched the peasants gathering in the vintage. Grapes hung in clusters by the roadside, and the polite and friendly driver frequently dismounted to pluck some for the thirsty travelers.

Two sleepy children crept into the queer white-canopied beds that night and slept as soundly as though in their own little cots at home.

The next day they took the diligence for Boulogne. The polite landlord, the stout landlady, the son and daughter, the old grandmother, and all the lackeys, big and little, came into the courtyard to see them off. Papa gladdened the grandmother's heart by telling her how strongly she resembled his mother. Mamma bought of the pretty waiting-maid her quaint white cap as a souvenir. Laura showered smiles and thanks upon them all, though I regret to say that half her pretty phrases were not understood, for the French of the schools and the French spoken in France somehow seem to differ in sound.

At Boulogne they saw the famous Napoleon monument, and ascended its spiral stairway to the summit, from whence they had a magnificent view of the towns and villages below and the blue expanse of sea beyond. Cuthbert, who was always playing pranks, terrified Mamma by wanting to balance himself on the railing, climb outside of it, and other foolish acts. Mamma and Margery were glad to go down to earth again, for the great height made them dizzy and faint, and Cuthbert was such a tease.

Then they went on to Paris—gay and beautiful Paris, with its outdoor life, its wonderful shops and cafes, its beautiful churches, fragrant with incense and gorgeous with

precious stones and costly stuffs. Through the dim cloisters they wandered, where black-robed priests and sweet-faced nuns mingled with the market woman with her basket, the huckster with his wares, and the high-born lady with her sorrows, who knelt on the floor and prayed to the pitying Christ.

All too swiftly glided by those sweet September days, and almost before they could realize it they were again in their own dear home.

"Next year," said Mamma, "we will go to Spain."

Alas! when next year came Mamma had gone to an unknown country, and Margery and Cutbbert were motherless. M. R. H.

HOW NANNIE RETRIEVED HERSELF.

Almost all children have a troublesome habit of telling the truth about things, and blurt it out in season and out of season, and keep their relatives in a state of abject terror at the way in which they often betray family opinions. Nannie was no exception to this rule, and her mother, like other mothers, found it difficult to teach her that while truthfulness was essential, the truth—or, rather, facts which some people mistake as the only truths—should not always be spoken; that while we must not say a thing is good which is altogether bad, it is permitted us to keep silence without any transgression of the moral law.

One day Nannie was taken in to see the new baby and cousin. After viewing it with great gravity for several moments she said, "I t'ink it's a berry homely baby."

After they had reached home her mother took her to task for her plainness of speech. Nannie, of course, insisted that the baby was homely and she had only told the truth. "But, Nannie," said Mamma, "it would have been better not to have said anything; or you could have said it had pretty hair, for that is true. I'm afraid you hurt Aunty's feelings."

On the next visit Nannie hastened to retrieve herself. "Aunty," she remarked, after a long look at the small creature, "Aunty, I t'ink your baby is berry decent!" and her mother in despair came to the wise conclusion to leave Nannie in the future to the promptings of her own innocent mind.

A GENIUS FOR HELPING FOLKS.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any man who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers for any object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any

little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew in church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him; and I've sometimes thought he and his wife kept house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets." —Selected.

The Six Years' Course of Sunday School Lessons.

The first year's work, "Beginnings," originally prepared by the lamented Henry Doty Maxson, and upon which Mr. Gould has been working for the past year, has gone to the printer and will be ready for sale by the first of September. Price 25 cents, postpaid, or \$2.50 per dozen. The Western Sunday School Society is prepared to take advance orders. Those interested are requested to send orders as soon as possible, so that the book may be in their hands by the opening of Sunday School in the autumn.

M. H. PERKINS, Secretary,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL S. S. INSTITUTE,

Under the auspices of the Western S. S. Society, will be held this year in the UNITY BUILDING, under the management of

The Tower Hill Pleasure Co.

AUGUST 7 TO 12.

The building is located at 286 Woodlawn Terrace, within three minutes' walk of one of the World's Fair gates, and about the same distance from the Illinois Central Railroad Station at Sixty-seventh street.

The program this year will consist of ten two-hour sessions, from 10 to 12 a. m., led by Rev. W. W. Fenn. The study will be devoted to the fourth year's work of the Six Years' Course—"The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" The New Testament Time. Mr. Fenn proposes to arrange the studies upon an art string, using the great masterpieces of Christian art as centers around which the story of Jesus, the disciples and the apostles will be told. So far as possible these pictures will be made available to teachers and pupils.

It is hoped that this Institute work will fit into, rather than interfere with, the sight-seeing of World's Fair attendants, and every help possible to the management in this direction will be rendered.

Arrangements for room and board at economic prices can be made in the Unity Building or in the immediate vicinity.

Institute tickets for the season, \$2.00. For further particulars concerning Institute, address MRS. E. T. LEONARD, 6600 Ellis Ave., Chicago. Application for room etc., to be made to MRS. R. H. KELLY, 286 Woodlawn Terrace.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE PROGRAM.

In the New Testament lessons for next year, which will form the basis of the Institute work, three things will be attempted: First—to study a few good pictures; second, to present by the pictures, arranged in chronological order, the chief events in New Testament history; third, to show, by the aid of the pictures, leading New Testament ideas which may be regarded as the flowering of the Hebrew religion. Obviously no single lesson can be completely ideal: an event which cannot be omitted in an outline of New Testament history may not have been the subject of a great painting; or, sometimes, a picture of not the highest artistic merit may show more clearly than another intrinsically better a truth which must be included. Yet it is believed that a set of fairly good pictures has been selected, and that the series, if not perfectly ideal, will be found serviceable.

The pictures selected are the following:

The Holy Night—Correggio.

The above will explain itself. We earnestly solicit the co-operation of ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers in extending this notice. One representative from each school that proposes to use this fourth year's study in the Six Years' Course, at the Institute, will greatly help the teachers' meeting and other Sunday-school work in the parish during the year. E. T. LEONARD, 6600 Ellis Ave.

The Sistine Madonna—Raphael.
The Carpenter's Son—Hofmann.
Christ Disputing with the Doctors—Hofmann.

The Baptism by John—Dore.
Tempted by Satan—Cornecelius.
Christ Preaching from a Boat—Hofmann.

The Sower—Millet.
Jesus and the Sinner—Hofmann.
The Good Samaritan.
Jesus and the Children—Hofmann.
The Transfiguration—Raphael.
Purifying the Temple—Hofmann.
The Last Supper—Leonardo da Vinci.

Ecce Homo—Rembrandt.
The Crucifixion—Angelo.
Easter Morning—Plochorst.
The Omnipresent Christ—Hofmann.
The Death of Ananias—Raphael.
Stephen the Martyr.
Paul Preaching in Athens—Raphael.
Christus Consolator—Scheffer.

All of these pictures are published by Soule, and arrangements will be made to supply sets at lowest possible rates. This list is published provisionally, subject to slight alterations before the meeting of the Institute. W. W. FENN.

Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Lavin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, next Sunday, the pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, will preach at 11 a. m., on "Jesus, the Founder of Christianity."

Too Many

to print: that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and Druggists.

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

Under the Auspices of the WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS At Art Institute Building. REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

Saturday, Sept. 16. THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

- 10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York
- Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York
- Its Place in the Development of Christianity. *Prof. C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc., Oxford, England
- The Church of the Spirit.....
- 2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord
- In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., Cambridge
- In the Growth of Democracy Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17.

There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

To be held in the Sinai Temple (Dr. Hirsch's), corner Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street.

Monday, Sept. 18.

- 3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute.
- 8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church. Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York
- Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Tuesday, Sept. 19. THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.

- (a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo
- (b) In Poland..... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England
- (c) In Hungary..... *Prof. S. Boros, Transylvania
- (d) In France..... Prof. G. Bonnet-Maury, Paris
- (e) In Germany.....
- (f) In Italy..... Prof. Bracciforti, Milan
- (g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl Van Bergen, Stockholm
- (h) In England..... Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England
- (i) In Holland..... Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- (j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor

Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period.. Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis

UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

- Protab Mozoomdar..... Calcutta, India
 - A Representative Jew.....
 - A Representative Mohammedan.....
- Wednesday, Sept. 20.

THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.

- (a) The Human Roots of Religion... Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass.
- (b) God..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.
- (c) Jesus..... Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont.

Evening.

- (d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.
- (e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse
- (f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

Thursday, Sept. 21. UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

- (a) Scientific... *Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., Birmingham, England
- (b) Old Testament Criticism..... Prof. C. H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Cambridge
- (c) New Testament Criticism.....
- (d) Social Problems..... *Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., London, England
- (e) Extra-Biblical Religions..... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio
- (f) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

Evening. THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Anna Garlin Spencer, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale.

Friday, Sept. 22. PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

- 10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association..... Rev. Grindall Reynolds
- National Conference..... Rev. W. H. Lyon
- British and Foreign Unitarian Association Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Secretary
- Transylvania..... Bishop Ferencz or Prof. Boros
- Western Unitarian Conference..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer
- Unitarian S. S. Society..... Rev. E. A. Horton
- Unitarian Guilds..... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord
- Unity Clubs..... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston
- W. U. S. Society..... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago
- Pacific Coast Conference..... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco
- Southern Conference..... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga.
- In Australia..... Miss C. H. Spence

2 P. M.—Women's Meeting.

Evening.

Fellowship Meeting. In charge of..... WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN RELIGION. Names to be announced Congress Week.

Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

*Those marked with an asterisk are not expected in person.

Publisher's Notes

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A Sermon, uniform with "Blessed Be Drudgery." By Frederick L. Hosmer, 10 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00.

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THE SOUTHERN UNITARIAN.

Official Organ of the Southern Conference. A monthly magazine, published at Atlanta, Ga. REV. GEO. L. CHANEY, Editor. WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

Woman, Church and State.

This long promised book by Matilda Joslyn Gage has just been issued in a handsome volume of 555 pages. The announcement of this forthcoming work a few years since with the publication of a preliminary sketch of its contents roused much interest both in this country and in Europe, and many letters of inquiry regarding it have been received every year since. Therefore it is with pleasure we answer all such enquiries by the announcement of its publication by our firm.

Mrs. Gage has long been known as a profound thinker, spoken of as possessing "curious and minute historical knowledge, a peculiar sense of justice, and an intense and passionate love of liberty." Profoundly stirred to the depths of her being by the wrongs and injustice perpetrated upon her sex, a pioneer in the Woman Suffrage reform, devoting her life to its advocacy and advancement, her latest and most profound work in this line is "Woman, Church and State." Mrs. Gage has given years to its preparation. It is a historical work, rendered doubly valuable by copious notes and references to authorities not easily accessible to the general reader, and is an emphatic refutation of that assertion so often made by the clergy, that woman holds a higher position under Christianity than ever before. The chapter upon the "Matriarchate" proves the high position woman held among ancient nations, both in religion and government, ages before the rise of either Judaism or Christianity. While these forms of religion represent the Patriarchate or Father-rule, it is an unquestionable fact that under the Matriarchate or Mother-rule which preceded it, woman was superior to man in religion, government and the family, while peace and justice reigned supreme. A vast fund of information upon religious, social and governmental points is contained in this book. Parker Pillsbury, the veteran abolitionist who is numbered among the "Twelve Apostles" of the Anti-Slavery reform, and who was for four years a Theological student in two New England Seminaries, said of the preliminary sketch: "It contains facts in church history of stupendous importance, not taught in any Seminary or University in Christendom."

The chapter upon "Celibacy" is especially strong, showing the growth of this idea and its final confirmation as a dogma of the church, although opposed by St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Paphnutius, the martyr bishop of Thebes; also its terrible results in the destruction of virtue; its establishment of two codes of morals; its creation

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of the confessional and control of the family; its system of concubinage; the increased persecution for witchcraft and the enlarged power of the Inquisition under it. We consider the chapter upon celibacy one of the most important in the book, where all are valuable.

Tracing the gradual encroachment of Canon Law, Mrs. Gage shows the power it gained by its control of wills, the guardianship of orphans, marriage and divorce; and from the best authority she proves the sanction of Polygamy by the Christian Church. Abby Hutchinson (Patten) one of the original famous Hutchinson singers once said, "I like to hear Mrs. Gage speak; she always says something new and different from others." The chapter entitled "Woman and Work" is a unique presentation of that question fully sustaining Mrs. Gage's reputation of "saying things different from others."

In "The Church of To-Day" the teachings of the pulpit as to woman's created inferiority and "original sin" are brought down to the present hour. "Woman, Church and State" is a terrible indictment of Christianity and the civilization of to-day, the church as Mrs. Gage points out, citing from excellent authorities; first lowering the position of woman in everything connected with itself, then in the state and in the family. Yet the work is calm and dispassionate; no sense of personal injury is shown, but the facts are as coolly and as clearly stated, as any great jurist might present them. While in a general way the world has known that the policy of the church has always been to subordinate woman, and through her dominate the world, the facts proving this have never before been so thoroughly and authoritatively given. While thousands have seen the evils of catholicism, few have become aware of the equal danger to liberty arising from the orthodox protestant church, and fewer still realize the present danger in our own country owing to the work of the "Christian Party in Politics" and its determination to introduce a religious amendment in the National Constitution. These dangers are pointed out by Mrs. Gage. To read the book will be a liberal education in many directions.

The value of the book is acknowledged by all who know Mrs. Gage and her work. Helen Gardener has written us, "I shall want the first copy issued."

The price of the book in substantial cloth binding is \$2.00, including prepayment of expressage to any address.

Charles H. Kerr & Company, Publishers,
175 Monroe Street, Chicago.

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

VOLUME XXXI.

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Editorial

It is enough,

Enough just to be good!

*To lift our hearts where they are under-
stood;*

*To let the thirst for worldly power and
place*

*Go unappeased; to smile back in God's
face*

*With the glad lips our mothers used to
kiss.*

Ah! though we miss

All else but this,

To be good is enough!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,

In "Green Fields and Running Brooks."

**

TO BE a liberal minister takes brains. Many ministers cling to traditional religion because it gives them a ready-made gospel to retail, and so saves them from forging their

message from the experiences of God vouchsafed them in their own every-day life.

**

THE World's Congress on Suffrage, which called out so much interest and enthusiasm last week, seems to have reached its culmination Friday. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was unable to be present, but despite this disappointment the attendance was large and the meeting was declared a great success. The speakers were Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, and from all accounts the President of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference made a distinct impression. Her fellow-speakers, the reporters, and the throng of listeners united in the enthusiastic expression of great satisfaction with her eloquent address on "Woman Suffrage a Means to an End."

**

ALAS for the slow progress of religious and race toleration! From what is published of a private letter to the editor of *Hapiogah*, of New York City, it appears that the Persian Jews are suffering intolerable cruelties, especially in Hamadan, despite the alleged intention of the Shah to give equal protection to all his subjects. It is said that his Mohammedan officers prevent the carrying of his wishes into effect; and that if a Jew leaves his house he is in danger of being beaten to death by the mob. No consideration seems shown for the age, sex, or condition of the unfortunate victims. From the letter referred to, the *Reform Advocate* quotes the despairing sentence: "There is none to have compassion or give consolation, and we are sick of our lives."

**

We print in this issue, in addition to the completed program of the Unitarian Congress, the preliminary announcements of the Free Religious Association and the World's Congress of Evolutionists. Both of these

programs will interest our readers much and are directly related to the message and the mission of UNITY. The logical consistency and ideal inclusiveness of the Free Religious Association, and the continuous search, the spirit of quest, in connection with the solid grasp of the law of unity given by a close study of the facts of the universe, which characterizes the *Evolutionist*,—place both these bodies in the front line of religious leaders. However inefficient the one may be in a practical way, and far removed the other may be from existing ecclesiasticism, they both occupy prophetic ground. No words will be uttered in the great parliament more in consonance with the permanent message and religious interest of the great occasion than the words spoken from these platforms. Let our readers look out for both, and as many as possible prepare to attend, that they may listen and heed.

**

THE *Free Church Record*, with a persistency that apparently will not be corrected, continues to classify UNITY among "Unitarian publications." In its last issue it speaks of it as "the organ of progressive Unitarianism." UNITY is not and never has been connected in any organic way whatsoever with any denomination. It has now and always had upon its staff representatives of progressive thought who work with various denominations: Judaism, Ethical Culture, Universalism, and Episcopalianism have been thus represented, as well as Unitarianism. It has happily found itself for the most part with but not of the "Unitarian movement." With Channing we promptly take the Unitarian name when it is spoken ill of. With James Martineau we proudly confess our interest in and essential agreement with the development of Unitarian thought. In so far as Unitarian organizations are true to the prophetic spirit and prophetic methods of their real leaders,

the major prophets, Channing, Parker, Emerson and Martineau, we are with them. But UNITY never forgets that Unitarian organizations deliberately cast two of these leaders out, and, as it seems to us, have often been disloyal both to the spirit and the methods of the others. UNITY keep company with Unitarianism so long as it goes our way, as it does with Reform Judaism, Universalism, Ethical Culture and Free Religion. But it also holds itself ready to part company with any of these when to us they seem to fail to go in the way of that broader thing: the open church of character, the Liberal Church of America, the democratic religion of study and helpfulness, which now has representatives in all forms of religious faiths, Christian and non-Christian,—representatives who, as we hope, are slowly coming into conscious recognition of each other, and some day may clasp hands in efficient organization. Several years ago Dr. Thomas said at a meeting of the Illinois Unitarian Conference, "My hand is stretched to take the hand of any one who will accept it." That is UNITY's position, and we allow no one, with our consent, to pin labels upon us that would seem to limit or narrow that position.

**

A YOUNG girl has asked the senior editor for a list of ten pictures found in the World's Fair Art Gallery most worthy of study. Disclaiming any superlatives, omitting the qualifying and descriptive part of the reply, the following were named as worthy of study, and are printed here for the purpose of provoking criticism, which is equivalent to awakening interest and opening eyes. Who will send us a better list? Such a list, were it possible to make it, of course would not be selected by the excellence of execution and technique alone. Here is a list which seems at least partly selected by popular vote. We purposely omit the masterpieces and the masters whose fame will draw the student's attention, such as are found in the rich British and the American loan collections. We also omit all landscape and water pieces, however attractive and helpful. We seek the pictures that are proving their power to appeal to the uninitiated human heart, sermon-preaching canvases, truth-revealing paintings. In so far as these or any other pictures deserve this judgment they are not

wanting in artistic qualities. Certainly to *know* such pictures as these in such a way that they become permanent possessions is itself an endowment, a soul culture.

1. Alone in the World—Joseph Israels, Holland, No. 74, Room 27.
2. Breaking Home Ties—Thomas Hovenden, United States, No. 581, Room 9.
3. After the Storm—S. T. Popier, Society of Polish Artists, No. 89, Room 62.
4. Mater Dolorosa—Rudolph Bacher, Austria, No. 19, Room 59.
5. "God bless you!"—F. v. Defregger, Austria, No. 32, Room 35.
6. A Heart-Rending Return—A. Dieffenbacher, Germany, No. 192, Room 34.
7. The Race for Wealth (a series of five pictures)—W. P. Frith, Great Britain, No. 173-7, Room 12.
8. Requiescat—Briton Revere, Great Britain, No. 411, Room 48.
9. The Foreclosure of the Mortgage—G. A. Reid, Canada, No. 90, Room 10.
10. The Good Brother—E. v. Blaas, Austria, No. 22, Room 59.

FREE CHURCHES NOT UNITARIAN

Our friend, the *Christian Register*, comes up with its customary smile over the suggestion of the Free church of Tacoma that the American Unitarian Association should print in its next Annual a list of churches not Unitarian, but which, on account of their free and independent spirit, hold so much in common with the Unitarians that such a list would be both a convenience and a more truthful exhibit of the Liberal forces that are making for the religion of character and of reason.

This suggestion the *Register* calls a "somewhat refreshing proposition," and it thinks that "the plain implication of such a distinction would be that all churches included in the first list were not free but were still subjected to some kind of slavery." This question—no more than others that have disturbed Unitarian legislators—cannot be disposed of with a sneer or with a joke. It is getting harder and harder to persuade anybody that the word "Unitarian" can be made synonymous with all the liberal organized forces in religion, that might and should, and to a certain extent do, work together; or that the word "Unitarian" is co-extensive with the fellowship which the Unitarian himself, nursed in the spirit of Channing, fired by the warmth of Parker, and lured by the high

dreams of Emerson, must ever seek. We do not call it slavery, but the word "Unitarian" as used in the A. U. A. Year Book does *bind*, in a certain sense, the churches named in its list to the traditions, be they glorious or otherwise, to the activities, be they noble or otherwise, represented by the Unitarian organizations of America. Our neighbor, on this as on other occasions, seems to ignore the fact that among these traditions are the records and proceedings of Unitarian organizations, not churches,—the A. U. A., the N. U. C., and other conferences,—as well as the individual churches.

Another fact is equally obvious, that there are now men and churches that find themselves in closest sympathy and practical fellowship with much, aye, most, of Unitarian men and organizations, but, from historical or logical reasons, find themselves outside the Unitarian traditions, particularly those of the national organizations named. These men and societies are outside from various reasons. Some because of excluding words and phrases in the constitution of these national and other organizations; some because as a matter of fact too many Unitarian churches, in contradiction of their claim and name, are churches of the *classes* rather than of the *masses*, churches blighted with a pretension of culture that carries them from the simplicity that ministers to average human needs; a stuffiness of wealth that carries their privileges beyond the reach of struggling men and women. These "Free churches," these "Independent churches," these "People's churches" do exist under various names. Whether the A. U. A. recognizes them as essential co-workers or not is a matter of little import. Perhaps the time may come when the question will be whether these liberal churches will include as one group of their constituency the technically called and formally organized Unitarian churches and conferences. In Illinois alone there are at least seven such "Independent Societies" which are not Unitarian in name or tradition, but which are in spirit and method, to say the least, as free, as devout and as liberal as the same number of Unitarian societies found anywhere. It matters not where their names are published, or whether published at all, the hopeful thing is that there is in our midst a

groping for a fellowship that will not be rimmed even by the gilt-edged ribbon of Unitarianism; that there is a rising body of consecrated men and women who are trying to formulate a seven-day church of applied religion, that will include pagan and Christian, believer and doubter, if they are out ready to work for Truth, Righteousness and Love in the world. Towards this movement we think the Unitarians have made a magnificent contribution. The existence of such a movement is a high tribute to Unitarian work and workers. The question now remains whether Unitarians will be equal to their opportunities. Are they to rejoice in what they have helped bring about, or will they continue to hold back and hold off, refuse to acknowledge the mistakes of the past, and undertake to ignore, instead of removing or correcting, their limiting traditions? Is Unitarianism going to strangle the spirit with the letter and cling to the name to the sacrifice of the thing?

Be this as it may, that Church of the Spirit, the Open Church, not founded on anti-trinitarian theology, nor upon the confession of the Christian name, but upon human needs and the inspirations of human excellence and human wisdom wherever found, is coming. It is here. And the sooner Unitarians and others recognize this fact the better for them. All hail, the Church of the Spirit! the religion of the human heart, that consecrates art, science, literature, dogma and ritual to the sanctifying of human lives and the breaking down of the arbitrary and traditional barriers that divide those who ought to be united and keep apart those who ought to walk together! Let the religion of Love be organized, the piety of Abou Ben Adhem be recognized, utilized and emphasized. This is the *Unity-arianism* that is conquering and will triumph.

CRITICISM.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his address before the literary congress, did us all the service of pointing out the need in America of criticism according to Matthew Arnold's definition, "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." If he sends us all back to Mr. Arnold's famous essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" he will do us a still greater

service, and set us to thinking, perhaps, that "the present time" is as applicable in America in 1893 as it was in England thirty years ago; that we still need "to establish a current of fresh and true ideas"; that "by the very nature of things, as [America] is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of [American] growth, must be foreign;" and that "the [American] critic of literature, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought."

The hindrance to our knowledge of foreign literature and thought is of course the foreign language in which they address us; in music we can all follow the best that is known and thought in the world: no translation is required, either, to help us appreciate Israel's "Alone in the World," or Millet's "Man with the Hoe." All arts except the literary art speak a universal language. It is, then, an essential accomplishment for a critic "to possess one great literature besides his own."

How grateful we should be, then, if a man like Mr. Kristofer Janson, who possesses not only our literature but that of a country where great creative genius is now at work, and who has himself both critical and creative talent,—if Mr. Janson and other cultivated foreign-born Americans (may we not call them so?) would devote themselves to the work of criticism in this high sense!

Mr. Janson has recently, in an article on the Unitarian missions to foreigners in this country, outlined the difference in temperament between us and his countrymen: "The extreme mutual flattery in this conversation, the lack of what the Germans call 'Gemuethlichkeit' in their society life, the letter-worship and form-worship, the ridiculous prudishness in their literary taste and criticisms"—are among the American traits he criticises. Here is an example of just what I was saying; Mr. Janson's criticism of us for lack of *gemuethlichkeit* will do us little good because we do not know what *gemuethlichkeit* is.

Criticism which introduces us to new names and achievements, which points out to us that which it will be best worth our while to seek out and make our own amid the countless effusions of modern literature, which translates for us rare and beautiful pages (like those of Maurice de Guerin,

which Mr. Arnold sets in such exquisite English that one doubts whether the French original can be the equal of the translation),—this is the criticism which we need. It is one of the functions of the minister, as well as of the editor. It was in fulfilling this function that UNTRY introduced us to Lewis Morris a few weeks ago. It was still more serviceable, because the subject is further removed from common notice, when the *Nation*, a few weeks ago, gave us a long sympathetic account of a Frenchwoman, La Comtesse de Chambrun, and her writings,—an account of a gifted, devoted life—"beautiful and stainless domestic relations, surrounded by simple and refined social pleasures"—"in the highest social circles of France, and amid vast wealth."

Such a critic helps to save us from the prejudice against the French as a corrupt and morbid nation, which is apt to form itself in us on reading the Marquise de San Carlos on "French Girlhood," in the *North American Review*, or the judgment of a competent reader on Zola: "One breathes a sigh of relief at the thought that 'Le Docteur Pascal' is the last of that series of repellant books in which passages of marvelous beauty and strokes of undoubted genius serve but to deepen disgust and to intensify regret" F. G. B.

Men and Things

OLIVE SCHREINER is, we believe, now visiting in London. She has come from South Africa with another manuscript. Her reception is very different from that of a few years ago, when George Meredith in his capacity of reader for a big publishing house asked by letter that "Mr. Ralph Iron should call upon him." Miss Schreiner is the daughter of a German missionary, is the ninth of a family of twelve children, was grown up before she ever saw a town.

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO., of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose business is drop forging, have done an admirable thing for their employes, which will doubtless redound to their own advantage in gaining the confidence of their workmen and keeping the best kind of men in their employment. They have, at considerable expense, set up shower baths, with hot and cold water, and other bathing facilities, both for the men themselves and for their working clothes; putting in convenient lockers in which the men may leave the clothes which they wear to and from the works. The men work where the temperature is very high, and of course they are drenched in perspiration. They may now have a refreshing bath at noon and at night, and have their working clothes clean and dry ready for them every morning.

Contributed and Selected

THE TWO LIGHTS.

The darkness rises to the star-lit height.
 O'er town and plain and clustered olive trees.
 All sounds of labor cease, the sighing breeze
 Alone disturbs the dewy hush of night.
 'Twi'x star and dew shine forth two lights of earth,
 From height and plain they each a story tell;
 One of the hermit in his lonely cell,
 Watching the stars' decrease, the morning's birth.
 It speaks of souls that countless ages through
 Have watched and prayed alone upon the height,
 Keeping, through all the darkness of the night,
 Undimmed, a lofty faith, a vision true.
 The other, shining from a window low,
 To every wandering, homeless creature speaks
 Of kindly help and care, a love that seeks
 To bring divinest aid to human woe.
 It tells the story of a gospel near,
 Whose spirit is to know a neighbor's need,
 To pray in loving, worship in a deed.
 The hungry feed, the sorrowful to cheer.
 The light that burns afar upon the height
 Seems cold and distant to the toiling crowd,
 And often must the mists of earth enshroud
 The beacon ray of mercy from men's sight.
 But ever as the world moves to the morn,
 The two shall blend and perfect truth reveal:
 The star-fed faith, the heavenly ideal,
 And the pure beam from gentle service born.

ALICE GORDON.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

ABSTRACT OF A SERMON BY REV. VICTOR EMANUEL SOUTHWORTH, MINISTER OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, OF WARE, N. H.

The doctrine of rewards and punishments, as it is commonly taught, amounts to this: Life is a probation. Here and now the soul is given an opportunity to be saved from the lost condition into which the race has fallen because of the disobedience of our first parents. Life is short. Death is certain. After death comes

the judgment. By our acceptance or rejection of certain clearly defined conditions of salvation our final and unalterable destiny will be determined. Our opportunity for repentance and conversion ends with the grave. Then, once for all, we are rewarded, or once for all condemned to punishment. In brief, this is what is popularly understood as the doctrine of rewards and punishments. As can be readily seen, it lies at the very core of the evangelical scheme of salvation. In one way or another it is being constantly urged upon the attention of the people. Its fascination for the average mind is largely due to the great element of truth there is in it.

It is true that in a sense we are rewarded when we do what is right, and punished when we do what is wrong. This is in accordance with the great law of cause and effect. Only it is unreasonable to suppose that the reward for right-doing and the punishment for wrong-doing are in any way postponed to the life after death, when, as a matter of fact, our experience is that we cannot do a good deed without at once feeling rewarded, and we cannot do an evil deed without at once feeling condemned. In spite of all its truth, I am painfully convinced that there is no other doctrine taught in the sacred name of religion that is so easily or so often perverted to low and immoral purposes. The soul is challenged to choose, not between the right and the wrong, but between the reward and the punishment. The appeal—not always, I admit, but usually—is directed to the basest elements of our nature rather than to our noblest impulses. We are urged (I have been, you have been) to accept certain conditions of salvation, not because of the rightness or reasonableness of the conditions themselves, but for the sake of personal gain, or from fear of personal loss. And this is why I say the doctrine of rewards and punishments, as it is commonly presented, is essentially immoral and wicked, because it appeals to our lowest instincts, to our cupidity and cowardice; and not to our highest impulses, to our love of truth and our sense of right.

To me it seems as if the moral integrity of humanity calls for a direct and unqualified condemnation of this pernicious doctrine. In this sense—that the direct outcome of our conduct will be good or ill exactly in proportion as our action is right or wrong—do I hold to the doctrine of rewards and punishments. I recognize that justice and right is the one law engraven on the very heart of things,—a law that vindicates itself here and now in the facts of our own experience. In the moral world every soul has what it deserves and is fitted for, no more and no less. Every deed carries with it direct and unavoidable results. It is not a question of suffering or enjoyment, but of being.

The gain or the loss is not some fresh pleasure or some grievous pain. It is the gain or loss of moral nerve and energy. *It is not what I get, but what I become, that forms the real reward or punishment.* There is no such thing, therefore, as evading or being saved from the direct consequences of my action. As the Buddhists have it, "All we are is the result of what we have done." Or, as one of the old Greek sages put it, "We are our own children." That is, what we are is determined not by what Adam did or by what Jesus did, but by what we do. "We are our own children," because what we are is the result of our own actions. We are our own saviors or our own destroyers. What we are in our own moral selfhood, what we have made out of ourselves by our deliberate choice of good or of evil, this alone is our salvation or our condemnation, our reward or our punishment.

Yes, indeed, there is a large element of truth in this doctrine of moral compensations. Only this is my point—we are not rewarded or punished by another, but by ourselves. The only real reward is the increase and preservation of a noble character. The awful punishment is not so much a matter of suffering or pain as it is the moral degeneration and loss which inevitably result from wrong behavior. When the eye looks in upon the soul it sees the beauty or the deformity its own thought and deed have created. We make or mar our character. As St. Bernard said: "Nothing can work me damage but myself."

Man hath no faults except past deeds,
 No hell but what he makes.

The great Moral Reformer of Galilee, affirmed that "the kingdom of heaven is within you;" so, too, is the kingdom of hell. Heaven or hell, our punishment is just this,—

All that total of a soul
 Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had.

Alone, each for himself, must we reckon with

The fixed arithmetic of the universe,
 Which meteth good for good, ill for ill,
 Measure for measure unto deeds, words,
 thoughts,

Making one future grow from all the past.

This is right. What more can we ask? It says in the language of Dr. Lyman Abbott: "Righteousness is better than any reward it brings. Sin is worse than any punishment it entails." Worse than hell, worse than a thousand hells, is hellishness—the loss of purity, the decay of moral power, the debasement of character. This is the sure penalty of a wasted life, not that we have been shut out of heaven, but that we have shut ourselves out by unfitting ourselves for its enjoyments.

This is the view of life I would teach you, my friends, to take. I would teach you to build your life on honor. Do not try to do right for pay. Do not shun evil simply because you dread the punishment. I

cannot see how you can retain the integrity of your character and stop for an instant to speculate upon the rewards or punishments when the question of right and truth is at stake. To be saved through the merits or proxy of another, to win heaven by grace would be, as Dr. Momerie suggests, equivalent to being morally lost. Heaven, or a thousand heavens, would be far too costly if in order to secure them one must sacrifice in an infinitesimal degree the integrity of one's own nature.

INDIAN WOMEN.

[The following from an article in the *New World* will awaken a new interest in the man whose voice will be heard next month in Chicago. Upon Mozoomdar's shoulders more than any other one man has the mantle of Keshub Chunder Sen fallen. These kinsmen are the best known representatives of the new movement that brings Brahminism up to the level of nineteenth century religion. Devout theism, rational religion, universal sympathies find in this movement an expression.—Ed.]

Every one expresses impatience at the condition of the Indian woman. She has been the victim of a civilization, or semi-civilization, controlled by foreign conquerors who had little respect for ancient Hindu usages. For the seclusion and repression of women have never been principles of the national religion. Even now, where Mohammedan rule is not enforced in cruel severity, Hindu women are comparatively free; the whole region known as Maharashtra is evidence. The Brahmin housewife of Poona tramps about the thoroughfares in heavy anklets and substantial red slippers; in the domestic arrangements and the affairs of the neighborhood she exercises a will-force imperious and aggressive. Dozens of texts are often quoted from Manu declaring that where woman is honored the Devasas are propitiated and love to dwell. Despite, however, all that has been said for and against the condition of the Indian woman, the fact remains that she deserves more attention, more service, more elevation than we have given her. The Brahmo Samaj has girded itself to deal with this fact. During the last thirty years, various agencies have been started for female education. Societies, both religious and literary, have been established, schools founded, lectures given, journals and books published, and training households opened for the benefit of women. We have, I think, more than a dozen lady graduates in and about the Brahmo Samaj, and all of them passed by hard, honest work. But there is a feeling in our heart of hearts that this is by no means the right method for the education of woman. A system that cannot adapt itself to sexes and circumstances is a slavery; a freedom that cannot realize itself in an intelligible system is a delusion. We have not been able yet to reconcile these two extremes, and I should like very much to know how other communities have done.

I pray and trust that, amidst all this clamor about "female emancipation," we may not forget that the re-

form of the Hindu home is the real object we have in view. The home and the congregation are the lesser and larger dimensions of the same divine relationship. The church cannot be purified while the home remains impure and unhappy. We are a very indigent people; for long, long years there is no prospect of wealth, even of comfort. What other influence or culture can help us save that which consecrates poverty into blessedness and sheds the consolation of love and trust in God?

The Brahmo Samaj is slowly building up a new society around itself. The loosening of the old caste system has now been effected to some extent among some classes quite as much by the influence of European education as by reforms similar to our own. Whatever we may have to say for or against an indiscriminate fusion, every one is agreed that the different castes and orders should come closer and form a brotherhood. In some parts of the country the rigid rules about food and association have relaxed, and members of the Brahmo Samaj—wherever they go, and whoever comes to them—give and receive a brotherly welcome of the warmest kind. Even Europeans and Mohammedans have penetrated a part of the crust of the old society. About a dozen cases of Hindus marrying English wives have been known in Bengal. The law of survival applies to the formation of a new society. It is a curious fact that the leading men of the Brahmo Samaj in every section, almost without exception so far, come from the three highest castes, though our rank and file include men of all castes, even some Mohammedans. It should be our principle to proceed in this matter as slowly and carefully as possible, leaving Time, the arch-architect, to build, shape, and modify the materials according to the intelligence and needs of the people. It is of the utmost importance that we ourselves should not get contracted into a caste, but keep our sympathies and courses open for all future contingencies.

—Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.

SHALL WOMEN BE SOUGHT FOR THE MINISTRY?

With the memory of the noble women and their fine enthusiasms at the Woman's Congress in Chicago and in other succeeding congresses, and with the consciousness that it is invariably the welfare of the race which absorbs them, I cannot avoid the reflection that the ministry is the field waiting for women.

And following my reflections comes the wish that more of our bright young women leaving college and planning their life work would enter this field. The liberal churches, if they do not offer inducements, present few obstacles to the entrance of women.

Those who are already in the profession have so proved their fitness

for their work that they have in a great measure removed the prejudice which a few years ago stood, sword in hand, intimidating and threatening the women who ventured to enter this path.

It is true there is still a lingering notion in some minds that a woman, however gifted, should devote herself exclusively to soothing the sorrows of one man, instead of comforting the hearts and inspiring the souls of a community; but this notion is fast fading, and, as all women do not find the man wishing their devotion, and as those who find him often find he is magnanimous enough to wish his wife to use her gifts in helping others, it follows that the way is much easier and pleasanter than formerly.

There is much of the pastoral work so peculiarly suited to women that it is often said success in a parish depends as much on the minister's wife and her ministrations as on his eloquence and religious fervor.

There are parishes waiting for leaders, some of them not able to pay large salaries, yet offering such opportunities for good work that many a woman would gladly accept the charge if encouraged to do so.

Considering the fitness of women for this work, and the need of workers, would it not be well if the Unitarian organization offered the same inducements and assistance to young women that it does to young men to prepare themselves for the ministry?

Of the hundreds of young women graduated from our colleges every year, some would gladly enter this not overcrowded profession if encouragement were extended.

MRS. HELEN P. JENKINS.

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Church-Door Pulpit

ALL OF EDEN NOT LOST.*

BY REV. M. W. CHUNN, PH. D.

When Prince Buddha was growing to manhood, so runs the old Hindoo legend, his father, King Suddhodana, built three beautiful palaces the like of which this world had never before seen. These palaces rivaled in splendor the abode of the immortal gods. Magnificent gardens adorned with every shrub and flower which are a delight to mortal eyes; enchanting lakes in whose waters sported graceful swans, and upon whose bosom the lotus bloomed, trees that furnished a cooling shade and filled the air with delicious fragrance added to the beauty of King Suddhodana's stately palaces. The most beautiful women in all the land were chosen to grace these costly palaces. Ramparts were extended all around the palaces to keep out the aged, the diseased and the beggar class of mankind. There must nothing ever enter the bounds of this earthly paradise to remind anyone of old age and disease and death. In this charming spot Prince Buddha was to dwell. Parental affection was not the only motive that led King Suddhodana to make ready for his son this earthly paradise. It had been foretold by infallible soothsayers that if the prince should ever see the four presaging tokens, an *old man*, a *diseased man*, a *corpse* and a *beggar*, he would become a Buddha, and would devote his life to religious work. If he could be prevented from beholding these four presaging tokens he would become the king of all earthly kings. The father cherished the fond hope that his son would realize this last ideal, and so he would spare no pains to prevent the prince from beholding the four presaging tokens. The king had prepared a paradise even more magnificent than the one in which the young prince dwelt. A soothsayer had foretold that if the prince should ever behold this new abode of bliss he would be content to remain forever there, and not wander forth into the sick and suffering world where he would meet the four presaging tokens. The king's task was to convey his son to this new paradise without letting him behold on the way one of the four presaging tokens. On the appointed day the prince in his chariot leaves the palace by the eastern gate to drive to the "Garden of Happiness," for so the new abode was named. Soldiers had been sent out to scour the country near and far so as to keep an aged man, or a diseased person, or a corpse, or a beggar from crossing the pathway of the prince. But as the prince's chariot proceeds, and the people shout their joy, and scatter flowers in the way, suddenly there appears close to the chariot an old

man with streaming white hair, with wasted form, and with stooping shoulders; he hobbles slowly along leaning upon his staff. The prince is moved with pity at this unusual sight. He had never before looked upon any one except the young and strong and fair. His charioteer explains to him that this is old age which he now for the first time beholds, and that this condition must be the final lot of all the young and strong and fair. The prince declares he will have nothing more to do with the pleasures of life. He commands the charioteer to turn round and drive him back to the palace from which he had set out.

King Suddhodana, although chagrined by the failure of the prince to visit the garden of happiness, does not lose courage. He makes three more attempts to have the prince reach the garden of happiness without beholding any other of the presaging tokens. He takes every precaution that human skill and power can devise. But his labors are in vain. The second time the prince sets out in his chariot through the southern gate of the palace to reach the desired garden. But this time a man whose body is emaciated with disease and suffering stands close by the chariot of the prince, and the prince, once more moved with compassion, and bewailing the sorrows of human life, commands the charioteer to take him back to the palace. When the third attempt is made to reach the garden of happiness, a corpse followed by mourners tearing their hair and beating their breasts is carried across the road that the prince's chariot traverses. The prince for the first time is brought into contact with death. Again he bids his charioteer turn round and take him back to the palace. A fourth attempt was made to reach the garden of happiness, but this time, the last of the four presaging tokens, a holy beggar, carrying his alms-bowl in his hand, is presented to the eyes of the prince. The prince once more gives the command to turn back.

Through the eastern, the southern, the western, and the northern gates of the palace the prince had passed in his chariot, but each time one of the presaging tokens had crossed his pathway, and the garden of happiness had not been reached. King Suddhodana was in despair, for his son had seen the four presaging tokens, and he would never become a king of earthly kings—the pride of his father's heart. The prince turned his back upon earthly honors. He left his kingdom, his wealth, his friends, in order to devote himself to the task of lightening the sorrows of mankind. Louder and more urgent than the voice of his friends sounded in his ears these words:

"Mighty prop of humanity
March in the pathway of the Rishis of old,
Go forth from this city!
Upon this desolate earth, . . .
Thou, whose life is pure, save flesh from its
miseries!

In the presence of reviling be patient, O conqueror of self!
Lord of those who possess two feet, go forth on thy mission!
Conquer the evil one and his army."

This beautiful Hindoo legend of Buddha teaches the truth which we must all learn sooner or later, that old age, disease, and death are three evils that mankind cannot escape. Sir Edwin Arnold in his grand poem, the "Light of Asia," makes Buddha voice the general sentiment of humanity in these lines:

"Oh! suffering world;
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mookery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst:
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but
yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me, too, this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
Forever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard,
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
For them, and me, and all, there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help them-
selves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that
Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if, all powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful
He is not God! Channa! lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

Some of the most earnest religious teachers of the world have been men whose philosophy was strongly tinged with pessimism. Buddha belonged to the class of pessimists. The same is true of Jesus of Nazareth. In a passage ascribed to Publius Lentulus, which has come down to us from the fourth century, it is said regarding Jesus: "He has never been seen to laugh, but oftentimes to weep." Life was full of seriousness for such men as Buddha and Jesus. They looked upon men and women as sheep distressed and scattered for lack of kind shepherds. Much that we read in the New Testament regarding Jesus would lead us to infer that he was a man who did not always dwell on the mountain-heights of optimism, but frequently abode in the dark valley of pessimism. Nowhere in the New Testament are we told that Jesus smiled or laughed, but we are told in several places that he wept. His addresses were never in the humorous vein. From beginning to end they breathed the spirit of seriousness. The intense sympathy that Jesus felt for mankind prevented him from being gay and happy in a world filled with disease and sorrow and suffering. In modern times the philosophy of pessimism finds advocates. Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, was an avowed pessimist. The creed of such men as Buddha and Jesus and Schopenhauer did not make them less zealous, but rather more zealous to work for the interests of mankind.

What a difference there is between such men as Buddha, Jesus and Schopenhauer, and the light, frivolous

*A sermon preached by the pastor of Unity churches, Luverne, Minn., and Rock Rapids, Iowa, Sunday, June 25, 1893.

class of humanity that it is our lot sometimes to meet! What a difference there is between such a man as Jesus of Nazareth, who wept more frequently than he smiled, and the man who cannot banish the silly grin from his face even when he is brought into contact with the wants and the sorrows of his fellow-mortals! Says the author of Ecclesiastes, "there is a time to laugh;" but he says also, "there is a time to weep." Seriousness is sometimes better than frivolity. A tear on the cheek is sometimes better than a smile on the lips. If there is a real bond of brotherhood that unites all the children of men, no man can revel in perfect happiness while his brother is forced to writhe in hopeless misery. The sorrows of the unfortunate must lessen the joys of the fortunate.

It is doubtless true that this world is the best world that could possibly exist under the reign of that system of Law which holds sway throughout the universe. But we can conceive of the existence of a better and happier world than the one in which we live. We can conceive of the existence of a world in which a thousand secret enemies, such as earthquakes, lightnings, and cyclones, should not threaten every second the life of mankind. We can conceive of the existence of a world in which good health, and not loathsome disease, should be contagious. We can conceive of the existence of a world in which death would not come with ruthless tread to snatch the wife from the arms of her husband and the babe from the bosom of its mother. We can conceive of the existence of a world in which woman would not sell her honor for gold and man would not barter his manhood for office. We can conceive of the existence of a world that should excel as far this present world in beauty as the rich prairies of our Western States, in the month of June, excel the Sahara desert.

Men in every age have realized the imperfections of this present world and the sufferings that are a necessary portion of this present life. The poetic fancy of man has taught him to believe that the world was not always blighted with imperfections, and that human life was not always cursed with suffering. Far back in the distant past the human race, in its childhood, dwelt in a land of bliss in which pain and sickness and sorrow were unknown. Mankind lost this Eden to find it again, not in this world, but in a sweeter and happier world beyond the skies.

I do not wish to say anything today that might lead one to infer that I belong to the class of pessimists. In this part of the country, as fair and rich in summer as the sun ever looks upon, and in this most beautiful month of all the year, when the fields and the groves are adorned with their most bewitching apparel to cheer our hearts, we ought, if at any time, to rejoice even with joy and

singing. We have dwelt upon some of the sad realities of human life, old age, disease and death. We have seen how men possessed of deep religious natures, and of warm, sympathetic hearts, have passed their days in the valley of weeping. We have cast a glance at the pictures men have painted of the world in the age when there were no pains and sorrows to vex the human race. What is there that has survived the wreck of this happy Eden—this Eden which holds so important a place in the legendary writings of mankind? What is there of happiness that remains to us in spite of the reign of old age and disease and death in every nation of the world?

In the first place, FRIENDSHIP has survived the wreck of this happy Eden of by-gone days. There is not a person in the world, whatever his condition in life may have been, who has not experienced the joys of friendship. Most of us have passed through occasions of trial and grief which would have driven us to the verge of despair or insanity if we had not been blessed with friends upon whose arm we could lean for support, and in whose face we could read the tokens of sympathy. Many of us might have stained our souls with impurity and covered our names with dishonor if the loving hand of some friend had not kept us back from the evil path. Old age, disease and death are less grievous evils than would be the loss of this bond of sympathy which unites man with man. What a hell this world would become if man had no more sympathy for a brother man than one block of wood has for another block of wood! What a hell this world would become if man, although surrounded by thousands of fellow creatures, should yet be forced to dwell in the solitude of the desert for want of one human heart to beat in sympathy with his own!

If theologians wish to invent a hell for mankind in the future life that shall be the most uninviting and intolerable spot in all the universe, let them, instead of building it with walls of flame and adorning it with lakes of brimstone and rivers of molten lead, make it a dreary waste in which no flower of friendship ever blooms, and upon whose parched soil no tear of sympathy ever falls. Let them make it a land in which man shall toil and suffer knowing that in all that cursed land there is not a human soul that cares to waste sympathy on him. The saddest condition of mind into which man can fall is that condition when he believes that in all the wide world there is no friend who takes interest in his welfare.

Whenever we meet such a man it becomes our most sacred religious duty to make him realize that sympathy has not died in every human breast. There has been more than one young man in the world who, having transgressed the moral law,

and brought ignominy upon his home, has exclaimed in the anguish of his soul: "Mother does not care for me; father does not care; brothers and sisters do not care; nobody cares!" Woe to the world when man shall lose sympathy for his brother, however deep in the cesspool of immorality this brother may have sunk himself! Some of the world's most distinguished men, Cicero, Lord Bacon and Emerson, have written on the subject of friendship. It is a subject the human pen cannot exhaust. Old age, disease, misfortune, may visit us, but as long as friendship shall remain to bind our hearts with the golden chain of sympathy to other human hearts, we cannot be truly poor, we cannot be truly miserable, we cannot say that all of Eden is lost.

In the second place, VIRTUE has survived the wreck of this happy Eden of by-gone days. Old age, disease, and death, and other physical evils have power over the body, but not over the soul of man. It does not lie in our power to preserve beyond a certain limit our youth, our health, and our life, but the loss of youth and health and life does not mean the loss of virtue. There is a spirit, or a soul-principle, in man that is not subject to the law of change and decay. Every age of the world witnesses the growth of the virtue of the world. Man is the only animal that can be said, strictly speaking, to have the power of choice, and thereby the ability to form moral character. Man is the only animal to whom virtue can be ascribed as an attribute. While Buddha was hesitating regarding the proper course in life for him to follow, the message came to him clear and distinct:

This is the night! Choose thou
The way of greatness, or the way of good;
To reign a king of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be
helped.

We all know what choice Buddha made. What would it matter to him whether his days should be few or many, whether his body should be diseased or healthy? He had chosen aright, and the crown of virtue that encircled his brow would shine with greater luster than the crown worn by any king of earthly kings. The crown of virtue that Buddha won can be won by every man who will choose as Buddha chose. Thousands and tens of thousands of the human race have chosen as Buddha chose, and so, whatever losses the world has experienced, virtue has survived the wreck.

In the third place, HOPE has survived the wreck of this happy Eden of by-gone days. In Grecian legend it is said that after Prometheus had stolen fire from heaven, Zeus, in order to punish mankind for the theft, sent down to the world a box that was filled with all kinds of diseases and pestilences. When the box was opened, as the result of human curiosity, these diseases and pestilences flew out, and were scattered to all portions of the world to afflict man-

kind. At the bottom of the box hope remained, and before it could fly away the box was covered up again, and so hope was preserved as a blessing for mankind.

When hope is lost all is lost indeed. Zeus, although he sent grievous evils upon mankind, was not so cruel as to rob mankind of hope. When disease and suffering should visit man the hope of better days to come—should remain to cheer him. More cruel than any torment that the imagination of Dante devised for the souls of the damned are these words written over the gate-way of hell: "Leave every hope, ye who enter here!" Man can endure almost any degree of suffering if he has the assurance that a day will come at last when his suffering will end. But welcome him through the gate-way that leads to eternal woe, and reason cannot stand the shock, but must abdicate her throne, and leave man a raving maniac.

The study of the history of mankind for the last two or three thousand years ought to fill our hearts with hope and not with despair. The reading of such a book as Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man," that shows how man has struggled slowly but surely onward and upward to higher and still higher levels, ought to inspire us with hope for the grand future of the race. Is there not every reason to believe that man will press on toward the goal of perfection until a future age will witness the birth of a race of beings that shall excel as far the present race as man excels the ape-like creature from which he sprung? There is many and many a dark page in the annals of mankind, many and many a dark page that almost fills our hearts with despair for the future of the human race, many and many a dark page that we would gladly blot out if we could. But through these dark pages of human history there gleams a ray of light; the farther down we follow the stream of history the brighter grows this ray of light. Century by century marks an advance in the civilization of the world. The nineteenth century would not tolerate the wrongs and cruelties against the weak and unfortunate that were practiced in the eighteenth century. The twentieth century will not tolerate the evils that are practiced in the nineteenth century.

Yes, in spite of sin and suffering and death, that rest upon every portion of the world, hope remains—hope in the final triumph of humanity; hope in the final victory of the right over the wrong; hope that mankind shall yet inherit an Eden not in a world beyond the grave, but in this present world; hope that the future will witness the dawn of that golden age of the world which poets have placed in the distant past, in the childhood period of the race.

"I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away.
Heaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;

In the power of its remoulding.
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection—I believe.

"I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph—I believe."

The Study Table

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE SHRUBS OF NORTHEASTERN AMERICA. By Charles S. Newhall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, large 8vo., pp. 250; \$2.50.—The lover of beautiful books will be gratified by this volume. Its form, print, and arrangement give it a value before one has had opportunity to know its greater worth. Scientific without being technical, this book will afford to one who has little or no botanical knowledge means of becoming acquainted with the names, habits and economic values of the shrubs growing in the United States and Canada east of the Mississippi and north of the southern boundary of Pennsylvania. The three guides give the possibility of naming these shrubs through their flowers, leaves, or fruit: which will be of great assistance to the many who are with them but a short time each year. The outline drawings, typical without being conventional, will be important aids to the stranger and delights to the old friends of these plants. The notes explaining local names and giving traditions are interesting and furnish information that one may look long and far to find. A. M. P.

COSMOPOLIS. By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by Cleveland Moffett. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Paper, pp. 341; 25 cents.—A psychological study of heredity as evidenced by the persistence of race characteristics, woven into a plot highly flavored with the incidents common to novels dealing with the artificial life of social parasites. The children's teeth are set on edge by the grapes that the mothers as well as the fathers have eaten. The scene of the story is Rome; time, the nineteenth century. That the book has a positive value cannot be denied, though the impartiality with which all the characters are supplied with faults is perhaps a trifle monotonous, even if lifelike. G. B. P.

DONALD MONCRIEFF. By Jeanie Oliver Smith. A companion book to "The Mayor of Kanemeta." Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. Paper, 12mo., pp. 184; 50 cents.—There is not enough of freshness or originality in this little book to commend it to any lover of a strong, healthy novel. It is a simple love story, and a fair representative of a type which is already too familiar to every reader. Fond love and bitter jealousy are de-

picted in the good old-fashioned way, with the usual satisfactory conclusion. H. U.

A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE. By Rodrigues Ottolengui. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 347; \$1.00.—A book that will please the morbid taste of all who find pleasure in following the adventures of wily detectives in their peculiar calling. H. U.

FROM THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION we have received, as No. 20 of the second volume of Tracts for the Times, Dr. Brooke Herford's "Main Lines of Religion as Held by Unitarians," a presentation of the subject, admirable alike for brevity and attractiveness of style, with which American readers are already familiar, it having been issued as one of the A. U. A. tracts, while Dr. Herford was on this side of the water. We have also received two very diminutive tracts (the pages being three inches by two) by Rev. R. A. Armstrong, which are to be sold for a half-penny. One, entitled "The God-Christ or the Human Christ," is such a clear statement of the alternative as we should expect from Mr. Armstrong, a thinker known to UNRY readers by his criticism of the New Orthodoxy published in our Church-Door Pulpit a few weeks ago. The other, entitled "Unitarian Christianity Explained," takes a somewhat more Christocentric view of Unitarianism than we should have expected from Mr. Armstrong.

THE INDEPENDENT for August 3 is an educational number, containing, in whole or in part, seventeen of the addresses and papers for the recent World's Educational Congress. We confess to a grudge against *The Independent* for publishing thirty-two folio pages fifty-two times a year: it takes us so long to ascertain whether it contains anything of special interest. This week we spent longer than usual over it, but were inclined to forgive it for publishing so much in view of its value. To call attention to particular papers where all are so good may seem invidious; the note of rational reform sounded in almost if not quite all the papers in the educational symposium; but perhaps Dr. Woodward's explanation of the American Manual Training School (though not as perfect as we should like to have it) and Sarah B. Cooper's paper on the aims and methods of the kindergarten are especially valuable to the layman.

THE OUTLOOK, for Aug. 12, contains an interesting article descriptive of the work of the Mansfield House Settlement in Canning Town, East London, written by Mr. Percy Alden, the Warden. Although not yet three years old, this settlement has already accomplished so much that a story which should describe

such achievements would probably be condemned as exaggerated and impossible.

THE NON-SECTARIAN for August sustains its reputation by the thoughtfulness and timeliness of its editorials and the scope of its contributed matter. Rev. R. C. Cave, in his article on the Kingdom of Heaven, points out the resemblance between the particularism of the old Jewish conception of the Kingdom and the illiberal faith of so many modern Christians. In an article taken from the *Liberal Co-Worker*, Rev. J. H. Crooker discusses "A Safe Religion" in an incisive manner, which may be guessed at from the title itself.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY: Sermons and Addresses by Russell Lant Carpenter, B. A. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 328. 6s.

STRONG POINTS OF UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY. By Wm. Gaskell, M. A. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 14p. pamphlet, one penny.

THE NEW ORTHODOXY. By R. A. Armstrong, B. A. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 14p. pamphlet, one penny.

IN AMAZON LAND. By Martha F. Sesselberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 94; \$1.50.

WASHINGTON BROWN, FARMER. By Le Roy Armstrong. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 328. \$1.50. Paper, 60 cents.

World's Fair Notes

An artist is often attracted to a picture simply because of its "treatment." He is not intent on the picture itself, the sort of story it tells, the choice of subject, but on some picture of his own which he either has under way or in contemplation. "How does that fellow get his effects? That's great handling," etc. Then comes a professional critic, and you soon know all about the drawing—whether it is "out" or "great." And you get the picture dissected with such precision and thoroughness that you sometimes wonder why artists as a rule do not consult the critics beforehand and so profit thereby as to save themselves the mortification of being slaughtered at the end.

But, if the right critic has not been consulted—"ah, there's the rub!"

There are two things in judging a work of art which one desires to have satisfactorily set forth: 1. That the choice of subject is a good one. 2. That it is consistently worked out. The drawing and the technique follow, and of course you wish them to be good. But the *art* does not all nor in greater part lie with these two last. These touch more on the mechanism of art than of its essence, or soul. Naturally artists work into a style of their own; so you pick their works out by their "style." This individuality of style adds a great deal

to the interest, because it is not merely mannerism, it is the subtle way—genius, flowing through particular channels, confronts us with variety, and assurance that she has a "thousand ways by which to touch and come again."

But is it not possible for a truly great artist to let his subject suggest the style?

Doubtless, in some degree, and it may appear that the peculiarity lies farther back than style in the sort of world the artist has been born into, and out of which he comes to speak to us by his work. 'Tis the style or fashion of that world wherein he dwells to do so and so. He has not invented a style: no, it is the natural way of his world.

Stop before Whistler's two paintings. Here is a *style*—not invented, not borrowed, but it is the man himself to whom an idea need not be clothed upon too elaborately. A touch or two and you have it—the dark backgrounds separating that idea from all else. The two pictures in question are, to me at least, not quite interesting in subject—the "Fur Jacket," the "Lady with the Yellow Buskin"—but that is what they are. Whistler has no disturbing accessories. It is said that his portrait of his mother and the one of Carlyle are remarkable for their portrayal of intellectual and spiritual power.

George Feller, represented by the single painting called, for the want of some other name, "The Octoroon," with a style wholly different, gives always a picture without confusions—the whole is one—an *idea* dominates and fuses all the particulars. What spoils a picture is the having to look it all over to see what everything is doing.

The force of that great painting, while it is not pleasant long to contemplate, called "The Flagellants," lies in the fact that with all its manifold detail, the story, or idea, is made perfectly legible.

"The Morning Soup" (497—France)—that is the whole story, with a sense of the universal "Fraternity and Equality" pervading it, for even the dog licks a platter.

Rosa Bonheur's "The Overthrow" (328), is wholly an overthrow—a picture, too, one would like to have hanging where it could now and then be seen by the public after the Fair is over. S. H. M.

Correspondence

ANIMAL HELPFULNESS.

EDITOR OF UNITY: I read with much interest on page 277 of your last issue the remarks on "Canine Manners," and the story of the heroic hen who deliberately sacrificed her life to save her offspring. These inspire me to write you what has come under my own observation.

One evening last week in watering some flowers in our garden I unconsciously beat down a small

butterfly with the spray from the hose, and held him flat to the earth with little particles of dirt. Next morning my wife and I, while looking at the flowers, discovered the butterfly lying on the ground and two other similar butterflies tugging at him, evidently trying to raise him up. After watching them a moment, and being certain of their purpose, I released the captive butterfly and the three flew off joyfully together! Is not this an example for Christians to follow?

A. H. WIMBISH.

St. Paul, Minn.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

EDITOR UNITY: In a late UNITY the question is asked if our liberal ministers have never considered "cruelty to animals" a subject worthy their consideration. Two such sermons, at least, come to mind, one by Rev. M. J. Savage—"Rights of Animals, or Man and His Poor Relations;" and the other, "The Doom of the Sparrow," by Rev. J. L. Jones, in which he calls attention to the brutalizing effect upon children of the Illinois law regarding the sparrow. Then by carefully prepared facts and figures Mr. Jones showed that, whether or no the doom of the sparrow is sealed, the more rare and beautiful birds are rapidly becoming extinct because of the ruthless slaughter, which still goes on, for purposes of decoration, especially in millinery. Mr. Jones has in yet another sermon protested against the so-called sport of hunting.

A FRIEND.

EDITOR UNITY: In answer to "Inquirer," I would say that I have many times heard the good Episcopalian minister of St. George's Church, Flushing, N. Y., J. Carpenter Smith, D.D., preach sermons entirely upon the evil of cruelty to animals and to children. I have no doubt other ministers do the same.

Our Unitarian pastor, Rev. Edward B. Payne, gives us the finest sermons upon varied themes that I have ever heard. K. P. S. BOYD.

Berkeley, Cal.

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- SUN.—Instead of getting to Heaven at last,
I'm going all along!
- MON.—A heaven of heavens, the privilege
Of one another's eyes.
- TUES.—The soul unto itself
Is an imperial friend.
- WED.—Who never lost, are unprepared
A coronet to find.
- THURS.—Each life converges to some center
Expressed or still.
- FRI.—A deed knocks first at thought,
And then it knocks at will.
- SAT.—Power is only pain,
Stranded, through discipline,
Till weights will hang.

—Emily Dickinson.

WORTH WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows by like a song.
But the man worth while is one who
will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises
of earth
Is the smile that shines through
tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of
sin
Is luring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor on
earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-
day,
They make up the sum of life.
But virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage
on earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MISTAKES OF CHILDREN.

The childish understanding has a hard time of it, and in no sphere so much as in that of religion. If it were only possible to set foot in that undiscovered country traversed by active, whimsical little minds during outwardly attentive hours spent in church or Sunday school, what ludicrous interpretations, or rather misinterpretations, would we discover are

fastened upon the hymn or prayer or Scripture text, which we fondly believed the most illuminating presentations of gospel truths to the lambs of the flock.

"When the twister, a-twisting, would twist him a twist," he need look no further for an example than the rendition of our popular hymns by the average infant Sunday-school class. The tots, of course, cannot read, so the superintendent (whose enunciation is probably none of the clearest) reads them out line by line, and the diminutive audience rapidly translate any words or ideas which are beyond their comprehension into vernacular which "may be understood of the common;" the babies on the back seats, whose ears the original dictation did not reach, catch the text as well as they may by listening to the others, and whatever has been lost in the transit is glibly filled in with words and sentiments of the most secular and startling character; and by the time the hymn has circulated all through the room the sense is pretty well sifted out of it—like the measles in the prolific Ward family, which Artemus said he escaped, "because there wasn't enough of it to go round."

"Who is Etta Farr, Mamma?" asked one little girl who lives in the Quaker City, "right in our midst," as the popular bit of bad grammar goes.

"Etta Farr?" thoughtfully replied Mamma, mentally conning over her calling list. "I don't know any such person."

"Oh, yes, you do," persisted the little one. "We sing about her, you know." "The Sweet Bye and Bye" was indeed a Sunday evening favorite at that home, but no one had ever noticed that "Girle" had always faithfully rendered one line:

By faith we can see Etta Farr,
and that curiosity concerning "Etta's" identity was rife within her small bosom.

"The vilest sinner"—that standard character with whom we self-abasingly and unfavorably compare ourselves in the hymns, and to whom we flatter our secret selves that we are immensely superior—has at last been given a name, if not a local habitation. An excellent lady of stern New England upbringing recently confessed that to her youthful fancy an even more impressive figure of warning than even that of Lot's wife was one Mary Turn, who must be "the wickedest woman in the world," for did not the village choir frequently assert that

The vilest sinner's Mary Turn.

How discouraging a perversion, into a message of denunciation, of a hymn whose peaceful purpose was to assure guilty hesitancy that "the vilest sinners may return!"

When the spectacular production of "Nero, or the Burning of Rome," appeared in this city a few years ago, a certain small Eddie's grandma took him to see it, in fulfillment of a long-

standing promise. While on the way thither that respectable lady's dignity was hopelessly upset by the innocent inquiry, "Grandma, is that Nero we're going to see any relation to 'Nero, my God, to Thee?'"

What makes up the charm of child life is the feeling, which we have lost beyond recovery, of the possibility of the improbable. A wealth of juvenile imagination spreads itself on the idea of "the miz" as part of the universe—a notion which has misled many children besides the one of whom Bessie Chandler writes:

"You never heard of the Miz?" she said;

"Oh, Mamma, that isn't so,
For they read every Sunday about it
In church; why, Mamma, you know.
'The heavens and earth and sea He
made,

And all that's in the Miz '—
And it must be somewhere' in the
world,

But I can't find where it is."

Perhaps these "twisted hymns" do "darken counsel," but it is an alluring darkness, full of delightful possibilities, like "the Miz." Surely, in losing all hope of acquaintance with "Nero" and "Mary Turn" and "Etta Farr," we have lost much.

—Philadelphia Times.

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is worth only \$5 in its natural state, is worth \$12 when it is made into horseshoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to \$350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth \$3,000 and into balance wheel for watches, \$250,000. Just think of that, boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material.

But the iron has got to go through a great deal of hammering, beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron does not have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watch springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watch-spring? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will.

This is your time for preparation for manhood, but don't you think that we would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. We like to see boys have a good time, and should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study

and play, too, so don't neglect the former for the sake of the latter.

—*American Youth.*

MOTHER'S DRESS.

My little man, just three years old, came in from a visit at a neighbor's, and, telling me all about his good time, added, "The ladies had on *b'ack* dresses and *w'ite* dresses, but they didn't have any pittty flowers on 'em, like yours, mamma," stroking my old challie lovingly. Another day, waking from his nap, he smiled the instant he saw me, and exclaimed, "O Mamma, you dot on such a *nice w'ite* dress!" So often I think, "It is too warm," or "I'm really too tired," by the time all the work is done, to dress for the afternoon. And the "pittty" dresses don't look fresh very long, after "little Sister" wakes up. But I've made up my mind that the little ones shall, if possible, grow up with the memory of mother looking neat and clean, at least, and as *near* "pretty" as Nature will allow. Let us make the best of ourselves; let the "gude mon and the bairns" be able to think of the cozy home and the housemother in a "pittty" dress, waiting for them, and they will step up a little quicker as they start for home—and they will *start* for home a little sooner.

—*Housekeeper's Weekly.*

The Sunday School

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

SEVENTH SESSION.

The experiment of holding a study class within sight of the World's Fair gate, and within hearing of much of the railroad traffic, has been tried, and the first week's work has proven as much of a success as could have been expected. The attendance has been from twenty to twenty-five, and representatives of the Sunday schools at Sioux City, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Hinsdale, Geneva, Humboldt, and from two of the Chicago schools, have been in attendance, taking notes and getting ready for the next year's work.

As was to be expected, Mr. Fenn's work as a leader has been of the most satisfactory character. He has proven what even Unitarians are slow to understand, that

"The learned eye is still the loving one,"—and the members of the class must have often realized that with the growth of knowledge there is a growth of reverence, and that critical studies are constructive studies.

The plan of arranging these critical studies on an art-string, judged by the interest aroused in this normal class, cannot fail to bring happy results in the Sunday schools.

MONDAY, AUG. 7. Mr. Fenn began by reading extracts from Whittier's "The Meeting," and then proceeded to consider the sources of information from which we must construct our knowledge of Jesus and other New Testament characters. Extra-

Biblical: Reference was made to Josephus, Philo, "The Talmud" (uncertain as to chronology), and the Latin writers Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny. Later than these, the apocryphal gospels, with their exaggerations, show the growth of tradition. Biblical: The Gospels,—and he showed by diagram and otherwise the as yet unexplained resemblances and differences among the first three, the "Synoptic Gospel." "The Triple Tradition," the "Original Mark," and the "Aramaic Matthew" theories were explained. As to the Fourth Gospel, he suggested that the mystical side of Jesus may have been understood better by John than by the other disciples, and that this Gospel, whether actually written by John or not, may contain essentially his conception of Jesus as it was developed under the influence of Alexandrian thought. The session closed with some remarks on the duty of using the Revised Version in following this course.

TUESDAY, AUG. 8. The introductory reading was from Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," the greatest of the Christmas poems. Correggio's picture of "The Holy Night," and Raphael's "The Sistine Madonna," were passed around as an introduction to the birth stories. The significance of every detail of the pictures of the old masters was dwelt upon. Then birth stories from the apocryphal gospels were given, to illustrate and supplement those found in the Gospels. After which there came a careful study of these three questions:

When was Jesus born?

Where was Jesus born?

Who were his father and mother?

The reasons for rejecting the miraculous birth were elaborated, and references for further study of both the picture and the text were given.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9. Poem, "The Song of Deborah" (Judges v.).

Topic, "Home and Religious Environment of Jesus."

Picture, Hofmann's "The Carpenter's Son."

The details in the picture were used to reconstruct the home life, and the names of the brothers and sisters were given as furnished by tradition. The miracle stories of the carpenter's shop led up to the study of Nazareth—the "Bushtown" of Galilee—and Jesus' probable education, his method of teaching suggesting his environment.

Here Hofmann's "Christ in the Temple" was introduced; not the more familiar one, showing the appeal to the book, but the one showing the appeal *from* the book, which seems to suggest as a motto, "Why do ye not even of yourselves judge what is right?" The method of Jesus was the method of Plato. He trusted his own sense of right rather than external or conventional standards.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10. Reading from Lowell's poem to Curtis.

Picture, Dore's "Baptism by John."

"A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still,
New from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes to do Thy will."

Jesus comes out of obscurity to do a great life-work. The four young men who inaugurated the great movement were considered,—John, Jesus, Stephen and Paul. John's ministry is apt to be underestimated by the student. The significance of his baptism. The Sadducees and Pharisees and other sects of his time. John probably had a broader thought concerning the Gentiles than Jesus had at the beginning of his career.

Next, Cornecellus' picture, "Tempted by Satan," was introduced, and the three great temptations analyzed,—the last, the temptation of power, being the one seized by the artist. This is the temptation of noble souls.

Then followed a discussion of the sinlessness of Jesus, and how the problem is to be met.

Hofmann's picture of "Christ Preaching from a Boat" was offered in conclusion, as an object lesson of Jesus' method.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11. Poems read: Wasson's "Seen and Unseen" and Burroughs' "Waiting," found in Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries."

Picture, Millet's "The Sower."

Physical laws are spiritual laws. It was a great triumph of insight when Jesus realized that the same laws which govern physical life also govern spiritual life. This insight of Jesus is confirmed by modern science and the laws of evolution. The parable was studied in detail, as was also the parable of "The Good Samaritan," after which Hofmann's "Jesus and the Sinner" was presented to illustrate Jesus' idea of the superlative sin. The hard, cold complacency, the unsympathetic, unfeeling excellence of the Pharisee left less hope for him in Jesus' eyes than for those who had fallen into sins of passion. Jesus was a great revelation to the woman, who found that tenderness could be pure, and purity could be tender.

With such searchings for the springs of the hidden life, the secret of the soul's nobleness, the first week's work ended in a general conversation.

This bare outline is here offered as a mere suggestion to those who are casting about for their next year's work in the Sunday-school. These lessons will be elaborated by Mr. Fenn for class uses, and then published, first in *UNITY*, after that in weekly slips to be placed in the hands of the teachers and pupils. Arrangements are being made by which the pictures can be furnished by the Western S. S. Society. In our next we hope to give a similar outline of the concluding studies of the Institute, which will end Friday, August 18. Meanwhile we hope our readers, outside Sunday-schools as well as inside, will plan to keep along with this course.

E. T. L.

Notes from the Field

The Religious Congresses in Chicago.

—It is expected that these Congresses, in which representatives of all the great churches are to take an active part, will be the crown and culmination of the Columbian year. In the center of these great gatherings will be the far-famed Parliament of Religions, which begins on Monday, the 11th day of September, and continues for seventeen days. This is a meeting whose near approach interests the whole world. This cannot be said of any other gathering ever assembled. The Parliament of Religions is looked forward to with ardent hope and eager curiosity by thoughtful men everywhere. Among the monastic brotherhoods of India it is talked over, and in the cloisters of Japan. It has entered into the counsels of the Catholic Hierarchy, and into the scholastic retreats of the British and German universities. It has been the theme of editorials in London, Athens, Constantinople, Berlin, Melbourne, Tokyo, Shanghai, Buda-Pesth, New York and Honolulu. More than three thousand of the foremost religious leaders of mankind, scholars in the great universities, missionaries, eminent divines and devoted laymen of all lands, have accepted places on its Advisory Council.

Among those who will take part in this memorable meeting may be mentioned the following eminent Americans and Canadians: Prof. George P. Fisher of New Haven; Bishop Dudley of Kentucky; Rev. George Dana Boardman of Philadelphia; Sir Wm. Dawson; Rev. Joseph Cook; Rev. Philip S. Moxom of Boston; Prof. M. S. Terry; Dr. Albion W. Small of the Chicago University; Rev. Edward Everett Hale; Rev. J. M. Buckley, LL. D.; Principal Grant; Bishop C. D. Foss; Bishop W. F. Warren; Dr. Daniel Dorchester; his eminence Cardinal Gibbons; Archbishop Ireland; Bishop Spalding; Prof. J. DeWitt of Princeton; Bishop Vincent; Dr. Lyman Abbott; Rabbi Wise of Cincinnati; Hon. Andrew D. White; Rabbi G. Gottheil; Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D.; Mrs. Margaret Bottomo; Miss Frances E. Willard; Prof. Richard T. Ely; Mrs. Ballington Booth; Rev. Washington Gladden; Prof. Valentine of Gettysburg; Dr. David J. Burrell; Dr. James S. Dennis; Rev. H. K. Carroll, LL. D.; Dr. George F. Pentecost; Prof. Philip Schaff; Bishop Keane; Pres. J. G. Schurman.

Of European scholars may be mentioned the following: Canon Fremantle; Count A. Bernstorff of Berlin; Dr. Momerie of London; Prof. Bruce of Glasgow; Prof. Tiele of Leiden; Prof. Hardy of Freiburg; Prof. Max Mueller; Prof. Rhys-Davids of London; Mgr. D'Harlez of Louvain; Dr. Washburn of Constantinople; Rev. H. R. Haweis; Mgr. D'Hulst, Prof. Henry Drummond; Rev. H. Grattan Guinness of London.

A high-caste Brahmin from Allahabad College, India, will speak on Hinduism. Mr. Mozoomdar, of Calcutta, will speak for the Brahma-Samaj. Mr. H. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of Southern India, will soon sail from Colombo to attend the Parliament. Eminent Christian natives of India will be present. Three eminent Mohammedans of India have promised their attendance. The delegation of Buddhists from Japan will be large. Prize essays on Confucianism

and Taoism have been prepared under the direction of Christian missionaries and sent from China. The Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington will read, by direction of the Imperial Government of China, a paper on Confucianism. The learned Dr. Faber of Shanghai is already in Chicago, and will attend the Parliament.

Catholics, Lutherans, Methodists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Jews, the Christian Endeavor Societies, the Evangelical Alliance, and other religious bodies have found so much interest that they are expecting very large and enthusiastic meetings. Twenty other denominations will hold Congresses in September. The popular interest is immense and growing. Out of a recent package of 1,000 letters, the chairman found that 700 correspondents, mostly ministers, were expecting to be in Chicago in September.

The Mission Congresses immediately follow the Parliament of Religions and they will furnish the only complete picture of city, domestic and foreign missions ever attempted.

It is very important that I should have some estimate in advance of the number of persons planning to attend these phenomenal gatherings in order that adequate provision may be made for the meetings in the Art Palace on the lake front and for the overflow meetings which are likely to occur. I therefore earnestly request all persons who are planning to come to Chicago in September, and to be present at some of these Congresses, to send me a card, giving name, address and denomination, addressing Rev. John Henry Barrows, 92 Dearborn street, Chicago.

JOHN HENRY BARROWS,
Chairman General Committee on Religious Congresses.

Chicago, Ill.—Rev. Clay MacCauley, President of the Liberal School of Theology in Japan, has been here for the last fortnight, in attendance upon the Exposition. He has now left the city, but will return in September. Rev. A. G. Jennings, of Toledo, Ohio, A. U. A. missionary for Ohio and Indiana, has also been in the city.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Dr. Marion G. Shutter preached his last sermon for the season on July 2. He will resume his services in September, and expects to remain near home during his vacation. He will be unable to preach at the Weirs Grove meetings, as was expected and announced. Rev. Dr. S. Crane, of Earlville, Ill., was Dr. Shutter's substitute for the first two Sundays of this month. At All Souls Church, in this city, Rev. S. W. Sample, on July 16, delivered a discourse entitled "Twelve Years After Emerson." At the Third Universalist Church, on the evening of July 19, a musical and literary entertainment was given for the purpose of raising a tenement-house fund. We are indebted for these notes to *Church News*, the excellent parish sheet published by Dr. Shutter's church, which is also a news medium for the liberal churches of the city.

Washita, Ia.—The liberals of the little village of Washita were the recipients of a great intellectual treat Sunday, July 9. Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, preached in the afternoon in the Masonic Hall. The room was crowded to overflowing. Her theme was "The Growing Thought of God;" and the words of the text were, "God

is love," "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in you all." Miss Safford having been the first Unitarian minister who had ever preached in Washita, the sermon was necessarily a little doctrinal; but the gradual development of the idea of God held by the Calvinist up to the present high conception of the liberal evolutionist was beautifully wrought out.

—Unitarian.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—The Unitarian Church has invited Rev. H. Digby Johnston, of Chicago, to become its pastor. The invitation has been accepted, and Mr. Johnston will begin his work Sept. 1. Mr. Johnston was formerly connected with the Episcopal Church, has held a Denver pastorate, and was afterward associated with Dr. Rainsford in New York. Mr. Johnston is now in Chicago and has made several calls at the headquarters at 175 Dearborn street, lately.

Ethical Society, Philadelphia, Pa.—Since last reports, the section meetings have been as follows: *June 2*, Wayland H. Smith read a paper on Theosophy. *June 28*, Social meeting. *July 5*, "Declarations of Independence Since 1776" [a very broad and interesting discussion, which was reported in the *July Conservator*.—ED.] *July 12*, "Robbery as an Element of Social Reform," a discussion of the method of reform suggested by Mr. M. I. Swift in his recent pamphlet, "A League of Justice."

In the Ethical class, on *June 11*, a paper by Mrs. Ella Reeves Ware, entitled "Services the Quakers Have Lent to Moral Advancement," was discussed with much animation. *June 18*, Mr. Daniel discussed "The Old Religions and the New." The treatment of the subject was rather historical than descriptive: The cream of the nine or ten great religious systems of the past will form the religion of the future. That which is best and of value to the human race in those systems will live and be perpetuated. The chief characteristic of the religion of Confucius is its conservatism and inertia. What we should extract from it and embody in the new religion is its reverence for the past, and the respect and honor which its followers pay to old age and parents. In the Greek religion the leading and best element is the idea of the divine in the human form; their gods represented human perfection, and, as a result, much attention was paid to the care and development of the body. Brahminism owed its origin to a caste—it had no leader. Its essential thought was its belief in pure reason. It concerned itself with the future of man, and paid no heed to the present. What can be commended is its seriousness and deep thoughtfulness. Buddhism is Protestantism against Brahminism. It may be called ultra Naturalism, while Brahminism corresponds to ultra Spiritualism. Obey the natural laws and all will be well. Disobey and punishment is sure to follow. The Rationalist of to-day is in spirit a Buddhist. The religion of Zoroaster is above all things an ethical religion. It makes a radical distinction between Right and Wrong. Its belief agrees in essentials with that of Ethical Culturists. The central idea in Mohammedanism is the absolute unity of God. Its belief in this one great principle is what has made it coherent and mighty. There can be no division into schisms and sects when the de-

mands of a religion are plain and exact. *June 25*, Mr. Herbert A. Drake presented a paper upon "The Ethics of Salutation." *July 2*, Mr. Joseph D. Birknell led a discussion on "Alexander Hamilton—His Mind and Motives," contending that he stood for nothing but his own ideas and aspirations. *July 9*, Miss Julia C. Loos presented a paper on "The Place and Scope for the Moral Training of Children." She said that the purpose of moral training was to make good men and women, to foster and develop in children during the formative period such habits of conduct as constitute a life in harmony with the laws of growth and advancement. To obtain a better state of society she advocated the establishment of playgrounds, kindergartens, etc., for the children—bringing them into contact with decent treatment and extended opportunities. What is needed is nothing more than employments and associations worthy of their imitation.

—Condensed from the *Conservator*.

Rowe, Mass.—I have been intending for some time to give you a report of the great "waking up" of the Unitarian Society, which had been running down these last years, the numbers growing less and less. Death had taken some of its most prominent members; some had moved away; others had grown slack and indifferent;—but the rest wanted preaching and to go on as in former years. But there did not seem to be any one who cared to come to the country and live, or to preach in so small a society; we did not pay enough; we were too far from Boston, large libraries, public schools; our winters were too severe; and many other reasons there were why the men whom we would like couldn't come. And we nearly despaired of getting any one. But a year ago Mrs. Mary A. Lyche came to us from Warwick and preached through the summer, and she would have been glad to remain with us, as she saw our needs and felt she was doing us good. But her husband had gone back to their native home, Norway, and was engaged in business there, and she knew it was best for her to go also, for there was great work awaiting them. It was very hard for us to give her up, and it seemed an impossibility to ever get another minister to fill her place who would feel the same interest in us; we were so poor, so isolated, and our numbers were so few. But our committee made more applications to the A. U. A., and after a time their efforts were crowned with success. Mr. Wilson sent us Rev. Herman Haugerud, a native of Norway, who had been preaching in Washington (with great success), and expected to return there; but who for the last year had been taking an advanced course at Harvard. He was sent to us for one Sunday before he returned West, not thinking to settle. But the fates had ordained otherwise. We liked him. He was young, full of life and zeal, a great worker, with a love for the country, and not afraid of our hard winters. He saw at once our great needs and felt drawn to the place by our beautiful mountain scenery, our grand old hills and pure atmosphere. He felt full of inspiration at once, and he was sure he could draw in deep draughts of it all the time, and be able to do greater work, could he remain here. He was kind enough to tell us so; hence the result; otherwise we should be the forlorn society now

that we have been. So we gave him a call, knowing full well he was beyond our means, and fearing we could not get him, or, if we did, that we could not keep him long. To our surprise and joy he accepted our call and came to us at once, with his sweet wife and two small children. And such a change as he has wrought. The attendance at church has increased greatly. He at once started right in to help the young people, and formed a society called "The Onward Unity Club." A great many joined. They hold a meeting every Sunday night. They have essays, recitations, singing and a talk from Mr. Haugerud on the subject chosen for the evening. He is ever ready to help them, and the life and interest manifested is truly surprising. The meetings have become more and more interesting. And although they have them once a week, which seems very often, still they never fail to have a nice program, well carried out. All of this is due to our minister, who began in the right way, by interesting the children and helping the young people, quickening their thoughts and feelings for good things. He is ever ready with a speech, an apt quotation from some noted author, or drops into poetry, as the occasion may require. It was a grand thing to come to us here, in our isolated condition, and make us feel it is a pleasure to do so and that he is being benefited by it, when we are the ones that are receiving such great help. Much more I would be glad to tell of the help we are getting, but fear now I shall not be granted space for all I have written. But it is so seldom Rowe speaks, I trust you will favor us this time, and will rejoice with us that we are able to report so favorably of our improved condition.

—MRS. BROWNING.

Somerville, Mass.—During the summer vacation the First Unitarian, the Winter Hill Universalist, and the Cross Street Universalist churches have united for union services. Rev. I. P. Coddington, pastor of the Winter Hill Church, conducted the first service, which was held in the Unitarian Church. He spoke on faith without works as "an unprofitable religion."

—Condensed from the *Somerville Citizen*.

Newton Centre, Mass.—Rev. B. F. McDaniel, recently of San Diego, Cal., has accepted the call of the Unitarian Church, and will become its settled pastor Sept. 1.

Winter Harbor, Me.—The fourth session of the Hancock Conference will doubtless be held at this place before UNITY reaches its readers. It is fixed for Aug. 15, and promises to be an interesting occasion. The devotional exercises are to be conducted by Rev. Samuel A. Elliot, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., and addresses are expected from President Elliot, of Harvard, Rev. Chas. F. Dole, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. D. M. Wilson, now of Boston, George S. Merriam, Esq., of Springfield, Mass., and others, possibly including Hon. Geo. S. Hale and Rev. Howard N. Brown. Two subjects have been proposed for discussion, "The Problems and Perils of Union Churches," and "How to Make Summer Churches into Permanent Churches," in the discussion of which all present are invited to take part.

Colton, Cal.—Sunday evening, July 2d, Rev. Mr. Pierce held the first Unitarian service here. He preached on

"The Mistake of the Ages" to an audience of 200. The audience was not only large but good, most of them being of the respectable, influential, fine-grained sort. Not aristocratic, but good people; such material as all can build with. Both the local papers are Unitarian, and openly favor the new thought. The *News* gave a half column report of sermon. It is intended to hold monthly services.—*Pacific Unitarian*.

San Jose, Cal.—Rev. N. A. Haskell is called to the Denver (Col.) Unitarian pulpit. Mr. Haskell's promotion is deserved, but he will be greatly missed by his late parish and associates on the Pacific coast. He is a man of unblemished and lovable character, and a preacher of great and growing power. The San Jose society has called the assistant pastor, Rev. J. H. Garnett, to the vacant pulpit.

Denver, Col.—We should have reported before this that Rev. W. H. Savage, of Watertown, Mass., has declined the call to this parish.

Columbiana.

AT the World's Fair there is a bronze statue of the emancipated slave, representing a curly-haired negro with a broken chain attached to one arm, and holding in his hand a scroll representing the emancipation proclamation, with the name "A. Lincoln" at the bottom. A woman stood looking at the statue a few moments, and finally said: "Well, that may be pretty fine as a work of art; but it seems to me it's a very poor likeness of Abraham Lincoln."

They were standing before the picture, and she was reading the title: "Feeding the Pigeons Before the Dog[e]s' Palace." "There are the pigeons," said she, "but where are the dogs?"

A discouraged woman was heard complaining the other day on the Fair Grounds that she had searched every building in the inclosure but could not find the "Lagoon" in any of them.

A patient and long-suffering Columbian Guard when asked by a rural visitor why he wore a strap under his chin, replied: "I am compelled to answer so many foolish questions the strap is to hold my tired jaw in place."

The white flat angels that are pasted on the Transportation Building at regular intervals excite much curiosity. To one seeking for information as to what they meant, a Columbian Guard replied: "Oh, that is the last method of transportation."

THAT only is the right education which makes all learning serve as an instrument with which to train the child to see in an effect the cause; in other words, to become a rational being, to whom the great truths of life have been shown.—*E. Harrison*.

For Nervous Exhaustion Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. J. S. PARKE, Franklin, Tenn., says: "For many years I have employed it in my practice, and have always found very satisfactory results from it in nervous exhaustion, brain fog and prostrations of various kinds. Personally, I use it to the exclusion of all other preparations of the phosphates, and find it restorative and refreshing."

Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 66th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Atheneum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 38d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Jehonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 26th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laffin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolts, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, at 11 a. m. Sunday, the subject of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones' sermon in the series on The Great Religious Teachers will be "Mohammed." At 8 p. m. Miss Catherine H. Spence, of Adelaide, South Australia, will speak on "The Children of the State" and other matters characteristic of Australian administration.

Crying Babies.

Some people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to man and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and Druggists.

DISORDERED Liver set right with BEECHAM'S PILLS.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

Under the Auspices of the WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS At Art Institute Building. REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York
Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York
Its Place in the Development of Christianity.

*Prof. C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc., Oxford, England

The Church of the Spirit—Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I.

2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord
In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.
In the Growth of Democracy

Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17.

There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

To be held in the Sinai Temple (Dr. Hirsch's), corner Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street.

Monday, Sept. 18.

3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute.

8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church.

Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York
Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Tuesday, Sept. 19.

THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.

(a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo

(b) In Poland..... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England

(c) In Hungary..... *Prof. S. Boros, Transylvania

(d) In France..... Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris

(e) In Germany.....

(f) In Italy..... Prof. Bracciforti, Milan

(g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl Van Bergen, Stockholm

(h) In England..... Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England

(i) In Holland..... Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich.

(j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period

Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor

Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period..... Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis

Evening. UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

Protab Mozoomdar..... Calcutta, India

A Representative Jew.....

A Representative Mohammedan.....

Wednesday, Sept. 20.

THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.

(a) The Human Roots of Religion..... Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass.

(b) God..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.

(c) Jesus..... Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont.

Evening.

(d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.

(e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse

(f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

Thursday, Sept. 21.

UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

(a) Scientific..... *Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., Birmingham, England

(b) Old Testament Criticism..... Prof. C. H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Cambridge, Mass.

(c) New Testament Criticism..... President Geo. L. Cary, Meadville, Pa.

(d) Social Problems..... *Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., London, England

(e) Extra-Biblical Religions..... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio

(f) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

Evening. THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Caroline J. Bartlett, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale.

Friday, Sept. 22.

PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association..... Rev. Grindall Reynolds

National Conference..... Rev. W. H. Lyon

British and Foreign Unitarian Association

Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Secretary

Transylvania..... Bishop Ferencz or Prof. Boros

Western Unitarian Conference..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Unitarian S. S. Society..... Rev. E. A. Horton

Unitarian Guilds..... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord, Mass.

Unity Clubs..... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston

W. U. S. Society..... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago

Pacific Coast Conference..... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco

Southern Conference..... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga.

In Australia..... Miss C. H. Spence

2 P. M.—Women's Meeting.

Evening.

Fellowship Meeting. In charge of.....

WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN BELGIUM.

Names to be announced Congress Week.

Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

*Those marked with an asterisk are not expected in person.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

FROM THE PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Inasmuch as the Free Religious Association of America was really the first to inaugurate on its platform, twenty-six years ago, the idea of a "World's Parliament of Religions," it will be eminently proper, and in accordance with the fitness of things, for it to take part in this larger Parliament to be held in Chicago as a part of the World's Fair, recognizing as it does in its projected convening a "consummation devoutly to be wished" for it is one of the most significant events of the age, and it may be productive of vast results to the future development of religion. The full significance of that assembly of delegates from all the leading religions of the world will not be manifest, however, nor the logical results of the event be deduced in their completeness, without the meeting of the Free Religious Association to point to what lies beyond a temporary Parliament of Religions. It is very much to have the religions of the world thus brought together on the same platform for a presentation of their beliefs and aims by their own representatives, without controversy or debate. But are the representatives of the religions, there amicably gathered, to separate for their respective countries with the same controversial aggressiveness against each other which they have hitherto manifested, and with the same mutually antagonistic claims to exclusive supernatural inspiration and guidance? The Free Religious Association is the one general religious body in this land which, following the inevitable logical trend of the scientific study of the religions of mankind, has publicly proclaimed the possibility of a new and permanent religious fellowship and co-operation on the basis of the "scientific study of religion and ethics," free reason and of a common humanity.—In lieu of the old theological bases, which, however stringent or attenuated the Dogma, were laid in alleged revelations through miraculous books or persons. We urge, therefore, the members and friends of the Association to rally at this gathering in full numbers. And we cordially invite all who are in sympathy with the general aim and purpose of the Association, whether they have heretofore acted with us or not, to be present at the twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Free Religious Association, which will be held in Hall No. 31,

Art Palace, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday, September 20th, 1893.

WM. J. POTTER, Pres.
D. G. CRANDON, Sec'y.

THE MORNING SESSION, beginning at 10 o'clock, will be presided over by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the Vice President and founders of the Association, who will make the introductory address. By request of the Directors, the President, William J. Potter, will then give a written address entitled: "The Free Religious Association,—its Twenty-six Years and their Meaning." Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot will follow, on "The Scientific Method in the Study of Religion." Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence, R. I., on "The Free Religious Association as the expounder of the Natural History of Religion," and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, on "Religious Progress." Other speakers have been invited and will be announced later.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION will begin at 2:30 o'clock, and will be devoted to the subject: "Unity in Religion." Minot J. Savage, of Boston, will open the subject, followed by Dr. Edward McGlynn of New York, Mangasar Mangasarian of Chicago, Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney of Boston, and others yet to be announced.

THE FESTIVAL, with supper, speeches, music, and social opportunities, will be held in one of the large hotels of Chicago, or at the Union League Club (the place to be definitely announced in the Chicago daily press). Col. T. W. Higginson will preside and welcome the guests, and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, M. J. Savage, Francis E. Abbot, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, William J.

Potter, Paul K. Frothingham, Mangasar Mangasarian, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. McGlynn, and others are expected to speak. Reception from 6 to 7 o'clock. Supper at 7 o'clock. Tickets for the supper to be procured at the convention, and of Secretary D. G. Crandon.

WORLD'S CONGRESS OF EVOLUTIONISTS.

PROGRAM.

First Day.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1893.

Morning Session.—CONSTRUCTIVE EVOLUTION: Progress of the doctrine in forty years. Its present scientific and popular status. Its upbuilding and beneficent character.

Afternoon Session.—BIOLOGY, as related to Evolution. Darwinism, natural and sexual selection. "Survival of the fittest." Origin of variations. Heredity. Use and disuse of functions.

Evening Session.—THE HEROES OF EVOLUTION: Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Haeckel, Gray, Youmans, etc.

Second Day.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.

Morning Session.—PSYCHOLOGY, as related to Evolution. The nature of knowledge. The doctrine of relativity. Sense-perception. The evolution of mind.

Afternoon Session.—SOCIOLOGY: The science of social growth. Man's relation to the earth and to his fellow-men. Evolution's promise for the settlement of social problems. The true conservatism of Evolution.

Evening Session.—ECONOMICS, as related to Evolution. The historical and evolutionary method as applied to political economy. Larger economic aspects of the question.

Third Day.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.

Morning Session.—PHILOSOPHY, as affected by Evolution. The scientific method in philosophy. Spencer's Unknowable. The philosophy of history.

Afternoon Session.—ETHICS: The morals of Evolution. Growth of the moral sense. Its relation to prior physical and biological conditions. Harmony of intuitive and experiential theories.

Evening Session.—RELIGION: How it is affected by the doctrine of Evolution. Spiritual implications in all progress. Materialistic speculations untenable. The immanent and transcendent Power that makes for Beauty, Order and Righteousness.



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—Christian Register.

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character and Religion

VOLUME XXXI.

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Editorial

*Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.*
—Emerson.

AN indication of the tendency of the times is found in this clipping from an exchange:

The several Protestant pastors of Woonsocket, R. I. unite in the publication of a paper, the "Church Herald." The Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Universalist ministers take each a department of the paper and devote that department to the affairs of the church designated. The paper, of eight pages, thus made up, goes into the families of all the five parishes.

Why not other towns also? "Go thou and do likewise!"

It will be well for the railroads of this country if they reflect before it is too late that there is to be a "day after the Fair." In obstinately refusing to join with the management and the public in an attempt to give to the Exposition its highest potency they are acting the part of the dog in the manger. The rising feeling among thinking people, that the public has rights as regards these great necessary franchises of transportation and natural monopolies, will inevitably be emphasized. It will take a great many free passes to silence coming legislators concerning the rights of railroads, rights of travelers, and kindred subjects. These legislators will surely point to the experiences during the World's Fair year as arguments germane to the question.

OUR readers will be more than sorry to learn that the devoted missionary of the liberal faith in Dakota, Miss Helen G. Putman, has lost everything but her clothing in the disastrous fire which recently devastated Jamestown. Books, pictures, furniture, lantern and slides, tracts, etc., are all gone, yet in a letter to a friend this brave woman writes that for herself she has nothing but thankfulness in her heart, since in even saving her clothing she was more fortunate than some of her neighbors.

UNITY is blessed with the love of many a venerable reader. It finds it hard to keep up in progressive thought and aggressive rationalism with the piety of applied religion of several youthful octogenarians on its list. Miss Anne W. Abbot, of Cambridge, Mass., sister of the learned and lamented Professor Ezra Abbot, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, sends us her annual contribution to our work, with her never failing words of cheer; while Mrs. Sarah R. Barnard, of Worcester, Mass.,

sends in her own handwriting her greeting to the editor, with interesting items of the life about her and the life behind her, from the high altitudes of the ninety-third year. Such serenity from such heights beckons us forward with cheer and courage.

A most suggestive story is told of a German artist of note who painted a lovely picture and sold it for a high price to an American collector on condition that no one should own a duplicate. The artist reserved the right of painting one for himself. This he brought and placed on exhibition in the Fine Art collection at the World's Fair. The picture was a lovely one; and it tempted purchasers. And the artist was solicited to sell it at a high price. He needed the money. The temptation was great, and for fear that in a weak moment he might yield, and thus violate the contract with his former purchaser, he with his own hand drew his knife through the coveted canvas. This is a true story, as the slit in the canvas, which any one may see, in the German collection, testifies. This is one way of praying "Lead us not into temptation."

THE recent history of the city of Detroit shows what an earnest, determined man can accomplish for municipal reform. A few of the things Mayor Pingree has accomplished are the reduction of the price of gas from \$1.25 to \$1.06, which is all the conditions of the companies' franchises permit; the proper assessment of property in the case of great corporations, two extensive car-shops which had been taxed on a valuation of \$200,000 having had the assessment raised to \$2,000,000; the defeat of the street-car monopoly by the veto of the bill to renew its franchise unconditionally; and the exposure of the bribery by which the electric light monopoly obtained a renewal of its contract, by means of which

he has set in motion a project for the city to take this matter into its own hands. Would that the great cities of New York and Chicago had a Mayor Pingree at their heads!

THE letter book of the senior editor contains over five hundred letters,—many of them lengthy ones, requiring much thought,—written since the first of January last concerning the matters related to the cause represented by UNITY. This has been in addition to the prior obligations involved in his duties as pastor and editor. And still there lies in his letter-crate now and always a large stack of, "unattended correspondence" awaiting the time to attend to the same. Perhaps some of these neglected correspondents may share in the indignation of the one who thus releases his feelings on a postal card:

When a gentleman of "our liberal faith" writes to another, evidently the writer is quite entitled to a *reply*, however brief. This I think squares with the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN doctrine about which some make such theatrical thunder!

To all this we can only give humble assent and plead guilty to the breach. Regretting the tyrannical limitations, we can only go on believing in and preaching the Brotherhood of Man, however far we may fall short of the demands of the same. We must continue to crave the indulgence of our unanswered, though ever welcome and ever solicited, correspondents.

"SHALL WE PREACH THE WHOLE TRUTH?"

Our readers are already informed of the fact that C. H. Kerr & Co., of this city, have put forth a volume of the sermons of our lamented yoke-fellow, Henry Doty Maxson. The volume is a memorial one, published by the Menomonie parish. But it is one which ought to reach far beyond the limits of personal acquaintanceship and the pastoral bond which that acquaintanceship always established. The editing from stenographic notes by Mr. Blake is done with the greatest care, and with the admirable judgment and literary skill which characterizes all of Mr. Blake's work.

The biographical sketch by Mr. Simmons is admirable for loving clearness. It tells the story of a hero of thought. It shows how romantic the life of the student may be, in the highest sense of the word.

But the work of these two brethren is but fitting introduction to the fifteen sermons that follow. And we can do nothing more consonant with our own feeling, and more satisfactory to our readers this week, than to let our dear comrade and fellow-laborer occupy his old position on the editorial staff of UNITY and let him furnish the leader this week from the sermon found in the book with the above caption.

"What do you think, my boy," asked the mother who was teaching Johnny his Sunday-school lesson, "what do you think Lot did when he saw his poor wife turned into a pillar of salt?" "I don't know, mamma; I spec' he wondered where he could get a fresh one." A fresh wife is better than a pillar of salt, even though not so durable. It is not the highest compliment to say that a doctrine has been preserved unchanged through the ages. When a doctrine crystallizes in such shape that it will keep just as it is forever, it is high time to turn from the traditions of the past to the visions of the present; high time to seek a fresh statement that shall draw its warrant from the eternal "I am." We are doing the people a sorry service if we withhold from their life the larger truth of to-day.

We are often enjoined not to proclaim a new truth until the time is ripe for it. How do times ripen? Not by a man's postponing the utterances of his fresh thought until other men begin to think as he does; but by a man's promptly proclaiming his fresh thought and thus helping make other men think as he does. "The highest truth a wise man sees, he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world, knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at, well; if not, well also, though not so well."

Human progress is not an unconscious growth, with which individual human beings have nothing to do; human progress is a conscious growth with which individual human beings have everything to do. Would you have the times ripe for your new thought? Proclaim that new thought and so help ripen them. Thus did Jesus, in defiance of the impending cross. Thus did Socrates, with the deadly hemlock ready for his lips. Thus have done all great souls who have faithfully played their

part in the world. When is it your duty to utter a new truth? Just as soon as you discover that new truth. When will your neighbor be helped by hearing that new truth? Just as soon as he can comprehend that new truth.

How then shall we find out when he can understand our belief and when therefore we shall preach that belief? Try him. Proclaim it, and leave the outcome with the Eternal. If we can effect the change we aim at in the Hindu creed, well; if not, well also, though not so well. A doctrine is of service to a man only so long as it remains the largest expression of truth that he can comprehend.

George MacDonald once said, "The hell which a lie will keep a man from is doubtless the best place for him to go to." Perhaps MacDonald was right. Perhaps the only heaven worth living in is a heaven reached along the pathway of truth.

You remember that in the "Old Town Fireside Stories" we are told of the mishap that befell old Parson Morrell. Once during the long prayer in the morning service, the good preacher, who "hed a way o' prayin' with his eyes open," happening to look through the window into the open ground around the meeting-house, was convulsed with merriment on seeing the havoc that a certain horned beast of the field was making with his most respected deacon. This was a pretty heinous offense, that the minister should break out into laughter in the middle of the prayer. A council of the church was called to try the case, and this was in substance their verdict: "There hedn't no temptation took Parson Morrell but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterwards allers to pray with his eyes shet." This is the common practice. When we meditate on the deep things of life we close our eyes lest we see something that may unsettle our faith. I would stimulate that larger faith which shall fit us to stand in God's presence with our eyes wide open; that larger faith which shall nerve the tongue to proclaim what the eye hath seen.

The Chinese have a legend about a company of people who were to shout in unison, and each one kept still that he might hear the others. Is man to find the truth? Then men must find it. Is man to hear the

truth? Then must men proclaim it. May we all be quickened with a sense of that duty which belongs to each one of us to give to our neighbors the best, the largest, the truest thought that is in us, remembering that if we can arouse some slumbering soul to catch that thought 'tis well; if not, well also, but not so well. H. D. M.

THE LITTLE ONES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

What shall we do with the little ones in Sunday school? The Unitarian Sunday School Society in Boston is bravely answering that question this summer with four new answers, each one good.

One is Mrs. Jaynes' "Lessons on the Old Testament." Thirty-six of the famous old stories are told in child-like words that make pictures even without the help of the wood cut that each story is provided with. They are all the better as a tool for not being bound together,—each lesson is a separate leaflet. And they are honest stories, because not told as true ones; for instance, of the Creation account,—“You must remember it is *only* a story, but many people have believed it a true story, and, although we know it is not true, it is very beautiful, and we love it because it shows us how much those old Jews loved and trusted God.” Of the Moses stories,—“They are not true, children, but they are as interesting as any fairy stories I ever read.” The price is only 15 cents,—which perhaps means that good friends have given the plates outright to the Society; and at a guess we thank them! We know no better kind of missionary work than to make good Sunday-school publications cheap. Each such publication should have, besides the author, a pocket-book friend behind it, who may feel, “This is also *my* seed-sowing.”

“Childhood's Morning,” by Elizabeth G. Mumford, tells teachers and mothers how to be *Sunday kindergartners* and draw out the things of the spirit from objects, as Jesus, “the first (?) kindergartner,” did. This is a thin, square book (50 cents; in paper covers, 40 cents), containing twenty-five or thirty lessons, besides a few songs and poems and short opening and closing services. The lessons are on the hand, foot, face, etc.; snow-flakes, seeds, fruits, Easter lilies, our country's flag, etc.;

Moses, Samuel, David, the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, etc. In each lesson we find ourselves *inside* a kindergarten, listening to a pleasant teacher, watching bright-faced children, seeing how the thing is done. It is all admirably told.

The other two consist of cards conveyed and admired by a little book. The prettier of the two is called “Sunday Helps for Little People.” by Alice C. Dockham and Lucy F. Gerish. This has thirty-eight cards, each one a tinted picture framed in bright border, with room to write a motto underneath the picture. For each subject (“Love,” “Truth,” “Kindness,” etc.) twelve mottoes are given in the book, from which the teacher can make choice. The plan is to divide the little ones into three classes according to age, and to each child give a card on which the teacher has written out one motto; three mottoes sufficing for a whole class, and the three classes, though using different mottoes, having all one subject. These mottoes are to be talked over and illustrated by stories and learned by heart. Each child is also to have a blank book in which he pastes his cards in due order, to be ready for reviews. Many of the pictures are prettier than half the Christmas cards we buy, and the mottoes simple and suggestive. The two authors must know the child-mind well, and must have worked long to have made their work so good. Only we should not have taught “Patience” by a *fishing* picture—if that is what the little fellow is about. These thirty-eight cards cost 25 cents; a dozen sets, \$2.50; and the book, 20 cents.

“Little Thoughts Made Larger” is by Lizzie C. Estey and Clara K. Daley. Here are no less than three sets of tinted cards (no pictures), twenty in each, intended for the three grades of little ones. In the smallest pack (10 cents) the cards hold a single short motto; in the middle-sized pack (12 cents) they hold the same motto and one more; in the largest (15 cents) these two mottoes with a third. So again the three classes of little children are both graded and unified, and can all take part together in the blackboard work and the “general lessons,” which are sketched out to fit each subject in the little book (30 cents) that goes with the cards. It is again good work by experts,—experts who tell

us: “It has been our experience that the children can comprehend the highest truths, if applied (by themselves in the course of the story-telling) and illustrated by their little experiences.”

This is only what the Boston Sunday School Society is doing for the little folks this year. For the older classes it offers other new and good work. W. C. G.

Men and Things

DR. CARL VON BERGEN, of Stockholm, Sweden, the eminent scholar and orator who is to address the psychical congress and the congress of religions, is now in Chicago, and called at UNITY's office one day last week.

It is estimated that Australian rabbits destroy annually \$5,500,000 worth of crops. A good illustration, this, of how innocence, helplessness and stupidity in their aggregations may, when misdirected, become great pests.

THE enthusiastic reception which Rev. Mary L. Leggett, the Unitarian minister of Green Harbor, Mass., received upon her return from a six months' trip to Europe for her health, would seem to be satisfactory evidence that woman is in her right place in the ministry.

ONE of the interesting things at the Columbian Exposition is the album of women ministers, for which photographs have been solicited and contributed, which is to be found in the Organization Room of the Women's Building, in the space for the Federation of Women's Clubs.

THE recent death of Sir Thomas Martineau, thrice Mayor of Birmingham, son of Robert Martineau, who had also been Mayor of the city, and nephew of James and Harriet Martineau, brings to mind the power and virility of that distinguished Huguenot family. While the fame of the two last named has been so great as largely to eclipse that of other living members, yet in English publications one is continually hearing of the Martineaus.

AUGUST is not a very good time to tell a snow-storm story, but for fear this scissoring will have passed from the editorial drawer in snow time, we give it now. And then it may not be a bad time to tell it when it will cool August heats by means of the imagination. The story has the peculiar charm of being essentially true, as those conversant with the traditions of the good Doctor know.

The Rev. Dr. Gannett, the eminent associate of Channing as minister of Arlington Street Church, having returned from home on some important errand, was so buffeted by the storm and the driving north wind, that he lost his way, and sank on a doorstep on one of the side streets not far from that of his residence.

Here he was fortunately seen by a passing teamster, who, with some difficulty—the Doctor was very lame—got him into his wagon. The Good Samaritan was entirely ignorant as to the identity of the man he had rescued, and when after no little effort the clergyman came to his senses, these were the first words that greeted his ears: “Look here, you unlucky customer, do you know, if I hadn't happened to go through M—street you'd have been in h—half an hour ago!”

LEARN to live, and live to learn:
Ignorance like fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

—Rayard Taylor.

Contributed and Selected

MORAL BEAUTY.

Thou who art vowed to beauty—who
dost know
Thy being's end in the uplifting swell
That sweeps thee to the height of lyric
spell,
Or merges thee in master-music's
flow,—
Oft when thou feel'st thy far-touched
spirit grow
To mystic union with the Power, a
knell
Clangs sudden on thy sense: "The
burden fell
Of years shall crush thy bliss with
weight of woe."
Not thus! feebly the goddess grace is
known
To him who thinks but so. Her deepest
thrill
Hath power to shake the dying:
changeless still
Christ on the cross. Aurelius on the
throne,
Thy fellow's generous deed: such lord-
ship own,
And years with mightier wine thy cup
shall fill.

MARIAN MEAD.

THE TRAGIC SIDE OF HUMOR.

American humor is *sui generis*. Not that bastard brand of the Spoopen-dike order, which is not humor but buffoonery, which is no more American than English or German. The true American humor is subtle and dry—extra dry. To have it is to know it. While the uninitiate listen with contempt or stupid wonder to the rapid play of thought, often cynical, always quaint, pithy, condensed like steam under pressure, these men chaffing so lightly, the thin smile flickering about thin lips, know that it is their way of snapping fingers at fate. They have faced her and dare her worst. They are like the red man at the stake who chooses to go down with a smile belying his agony.

There is something sublime in this, none the less because it is an everyday affair. More than the taciturn endurance of the Spartan, more than the cynicism of the Roman, more than the fatalism of the Oriental, it nevertheless contains a dash of each. It is comparatively easy to endure pain or disappointment with sullen defiance, or to vent an impotent rage in cynic sarcasm; easy to yield to the inevitable, to fold hands and say, "It is fate." But what is this? Not merely to take toil and trouble without a whimper, not merely to dare disaster without a quiver, but to do and dare all with a "don't care" jest, so that the superficial observer shall say, "He is too frivolous to feel or suffer deeply." The defeated Roman thrust a sword into his vitals; many so-called philoso-

phers have sought surcease with noose or poison; the American flicks his cigar-ash, cracks a joke, and passes on.

History can show plenty of individual examples of laughing in the face of fate; women in particular can mask the heart-ache with the smile. But, however well a woman may bear up on exhibition, when alone or with familiars she must relieve her overstrained nerves with the luxury of a burst of grief. Not so the tragic humorist. His gayety is assumed, not merely for the world's deception, but to deceive himself. Like Virgil's hero, "he crowds deep down the sorrow in his heart." He says, "Who cares?" and he doesn't care, except to fight the harder. He schools himself to a jesting stoicism that he may cheat his own heart. By a correlation of mental forces the pressure of disappointment or the friction of trouble is transmuted into new heat and energy of action.

This mental attitude is something new under the sun, in that it characterizes so many men of this country as to have won for itself the distinctive title of American humor. Even American women do not understand or appreciate it, much less can foreigners. The latter are generally too matter-of-fact. They are like those very worthy people, themselves Americans, who were shocked at Abraham Lincoln's levity, and thought him almost imbecile, because he would persist in joking in the greatest crises. He was a most striking illustration of the truth that American humor is a child of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and they who knew him not despised and rejected him for it. Shallow themselves, they could not understand how his great heart fought off its overwhelming load of care with quaint jest and quaint story.

American humor is masculine, not feminine. Women are not stupid, yet they do not appreciate this style of humor; simply because they are not made that way. Woman, being an idealist, never attains that perfect *sany froid* which is the first essential. However many of her dolls she may have tearfully seen emptied of their sawdust, she still hopes against hope that some time, some day, she shall find one which will not betray. Her idols are sacred, she fights for them as a mother for her child, and when they are broken she is as Rachel. She mourns, and calls on all to mourn or be anathema. A jest is profanation. A woman who can lose faith in all her ideals is lost herself. But the man may go on the same to outward seeming, except that his smile is a little grimmer, his jest a trifle more bitter. His last ideal—as his first—is simply to be a MAN.

Many imagine that the American humorist is just a jolly joker; but the deep-hued features, the keen, steady eye, and the frequent irony tell a different story. His humor is an after-glow in the ashes of burned-out hopes. He has learned the hol-

lowness of things, and has resolved to make the best of a bad business. Many matters for which other people get excited and are ready to fight at the drop of the hat, he regards with cool contempt as purely questions of individual opinion to which each has an equal right. This indifference is often carried so far that he tolerates political and other abuses which should be promptly suppressed. But any one who rashly assumes that for this reason he lacks stamina will discover the mistake to his cost. He is a curious cross between idle and earnest, the terrible tenacity of the Saxon veneered with the gayety of the Gaul. The war of the great rebellion showed how American jokers could fight.

What is the source of this national trait? It is one current of that stream of indomitable independence which we are so fond of tracing far back, until lost in the windings of countless rivulets of heredity and environment. In casting off both priest and king the American character acquired a breezy self-reliance which refuses to bow to any power of earth or air. Encompassed by wild and strange conditions, by the marvels of nature in her most whimsical moods, himself working wonders in defiance of all rule and precedent, how could the American fail to respond to the challenge of all his environment by a fancy bold and original, even grotesque! No wonder, too, that he pierces with eagle-glance the shams which others worship. Yet in all his optimistic pessimism there is a mingling of philosophy and pride. He knows what can't be cured must be endured, and his pride forbids him to make faces about it: he puts the best face on it with a joke, which helps him to bear his own burden and others to bear theirs, and thus without intending it he becomes a public benefactor.

American humor is the best substitute yet found for Christian fortitude. It takes no thought for the morrow and lets the dead past bury its dead. In some respects it is superior. The New England fathers had plenty of the fortitude but none of the humor; a keen sense of the ridiculous would have saved them from some folly and evil. Many very good people nowadays also take life altogether too seriously; they allow troubles to bow them down like a spring which has lost all resilience. How much better to come up smiling every time fortune floors you.

"For every trouble under the sun
There is a cure, or there is none.
If there is a cure, find it:
If there is none, never mind it."

The danger of American humor lies on the side of cynicism. The man who has learned by sad experience the hollowness of the material world is in danger of assuming therefrom the hollowness of the spiritual. He fails to see that the vanity of the material is the legitimate result of neglecting the spiritual, and the

strongest possible argument in favor of cultivating the latter. This is the lesson of life which the world is ever learning, ever forgetting.

H. W. CONANT, M. D.

Chicago, Ills.

A LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

[The following letter, sent to us by a friendly hand, is always timely. It was written when the great preacher was an exiled invalid, in response to sympathetic words forwarded to him by representatives of the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood.—*ED.*]
TO THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA:

Dear Friends—Your kindly letter of the first of Sixth month, signed by your Clerks, Joseph A. Dugdale, Elizabeth Jackson, and Oliver Johnson—persons well known and highly esteemed—reached me but yesterday, for it was long delayed in Paris. Let me now, from a full heart, thank you for your generous expression of such sympathy and regard. In these times, when a difference of theological opinions so often hinders all feelings of human brotherhood, your words come to me full of sweetness and encouragement. How pleasant it is to find Religion without Bigotry, Devotion to God with no hatred of his children!

Once I intended and promised to speak also to each of the other congregations of Progressive Friends, but now I think you will never again hear my voice in your Yearly Meetings; for even if I somewhat recover my health, it seems I must hereafter address men only with the pen, and no longer also with the living word. Yet I trust I shall never fall, with what powers I have, to help forward the cause of Truth and Righteousness, so dear to you all.

I kept sacred the anniversary of your last meeting, with devout gratitude for the opportunity I twice had of preaching before you what to me is far more dear than this earthly, mortal life, for the friendly reception my words found among you, and the cheering talk I had with many of you in private. The faces of the men and women I value so much came up before me and peopled the solitude of the ocean I was then sailing through, adding their human loveliness to the else mere material beauty of the sea. This year I could not gather with you at your Yearly Meeting; yet was I present in spirit and joined in your spoken or silent prayer for the Truth which shall make all men free, and for the Love that shall add its most precious blessings to all humankind.

Long may the spirit of Truth and Love, the spirit of Religion, live in your hearts, shedding its gladness and its beauty on your daily lives, while it keeps your feet in the paths of righteousness, and strengthens your hands for every duty which God demands of you.

Believe me, ever faithfully your friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

Montreux, Switzerland, 25th of Ninth month, 1859.

"HEATHEN" MORALS.

If you happened to have a cultivated Japanese friend who has remained in all things truly Japanese, whose character has remained untouched by the new egotism and by foreign influences, you will probably be able to study in him the particular social traits of the whole people—traits in his case exquisitely accentuated and polished. You will observe that, as a rule, he never speaks of himself, and that, in reply to searching personal questions, he will answer as vaguely and briefly as possible with a polite bow of thanks.

But, on the other hand, he will ask many questions about yourself, your opinions, your ideas; even trifling details of your daily life appear to have deep interest for him; and you will probably have occasion to note that he never forgets anything which he has learned concerning you.

Yet there are certain rigid limits to his kindly curiosity, and perhaps even to his observation; he will never refer to any disagreeable or painful matter, and he will remain absolutely blind to eccentricities or small weaknesses, if you have any. To your face he will never praise you; but he will never laugh at you nor criticise you. Indeed, you will find that he never criticises persons, but only actions in their results. As a private adviser, he will not even directly criticise a plan of which he disapproves, but is apt to suggest a new one in some such guarded language as, "Perhaps it might be more to your immediate interest to do thus and so."

Among no other civilized people is the secret of happy living so thoroughly comprehended as among the Japanese; by no other race is the truth so widely understood that our pleasure in life must depend upon the happiness of those about us, and consequently upon the cultivation in ourselves of unselfishness and of patience. For which reason, in Japanese society, sarcasm, irony, cruel wit are not indulged. I might almost say that they have no existence in refined life.

* * * The moral policy is that through which the highest and happiest results may be obtained. A foreign dweller in the interior cannot but long sometimes for the sharp, erratic inequalities of Western life, with its larger joys and pains and its more comprehensive sympathies. But *sometimes* only, for the intellectual loss is really more than compensated by the social charm, and there can remain no doubt, in the mind of one who fully understands the Japanese, that they are still the best people in the world to live among.

—L. Hearn, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

REAL INFLUENCE.

There are few publications that continue and increase their influence upon us throughout the varied mental

fluctuations of years. To us UNITY is such a paper. It is so because it is habitually anxious to see the truth and willing to tell the truth. Hence, it always has the *spirit* of truth—which is more to the honest reader than the mere *letter*.

It seems wildly venturesome—but hardly is so—for a paper to thus throw itself on truth for support, while sect and class and specific creed seem so necessary to success. But it happens that the only *real* success lies in advancing truth—giving folks what they *want* instead of what they *wish*. It must not be forgotten that all error and all inadequateness of view have the unreality of not being permanent. Hence, such a paper as UNITY is of more actual influence than any paper of narrow creed—no matter what its popularity or its circulation. For instance, there are preachers to-day who are read in many languages, but whose real, permanent influence is most trifling.

So, UNITY will continue to ignore the "shooing" of men in herds through the gaps of truth. It will make its honey indirectly by tolling the queen bee—by influencing those that influence, and by being willing to influence even those by views of life in its widest relations.

W. W. FELLOWS.

Eureka Springs, Ark.

AGE AND YOUTH.

A stranger came one day,
Sat by awhile then went his way,
And lo! my hair was gray.

"O, youth!" I cried, "what need
For one such passing word to heed?"

So well we two agree,
Stay thou with me."

Alas! I spoke to empty air,
Youth was not there.

I stood alone, forlorn.

If youth were gone
Would I had ne'er been born.

Life said, "Since thou art here
Nor sigh avails nor useless tear—
Still thou hast naught to fear."

What cared I for Life's word—
The fleeting steps of Youth I heard.

Scanning the wide earth o'er,
Toward Age's door
I turned, and there in truth
Stood errant Youth.

"Behold! faint heart," he said,
"Life is a mask still half unread.

Among the dead
Thou sought'st me? Nay!
Herald of Life's new day,
I did but pass thee on thy way
To go before."

MARY H. PEABODY.

ST. GEORGE MIVART has published in the *Nineteenth Century* an essay entitled "Happiness in Hell," and as a consequence it has been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*. "So much the worse for the Church," says *The Inquirer*. "Humanity cannot stand still even at the command of the Pope and his Council."

Church-Door Pulpit

THE MYSTERY OF PROVIDENCE.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. E. M. WHELLOCK,
OF AUSTIN, TEXAS.

"Let thy work appear."—PSALMS, xc. 16.

The idea of providence is inseparable from the thought of Deity. A good God who is not also a perfect providence is inconceivable to the mind. He who creates must sustain and preserve, or his creation goes back into chaos. The marks of forethought, design, and care facing us on every side point to the care-taker. So everywhere with the belief in Deity is found belief in providence. It is a universal accompaniment of religion. It is the frequent theme of Jesus. It is a self-evident truth of the filial worshipping heart.

But while all religious faith pivots on this belief, and while the heart of man holds fast to the thought "that nothing walks with aimless feet," the intellect demurs and denies. The reason stands dumb before the terrible facts which are arrayed against the teachings of an infinite, sleepless, and perfect providential care protecting the world. Fatalities, cruelties, and wrongs confront us on every side. War and strife is the watchword of nature. A worm is at the root of every blossom. A grave opens under each cradle.

Nature with the same readiness takes her children to her bosom or clutches them by the throat; it is all the same to her. Her babes never know whether they are to be nursed or strangled. Her law is, "Let the strong devour the weak." She gives to the deer its fleetness, but gives also to the wolf the muscles of steel by which he pulls down the deer. She gives fangs to the rattlesnake as well as beauty to the humming-bird. The glare of the tiger, the spring of the leopard, the coil of the snake, the sting of the insect, are gifts from her treasury. Life begins by building a stomach; its next step is to swallow and digest its neighbor. Pain is the universal law. Wine issues from the trodden grape and iron must be blistered into steel. Nature shows no sympathy, and pity she has never felt; all her children are digestible; to eat and be eaten constitutes her eternal round. The very soil on which we tread is the infinite cemetery of lives tortured, slaughtered, burned and buried in the endless struggle for existence. The sparrow may not fall without the Heavenly Father's notice, yet it falls.

The planet is a trap and the earthquake or the cyclone soon jostle down man's card-house of sentimental belief in an amiable, saccharine Providence. The survival of the fittest is nature's one and only law. The weak drop from her arms; the strong survive.

If the greatest saint in the world falls overboard from the deck of a

ship he drowns unless rescued by human hands. His prayer to be saved is never answered if it fails to reach the ear of man. Where there is no man to hear there is no providence to save. If the broken ship goes down on a lonely sea where there is no human aid the sea swallows ship and crew. The supplication flung skyward brings no divine succor, unless it sounds in a human ear and vibrates in a human heart. The common sense of the world knows this. The truth is denied only by a silly, sentimental, mawkish religionism which has shut its eyes so long to realities that it has lost the power of discerning truth.

An earthquake kills men like flies. The cholera, smallpox, pestilence cuts them off as with grapeshot. Every page of history is spattered with tears. Nero is on the throne and Jesus on the cross in every age. If the rain fails to the growing crop, or the potato bug destroys the food of an island, Providence does not interfere, and men and women are held as cheap as the rotting food for lack of which they died. In the great Bengal famine a few years ago, the prayers of starving millions of Hindus did not restore a grain of the rice harvest; but so much of earthly help as could get aboard the relief ships from London, New York, and Boston came to deliver. When the pinch comes, man learns by the sharp lessons of reality that there is no tender intervening providence on which he can call to check the tragedy of starvation, earthquake, plague, or storm. When men most need help, God seems to care for them no more than for so many mice. "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Yes, but only when man shelters the lamb that he shears. No harsh event or cruel circumstance is ever held at bay by the compassion of Providence towards those who must bear the brunt. The cup of hurts, heart bruises, and sorrows must be drained to the last drop, even though the "Son of man" himself prays that it may pass untasted by. If we give Deity credit for the flower and the sunshine we must debit him with the storm. If he heals this sick man, to that one he sends consumption or cancer. If he is in the melting hand of charity he is also in the fist of the wife-beater. The laws of the world of nature are invariable and immutable. No prayer can turn their sharp and bitter edge. On every error waits the Nemesis. It is poetry, not reality, which says the wall of Siloam fell on the worst sinners, and that the sword of the guilty man falls in the duel. Only in poetry does the fire refuse to burn the innocent, and purity lay her hand on the fierce lion's mane. Raphael once composed a lovely picture of St. Marguerite, showing how, with no weapon but a lily, she walked safely through the yawning jaws of a dragon. That will do for romance or legend, but in real life if the holy maiden entered the

dragon's mouth she would stay there and furnish the beast with a breakfast.

On every hand, in the human world, we find hunger unfed, nakedness unclothed, weakness without protection, and misery without hope. The fields are tilled, the cities are builded, the factories are operated, by means of a life-long slavery of monotonous toil. The past of the race is knee-deep in blood, and the past of nature is black with convulsion and struggle. The heart of man continually asks the question, "Why must these things be?" Where is the divine providence? Where is he who cares for the happiness of every creature he has made?

The answer to this question is found, and the immense perplexity which environs the problem of providence disappears, when we learn the true relation which man sustains to the universe and to God. Providence is never solely a divine act. It is always divine-human, or it is nothing. Man and God are partners in every act of providence. Not God alone nor man alone, but both, concurring and active, are found in every providential deed. If either factor fails there is no result.

Providence is a compound principle, having a human as well as a divine element. The agent of every providence is man. Wherever there is help for man it comes in a human form. Deity gives nothing and helps no one directly. The distribution of all divine gifts is in human hands. The divine providence must become human before it can become active. Whenever man is redeemed it is by the work of his fellow-man, and it is done by human hearts, brains, and hands, with the God in man inspiring and impelling. No superhuman hand has ever shown itself, directly and nakedly, in the history of the world. The hand is always gloved and the glove is always man. God purposes, wills and loves; man must execute that loving will. Until he does, God waits and his providence waits. Every providential action is divine in spirit and human in expression. Human justice, human kindness and pity is all the justice, kindness and pity that we know now or ever will know. For God is in man, and is only to be seen and known in man. Thus in the government of the universe man is as needful to God as God is necessary to man. Man interprets the divine to the universe. He translates Deity. He makes God visible and audible in the external world. There is no God in the blind forces of the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire; only in the still, small voice speaking in the soul.

Outside of man we see in the universe only the clash of blind, unconscious forces. The best man of the race,—he who is fullest of the divine element, he who realizes his own inner personality,—is practically its god, and so remains until his place is wanted for a still diviner manifesta-

tion of the Highest. Thus the Odin of our grim forefathers, the Hebrew Jehovah, the Jupiter of the Romans, even the gentle Buddha of Asia, are dethroned by the crucified outcast of Galilee—the sweetest flower upon the stem of human nature and the highest incarnation of the heavenly and divine. The tradition of the God-man, the savior and the friend of his brethren, is the common bond of union between good and true men of all beliefs. Thus he sends the "Comforter," whose voice is always a human voice—Vox Humana.

The soul bows at this altar, and asks no higher shrine. It is the growing manhood of our time, coming out of brute life into an evolution of justice and brotherliness; coming out of the improvidence of selfishness into the large-hearted providence of sympathy and love—that is the only divine thing which our age needs or craves. The phantom god of the sectarians, the fierce Jehovah of Calvin, who sits on the outside of the world, seeing it go and scowling at his trembling creation, has fled before the footsteps of science, nor has he thought to leave his address. Thus mankind is fast outgrowing a Deity streaked with partiality and tainted with favoritism, with whom "kissing goes by favor," who pets and pampers a few of his children, turning his back on the rest. Our priests and theologians must make a better god or retire from the business. The human race demands a nineteenth century Deity.

Man is made in the creative image that he may complete the creative work. The higher power having done its best, it still remains for the lower power to respond. Ideally the sleepless providence which Jesus saw with the fine vision of the spirit—taking note of all, forgetting none and numbering the very hairs of our heads—is perfect now, and always has been. Practically, the most of the work has yet to be done, and it shares the imperfection of all human ministry. If the divine purpose in the world appears from time to time to stop or fall or turn aside, the fault is ours alone. To the eye of science the oak is all in the acorn; so the divine providence is seen by the dial soul, just as Jesus and the poets, the prophets and moralists have declared; but it is a seed, not a tree. It is a floating vision, and it can only find shape and fulfillment through the free consent and concurrence of man. It is in the germ only, and so remains until man brings it forth by evolution. The education of man is the evolution of providence.

God declines to be held responsible for any of the evils under which we suffer. When we try to throw off our evils upon him he throws them back upon us and compels us to use our own powers to improve our conditions. Once when Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister of England an epidemic of typhoid fever swept over a large district of country. Hun-

dreeds sickened and died. A panic ensued, which the pietists improved after their own foolish fashion by telling the people that "Deity was angry with them and had sent the pestilence as a punishment because they did not keep holy the Sabbath day." A delegation of priests and bishops and other superfluous people visited the minister, asking him to appoint a day for fasting and prayer.

Palmerston, unmoved by this muddy torrent of superstition, replied: "This is the nineteenth century, not the ninth. Deity will not hear the prayers of the idle, nor will he become the providence of the shiftless. Why should the nation fast and pray when the power to remedy the evil lies in your own hands? God is not angry with you, but he ought to be. Go home; work as well as pray. Clean up your back yards and look to your drains." They did so and the pestilence ceased. Sanitary science, not prayer meetings, is what is needed in an epidemic of sickness. For science, that multiplies a thousand fold the powers of labor and the energies of man, comes forth to us a divine gift as truly as any Bible; nor does the infinite word of God reach us solely through a Jewish pinhole.

The responsibility for human progress rests on human shoulders. The movement of providence goes on as fast as man will's and works for it, and no faster. There is no destiny but what we frame for ourselves. There is no salvation but what we ourselves achieve. All lies in man's own hands. We make our fortunes and we call them fate. In the human soul is the latent God-power which must transform, uplift and redeem nature, till her cruel tragedies end in submission to the will of God, acting through the will of man. Like every other divine quality, providence is incarnated in humanity and waits to be put to service. The creative word becomes flesh in man. The race's redemption is locked up in the race's intelligence. Deity will not move the engine whose lever he has placed in our own grasp. The hand that hurts us is never the divine hand; it is always human—it is our own. We must become the masters, not the victims, of our earthly life. We must learn and obey the conditions of right existence. We must take the wild way of nature into our guiding hands and realize that every calamity is curable. This takes time—ages upon ages. There are a million failures to each success, but the one success endures.

Culture, spiritual culture, will absorb at length every cruel Gehenna, and change hell itself into sweetness and blessing. God is only where men find him. He dwells in the temple of the soul, so that the best man of the race can truly say: "I and the Father are one." The divine help comes to man through man. In the flesh and blood of each of us is planted the divine providence as a germ, a seed, which it is ours to bring forth

by evolution. Our brothers are the channels of the infinite friendliness. The overflowing sympathy of the heavenly Father can only reach man through man's heart and brain. A human agent or mediator goes with every wave of divine help. All forces, elective or vital, follow conductors. Nothing finite can touch the naked infinite. Deity is immediate only as he is in the human spirit which partakes of the divine, and the prayer that goes outward retreats from the only direct presence of God. He meets us only in the sanctuary of ourselves. Look not up for him; look not out for him; he is the inspiring life and soul of the race. He sinks into his willing children as the sunlight sinks into the flower, so that not an atom can question his right to be there. Only by listening close at his own heart does man begin to hear the beat of the heart eternal! As no good ever comes from closing one's eyes to the truth, men of culture should know that there is no God to help in the affairs of this world except the God and Father revealed by Jesus,—the inside God, the God latent in man and waiting to be evolved through man. Each human innermost is a molecule of God.

Now a word as to what are called "Special Providences." As the phrase is used by priests, there is and there can be no such thing. Outside of the sickly literature of devotees and Sunday schools it does not exist. The God of science and of true religion fills all space; penetrates every atom, and moves all from within. His only action is through universal law. His providence is over all, and therefore not partial to any. It does not care for persons, for a chosen race or for a special church. It does not appoint sailing days, insure steamers or choose staterooms. The action of Providence is constant and uniform, not now and then and here and there, but always and everywhere. It has no favorites, is never personal, and never gets angry, the priesthoods of the world to the contrary notwithstanding. When my petition made to the outside God wins reply, it is by awakening the kindly sympathy of a fellow-heart, here or in another sphere of being. This fellow-being then becomes the appointed almoner of God to me. But if my appeal moves no point of human touch, I gain no response. Every special providence since the foundation of the world has had a man behind it.

The unbroken silence of the heavens should long ago have taught this to man. A poor woman who was dragged half dead from the fatal flood of Johnstown, which had engulfed in a moment her five little innocent ones, said: "I have always been taught to believe in a special providence; now I know it is false." Every mother passing through a like experience would say the same. The goody god of the devotee is nowhere found in the hour of trial, and the fictioned faith that is based on special

providence vanishes like mist when brought to the test of practical experience. Until the sun shoots some special ray for you and the attraction of gravity makes an exception in your favor, count not on God doing so. Believers in special providence put personal meanings into universal principles and hang special interpretations on general laws. Not long since Mr. Moody, the evangelist, was crossing the Atlantic. Rough weather was encountered and some part of the machinery gave way. While the engineers labored at the repairs he had a prayer meeting in the cabin. The ship was staunch, and after a time of anxiety and peril the repairs were made and the ship went on her course. Mr. Moody, after the modest custom of his tribe, claimed the credit, intimating that his prayers saved the ship. But who believes that if he had been a passenger on the missing *Naronic* she would have reached her port? Such assumptions are only the symptoms of pharisaic egoism coming to a head, like a boil.

In the world of matter man was made to rule Nature and not to be crushed by her. As he learns more and more to control the natural forces about him, making use of them to correct the evils of soil and climate, providence in nature will begin to be evolved, malaria, parasites and venomous creatures will disappear, the deserts be fertilized, the climates ameliorated and all that is detrimental to man recede and pass away. By a wise study of his environment, and by devoting faithful effort to the improvement of the globe, there are no rude, blind forces in nature, no fatalities, no elemental stress which may not be overcome. The hard, remorseless powers, before which man at first seemed a mere helpless pawn in the blindfold game of necessity, he learns to govern and to guide. He yokes the river to his mill, steam to his car, lightning to his wire. Human worship began with man adoring the elements and ends with the elements adoring and obeying man. As he has tamed the electric fluid, so will he learn to control the earthquake, dissipate the cyclone, and say to the tornado or the storm, "Peace, be still."

Our destiny is begotten by ourselves. The earth is given to man. In all human affairs God works by human instruments, and he never interferes by supernatural means with the orderly action of his laws. The God-power that works for man works only through man. Above the sinking ship, the starving people, the burning city, the heavens remain serene and silent. No answer direct from the unseen and eternal has ever sounded in the ear of man in response to his long, childish wailing and begging for miraculous aid. It is humanity that embodies God, and any work for man's uplifting must be done by man and through man if done at all. In this new year of reason the grisly dogma of the churches

has become unthinkable, which teaches that an All-Benignant Father plants one of his children in the most favorable soil, giving health, wealth and every earthly good, while he whelms another in the bitter waves of poverty and pain, promising to make it up in the next world—perhaps. Man is fast learning that the only God who commits such injustices is in his own skin and is the monstrous phantom of human selfishness.

Man need not accuse his Creator of the evils that trouble the world. He has himself made them all, and he, with the divine uplift befriending him, must undo them all. There was not a fiend in the universe till man came to beget him. There is no hell for man except the hell in man, made by man, and never yet was there devil but sprouted from man.

Men are impatient at the slowness of God, but he can move no faster than they do, for man drives the divine chariot. Providence never gives bread to the hungry. He gives the wheat, man makes the flour and the loaf. The only bread-maker in the universe is man. Providence never gives clothes to the naked. He gives the wool on the sheep's back; man supplies the shears, loom and needle. The only cloth-maker in the universe is man. Providence never warms those who are cold. He gives the fuel in the forest and the coal in the mine; man must use ax and saw, rust hew and chop, excavate and blast, procuring by an immense effort the heat that is vital to civilization and life; the true Prometheus, or fire-bringer, is man. God did not make the world; he only began making it, and left it to man to finish: just as he did not create the mellow apple, but only the harsh and bitter crab, from which man, co-laborer with the divine, has evolved the pleasant fruit. We are the children of the king, ignorantly denying our royal blood. The agents of the heavenly providence are not the priest, the saint, the pietist, absorbed in their selfish scramble for a puerile and imaginary heaven; but the farmer, the fisherman, the laborer, the scientist, the reformer, the inventor,—in a word, the producer. These are, however unconsciously, working with the creative power to repair the waste and blunders of ignorance, to diminish the evils that infest the planet, and to evolve at length the perfect providence.

Grains of sand scattered on a glass plate will arrange themselves in symmetrical figures upon the sounding of a musical note; but a human hand produces the note. The same hand must evoke the note that will one day arrange the world in symmetry and beauty and bring into lovely and harmonious forms these sand grains that are human beings, states and nations. Let men find providence where they found the steam engine and the telegraph, the reaper and the printing press—in the regnant, teeming, and

illuminated human brain. The evolution of providence is the gradual unfolding of the divine in human nature, the "God in man" unbinding himself, the "Word becoming flesh," and man in the neighbor possessing his God.

World's Fair Notes

Now we know. The medals are awarded, the judges are paid,—foreign judges, \$750; American judges, \$500. John Boyd Thatcher announces the result. There are 485 medals to be given for excellency in oil, water-color, pastels, and black and white work.

The award to France does not appear on the list as given in the morning paper. The United States come in for a goodly share; Great Britain and Germany follow with about the same proportion of commendations, Japan is well cared for, and Spain need not complain of being neglected. Why France does not show up is perhaps only a "press" mystery. Some typographical error, perhaps, on a large scale. For surely *La Belle France* should have these "medals" in abundance.

Possibly France declines them. They are not discriminating enough. "Equality, Fraternity" does not hold in art to the extent of awarding exactly the same sort of praise to each and all. The *Tribune* expresses the sort of disappointment the artists of all countries may be at this moment experiencing. Says that journal: "It is most unfortunate that Congress has not provided for medals that should designate comparative merit; for the bronze medals given by the Exposition are rendered of little value, first, because of the large number awarded, and second, because they confer no greater honor upon the artist who has produced a masterpiece than is conferred on the one who has barely escaped black-balling."

This is, indeed, "unfortunate," for it is to be noticed that no one of the forty-four or forty-five American painters who are to receive these bronze medals, can now tell whether his work has been unanimously designated as a "masterpiece," or was missed by a hair's-breadth by the fatal "black-ball."

There is room for two conjectures which would serve to keep up the debasing thought of equality of merit. It is within the possibilities that this entire lot of forty-five paintings barely missed the aforesaid black-ball; and then, there is room for the more comforting thought that each and every one of them won for its male creator—no woman's name appears on the list—from these foreign and native paid jurors the verdict of "masterpiece."

This is probably the "crumb of comfort" that Elihu Vedder, Eastman Johnson, George Inness, Thomas Eakins, and all the now immortal

forty-four will carry with them to their respective graves.

It is *perhaps* true that they have all been "medaled" by the infallible jurors of the Columbian Exposition of 1893, for having produced and there exhibited "masterpieces." Let them bedeck themselves and parade down the Midway Plaisance—"medals" and "decorations" are in abundance there—and, but that comparisons are sometimes odious, they can experience the satisfaction of furnishing an additional exhibit in connection with the numberless "artists" of that locality, all profusely "medaled," that might not inappropriately be designated as "Exhibit of Comparative Medalology."

Certain it is that no denizen of that region but would rush valiantly to the encounter. For have they not all the crowned heads and potentates of Europe, Asia and Africa as their sponsors!

Another unfortunate circumstance, according to the *Tribune*, is the fact that no "honorable mention" has been provided for, which "would have afforded encouragement to many aspiring artists whose work is not of sufficient merit to justify a medal."

Yes; it is sad that the three or four thousand painters these appointed and paid supreme jurors have "black-balled" are left so completely out in the cold that they do not know positively whether or not they are worthy of even an "honorable mention."

This is one of the matters which Congress should certainly have made provision for. There is no excuse. Congress should be able to make reputations as well as money. The government's "flat" should be good anywhere.

However, there is consolation in the fact that many a "deserving" artist has been thus unwarrantably neglected and left to struggle on, and die, perhaps, like Millet—leaving works that were never "medaled" or "honorably mentioned," but which have somehow won their own way to the front, and are now to be seen only in "loan exhibits," where they are royally honored by the great public.

There have been politicians who have declared they were "speaking to posterity." It would not be well for artists to cherish this delusion—for delusion it has mostly been proven to be with the aspirants in the political field, at least. Probably Millet painted because he liked to, and not with an eye to rank in any salon or to the verdict of posterity. And so it comes to this. There is nothing final or absolute in the decisions of courts or juries so far as merit is concerned. Walt Whitman averred that he had nothing to say about the verdict either of the present or of the future on his work. He had done what seemed to him best for him to do, what he enjoyed and himself believed in, and so dismissed it—confident that it would win its own right place in the long

or short run (whichever it might be), and what more could he ask?

One thing more to be remarked is that this award of the Columbian Exposition to painters has been given for "excellency in painting." This is important. For if these expert judges have been intent solely or mainly on the skill in handling paint and the technique of pictures, why, then, the unmentioned artists can take to themselves courage and persevere, for the real significance or rank of their art has not been sat on.

S. H. M.

The Study Table

THE WILDERNESS HUNTER.*

For the hunter, the historian, and the lover of nature Mr. Roosevelt has written a book of exceeding interest. He has hunted in all sections of our broad land. The caribou he has tracked in the lonely recesses of the wild Selkirks; ridden after the hounds in the beautiful valley of the Genesee; chased the peccary amid the cacti of the Texan border; dared the grizzly and the cougar in their Rocky Mountain haunts, and stalked the wild goat "among the high mountains of the Kootenai country." During these years of extensive travel the author has been more than a mere hunter with eyes for the chase only. "To him who can understand the keen delight of hunting in lonely lands," he says, "there shall come in after years the memory of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sun; of vast snow-clad wastes lying desolate under gray skies; of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter; of cataracts roaring between hoary mountain masses; of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness; of its immensity and mystery, and of the silence that broods in its still depths." And in the case of our author, not only did all these things come to him in the hours of his lonely hunting, but what is very exceptional, the power came also to describe in a way that brings them home to the reader. Among American writers who have attempted to describe nature, few save Thoreau and Burroughs have been as successful as Mr. Roosevelt. His strokes are few, strong and masterful, and the picture he draws abides, so that next to having seen this wild land in all its terror and beauty—which, how few can do!—the best recourse is to read "The Wilderness Hunter."

In after generations when our wildernesses and our border life are no more, this book, together with the "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," by the same author, will be cherished as original documents of the highest merit. For here is a man who sees things as they are and sets down his

*THE WILDERNESS HUNTER. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 470; \$3.50.

observations without refracting embellishments. The habits and characteristics of animals he describes with the accuracy of a trained naturalist, while his sketches of the life of the cowboy, the soldier, and the hunter would be acceptable to the most exacting historian.

The book is excellent reading for boys in whom the love of adventure is strong, and equally desirable for men in whom hardihood and daring have been all but extinguished by enervating comforts and luxuries. We may sing of those who "name the birds without a gun," and rejoice at all increasing regard for life, but we must not forget that a land cannot be the abode of both man and grizzly, and that if a thickly peopled country is a thing to rejoice in, then the dauntless hunter, fearing neither danger nor hardship, is a man to praise. While the book in hand contains passages which make the heart of the pitiful sad, its influence, could it widely prevail, would tend greatly toward the preservation of our noble game. Our hunter himself killed, and insists upon the right of killing, only under conditions which, if generally observed, would insure the perpetuity of the animals he hunted. Not by such men, but by the brutal crowd who kill indiscriminately for a paltry recompense, is the great game of this land threatened with extinction.

MARKLEY TSCHUDI.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY: Sermons and Addresses by the late Russell Lant Carpenter, B. A., with a short memoir by Frances E. Cooke. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 325; 6s.—The interesting memoir prefixed to this volume of sermons and addresses gives us a glimpse of a very modest, noble and devoted life. It might have been said of Russell Lant Carpenter, as Dr. Martineau said of his father: "I have never seen in any human being the idea of duty, the feeling of right, held in such visible reverence. There was no such thing as a dead particle in his faith; it was instinct with life in every fiber." To read of such a man is always profitable, however briefly. In his funeral sermon the Rev. H. S. Solly called upon his hearers to remember Mr. Carpenter if ever they were tempted to shun disagreeable subjects, or to profess no interest in questions that deeply concerned their fellow creatures, merely because their own homes were happy and such troubles "did not enter into the immediate circle of their lives." How hard it was for him to take hold of such disagreeable subjects few ever knew, but he was never found backward in doing so. An instance of this was seen in his connection with the Contagious Diseases Acts. At first he shrank very decidedly from meddling in any way with a matter so repugnant to all his tastes and feelings. But when finally persuaded by such women as Josephine Butler,

Harriet Martineau and Florence Nightingale that it was his duty to labor with them, he put aside at once and forever every temptation to shrink from the work, and bore his cross bravely for sixteen years. His sermons show the deep interest he felt in all that concerns the life of the people and their true prosperity. They are practical, and related to the life that now is, as well as to that which is to come. One of the strongest is devoted to England's Responsibility for the Opium Traffic, and is a document well worth circulating. If anything could bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the nation it seems that this indictment would do so.

H. T. G.

THE MAGAZINES.

To the editor, the most interesting articles in the August *Forum* are the first two of the series on an inside view of daily journalism. All these are by men who are or have been managing editors, and the table given by Mr. Speed makes a telling commentary upon the tone of Mr. Miller's article, when it is remembered that Mr. Miller is the editor of *The Times* under the new regime. Perhaps, however, some bias should be allowed for, in view of the fact that it was about twelve years ago that Mr. Speed ceased to be managing editor of a daily paper. Mr. Speed's paper seems, nevertheless, a very just criticism of existing newspaper methods, and suggests an early reform. Professor J. J. McCook analyzes a tramp census, and makes some valuable suggestions. Dr. Billings pours out statistics in reference to "Municipal Sanitation in Washington and Baltimore" at a rate that makes it difficult to digest them; but the apparent lack of evil results attributable to the absence of sewers from Baltimore is certainly striking. Professor Ebers attributes great influence in character formation to solitude, but the illustration of goose and eagle, lamb and lion, by which he seeks to introduce if not to enforce this truth, seems rather absurd. The important question of the hour, the silver question, is discussed by Messrs. Horace White and E. O. Leach, who naturally conclude that the Sherman law must be repealed as soon as possible. The danger of hasty tariff legislation is treated by a large wire manufacturer.

IN LEND A HAND for August the most important paper is Rev. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer's address delivered at the World's Congress of Charities, Correction and Philanthropy, on "Social Responsibility Toward Child-Life," an address that everyone interested in civics and philanthropy (which, at the least, should mean every educated adult) should read. Although not professing to go into any detail, it is as full of information as it is of suggestion. In another World's Congress paper Anna L. Dawes emphasizes the growing need

of professional training for charities administrators. Dr. Hale's memorial of Col. R. F. Auchmuty calls attention to the admirable work for humanity which that practical philanthropist did in establishing schools to teach trades.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy contribution to the August *Unitarian* is the paper in which Rev. Henry C. Badger calls attention to the book, "Verbum Dei," and the oral utterances of the brilliant young London minister, Robert F. Horton, whose recent appointment to the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching, at Yale, seems to portend a great theological broadening in the Yale Divinity School. Among other strong utterances which Mr. Badger quotes, we find the following:

Nothing can surpass the futility and, in the end, the mischief of the dogmatic appeal, made with dull vehemence and harsh unreason, on the ground of Biblical authority, to those who are really waiting for evidence that the Bible is authentic or true, consistent or convincing, inspired or authoritative.

S. C. Selden's article on "Unity" is suggestive, and we are tempted to quote the passage in which he refers to the common content of religion and science:

But at length man passes this stage of his history, and begins to investigate, as well as wonder and worship. He looks from another standpoint, not yet seeing that, after all, it is the same. He now gives that which is not understood the name of nature, and calls his investigation science, without a suspicion that he is seeking the same goal by another road. His intellect seeks the cause, his sensibility recognizes the operation, and his will regulates or modifies the effect. Cause, operation, and effect in science correspond to Father, Spirit, and Son in religion, and each is alike dependent upon the law of mind.

THE SOUTHERN UNITARIAN grows steadily stronger. We do not mean that the editorial and contributed matter in the late issues is intrinsically superior to that of the earlier numbers, for Mr. Chaney's first work was so good in itself that it would be hard to improve upon it. But as the months pass there is evident a more and more perfect adaptation to the environment. We remember that the first number seemed to us admirably adapted to its purpose—missionary work; and that the third number impressed us particularly in its happy adaptation to *Southern* work; but though we did not then appreciate the fact, it was rather for the South than by the South. This is no longer true. The present number—that for August—has the unmistakable, albeit indescribable, flavor of the South. It is indeed a paper of the South, for the South, and by the South, and as such we are doubly glad to have its comradeship in the work of promoting a simple, unfettered, natural religion. Mr. Free's sermon on the inspiring text, "All things work together for

good to them that love God,"—is a model of simple, manly, undogmatic religious faith.

IN WORTHINGTON'S MAGAZINE for August, Lillian Whiting's article on "The Enlargement of Relations" is one we should like all our readers to see. Walter Deming's study of "The Mental Characteristics of the Japanese" is also interesting.

IN THE OPEN COURT of August 10, Gen. M. M. Trumbull has an article on "The Ethics of Legal Tender," in which he urges that the true solution of the financial trouble is the entire abolition of the "legal tender" quality of money, leaving common media of exchange to their market value.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for August 12 has an article from the Church Quarterly Review, entitled "Five Years of Documentary Discovery," which is of special interest to the church historian and Biblical critic.

A Great Public Library.

Any book you want, loaned to you, in city or country, anywhere in the United States, for as long or as short a time as you want it, at an average cost of *only one cent a day*, is the offer of The American Co-operative Library, recently organized in New York. This undertaking successfully carried out will give book-readers *everywhere* better facilities than heretofore enjoyed outside of the reach of less than a dozen of the largest libraries in the principal cities. Books can be ordered either direct from New York, through neighborhood book clubs, or from country postmasters, newsdealers, booksellers, or others who will act as agents. A 160-page catalogue is sent free to any applicant inclosing a two-cent stamp; members of the Library are not limited to this, but may order any book in current literature suitable for general circulation. Any further information will be sent free on request. Address THE AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE LIBRARY, 57 Rose street, New York.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE GERM PLASM: A Theory of Heredity. By August Weismann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 476; \$2.50.

PAULA FERRIS. By Mary F. Sanborn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 276; \$1.25.

DEATH A DELUSION. By John Page Hopps. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 45; one shilling.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: WAS HE A CHRISTIAN? By John E. Remsburg. New York: The Truthseeker Company. Paper, 12mo., pp. 336; 50 cents.

THE PASSING SHOW. By Richard Henry Savage. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. Paper, 12mo., pp. 326; 50 cents.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH. By Edward King. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 12mo., pp. 365; 50 cents.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE. By Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 103; 25 cents.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God is the ideal my actual can never overtake.

MON.—A moral enthusiasm is our deepest need.

TUES.—Sincerity is the basis of strength.

WED.—We are to enact truth, beauty, deity, each in his several way.

THURS.—Truth is no statement, but a spirit and living love.

FRI.—The soul is atmosphere, not core.

SAT.—Revelation must be balanced by secretiveness, a principle of equal worth, and not to be confounded with hypocrisy.

—C. A. Bartol.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;

Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;

Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give!
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing.

Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea,
Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring;

What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring?

What if no bloom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

—Rose Terry Cook.

A MEMORY.

It was our last ride. Don, Daisy, and Dolly were feeling finely, for they did not wonder as did we, their riders, when we three should meet again to ride together in the lovely twilight. Dolly was the pony, and she always liked to get in between the two big horses, for she evidently loved them. We started first up the Boulevard and cantered through the park on the equestrian path, which seemed to belong to us.

As it grew darker the lights came out one by one, and finally, as we neared the World's Fair grounds, the dome of the Administration Building, with its crown of glory, shone above us against the dark-blue sky. Don's rider was fond of the side shows on Stony Island avenue, so by one consent we turned toward them. We rode along, with the large, quiet buildings of that new university, which will sometime eclipse all others, on our left, and on our right the noisy Plaisance, with its crowd of people loitering here and there.

Soon we came upon the Chinese theater. We turned the horses near

the fence, and, looking over, saw the whole show for nothing. Such a noise as came out of that one small room! The actors screamed, each holding a key of his own different from the others, which he never changed. Then, at irregular intervals of a few seconds, a bell was sounded, possibly to mark the rhythm, though of this we could not be sure. Daisy's rider thought he could make as good music as that with two cats and a cow-bell,—and we started on.

Then we came to Stony Island Avenue, where the shouts and cries of men telling of the wonderful attractions of their particular shows were enough to drive one crazy. First, we caught the tones of an open-air preacher anxiously exhorting his hearers, with the use of very bad English, to turn from their paths of wickedness. A little farther was a dime-museum, or beauty-show, with a part of it outside, surrounded by a wondering crowd. Then came a tin-type gallery, and the Siege of Chattanooga. Daisy's rider declared he had not seen a tin-type gallery since the days of his youth and had supposed the species to be entirely extinct, but we assured him that they had been flourishing right along ever since. Even we ourselves had had pictures taken at a similar gallery not many years ago.

From the noise and confusion of Stony Island Avenue we came to the side of the quiet lake, and watched the pretty picture made by the boats with their many colored lights.

After that we had a long lope across the Boulevard, Dolly coming out ahead, which made Daisy feel rather sad, since she knew she could have beaten if her rider had allowed. The electric lights, shining through the trees, made weird shadows on the road, and looked like little brownies jumping up and down. After saying good-by to Don and his rider, we trotted slowly homeward, feeling regretful that the last of our lovely rides had come to an end.

EDITH ENDICOTT MAREAN.

A STORY FROM THE LATE WAR.

Just after the battle of Bull Run, six men were found close together on the bloody field with seven of their legs needing immediate amputation.

One by one they were gathered up and carried on an improvised stretcher the surgeon's table. When it came Corporal Tanner's turn he was rolled over on the stretcher, lifted up, and carried away. But now came the moment of trial. The rude stretcher was far too short for his none too long body in its original state, but both of his legs being broken now dangled over the rear end of the stretcher. Just then his head dropped over a little at the other end, and he saw under the blanket, both of his feet swaying in the air, as the men moved off.

The corporal was true grit, and before they had gone ten feet, yelled

out at the top of his voice: "Hurrah for the old flag."

Brave on the battle field, brave among the wounded, calm on the surgeon's table, where both legs were amputated, a patient sufferer for many months in the hospital, he slowly came back to health and strength minus his legs below the knees.

One day a lady visitor came into the hospital and with her genial smile called here and there at the cots, giving a few words of cheer to each soldier. When she saw the poor pale-faced corporal she lingered a little longer than usual and left a tract for him to read. The name of the tract was "The Folly and Sin of Dancing." As soon as his eyes caught the title he called her back, lifted his hand and said: "Madam, I promise you upon the honor of a soldier I never will dance as long as I live."

The lady thanked him for the promise, but had no knowledge of his disabilities.

The other five men had their turn on the bloody table of the surgeon, and then the six men were placed in a small hospital tent about nine feet square, without couch, pillow, blanket, bandages, water, food, or attendance; suffered, groaned, and endured about as much agony as the same number of human beings ever suffered on a spot of that size.

But they were not alone; a comrade near by, with a part of his side torn away, pitied the poor men in the little tent, and though fatally wounded himself, determined to relieve them in a measure.

Some distance away was an orchard, and under those trees were a few miserable, scrawny apples, which would do something toward quenching thirst and relieving the pangs of hunger. But he could not stand, and was far too weak to walk, if once erect. He could not roll over, his torn side would not permit of that, and so crawling along with one hand and one foot he finally reached the apples, gathered a few, and made his way back to the tent. His comrades had hardly eaten the few he had gathered when Tanner saw that the man was in convulsions, and in a few moments was dead. His last efforts were given for others, and he died in doing good. Was he not a hero of royal lineage?

—American Youth.

ALL'S WELL.

The clouds, which rise with thunder,
slake

Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.

As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

—John G. Whittier.

The Sunday School

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

READ AT THE SUMMER INSTITUTE
HELD AT UNITY BUILDING, 286
WOODLAWN TERRACE, CHICAGO,
AUG. 7-18, 1893.

Of the seventy circulars of inquiry sent out by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Society, asking for statistics of their schools from the various superintendents in the Northwest, twenty-two have been returned with answers.

Of the schools reporting, there is one from North Dakota, one from South Dakota, one from Kansas. Sioux Falls, Fargo, and Wichita each reports a reasonable condition. Wichita shows interest in the work and sufficient zeal to insure success. Iowa is represented by Humboldt and Sioux City. Humboldt is doing well. Sioux City always brings in an enrollment that puts the other schools to the blush and sustains its reputation in all other directions. Michigan is represented by Kalamazoo, Grand Haven, and the Holland Sunday School of Grand Rapids—all of them in a reasonably prosperous condition. Minnesota sends reports from Luverne, Duluth, and Winona; this last school reporting an enrollment and attendance to take pride in. From Illinois we have Geneva, Moline, South Evanston, Sheffield and All Souls Church, Chicago. South Evanston is the baby school, having been added to the family circle since our last summer meeting. It is still in its infancy, as to size as well as years, but the care it is sure of in this energetic little parish insures it a healthful career. Wisconsin is the banner State as to number reporting. Six schools send their statistics: Baraboo, Hillside, Eau Claire, Madison, Menomonie, and Milwaukee.

Of the large number of schools failing to report, we know by past experience that there are many good and strong schools that are doing excellent work. We will trust that it was forgetfulness and not lack of interest that will account for the omission.

As to the subject-matter of such reports as have been received, we hear the familiar complaints: "Not enough teachers," "lack of interest on the part of parents," "no suitable text books for the smallest children." These are problems not likely to be solved at once. In individual schools your Secretary knows good work is being done in methods of instruction for the infant classes. That such work might spread is greatly to be desired.

Moline, Ill., reports, in addition to its Sunday-school work, an auxiliary society called "Little Women," organized last February, which has bought chairs for the kindergarten, and is now working toward a library fund.

In Evanston the Sunday school is saving its pennies toward a church building fund. Reports of money raised by the various Sunday schools show that the larger portion is expended in the current expenses of the school; but it is also evident that a large number are doing outside missionary work in addition to these home duties. Charity, Indian schools, Kindergarten, Meadville Theological School are all mentioned as recipients of these funds; one Sunday school sent its organist to the Columbian Exposition.

One line of missionary work, the full report of which can only be obtained from examining the Treasurer's report at the annual meeting in May, is the valuable assistance rendered to the Sunday School Society. Seventeen different Sunday schools contributed an aggregate of \$195.00 to this society. The largest amount given by any one school was \$25.00; the smallest, \$2.00.

It is pleasant to observe a growing feeling that this is one of the duties to be attended to with annual regularity. There is hardly a Sunday school that could not send at least \$5.00 annually to this fund, and it is hoped that the number of small schools who will contribute to that extent will increase year by year. Good work in the Sunday School Society can only be realized through missionary zeal, as our constituency is too small to expect a self-supporting basis for this organization for many years to come. Annual memberships on the part of teachers and scholars is an easy and simple way to help this work, and it is greatly to be desired that all of our old friends and as many new ones as we can find should contribute in this way to the growing and ever-present needs of the society.

The long looked for book, "Beginnings," edited by our President, Rev. A. W. Gould, from Henry Doty Maxson's notes, is in the hands of the printer, and will soon be for sale by the society. This will be the permanent form of the first year's work of the "Six Years' Course." It comprises work in an entirely new and original direction, and is especially interesting for scholars of all ages.

MARION H. PERKINS,
Sec. W. U. S. S. S.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

SECOND WEEK.

MONDAY, AUG. 14. Mr. Fenn began the discussion of Jesus' thought of the kingdom of Heaven by reading from Holmes' poem to Burns, and offering for the inspection of the class two pictures, as representing two different phases of Jesus' thought. Hofmann's picture of "Jesus and the Children" presents Jesus with a smile on his face, which fact made it unique. The receptivity of the child, love without wiles, unconscious growth, represented this phase of the

thought. Raphael's "Transfiguration" shows another phase of Jesus' thought concerning the kingdom. After the great crisis in his life, represented in the Cæsarea Philippi episode, he may have accepted the idea of the suffering Messiahship, that was to triumph through death. This conception of the Messiahship involved the second coming—a dramatic harvest-time. This two-fold idea of the Kingdom of Heaven was the subject of the interesting discussion that filled in the morning session, involving the truth implied in the story of the transfiguration and the Palm Sunday account.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15. Hofmann's "Cleansing of the Temple," Da Vinci's "Last Supper," and Angelo's "Crucifixion" introduced a study of the closing week in the life of Jesus. It was a morning of absorbing interest which led to the consideration of the Last Supper, the Trial, and the Crucifixion, with critical examination of the records of the same. The discussion was participated in by Revs. Sunderland, Gould, Jones and others.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 16. Readings from Arthur Hugh Clough's "Shadow" and "Easter Day" introduced the discussion of the resurrection. The incredible part of the story Mr. Fenn thought to be of Galilean growth, springing from the fact of an empty tomb found by the women.

According to a tradition preserved in John, Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus had previously embalmed the body and buried it, and this was unknown to the women. The resurrected Jesus became the center of Paul's teaching and one of the fertile inspirations of the church. The discussion took a wide range,—considering the growth of miracles, their place in the early history of all religions, and how to deal with them in teaching children the New Testament story.

The study session was followed by a brief business meeting, at which the Secretary of the Sunday School Society, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins, read the annual report, found in another column. Again the few workers were thrown back upon the consolations of the minority. How few people, even of those who ought to be and who might be interested, really show their interest. Yet with this very few, the Western Sunday School Society has persisted through its twenty years of history, and has accomplished something very real. It has indeed been a very little candle, but like little candles it has thrown its beams afar.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17. This morning's study was introduced by a reading from Whittier's poem, "Our Master." Raphael's picture of the death of Ananias formed the basis of a study of the Early Church, which was described as being "simply the expansion of the little band of apostolic company, with the dominant spirit of Jesus supreme." This pic-

ture showed it to be a church of power, a church of purity, a church of the communal life, and a church of democracy. The non-hierarchical origin of the church was dwelt upon. The identity of the bishop and the presbyter shown. Both words did not mean much more than what in modern phrase is represented by "parish committee."

The discussion of the "Pentecostal spirit" and the "gift of tongues" led to a consideration of the character and message of Stephen. He was characterized as an underestimated man. He was, to Paul, something of what John was to Jesus. In him the broader church had its beginning. His death scattered the apostles, and the scenes shift from Antioch to Jerusalem, and from thence spread to Ephesus and Rome.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18. The last day was a fitting climax to the high thinking and frank utterance of the fortnight's work. Paul, always an inspiring theme to the thoughtful, never glowed with more power, or stirred the minds of those present with more potency than he did in the hands of Mr. Fenn this morning. For the first time the leader brought to his aid a manuscript and read a lecture, which ought to be made available to all those who will undertake to teach this course of lessons and to many more. Starting with Raphael's picture of "Paul Preaching in Athens," the leader traced the growth of Paul's ideals, and showed how through him the Jew and Greek mind mingled in early Christianity. This union is typified in the very fact that the language of the New Testament is Greek while its thought is germinally Jewish. Paul's inconsistency with himself was brought out in illustration of the splendid, spontaneous and fiery character that he was.

At the close, Mr. Gould, the chairman, expressed for the company present, the great satisfaction in the work done for them during this course by Mr. Fenn. His words were heartily seconded by all present.

Thus ended the seventh Institute held under the auspices of the Western S. S. Society,—the fourth mid-summer venture. Again was realized the old promise, always inspiring. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," etc. Interest is independent of numbers. The best things often get themselves said in small companies. The venture was, on the face of it, a daring one. Right within sight of the gates of "The White City" this little company gathered for ten forenoons, for quiet consideration of the great themes not related to time and place. As suggested by one of the members, it was of itself a sort of Columbian venture. We voyaged in waters unknown and terrible in the estimation of the great mass of Christendom, but it was in the interests of the continents of faith farther on,—the future land of a rational religion, a

life-forming faith consistent with the results of science, critical study, and the ethical needs of man.

The attendance scarcely held its own, though during the week we gladly welcomed as additions representatives of our workers at Ann Arbor, Champaign, Janesville and Quincy, besides the sojourners at Unity building from the eastward.

The direct results in the estimate of those present amply justified the effort; but the indirect result—in the way of giving coherency, definiteness and momentum to the fourth year's work in "The Six Years' Course," as it is to be developed in the future lesson-papers of Mr. Fenn in UNITY, and applied in the careful year's work in the Sunday schools which take up the study—will be the greater justification. E. T. L.

Correspondence

WHY THEY DON'T COME.

EDITOR UNITY: Some one writing for UNITY says, "Why don't they come?"—i. e., to the World's Fair. I do not know why the bankers and merchants and officeholders, etc., don't "come" (if they don't), for they have got all the money; but I can tell that earnest inquirer why the farmers do not. We want to come, but we cannot. There's the long and short of it, bitter though it is. With wheat at 45 cents per bushel and but half an average crop in their bins, and debts coming due in September, and everything perishing with drouth, and the hopeless future before them, there is no way for the farmers but the hard way of sacrifice. And nobody cares. CAMPERDOWN.

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Notes from the Field

Western Unitarian Conference.—A special meeting of the directors of the W. U. C. was held at the headquarters on Friday afternoon, August 18. Present: Messrs. Shorey, Blake, Crothers, Effinger, Fenn, Gould, Hosmer, Jones, MacFadon, Milsted, Miss Hultin and Mrs. Woolley. The records of the last meeting were read and approved. The committee appointed to confer and report upon a nominee for the Secretaryship for the coming year then made report through its chairman, President Shorey, recommending Rev. Arthur M. Judy, of Davenport. Mr. Judy was subsequently elected to the office of Secretary, with salary of \$2,500 a year. On motion of Mr. Gould, the additional sum of \$75 was appropriated toward defraying expenses of the Unitarian exhibit at the World's Fair. The Treasurer, Mr. MacFadon, made report for the month, which was accepted and placed on file. Adjourned, subject to call of the President.

F. L. HOSMER, Secretary.

Chicago, Ill.—Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul, Minn., and Rev. Mr. Horst, of Pittsfield, Mass., are in the city, the guests of Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah. During Mr. Fenn's absence in the East, where he will attend the meeting of the directors of the American Unitarian Association, his pulpit will be supplied as follows: Aug. 27, Rev. David Utter, of Salt Lake City; Sept. 3 and 10, Rev. W. F. Greenman, of Fitchburg, Mass. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, editor of *The Unitarian*, Rev. J. L. Marsh, of Saco, Maine, who has done much to extend the liberal faith in the New England States, Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport, Iowa, Rev. G. W. Buckley, of Sturgis, Mich., Rev. J. C. Mitchell, of Wilton, N. H., and Rev. C. F. Niles, formerly of West Superior, who has just received a unanimous call to Menomonie, Wis., as well as Rev. Ida C. Hultin, who is spending the summer here and taking an active part in the various congresses,—are now in the city, and Rev. Chas. G. Ames is expected daily.

Hillside, Wis.—The many readers of UNITY interested in the Hillside Home School will be glad to know of its continued prosperity. Additional buildings on the farm end of the school are going up during the vacation in the way of a carriage house and additional barn room. Two additional teachers will be added to the faculty on the opening of the term. Miss Florence Hendershot, of Cleveland, comes to meet a growing demand for a teacher of the violin. Miss Hattie Bradley, of Englewood, Ill., will assist in primary and intermediate classes. Miss Alice Warren, of Hinsdale, Ill., has been engaged to take the place of Miss McMinn, who, after four years of faithful work, withdraws in order to further pursue her studies. Each of these teachers has had special training in the art of teaching as well as a broad general culture, and they come to their work highly recommended. Notwithstanding the general financial depression pervading the country the prospects of the school have never been as bright as now. Wise parents realize that it is poor economy to retrench upon lines which relate so closely to the future well-being of their children

as those which have to do with their early education.

New York, N. Y.—The lectures having ceased for the season, the New York Ethical Culture Society is quiescent except in its charities department. The Young Men's Union is collecting and disbursing the Fresh-Air Fund this season. Chickering Hall is no longer to be the assembly place of the society. It expects to meet in Carnegie Music Hall until it has a home of its own.

Menomonie, Wis.—This society, which for several months has been without a minister, has now secured the services of Rev. C. F. Niles, formerly of West Superior, who has decided to accept the unanimous call extended to him by the Menomonie Church.

Spokane, Wash.—Rev. E. M. Fairchild, the Andover graduate whose entrance into the Unitarian ministry gave rise to so much discussion, was at the Unitarian Headquarters at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, last week, on his way to take charge of the Spokane church.

London, Eng.—Rev. Prof. Marks, D. D., who for fifty-one years has been at the head of the only Reformed Jewish congregation in this city, has retired from his position in the Berkeley Street Synagogue, to be succeeded by Rev. Morris Joseph as senior, and Rev. Isidore Harris as junior minister. The *Chicago Israelite* remarks that Rabbi Joseph's published sermons and the reforms he has introduced in the Hampstead Synagogue show his fitness for the honorable position he is to fill.

Kolozsvar, Hungary.—We learn from the *Inquirer* that Rev. S. J. Barrows on his way home from the East stopped at Kolozsvar, where he made a very happy impression upon the Unitarians of that place, whose guest he was. He addressed the consistory, and at the conclusion of his speech Bishop Ferencz proposed that Mr. Barrows be elected an honorary member, a suggestion which was most graciously received. Mr. Barrows seems especially to have enjoyed his visit to the Unitarian patriarch, Dr. Samuel Brassai, who is 93 years of age. Professor Boros, in his letter to the *Inquirer*, speaks most highly of Mr. Barrows' "singular modesty, his graceful manners, his powerful eloquence, his quick appreciation of everything good and kind, and his deep knowledge of classical and modern art and science."

The Voice from Bulgaria.—Mr. E. S. Yovtcheff, favorably known to many of our UNITY readers, East and West, as a gentleman of culture who has been compelled to seek the American shores for freedom's sake, has been meeting with encouraging success as a lecturer upon Eastern subjects at the Chautauqua circles this winter. The New England Assembly Daily, reporting his success at South Framingham, says:

"No more instructive and interesting lecturer has come upon the grounds than Mr. Yovtcheff. Although he speaks with a slight accent, yet every word can be understood. He is a thorough master of English and speaks with the utmost care. His lectures received widespread commendation. In private life Mr. Yovtcheff is a charming gentleman. We commend him to all Chautauqua assemblies."

From extended acquaintance and

growing interest in this gentleman we gladly extend the commendation to the Unity Clubs who may be arranging for lectures this winter. By the aid of costumes and other illustrative matter, Mr. Yovtcheff speaks to the eye as well as the ear. Among his topics are: "The Social Life of the Turks," "Bulgaria, the Apple of Discord," "The Czar and the Jew."

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The Six Years' Course of Sunday School Lessons.

The first year's work, "Beginnings," originally prepared by the lamented Henry Doty Maxson, and upon which Mr. Gould has been working for the past year, has gone to the printer and will be ready for sale by the first of September. Price 25 cents, postpaid, or \$2.50 per dozen. The Western Sunday School Society is prepared to take advance orders. Those interested are requested to send orders as soon as possible, so that the book may be in their hands by the opening of Sunday School in the autumn.

M. H. PERKINS, Secretary,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

LIBERTY AND LIFE. By E. P. Powell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe Street. Cloth, 208 pp. 50 cents.—We welcome most heartily this cheap edition of Mr. Powell's inspiring little book, which, in a more expensive form, has before been noticed in these columns. We trust it will have many new readers in its more democratic dress. Mr. Powell is the preacher of a genuine gospel: and his words are no less searching and effective because, in these latter days, they are not always spoken in the pulpit, but weekly, to a quarter of a million readers in a great daily newspaper, and occasionally, through helpful and thoughtful books, to a public which, if not large, is growing from year to year, and is heartily appreciative of his uplifting thought. We need not here review this book in detail. Its object is practical rather than speculative. It is rationally optimistic and thoroughly imbued with the scientific spirit in its treatment of the problems of our daily life. Our author finds hope and promise in the teachings of modern science and the doctrine of evolution that the religion of the future will be loftily theistic in its conception of the Infinite Power which is the life of the universe, and lend rational sanctions to the belief in personal continuance hereafter.

—*Christian Register.*

UNITY

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Publisher's Notes

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In the case of a weekly of which the annual price is so small as UNITY'S, it must be evident that we can have no margin, even where so much of the work is gratuitous; the expense of time, postage, and stationery used to remind delinquent subscribers is a heavy tax upon us, and we do not enjoy sending these reminders any more than our subscribers enjoy receiving them. UNITY *must*, however, make a strenuous effort to collect, even though it thereby loses a subscriber, or else go to the wall: and when we remind our subscribers of our need, they should not, we think, get angry and stop their subscription, as they sometimes do. Of course we know that they do not realize how much their inattention to this matter means to us, but that consideration will not pay our bills. Will not all who read this help us in this matter, and at least pay their subscriptions promptly?

UNITY PUBLISHING CO. have entered into an arrangement with the associate organizations represented at 175 Dearborn street to take charge of the book sales at the Headquarters. We are now prepared to furnish our readers with any books found in the market, at the regular retail prices and on short notice. The liberal religious publications of the American Unitarian Association, George H. Ellis and other publishers will be kept on hand. Orders solicited.

Among those now in stock are the following:

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- BARKOWS (Samuel J.). A Baptist Meeting-House. THE STAIRCASE TO THE OLD FAITH; THE OPEN DOOR TO THE NEW. 16mo., pp. 221. 75 cents.
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- BURT (Mary E.). Browning's Women. With an introduction by Edward Everett Hale. D. D., LL. D. 16mo., pp. 236. \$1.00.
- Seed Thoughts from Robert Browning. Compiled by Mary E. Burt. Imitation parchment, square 18mo., pp. 40. 25 cents.
- CHADWICK (John W.). A Daring Faith, and Other Sermons. 12mo. \$1.00.
- The Revelation of God, and Other Sermons. 12mo. \$1.00.
- The Man Jesus. 16mo. \$1.00.
- CHENEY (Mrs. Ednah D.). Faithful to the Light, and OTHER TALES. 16mo., pp. 164. Illustrated. 80 cents. (See Prize Story Books.)
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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

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CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

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ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

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UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH at 11 a. m. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will preach the last of his sermons on the Seven great religious teachers of the world,—his subject being Moses. At 8 p. m. Mr. Flurschheim, the well-known political economist, will deliver an address.

AT THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, Rev. David Utter, of Salt Lake City, will preach at 11 o'clock, Sunday morning, August 27.

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VOLUME XXXI

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Editorial

*The aurs of heaven blow o'er me:
 A glory shines before me
 Of what mankind shall be.—
 Pure, generous, brave and free.*

*A dream of man and woman
 Diviner but still human,
 Solving the riddle old,
 Shaping the Age o' Gold!*

*I feel the earth move sunward,
 I join the great march onward,
 Fore-reach the good to be,
 And share the victory.*

—Whittier.

**

WITH our next issue we begin another half year volume. We have tried hard to increase our right to an increased subscription list. Have you done what you could from your end of the line to give us the increased list? We will continue our

efforts at improvement and enlargement. Have you any duties in this direction? Together we may hardly do it, certainly without you it cannot be done.

**

THE ultimate lesson in religion, to the teaching of which all the activities of the day conspire, is the truth exemplified of old, that all provinces are overshadowed by the white wings of the Holy Ghost, that there are gospel accents in the speech of all helpers of men, that while forms change and dogmas die truth and love live on forever and everywhere.

**

WE print in another column an article on the "Union of Liberals" from the *Universalist Monthly* for August. No comment from us is necessary, as our attitude is well understood. We not only believe in the "Liberal" church but we are at present working for it and in it. The union must come, but good things never come by waiting for them. Somebody must work for them. This working is the ungracious, oftentimes thankless, but always indispensable, condition of progress.

**

ALL SOULS CHURCH, Chicago, is printing in pamphlet form the series of sermons which its pastor has been preaching on the "Seven Great Teachers of Religion." These sermons have been given to overcrowded houses, many being turned away for want of room. The church publishes them as a contribution to the work of the Parliament of Religions. Zoroaster, Confucius, and Buddha are already out. Moses, Socrates, Jesus, and Mohammed are in press. Any or all of them may be ordered from this office.

**

THE *Christian Advocate* tells of the sister of a high-church rector from America who was greatly shocked on hearing a low-church rector read the Scripture with becoming empha-

sis and accent. She thought it almost blasphemy to "impose his own interpretation on the word of God. The Scripture should be read in monotone." This is the problem of the day in a nutshell. Is religion to be a monotone, disconnected from human thought and feeling, or is it to be accentuated with human intelligence, with the loves and needs of men and women?

**

THE Parliament of Religions is fast approaching. We print again the Unitarian program and urge upon our readers the privileges and duties involved in the same. The Parliament begins on the eleventh of September, the Unitarian Congress on the sixteenth. Secure your accommodations early and come to stay as long as possible. The hospitalities of the Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, are cordially extended to all friends. UNITY, through its representatives, will count itself among those who are to "receive."

**

A PRESBYTERIAN minister in New York is reported as calling for the organization of a new church to be known as "The Church of the Heretics," a church that will give room for those "who believe in the spirit of the Christian religion, but do not believe in the forms it has assumed." But why rim this church with the word Christian? for surely there are noble and saintly heretics who exemplify the spirit of religion, who may not confess either the word Christian or religion. The Church of the Heretics must be the Church of the Aspirants—all those who reach after the good.

**

IN the money stringency which threatens the country we should be glad to consider such expedients as that of Mr. William C. Cornwell, of Buffalo, who proposes to have the local clearing houses issue to the

respective banks composing them drafts upon New York, secured by clearing-house certificates, which drafts shall be in small denominations, \$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10, and redeemable at the counter of any local bank,—provisions which, it is believed, would adapt them to use as a circulating medium as long as the stringency continued, while the rate of interest paid upon the clearing-house certificates, upon which they are based, would insure their withdrawal as soon as the money market became easy. The *Buffalo Express* of Aug. 19 is authority for the statement that Secretary Carlisle approves of the plan.

**

THE great congresses continue to meet in such rapid succession that it is impossible for the daily press, with all its mighty machinery, to make note of them, still less possible it is for the weekly weaklings to even tell the names thereof. Last week was a most notable one when the electrical, psychical, chemical, and half a dozen other scientific congresses brought together a truly international company of eminent specialists. This week, by a somewhat violent but necessary transition, the halls of the Art Palace are thronged with the representatives of the more humble labor. The mere program is heart-opening and mind-quickenng. It covers a week filled with eminent names and burning subjects.

**

WE note that Rev. E. B. Payne, of the Unitarian Church, at Berkeley, Cal., has reopened his two-column department of the Saturday *Berkeley Advocate*. This church-column idea was followed by two other ministers (Baptist and Congregationalist, we believe); but all were suspended during part of the summer, and the other columns had not as yet been reopened. This business arrangement of Mr. Payne's, by which he secures a certain space in the local paper every week in which to set forth religious truth as he sees it, seems to us a very commendable way of preaching the gospel; and inasmuch as Mr. Payne often quotes from *UNITY* we are satisfied that his gospel is a sound one. Our brother has taken out no patent on his idea, and we hope that other pastors will adopt this method of reaching a larger parish than that with which they are officially connected.

DO WE WANT ANOTHER PROTESTANTISM?

Yes, a protestantism, not of one theology against another theology, but a protest against the dictatorial power of all theologies. Not of one form as against another form, but against the tyranny of all forms. A protestantism, not in the interest of doubt, but against the dogmatism that in the name of doubt and reason oftentimes becomes more dogmatic than the dogmas they would supplant. We want a protestantism, not to annihilate, but to right the sects, a protestantism that will prick the bubble of complacency that under the guise of Liberality and Culture turns deaf ears to those who in bad English and in dirty clothes are praying in various ways for companionship with man and communion with God. We want a protestantism that will eventually make a theological protestantism unnecessary by making righteousness the supreme test, love the only confession, and truth the adequate quest.

It is obvious that at the present time there is no movement before the public represented by any organization that does represent just this protestantism. It is equally obvious that thousands do feel underneath such a protestantism an ever deepening faith. Such a protestantism finds itself in practical variance with the genteel apathy, the "Christian"-without-definitive ambiguity, and the controversial spirit of historic Unitarianism, as with the don't-mention-the-creed spirit of the Presbyterians. To such a protestantism the bloodless little creed of the Universalists, used to circumscribe their *universality*, is as offensive as the Thirty-nine Articles, whose place in the church economy is determined by the churchman's skill in explaining them away. This protestantism has as great a protest to make against the class distinctions of society as against the thought-distinctions of the creeds. It has little in common with the somnolent church, with its upholstered pew and its high-art quartette choir that performs the worship for inactive spirits. This protestantism seeks to unite the millionaire and the day laborer upon the things they hold in common. It will be a church for the masses, a working church, a seven-day church, and not in one but in many ways. Not for all but for many it will be a worshipping church,

tending more and more to devoutness. When the coercive element in worship is eliminated, the worshipping spirit, which is jealous of its freedom and which must always have a spontaneous element in it, will grow.

Now, as in the age of every protestantism, there is a hesitancy lest breadth should sacrifice depth. The old figure of the pond growing shallow as it grows broader is a tyrannical one largely disproved by both history and experience. In matters of the spirit breadth is depth. The open mind is a profound one. The free heart is the great heart. The lover of the light is the lover of God. It is not liberty but the lack of liberty that has made for license.

It is in some such a new protestantism as this that *UNITY* would lead or follow, as case may be. Such a protestantism has been to us an inspiration, calling ever for constructive, diligent, humble and devout lives.

"FOR THE POOR."

Stoutly denied by all those who think that the present industrial system is all right, the fact nevertheless forces itself upon everybody's attention that there is a permanent poor class. Individuals make their way up and down, ranging from poverty to wealth or contrariwise,—from the ranks of the poor some one continually emerging into affluence and power; men of vast possessions dropping in a day into absolute penury, when they have not hedged in time to save something from the general wreck. But the two classes—poor and rich—continue. And it seems pretty well established that these two classes are to be respectively labeled Capitalist and Laborist. It is not here inferred that the latter class is the class that alone labors,—the former class often undergoing a degree of toil and mental strain the so-called workingman is permitted only to dream of. But it is that, by virtue of its capital, the capitalist class is able to draw unto itself an income greatly in excess of that allotted to the labor class. The point is,—granting the two classes to be equally industrious and deserving,—that one class by virtue of its capital is able to seize on a proportion of the common wealth vastly in excess of that remaining to the other class, with the inevitable result of perpetuating the conditions described as poor and rich. The question arises,

Is this division a natural and equitable one or is it arbitrary and forced?

There is, it may be said, a general feeling that the working class should receive a larger return for its steady toll, that it also may have somewhat more to make existence comfortable as well as possible. In addition to its wage, public opinion accords it some benefaction or other, is continually devising some provision by means of which want and privation may be assuaged if not prevented. More and more is the capitalist class called on for generous contribution. To note one instance of this growing spirit of philanthropy: consider the widely discussed question of opening the gates of the Fair on Sunday and reducing the price of admission—for the benefit of the working class; and the further suggestion that the capitalist class donate to the working class either the half or the whole of each Saturday while the Fair is continued.

Now all such proposals must be regarded as a sort of confession that things are not quite as they should be, the industrial distribution is not exactly on the lines of equity; else there would be no such moral obligation either inferred or found to be necessary, the working class everywhere—the “industrious poor”—would be able to manage for itself and pay its own way. Now, if it were possible, would not that be by far the better way? Or is it impossible? If so, is it because capital arms the capitalist with an ethical right to profits and interests that keeps the working class forever poor, renders it always incapable of providing not only for urgent needs and culture, but for the pleasure of participating individually, by free assessment, in the public improvement and welfare? An intelligent workingman has remarked that “there is somewhat humiliating in all charitable institutions, the public school-house not excepted.”

There are many signs that go to swell the chorus of prophecy that we are approaching a new industrial regime that will mete out competence and independence for all toilers,—a democratic era that shall carry mankind up to the opportunities of successful industry, greatly limiting, if not abolishing altogether, the need—now so glaring—of doing something “for the poor.”

S. H. M.

AUSTRALIA'S LESSON FOR AMERICA.

One of the most interesting and suggestive addresses that have been made in Chicago this summer was delivered Sunday evening, August 20, at All Souls Church, by Miss Catherine H. Spence, of Adelaide, South Australia, who spoke of the reforms already effected and now in process of accomplishment in that distant home of freedom. In beginning her address she stated that the colony of South Australia was founded by doctrinaires, and that it still retains the name of “the happy hunting ground of the faddist;” but she did not seem to feel that there was cause for deep humiliation in this designation, although admitting that it contained an element of truth. Starting out under the Wakefield land system,—in accordance with which no land was given to settlers, but all sold at a minimum price of £1 per acre, the income from which created a public fund which is found of great use to the colony,—South Australia has continued to be a very progressive community, and the pioneer of reform in Australia, which land has of late been the teacher of social betterment to the world. Among the improvements in public policy and public administration in which South Australia has met with success and been followed more or less perfectly by other Australian colonies and by distant countries, are:

First. The careful and very complete separation of church and state, in accordance with which no denominational institution, educational or charitable, is subsidized or receives any public assistance. And, further than this, a system of out-door relief, by means of which the pauperization of the people, and the expense of their relief, is lessened instead of being increased; notwithstanding the impression so prevalent in England and America that out-door relief is pernicious. In Adelaide, the capital of New South Wales, is a block of small wooden houses belonging to the government, known as Immigration Square, wherein immigrants are allowed to remain for ten days or two weeks after their arrival, during which stay public rations are issued to them. As they secure work and leave the Square other immigrants come to take their places; and generally some kind of employment is secured before the time of their public

maintenance expires. The theory of South Australia is that orphan children and others incapable of taking care of themselves are entitled to maintenance and such education as shall fit them to do their part for the common weal, and that the assistance rendered them by the Government to this end is not charity, but justice. Accordingly, while a well woman with only one child is supposed to be able to care for it, a widow or deserted wife who has more than one child is given one ration (so much flour, meat, etc.) if she has two children under thirteen years of age to care for, two rations if she has four such children, etc.; so that she is able to keep them at home, give them a mother's care and affection, and yet not deprive them of the material needs of life. Similarly with superannuated men and women; they are left in their own or their children's homes if possible. Between the ages of six and thirteen school attendance is compulsory and the law is enforced. Children to whom the state thus stands in *loco parentis* are received at the schools without payment.

Second. The secret, or Australian, ballot is of South Australian origin.

Third. The Real Property Act, embodying the Australian system of land tenure and transfer, which makes title a matter of public record and renders the transfer of realty as easy and inexpensive as that of personal property, doing away with the servitude to the legal fraternity which exists elsewhere, where titles must be examined and certified by lawyers. The Australian system puts the small landholders in a far more secure position than that held by this rather unfortunate class in other parts of the world.

Fourth. The taking children out of institutions and putting them into homes, as is done in Pennsylvania and some other of the United States, and as it is hoped will be done in Illinois after the next legislature meets. In this system, which is now being widely adopted, South Australia was a pioneer, and Miss Spence set forth at some length the interesting history of the gradual progress of this idea, which is now fully carried out there. The only institution now in existence for destitute and dependent children who are not suffering from some peculiar disability, such as blindness or feeble-mindedness, is a receiving house, from which they

are sent to private homes with a suitable outfit, which must be maintained by the foster parents, who are also under obligation to send them regularly to school and even to put certain small amounts in the bank for them. Official visitors, generally ladies, go to their homes at short intervals, and paid inspectors visit them several times a year. In addition to these safeguards, the school teachers of the district and, if memory serves your reporter aright, the foster parents also, must make periodical reports. Another feature of this system is that except in case of incorrigibly bad children whose mutual association would be detrimental to their moral well being, brothers and sisters are not separated, but all are put in the same home. This is sometimes a little difficult, but it has been successfully carried out. The foster parent receives a ration for each child he receives. The money value of the weekly ration—of which mention has previously been made—is near \$1.50. After the age of thirteen, working places are found for the children, which are as home-like as possible, but the Government's care for them is not at an end. The control of all these matters is vested in a committee of ladies and gentlemen with a paid chairman and paid administrative officers, assisted by the large body of local "visitors." Miss Spence is a member of this committee, and she and Miss Clarke, the niece of Sir Rowland Hill, were the prime movers in this as in other Australian reforms. The children are encouraged to write freely to headquarters as to the treatment they receive and their happiness or unhappiness. The effort is not made to keep uncongenial people together, and a boy or girl is sometimes changed several times, but if the young person proves very unruly he is as a last resort committed to the reformatory.

Fifth. Unique provisions as to the mothers of illegitimate children. They used to leave the maternity homes very soon after the child's birth, but now unless they secure employment in a good place so that they can *keep the child with them*, they are required to remain in the home with the child for the first six months of its life. The result has been beneficial not only to the child but also to the mother.

Sixth. Taxation of unimproved land values is one of the great reforms in taxation upon which the South Australians felicitate themselves. A great number of them, like Miss Spence herself, feel that the colony made a mistake in parting with the fee of the land to private owners. The principle of the single tax on land values is widely understood and approved there today; but though they have it not, the taxation of land values, the early adoption of the Wakefield system and the large use of the income tax have made the economic system of South Australia peculiarly fortunate.

In the present grave financial difficulties in Australia, South Australia is of course somewhat involved, since the same banking houses have branches in all parts of Australia; but their condition is so much better than their neighbors that the colony feels perfectly confident of weathering the storm. New Zealand, which has a similar land and tax system, but which is not handicapped as South Australia is by close connection with the Australian banking houses, is at the present time, Miss Spence assures us, in a particularly prosperous condition despite the general business depression and financial uneasiness.

In addition to telling what had been done in Australia in the way of reform, and giving her testimony for the single tax, Miss Spence spoke warmly for the next great reform which South Australia hopes to accomplish, and for which she herself is working bravely,—proportional representation, whereby effective voting may be had and the power of the political machine be broken. This does not primarily mean minority representation; it means much more than this,—the *representation of ideas*. If a number of individuals believe in one idea, however much they may otherwise differ in politics, that idea will have adequate representation without the necessity of a political "party" being created to bring it into effect.

Just as young America, New England, has taught the old world much, so younger Australia, the newer England, has many lessons for America as well as Europe. It would be well if we were to adopt all the reforms which Miss Spence described, but surely there is nothing of which this party-ridden land stands in greater

immediate need than this last-mentioned one, proportional representation. We must plead guilty to the serious charge that we Americans are not near so public-spirited a people as our young cousins of Australia. We know our political machinery is corrupt, and yet we leave the amelioration of our condition to venal and incompetent politicians. Let us remember the words of Greece's friend,

"Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow,"—

for if we would make our future as great as our past is glorious, we cannot afford to forget that early warning,—*"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"* F. W. S.

Men and Things

It is said that the ragged palmetto that occupies so much of the apparently waste lands of the South promises to become very useful for tanning purposes. Emerson said that weeds were "plants whose uses are not yet found out." Here is another plant reclaimed. Let the work go on.

AMONG the architectural reproductions at the World's Fair is one from the portal of an old French cathedral in which the expulsion from Eden is portrayed. "The sculptor has shown God pushing Adam gently by the shoulder out of Paradise, while a too zealous angel has seized Adam by the beard and is dragging him forward. Meantime, Adam himself is not idle. He expresses very forcibly his idea concerning the true culprit. Keeping a large fig leaf in place with one hand he has the other in Eve's hair, which he is pulling viciously, and, in order to reinforce his lesson, he is kicking the Mother of Mankind with one foot while he tries to keep erect on the other."

AN illustration of the intolerable oppression of the Russian Government comes from Moscow. In 1887 consent was given to build a new Jewish temple. In 1890, when it was near completion, the removal of the cupola was ordered. The temple was opened, with full permission and public services, June 7, 1892, and the old synagogue was closed. Several weeks later the chief rabbi was notified that July 15 was the last day set for the removal of all Jews who had no right of residence in Moscow, and that so few would remain that they would not need a synagogue; and as "the existence of a synagogue is unbecoming in Moscow," the building must be turned into a benevolent institution or sold by Jan. 1, 1893. The president and chief rabbi replied, recounting the history of the case, and asking that the order be revoked; but the only answer was an imperial order for the expulsion of both men from the city. The building is closed, and the Jews are not allowed to meet in any place of worship. Those who admire such a government ought to go and live under it. —*The Independent*.

SEVENTY cigars and fifty cigarettes for every man, woman and child in the United States were manufactured in this country last year.

—*National W. C. T. U. Bulletin*.

Contributed and Selected

FATHERS OF OUR FAITH.

The fathers of our faith, good souls and brave,
 Recalled of God to join his host on high,
 All dearer grow as fleeting years go by,
 And rise immortal spirits from the grave!
 We picture them as citizens of light,
 As robed and crowned in Love's divine array,
 Tho' they the while are not so far away,
 But still abide our comfort and our might!
 We are beset with heroes great and grand,
 Exemplars of hope's deep devoted life:
 In all our care these conquering spirits stand,
 Inspiring us to manful be in strife,
 To follow where their feet on thorns have trod,
 Outcasts of men perhaps, but loved of God!
 We give all blessing to the hallowed name
 Of Channing, spirit pure and bright as star;
 To Parker, mighty leader in Truth's war:
 To Ware and Dewey, dear to love and fame:
 These in the dawn of hope were leal and true,
 They broke the way for feet that followed fast:
 They bore like oaks the winter's stormy blast;
 Their words well-sown, like grain around them grew!
 But time would fail to count the starry host,
 To note the flowers in the field abloom:
 Full oft they passed unseen, or known at most
 As lights that common pathways may illumine:
 Yet all as one were harbingers of day,
 When love and light the world of hearts shall sway!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

UNION OF LIBERALS.

Words cannot be coined, invented or imposed. They grow. *Liberal* is the coming word for un-Orthodox religion. It has been abused, disliked, shunned, but it stays and increases. The Orthodox speakers at these World's Fair Congresses find themselves unconsciously using the term "*The Liberal Churches*" to define the aggregation of un-Orthodox worshippers. *Liberal*, like *Orthodox*, is a generic word. It includes Unitarians,

Universalists, progressive Jews, Independents, untrammelled Spiritualists, reverent outsiders, hosts of advance thinkers in all the old denominations. The general distinction is that a *Liberal* finds God in nature and the human soul rather than in any miraculous history, accepts goodness without any creed-demand as God-service. The movement for a union of these scattered elements cannot be stayed. It is impossible that leading men of different names, but with the same great thoughts and purposes, can much longer work on in their isolation. They must and will find each other.

In the September *Non-Sectarian* will appear an article from Dr. Thomas advocating the combination of several papers and magazines into one great publication of *The Liberal Church*; said church to have its cohesive power not in a creed, not in a denominational organism, but in sympathy of thought and purpose, as the Y. M. C. A. has—a sort of Pan-Liberal unity as the Y. M. C. A. is a Pan-Orthodoxy.

The *Non-Sectarian* has already, in the July number, expressed its willingness thus to unite. Whether exactly that will be done the future must determine. The *Monthly* has long advocated the idea of Liberal union, and is ready at any time to become part of a larger unit in which or by which the agreements of Liberals can be furthered. We greatly need something that will be to us what the Y. M. C. A. and the Christian Endeavor are to the Orthodox world. Denominationalism, in the sense of supreme devotion to an "attitude," a creed, a tradition, an historic leader (as Wesley, Murray, Swendenborg), has run its course. For the Orthodox world it has become a weakness. For the Liberal Church it has always been a failure, and is now a calamity. It is state sovereignty. We need nationality. Our Liberal denominations need not disband any more than a State ceases existence by coming into the Union; but we should all together form this nationality of the Liberals.

Of course, there are some who would bitterly oppose the larger unity of endeavor. Let them stay out. Whoever cares more for Universalist traditions and attitudes than for human fellowship and the progress of truth is not a Liberal and has no place in any such union.

—W. S. Crouce, in *Universalist Monthly*.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

It would be difficult to pack into a small space more fundamental fallacies than are contained in the few statements of conclusions drawn from Prof. Faussig's book on this subject, in *UNITY* of July 27. In those statements there is betrayal of gross ignorance of the nature of value, and consequent incapacity to deal with value-dynamics. The writer does not know that the same breath

which states a general fall in prices affirms by necessary implication an appreciation in the value, or purchasing power, of the gold which, as he puts it, "marks that fall."

Nothing is more certain than that the "marking" tool, or, as I should say, the instrument of appraising or measuring out products,—for worthing everything that goes into commerce,—has gone wrong, has become an inequitable and extortionate pricing tool; for it measures out as a "dollar's worth" about 50 per cent. more in the aggregate of all commodities than it did in 1873, when silver shared with gold that "standard" or marking business. A man who puts his thinker to the question cannot fail to see that the value of 371.25 grains of silver to-day is more near the true traditional and equitable value a dollar should have than is 23.22 grains of gold, by all of the difference popularly known as the fall in the price of silver.

"Why do I say that?" Because prices in silver-standard countries have not fallen, but remain nominal, while the conceded fall of more than one-third in all prices in gold-standard countries is exactly the same fact as a more than 50 per cent. appreciation in the value of gold. It follows that had it not been for the act of 1873 our dollar must have remained with silver as a standard and there would have been no price-fall to "mark."

The professor is abused (?) by the notion that gold is more staple as a pricing tool because it has felt less the influence of varying increase in output and cost of digging. He is way off in his facts, in his inferences, and in his intellectual method. Never has silver experienced such vicissitudes in cost and quantity of production as has gold—never a tenth of it. In this country the gold output in 1847 was less than \$890,000, while in 1855 it had become \$65,000,000, an increase of more than seventy times in eight years. The annual output of both the metals combined has been much more unvarying than of either alone. But the professor's reasoning is more distressingly faulty still. Value in economics is not a muscular strain, a mental anxiety or labor of body or mind. Nor is labor the cause of value. Value is a market relation—a swapping rate—of things traded; and in order that any thing shall remain constant in value, all other things must remain so too. Constancy in the value of a dollar is the same fact as constancy in the general price range, and in order that there must be constancy in the relative quantity between money on one side and goods on the other; and therefore in order to keep constancy in prices money must increase *pari passu* with commodities, and the annual increase of silver output is none too much to keep pace with the money demand and the maintenance of normal prices.

There is error in fact regarding wages, but grosser error in employing the wage-rate as a criterion for estimating the value change in money. Cost of production does regulate value of anything; but aside from that, a day's work is no fit economic quantity for use in such a discussion. It is variable in character and incapable of definiteness. Of course, an hour is a definite unit of time, but an hour's labor is the vaguest of things in other respects, and can only be estimated by its output of product; while a bushel of wheat or corn, a pound of cotton or beef, a ton of iron or coal, a gallon of turpentine, molasses, oil, etc., are all precise economic quantities, constant in character, quality, and utility, the same now as they were fifty or twenty-five years ago. Therefore it is that all competent writers employ an aggregate or composite commodity unit, made of all the great staples, and get an "index number" whose variation becomes the criterion in such a quest.

If my strictures are flavored too highly with passion to suit a delicate literary taste, my apology is that once the intelligent reader comes to a full understanding of the subject he will marvel at my moderation. I have had a good deal to do with these professors.

E. D. STARK.

Cleveland, Ohio.

[Professor Taussig has a wide and well-deserved reputation for fairness in his statements and accuracy in his facts; and as my review was simply an exposition of his facts and statements, the above communication hardly seems to need any answer from me, especially since UNITY declines to allow the discussion to be continued. To refute Mr. Stark's position by facts and figures, when he had no opportunity of replying, would seem unfair. Therefore I leave his statements as they are. But the subject is of such vital importance for us all, that I venture to add one word more on the nature of money.

What we all want is obviously a stable standard to measure our earnings by. The day-laborer, who by hard work and thrift lays up a hundred dollars in the savings bank, wants to be able to draw out a hundred dollars, a year hence, just as the capitalist who loans a hundred thousand dollars wants to be sure of getting his money back. Now, if the present Congress should adopt the silver standard, the capitalist who had loaned his money would get back only about half of it, and the day-laborer would draw out only about half of his hundred dollars from the savings bank. He would indeed draw one hundred dollars, but they would buy only about half as much flour or sugar as the hundred dollars he put in. If he deposited money enough to buy twenty barrels of flour, he would draw out only enough to buy twelve barrels at the present price of silver. And if we had been using silver as our measure of value during the last three years, anyone can see what would have happened. Silver has fallen to one-half its value of three years ago, and with the silver standard, if we had lent a sum of money in 1890 we should get one half of it back now; if we had agreed to work for a certain salary we

should be getting just half of it now. It would take two dollars now to buy what one would in 1890; just as it took two dollars of greenbacks during the war to buy what one would have bought before the war.

India had the silver standard up to this year, and it was afflicted by just such fluctuations in value as these; and it was expressly to avoid them that it took refuge in the gold standard of all other civilized countries. And because men fear that our own government may be forced upon the silver basis, they fear to loan money or put it in the banks, lest they receive back only a part of it next year. They do not care to give gold dollars with the prospect of being repaid in silver dollars. They prefer to lock up their money in gold or bonds payable in gold. Some of the silver advocates themselves, even, insist upon having all their loans payable in gold; and that is the only safe way to do, if there is any possibility of our changing to a fluctuating and falling standard like silver.—A. W. G.]

A PICTURE.

It neither hung in the collection of Fine Arts in the great Exposition, nor did it belong to some old collection gathered from some ancient chateau or palace of dead kings.

I, a stranger in the city, after days spent among the great exhibits out there at the Fair, out where I rubbed against princes and chiefs of the earth—there, where costly laces and jewels, robbing for the time the crowns and breasts of reigning kings and queens, displayed their rare beauty—where grand pictures in costly frames hung from the walls in that hall hallowed by the presence of the masterpieces of dead genius—where the roll of great inventions shook the earth with giant motion, and where noble architecture stretched its domes toward the blue heavens—out of it all I came on that bright Sunday morning with thoughts all confused.

I walked down the boulevard until I came to a queer little structure resembling a home more than a church edifice; but as I saw evident church-goers filing in I followed. It was there before and around me the picture lay, and I was permitted to be in that picture's part.

Simplicity, a simplicity that gathered within its folds all force, all power, all strength, all love, it was.

The chapel was built so that the congregation appeared, as it were, to be one household, one family, gathered around in a half circle.

In front, upon the modest platform, were dainty bouquets of roses and old-fashioned snap-dragon and huge bunches of golden-rod, out from which looked a bust of our transcendental spirit, Emerson, smiling out upon us as if to tell us by the gentle force of that smile that all is beautiful, all is good.

The breeze coming in at an open window stirred the flowers and sent their fragrant freshness to us all. Somehow the golden-rod—bright flower of light—led me to old country lanes where, as a child, I had in the

bright early autumn days watched the yellow heads bend to the wind's wishes,—long ago, when what is now was then a dim dream veiled in mystery, and my spirit took on a sympathy that was again child-like.

The minister arose in those surroundings and prayed to the Father, lifting his heart in a sweet thanksgiving that was a bearing of the happiness and tranquillity of his soul to the eye of the Infinite, as a little one would lip the tenderness it felt to the loving father or mother heart.

He took for his subject that morning one of the lights of religious history, and dealt with it as only a soul could who looks into the heart and purpose of things; in truth, he dwelt upon the sincerity of the man particularly, and taught us that God looks to the honesty of a man's belief rather than to the belief itself, and that we are not to count a man's mistakes against him until we know the man and the purpose back of the mistake: and that from this very strength of sincerity comes all the grand things of earth; that one sincere heart helps to make for another a masterful mind, and stays the fast fleeing courage of the well nigh hopeless soul.

As I looked from the preacher to his flock gathered there, I saw a look of divine understanding on the faces of two or three aged saints; and an old man, with withered hands and face, smiled up at the speaker in a way that told me he had been at least honest in his faith.

I carried away with me the influence of that picture; it brightened all the day, and its sweetness is with me still.

HARRIET HAZELTON SINNARD.

MR. GLADSTONE, in an address at Oxford recently, affirmed Locke, Milton and Newton to be the three most eminent men intellectually in the period comprising the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It did not occur to Mr. Gladstone, but it is the fact, nevertheless, that all three were Unitarians.

—Toronto Unitarian.

TO THE misapprehension of the aim of punishment is due much of the misgovernment of children. We recognize the value of training the child by means of retributive punishment rather than by the arbitrary punishment too often used with children. The former appeals to the child's inborn instinct of justice.

—Elizabeth Harrison.

HE who has in his own heart the life of faith and hope and love, and can rephrase it in these terms of nineteenth-century thinking, will neither find the minds of thoughtful men closed against his message, nor his message cast out by a conflicting scientific teaching. He who attempts to prove that modern science is atheistic, preaches irreligion. He best ministers to the religious life who succeeds in making science itself conduct to a larger reverence and a more catholic love.

—Christian Union.

Church-Door Pulpit

THE MINISTRY.*

BY REV. W. H. GOULD.

Two questions suggest themselves as I attempt to speak for the ministry. Why did our Committee of Arrangements ask me to respond to so important a subject when there are others who could speak so much more instructively out of longer and richer experience? Was it because of the completeness of knowledge which the young minister is so certain to possess of all great and important subjects? It seems better to think their intention may have been to see how the ministry appears as viewed through the eyes of the young minister.

The second question which suggests itself is why they gave me the whole of this subject? Had our good Dr. Safford, for instance, been asked to fill this place, he would have wanted only a piece of it, as the study, or pulpit, or pastoral aspect of the ministry, and he would have needed the entire evening to discuss one of these fragments. However, it seems good to see in this, also, the kind thoughtfulness of the committee, who would open the gate to a field sufficiently extensive so that even the young minister could find enough for a twenty minutes' talk. I hope, therefore, it will not be altogether without profit for me to speak of the Christian Ministry as a vocation,—a vocation worthy of the brightest and best of our young people. I shall speak more in the way of suggestions that have emphasized "themselves through personal experience, especially experience of personal deficiency" and failure. Please remember that we shall look at the ministry through the eyes of the young minister.

The 22d of this month I shall have served five years as an ordained minister of our church. Although I have to confess to many disturbing thoughts of ministerial mistakes and serious shortcomings, and begin to suspect that some of the failures of my short ministry have been due as much to the weakness and foolishness of the pastor as to the lack of appreciation and willingness to heartily cooperate on the part of the people,—in spite of these serious and oppressive personal misgivings, the few years of my service as a Christian minister have been very pleasant, happy, glad years. If some of the fanciful, school-day notions of the ministry have proved to be mere empty bubbles, to break and vanish as soon as they came in contact with the realities of the minister's life and work, the real meaning of that life and work grows more inviting with the increase of actual experience.

We want more ministers, is the call of our conventions, both State

*Address at the Maine Universalist Convention, June 7, 1893. Republished from the *Gospel Banner*.

and general. I sometimes wonder if we all understand just *what* is wanted. Is it more students to receive diplomas from our schools? Is it more professional, hired preachers to draw their salaries? Is it more gentlemen to occupy positions of ease and opportunity to pursue congenial studies? Is it more of those who, to use the vulgar but expressive slang, are looking for a soft "snap?" In the presence of this convention we must answer—No; the call is for none of these. The call is for more ministers, and a minister is a servant, one who works and gives himself for others. The question, then, to be asked in looking to the ministry as a possible vocation is not, where and how will life serve me the best, give me the largest and pleasantest returns, but where and how can I serve life the best. It seems, therefore, that the first thing to be urged upon those whom we would so gladly win to the sacred calling is the *fact* that the Christian ministry is a life of *service*. Whosoever would aspire to the minister's holy office let him first become your servant.

A mistaken conception here is likely, sooner or later, to cause the would-be minister the greatest trouble and keenest disappointment. If he begin the work of a minister, which he has elected for his life's vocation, with the secret expectation, be it ever so well disguised, that his pleasure and his happiness and his well-being are to be ministered unto, and fails to recognize that the *great inspiring motive* of his calling is that he may serve the pleasure and happiness and true well-being of others, he will very soon find himself in the midst of hard trials and disappointments. In the presence of those who have grown strong and happy and full of blessing in a true and successful ministry it may seem almost out of place to press this particular point. And yet may it not be possible that those whose ministry has been thus successful and happy, in urging it as a vocation upon their young friends, as they point out the things in which they have found great satisfaction and joy, may fail to make sufficiently plain the indispensable condition of that satisfaction and joy? It has become such a natural, spontaneous force in their own life and ministry that perhaps unconsciously they assume its presence already in the young man or woman whom they would attract to the ministry.

Of the minister surely must it be required that unless he is willing to forsake all else for the sake of serving his fellows he is not worthy to be a disciple of the Christ. Nor does it seem to me we should hesitate to make this characteristic of the ministerial calling perfectly plain, for fear it may deter some who might be enlisted in the service of the church.

Recalling my own experience in school and college, young men have been deterred from the ministry, not so much because the conditions were

too hard as because they were made to appear too easy. Some unwise friend whispers that one can get started in the ministry much more easily and quickly than in medicine or law or business; that the minister is more readily admitted to places of social influence and prominence,—all of which may be very true, but the young man who is really bright and ambitious and eager to test the strength and spirit he feels within him, at once decides that the ministry is *too* easy for him; he wants to measure his ability by something in which the honors are honorable because of what they cost. As a matter of fact, although certain incidental results may appear more quickly and with less effort in the ministry than in some other vocations, the conditions of real and largest success are as exacting—it would be nearer the truth to say they are more exacting than in any other work to which a young man can give himself.

In the opinion of your five-years-old minister, there is no one thing which hinders the increase of the ministry so much as the notion, so prevalent in our parishes and in our colleges, that second and third rate men are good enough for the ministry; if there is a young man who is not likely to succeed at anything else, let him become a minister of the Gospel of Christ, of Paul, of Chrysostom, Savonarola, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Robertson, Ballou, Channing, and Phillips Brooks! The best, those without spot or blemish in body, mind, heart and spirit, are none too good to be servants, ministers of the gospel. And surely the active service of the ministry to-day, the requirements for success in it, cannot be satisfied by anything short of the best. Holding in mind the great motive of the minister, which is to serve and help his people in every possible way, to encourage, to teach, to lead, to comfort and to save, we may now consider some of the special qualifications.

(1.) Of the physical qualifications least, perhaps, needs to be said. Physical health and strength are not to be overlooked. If the minister is to do his work as he ought to do it, the tax upon the mere bodily forces will be constant and severe. Away with the idea that the youth who has physical disabilities which debar him from other pursuits has in consequence a providential escape in the ministry! That may be, but it will not be because of his physical disability for some other calling, which he would rather choose if he had the needful health and strength. The instances of Kingsley, Robertson, Channing, and our own Dr. Thayer of beloved memory, show what a mighty mental and spiritual strength may do to compensate for physical weakness, but they furnish no proof that physical health and strength are not a very important consideration for the ministry. There is no special call to the ministry for the physically

halt and blind and diseased. Christianity should be muscular as well as intellectual and spiritual.

(2.) As we come to the next qualification the demand for the best grows more emphatic. If success in the law demands mental ability and the most thorough mental preparation and training, success in the ministry demands this the more. The influence of the minister is lamentably restricted, if not absolutely forfeited, who is not able to be intellectually the quickener of his people. Pious dignity and ministerial propriety are no substitute for the needed mental equipment. Perhaps the average congregation may not appreciate the full value of strong mental power and thorough scholarship in the pulpit, but it does not take it more than three years at the outside—twelve months are usually sufficient—to discover the lack, if the brain is weak and but poorly furnished. The minister is called to serve some of the brightest and brainiest men and women in the community. They will be very kind to him in the beginning, far more so than he has any right to expect; they will overlook the crudeness and inconsistencies of the immature mind, provided it is an active, vigorous, growing mind.

But these thoughtful people who are such a tower of strength when they can be bound to the minister by a strong, sensible, scholarly ministry, cannot be much helped, and will be apt to lose their respect and love for the minister whose intellectual resources are deficient. And surely the need of mental power is no less in our ministry to those who are less thoughtful. Indeed, is not the demand for mental fertility and ingenuity to adapt the great truths and encouragements and comforts of the gospel to their needs: even more urgent? Will not this call for greater intellectual power on the part of the minister who is awake to the greatness of his calling and opportunity? And still more the variety of service which opens before the Christian requires the best intellectual faculty and furnishing possible. In this regard, certainly, the requirements of the ministry must appeal to the brightest of our young men and women. We shall not keep any away who would be a real benefit to the church by holding the intellectual standard high, and we surely shall be more likely to appeal to those who will prove of greatest benefit and largest usefulness. When, a few years ago, a more urgent call for ministers was made by the authorities of our church, it was a wise act that, at the same time, the standard of requirement in our theological schools was raised; and the result already justifies the wisdom. If you have a boy who ever thinks of the ministry as a possible vocation, help him to see that in it he will have ample opportunity and constant incitement to use the choicest gifts of mind.

(3.) Important as is the intellectual qualification, the necessity of choicest moral qualities is not a whit less. Now and then and for a season one may possibly be a popular preacher, may attract crowds by his eloquence, whose life morally considered is not worthy of the highest respect. But no such person can be a minister; such a one cannot be a servant of real strength and comfort to his people. To-day he who would aspire to the noble office of the ministry must be a man in whose moral integrity, and habitual uprightness of life the people have the utmost confidence. He must be such in this respect that those whom he would serve can swear by his honesty and his honor. Let a man have never so much of physical grace and magnetism, let him be never so richly endowed intellectually, and be deficient here, and he will fail of the best results as a minister. While, on the other hand, he may be weak and unimposing in personal attraction, he may have been unavoidably deprived of the more thorough mental equipment of the schools, and yet, because, as a man among men, people recognize that his life is guided only by true, honorable, unselfish motives, his ministry may be fruitful, blessed with richest harvests. This is a positive, manly, womanly quality, not to be confounded with anything effeminate, artificial. We want no ministry that is good simply because it is removed from and so insensible to the cares and anxieties and temptations which press so hard upon those who sit in the pews. Your people want a minister whom they know would be good in whatever circumstances he might be placed. Here, again, the Christian ministry appeals and offers attraction to what is worthiest in the best young men and women.

So far I have briefly hinted at qualifications which might be urged with almost equal force in the choice of any life-work, and have only insisted that the ministry offers inducements in the way of physical, mental and moral requirements to the true, ambitious young person equal to the requirements of any other profession or business. Let me suggest two other qualifications which are possibly more peculiar to the ministry, although really they ought to enter with force into the choice of any other vocation.

(4.) In the case of the true minister spirituality must be added to the qualifications of body, mind and conscience. One cannot sustain himself for the fullest duty and privilege of the ministry from even the most abundant fountains of intellectual and moral attainments. The true minister who longs for the "Well done, good and faithful servant," who is all aglow to serve his day and generation, will grow strong and patient and persevering only as he draws constant refreshment from that higher life in which he lives and

moves and has his being. If he is to carry comfort to others, he must first be comforted himself. If he is to carry encouragement or truth or life to others, he must first receive these himself. The simple, trustful, hopeful spirit, which instinctively looks up for light and strength, how indispensable this is in the minister! How quickly will our ministry become dry and barren, our tasks irksome, our duties drudgery, if our spirits are not kindled by the divine impulse. The minister must have deep and real acquaintance with the life to which he invites others. He must interpret, in some degree, through his own experience, those wonderful words of his Master, "I and my Father are one."

(5.) And equally imperative with the clear understanding of what the ministry is, and the qualifications of body, mind, conscience and spirit for it, must be the call of God to it. Let the young man come to it only as he feels consciously and definitely that this is the thing which God would have him do. It must be because of the grace that was given him of God that he should be a minister of Christ Jesus. The beginning and the end of my talk must be joined together as the two prime considerations in deciding upon the Christian ministry for one's life-vocation. To see clearly what the ministry is, that it is a strong, intellectual, conscientious, spiritual service for others, that no nobler, more honorable enterprise can engage the best gifts and abilities of the best young men and women, than to aim, through the opportunities of the Christian ministry, to serve and help their fellows: and then to feel that there is a divine drawing of them to this ministry, that they cannot be quite true to themselves, quite faithful in the use of their talent in any other vocation,—these are the young men and women we want to answer the call for more ministers; they are the ones who ought to answer it. If the call could be interpreted to them so they could understand it, they would answer it as Isaiah and Paul answered it. Are there not, at least, fifteen such young men and women in the parishes of this convention to-day? There certainly are twice that number of places in our State waiting for just such ministers as these young people would make.

Having a sensible, true idea of what the ministry is, seeing in it the opportunity for the highest exercise of the choicest gifts of mind, conscience and spirit with which they have been endowed, and the Holy Spirit inviting and urging them to it, they would be the ministers to establish upon the firmest foundation fifteen new parishes within the borders of our convention. May it be that this convention needs these ministers as much as it needs the money for which its opportunity calls so urgently? May it be that we need the ministers first, and if we had them

that the money would come more quickly and more easily? I would not magnify the ministry at the expense of any other legitimate life-calling. But I would insist that as a vocation it is worthy of earnest, thoughtful consideration by the brightest and best of our young men and women. And then, if its qualifications have been as well met, its rewards, though perhaps not exactly the same in kind, will be as rich and abundant and honorable.

World's Fair Notes

Around the base of the monument on the Lake Front on which a Columbus stands eagerly peering, his hands clutching as though a new world was within grasp, idle workmen were grouped, no whit less eager than the great discoverer, who seemed to be still leader, so well did the mute statue fit into the picture. It was an impressive scene to one standing aloof, viewing also the ground round about strewn with weary, discouraged mortals. A spectacle suggestive to art, and instructive—shall I say—to ethics.

I had gone thither purposely to mingle with the crowd, to catch, if I could, its temper and gauge the intelligence prevailing. As I turned on Michigan avenue I gazed unexpectedly on the now famous statue, concerning which I had heard few commendatory words. This first impression was wholly favorable. The thing is alive, anyway, I said to myself. I do not see why Columbus, nearing the new world, expectant, certain, tremulous with the excitement, should not have stood just so. Nor does it appear to me that the pedestal is too small. It is unmonumental, but why is that a fault? Perched there as on an eminence, unmindful, taking no thought of all else, looking only for the new land, what idea better? You may be told that a man as a work of art should pose in accord with certain rules of dignity and grace. There is no rule genius may not snap in two, so the great idea be let loose to win its own way. The sculptor has endowed his work with the spirit of the navigator. His Columbus is not on land—he is aboard ship and sailing!

The Lake Front—with due deference to contrary opinions—is, in my opinion, well “statued”—borrowing the phrase.

Must I now keep to art and take the “Whaleback”—for to go overland were now a profanity—to the Fair grounds?

I decide to draw nearer to the scene I have viewed with approval from afar, and keep to my original intention of “overhearing” if not of taking part in the conversations, debates, gesticulations that seem more pronounced and intelligible at shorter distances.

It does not take long to discover for one thing that the Labor Congress

has already convened. There are two speakers, one on either side of the monument, and groups innumerable, where excited debates are in progress, with everybody entitled to the floor—if he can get it.

In the middle of a circle, so packed together that I can but just see his hat, sits (apparently he is sitting, but I cannot discover whether it is on a camp-stool which he carries about with him) a “single-taxer”—so he is described. I overhear him say: “What a man produces is his own; a tax on that is robbery.”

“But if the government is to be run, it’s got to be supported.”

“But don’t you see,” the “Taxerman”—as he is called by another listener—responds; “don’t you see, a tax on land will do that.”

“No, it’s no clearer ‘n mud. But what I do see is if we’re goin’ to have government, why don’t we stand up like men and say, ‘Here, take so much of what we produce.’ That’s the square way.”

“But—”

“But let me finish”—it is a lank, intellectual-looking fellow who has been speaking—“if you deny the right of government to tax, you deny the right of government to exist.”

The crowd surges. It is difficult to maintain one’s footing. I leave the “taxer” to his task, and turn to be accosted by a young man of twenty-five or thirty years—hard to tell, he is so begrimed.

“What do you think?” he demands.

“I came to listen,” I reply.

“Well, I can give you my opinion. There is too much faith in Man. It’s opening the World’s Fair Sundays that’s brought it all. These Fair people think they can run the universe. They forget there is an Almighty. They’re making the judgment day now.”

“But the Fair is prospering,” I ventured, “more than ever.”

“Oh, yes; the Fair gains, but the world outside don’t, and many a mouth that has drank Java coffee there will, in my opinion, go hungry for bread before God is done with them. The Fair ought to close tonight. Then the judgment of insulted heaven might be arrested.”

Many a raving as bad as that has been heard during the hot weather in pulpits, so I made no doubt but the fellow was sane enough on other topics.

“What do you work at—when you have work?” I asked.

“I’m a plasterer. But when there’s no building, of course there’s no plastering. But the Lord provides for those that fear Him. I’ve a friend.” etc.

My ear catches the German accent of some one speaking from the monument. The burden of his complaint is the threatened interference of the police with their meetings and parades. He is undoubtedly right. The *law* is on their side. But the

Chief says, “We know that, but we are considering whether it is *policy* to permit this disturbance.” “*Policy!*” cries the speaker, “Oh, you see, the *law* is nothing; the police is everything. When they ope their mouths the *law* steps aside. Is that America? No! America is liberty secured by law, and that is despotism. They call us *law breakers*, anarchists! Judge ye between us!”

Now a silver-bearded old man mounts with difficulty to the platform of stone. “For God’s sake,” he cries, speaking deliberately, solemnly, “whatever you do, don’t breed a disturbance and spoil all.”

“He’s paid for saying that,” shouts a voice from the crowd.

Now a volunteer—a genuine capitalist, as he announces himself—and he is made bold to address labor because he believes “Capital and Labor are friends.”

“Friends!” growls a burly fellow, “and capital turns labor out to starve. Why don’t capital come round now and divvy if we’re such friends?”

The capitalist says something about patience, and assures his fellow-laborers that all is being done that can be done. “Ten days more and you go to work.”

“Yes, we’ll go in wagons and never work any more—before that time.”

Another group is listening to (when not commenting on) a letter in a daily paper that tells of a woman who has “no pity for the idle, for they can all get employment on farms.”

“That woman ought to go on exhibition,” quoth one, “as a curiosity. Such ignorance—such dense ignorance!”

“You’re right, she had. Suppose there is work somewhere for some of us, who knows where it is? Suppose you and I set out to find it, how long ‘fore we’d be nabbed up as tramps? Suppose we got into a house, got work, and got to bed? Ten to one, the woman would sit up all night, or sleep with one eye open, for fearin’ we git up and murder ‘em all, or run off with the house or a yoke of oxen.”

Another quietly: “It’s all very well to talk about laborers forsaking the country for the city. Laborers, like other people, go where they *think* there’s the most chance of steady and well-paid work. Besides, who of us, come down to the practical point, could go on a farm and be of any earthly good, except to pull weeds.”

“And we might not know a weed when we saw it,” facetiously said some one else.

“I know one weed when it’s rolled into shape—wish I had one now.”

The procession is decided on, following the American flag. About one third moves off with a heavy tread.

“I’d rather do two days’ work than walk about the city once like that,” one said, looking on thoughtfully.

"I'd cut my throat before I'll do it again—march through the muddy streets with the aristocracy looking at us from the upper windows."

"You're all right there," cries another. "Why, yesterday, nobody noticed us. Big crowd gaping at us on the City Hall steps, not a cheer, not a hoot, not a yell. What kind of a reception was that for honest workmen starving? It was like marching by a cemetery."

"I will tell you what I think, men," began a man with a fine, intelligent face. "If we should gather our largest procession and march quietly, without banners, and without saying one word, that might have some good effect. It would be self-respectful, and win us more of the kind of sympathy we need."

"There's some people as can't keep shut anyhow, and I guess I'm one of 'em," responded the man who craved even a "hoot." Just then the tally-ho coach went by blaring its trumpet. "There go the 'ristocrats," he cried.

And now my young man who "put not faith in man but in high heaven" pulled at my coat sleeve.

"It's the Fair, you see."

S. H. M.

The Study Table

LIFE OF REV. SAMUEL WILLARD, D. D., of Deerfield, Mass. Edited by his Daughter. Boston, Geo. H. Ellis, 1892. \$1.50. — For three braveries this good man was remarkable. He was probably the very first minister to whom a faithful Evangelical "Council" refused ordination on account of his Unitarian proclivities. This was in 1807, some years before the dreaded name was accepted by the heretics or the set debate began which split the church of the Puritans in two. Deerfield had suffered much as a frontier town during the French and Indian wars, and—"should I be settled here, it will again become a frontier town, the frontier of liberal principles," the young man predicted. And for many years it was so. He was the leper preacher of the beautiful river valley, from whom the "sound" ministers kept far aloof. But the deeper heroism of the man came out in a more personal experience. After a few years of service he was stricken with partial, which presently became total, blindness. During the forty years of it his daughter recollects no murmur and no melancholy over the privation. After a while it obliged him to resign his pulpit, but he preached more or less all his long life. He became our first "blind preacher," our "Parson Milburn,"—extemporizing his sermons, committing to memory his Bible chapters, and gradually learning, not the hymns, but the hymn-book, by heart! Not only this: he walked hundreds of miles, he gardened, he climbed his apple trees to prune them, he sawed and split his wood. No wonder the daughter

writes: "I think no member of his family had sufficient nerve to watch him while engaged in splitting wood, though he never met with injury but once in this way." A blind man's verdict on disaster is worth remembering: "A great part of the evils which befall these frail bodies of ours may be traced not to outward dangers, but to want of caution. For thirty-eight years I have had no clear vision, and for twenty-four have been in total darkness, and still have scarcely had one fall that gave me even a moment's pain." Thus he conquered his conqueror. His third bravery was perhaps even more remarkable: it was a deliberate, systematic experiment at the age of seventy-four to prove the truth of Cicero's word that "aged people need not lose their faculties as they do if they would continue to use them." So he now increased his stock of Bible chapters to one hundred learnt *verbatim*, mastered the rest of that hymn-book, with 518 hymns in it, locked into himself four books of Euclid's theorems and problems, and, attacking the old catalogues of seven leading colleges of New England, presently could tell the college degree and the public honors of all the graduates who attained distinction. A necrology incarnate! And on his eighty-first birthday he passed an almost perfect examination in his quaint study courses. He was a year older when he said, "I have mental work laid out for ten years more." The dear companion of this long night of blindness died only a year or two before him, and she helped him begin what he probably considered his best contribution to the world's progress,—a "Family Psalter," containing 457 hymns of his own composing, fifty or more being written in his eighty-second year. But we suspect the brave old singer was better than his songs. W. C. G.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION has recently issued as Nos. 21 and 22 of the second volume of their penny series of "Tracts for the Times," Rev. R. A. Armstrong's recently delivered essay on "The New Orthodoxy," and Rev. William Gaskell's "Strong Points of Unitarian Christianity." As the former was published in UNITY Church-Door Pulpit about a fortnight after it was first read, and UNITY's high appreciation of its value then expressed, we need say nothing more of it now. Mr. Gaskell's exposition is manifestly addressed to the orthodox, and seems designed to lead them to the truth by very easy stages, the three points enumerated being (1) that Unitarian Christianity has the advantage over opposing systems in that its fundamental principles are "set forth in the very words of Scripture"; (2) that it is "the faith of the universal church"; and (3) that its "principles have their root in human nature."

PUTNAM'S series of the "Story of the Nations" is being translated into

the Marathi and Gujarati languages, the volumes on "Egypt," "Persia," and "Turkey" having already been published. The work has been undertaken by the tutor to H. R. H. the Prince Gaikwar of Baroda, British India, at the national expense. The companion series of "Heroes of the Nations" is now under consideration for a similar translation.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE NEW WORLD, for the last quarter, dated June, 1893, seems to the writer the strongest number of this very able review. Professor Morgan's "Evolution—A Restatement," and Dr. Peters' "Development of the Psalter" are the most powerful of the contributed articles as regards depth and scholarship. The former contains a great deal packed in small compass, and is of interest to every thinker of our day; the latter is a very valuable contribution to one of the most difficult problems in Old Testament criticism. Besides these there is an article by one of the editors, Professor Everett, whose fine poetic instincts fit him particularly well to discuss "Tennyson and Browning as Spiritual Forces," and articles on "Modern Explanation of Religion," by Hermann Schultz, of Goettingen; "The Social Movement in French Protestantism," by Elisee Bost,—an interesting account of the Christian Socialism movement in that country; "The Triple Standard in Ethics," by George Batchelor; "The Congregational Polity," by J. H. Crooker; and an appreciative estimate of the late Andrew Preston Peabody by the liberal Baptist divine, Dr. Moxom. But the great value of this Review is in its sixty pages of book reviews—careful examinations, by competent scholars, of the important recent publications treating of religion, ethics and theology, and kindred fields of thought, embracing twenty-two works, ranging from Bosanquet's "History of Aesthetic," through Rodolfo Lanciani's "Pagan and Christian Rome," to Prof. Mitchell's exegesis of "Amos." In Prof. Peabody's review of Jacob Riis' "Children of the Poor," he specially commends the author for his protest against institutionalism as applied to the care of unfortunate children. "Against the whole tendency," says the professor, "Mr. Riis, in common with most skilled observers, makes his protest."

IN THE COSMOPOLITAN for August, the leading article is "The Intercontinental Railway," by W. D. Kelly, the engineer in charge of the surveying corps sent out under the auspices of the International American Conference to survey a line south from Quito, Ecuador. The country through which Mr. Kelly passed is for the most part *terra incognita* to civilization; and partly on this account, partly because of the greatness of the undertaking he was engaged upon, his paper is of absorbing inter-

est. The great variety in climate and peoples found in this area, the great natural wealth, vegetable and mineral, of portions of it, and the historic and anthropological interest associated with the region of the Incas' Peruvian civilization, where today, in the interior, thousands of natives preserve their own partial civilization regardless of the changes wrought by the Spanish-American civilization on their borders,—all combine to present a most inviting field for students of all kinds in this land. Other contributions to this number are Prof. Boyesen's "Conversations with Bjornson," the concluding paper of Camille Flammarion's "Last Days of the World," a very interesting description by Poultney Bigelow of Berlin's method of cleaning the city and utilizing the sewage in the transformation of sandy barrens into rich farms, and many other good things.

THE fourth number of *Employer and Employed*, the Boston quarterly devoted to profit-sharing, contains the second paper by F. H. Giddings on "The Relation of Recent Economic Theory to Profit-Sharing," a helpful presentation of the subject; a discussion by Mr. R. H. Towne, of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, of the specific method of co-operation which he designates gain-sharing, in which the effort is made to give to each employe just such share of the gain as is directly affected by his particular efforts; a review of Mr. T. W. Bushill's book on profit-sharing (Mr. Bushill being an English profit-sharing employer); and other matter on the general subject. The subscription price is only forty cents a year, and the magazine may be obtained by all interested from Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street. We wish the number interested in the subject were larger than it is.

DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for September is a beautiful number, devoting some thirty-odd pages, profusely and very handsomely illustrated, to the Columbian Exposition. It is the best Exposition number of its kind that we have yet seen, notwithstanding that most of the illustrated magazines are now full of the Exposition. As with the other publications of this date, much space is given to pictures of distinguished Orientals who are to take part in the Parliament of Religions.

IN THE ADVANCE for August 17 is an admirable article by Rev. J. W. Sutherland on "Some Simple Means of Increasing a Pastor's Efficiency," in which he urges the importance of putting the laymen to work on committees, etc., even though it be somewhat easier in the first instance for the minister to do everything himself.

THE REFORM ADVOCATE for August 12 contains an interesting and scholarly article on the "Economic Aspect of the Persecution of the Jews in Russia," it being a paper read by

Charles S. Bernheimer before the post-graduate seminary in political economy at the University of Pennsylvania.

Correspondence

INFORMATION WANTED.

EDITOR UNITY:

Can any of your readers tell me the author of the poem in which are found the words: "For all the boundless universe is Life—there are no dead (or, there is no Death)"?

S. ELSBY.

Milwaukee, Wis.



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- SUN.—Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.
 MON.—My heart trusted in the Lord, my strength, and I am helped.
 TUES.—According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.
 WED.—A mighty man is not delivered by much strength.
 THURS.—Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.
 FRI.—The meek shall inherit the earth.
 SAT.—The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. —*Psalms.*

THROWING KISSES.

Dorothy, whose winsome ways
 All who know her can but praise,
 Has completely won my heart
 By this simple little art—
 Throwing kisses when she passes.

Dorothy is quite complete
 In her childish art so sweet;
 If, walking out, we chance to meet,
 Me she never fails to greet,
 Throwing kisses when she passes—
 Throwing kisses straight at me,
 Laughing in her baby glee.

Dorothy, oh, sweetest maiden!
 Oft my heart is heavy laden,
 But the gloom has vanished, quite,
 Let Dorothy but come in sight,
 Throwing kisses when she passes.

All the darkness of the day
 By her sweet smile's chased away,
 All the earth has grown more gay
 When Dorothy has chanced this way,
 Throwing kisses when she passes—
 Throwing kisses straight at me,
 Laughing in her baby glee.

GERTRUDE R. COLBORN.

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COUNTRY SKETCHES.

Friends.

"Verdantly let Shamrocks keep their sainted dust;
 The bad man's death it well becomes to mourn,
 Not so the just. —*Father Prout.*

"Peace"—with the word come two pictures. An autumn day with hills stretching away into infinity, their boundary line only hidden by the deep blue haze which seems dropped to shut off earthly vision from glories too great for mortal eyes.

The meadows which but lately waved with wheat present from a distance an unbroken surface of faintest gold. The woods beyond seem the birthplace of the brooding spirit of stillness which has enwrapped this sweet country town on this long past day. In their depths one can hear the tinkle of a dropped nut from the overhanging tree to the placid brook below, or the drowsy drone of the grasshopper; and the insistent whirring of the reaper in

some far off field might be heard, though it has become part of the silence, so regularly does its beat fall on the ear, like the ticking of the unnoticed family clock.

Peace everywhere—and at sunset, down the long lane which stretches from the meadow, come two figures in the autumn of life. Peace embodied is before you. They have grown old together, these brothers, and age has touched them both with tranquil beauty, placing her crown of silver on their heads and etching their faces with the delicate hand of an artist. The pasture lies behind them, breathing too of quiet and rest. The cows chewing their evening cud of contentment with half-shut eyes, the waving shadows of the dipping boughs, brocading the fence corners, the ghosts of dead flowers floating past, all suggest that night is creeping toward them with her poppy draught. And carrying the swinging pail of milk on a staff between them, these two bent figures pass serenely on their downward path, mutually supported. It was always so with these two loving hearts. When they were young they wiped childish tears from each other's eyes with their brown pinafores, and as this abiding love grew with years, together their names were placed in the father's will, joint heirs of their double portion.

Love came to them, but while to one the sweet boon was not denied, from the other death snatched the tender form and spilled the cup of ecstasy. Together again they bore this grief, and the healing touch to the aching heart was a brother's. So it came to pass that manhood found them still together: one with a home and wife and children; the other forgetting his own sorrow in self-sacrificing devotion. Sometimes my childish fancy saw on that aged and resigned face a look of yearning sorrow. There came to him visions of what might have been. A sweet young face looked at him from the stars. A face with wide, gray eyes and misty hair, never old, but eternally young, while he sat there bent and gray. It was then that a hand clasped his. It, too, was old with heavy veins, but its touch was full of healing.

"Brother," he would murmur, "we have each other. Be not cast down. There is one greater that does what is right." And on the silence which followed there breathed consolation.

In all perfectly sincere natures there seems to run a vein of simplicity—a love for the natural pleasures of this bountiful earth. One of the sunny pictures of these lives is their enjoyment of simple things, their long tramps together, sometimes bringing home luscious blackberries, dewy and ripe—never since have any tasted so sweet; or again brown nuts, bearing with them the atmosphere of the spicy woods. They were nature lovers, and did Nature ever "betray the heart that loved her?"

With deeply religious natures and belonging to a small community where orthodoxy was held strictly to its most narrow meaning, they did not "join the church,"—a most necessary act in their neighbors' opinion,—but in their great simplicity feeling unworthy, and holding the conviction that they could not take upon themselves vows so deep and awful as those which were unthinkingly responded to by childish voices, they lived up to the highest interpretation of the divine law and found peace.

In the quaint old church one might see every Sunday these two devout faces, and if a deeper note vibrated through the old songs that wailed up to the great Father, I always knew what voices were swelling the thanksgiving. How many Sundays when, with weary little brain, I have alternated between counting the thousand tiny panes of glass which decorated the window, each elaborately retouched with a coat of varnish to keep curious eyes from straying to diverting subjects outside, and wondering why the dear old minister was put way up in that little wooden box, or whether Mrs. Smith felt happy to think she was going to heaven when her wild boy, who died unrepentant, would be suffering in torment, I have gained instant faith that all would be right in glancing at these two noble heads, serene and undismayed.

But there came a day when the old bell tolled deeply and long, when down the narrow aisles of the old church filed a sad procession, and as the wheezy old organ once more responded to the player's touch and "Jerusalem the Golden" chimed in with the bell's notes no rich voice rolled forth its sustaining harmony; for one voice was silenced in death and the other in sorrow. Outside the world was palpitating with life. A robin was singing its sad sweet refrain in the locust tree by the window, the bees were buzzing their staggering way homeward, and the scent of the budding flowers was wafted in with every breeze. Life, life everywhere, and life immortal for the soul which had fled from that silent form. But to the loving heart pierced by that severing sword of death, what consolation? One look at the rapt face answered the question. Exalted sorrow held a place there, but not blind despair.

"He won't live through this," said the garrulous but kindly tongue of a neighbor; "they've allus stuck side by side; where one went t'other followed. It beats the world."

But he lived his allotted time, as we all shall, and one May day, when the earth seemed touched by the finger of God, and clouds sailed across the sky like heavenly chariots for released souls, he broke the chain which bound him to the earth, and, breathing "My brother, my savior," he crossed the boundary line.

* * *

In such an age of tumult and

money getting, to recall such lives is like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." F. O. L.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Spell toes," said the mother, who was teaching her little daughter, seven years old, to spell.

"T-o-z-e," answered the child.

"No, dear, that is not right. T-o-e-s spells toes."

"But it sounds like t-o-z-e."

"I know it, but you cannot go by the scund."

Then, in order to enforce this proposition, the mother called on her daughter to spell froze.

"F-r-o-e-s," said the child.

"No, you're wrong again. This time we do use the z and spell the word f-r-o-z-e."

"Huh!" gouted the child.

"Now spell rose," said the mother.

The child hesitated. Finally she said: "I don't know whether to say r-o-z-e or r-o-e-s, and really I don't know that either way would be right."

"Spell it r-o-s-e," said the mother, "though there is another word pronounced just like it that's spelled r-o-e-s. That word is the name of the spaw of fishes."

The poor little child looked very miserable.

"Just one more word," said the mother. "Tell me how you spell blows."

"Well," said the child, who had had quite enough nonsense, as she viewed it, from her mother, and had suddenly made up her mind to pay back in kind. "I spell it three ways. I spell it b-l-o-s-e for breakfast, b-l-o-e-s for dinner, and b-l-o-z-e for supper."

"I spell it b-l-o-w-s all the time," said the mother.

The child said nothing for a minute or two. Then, looking up, she solemnly remarked:

"I think, mamma, that the English language was made for persons very well educated."

—*Christian Patriot.*

Notes from the Field

Pacific Coast.—Rev. C. W. Wendte, Superintendent of the American Unitarian Association for the Pacific Coast, will leave Oakland, Cal., on the 21st of August, visit points in Oregon and Washington requiring attention, preach on August 27 at Olympia, and on September 3 take part in the installation of Rev. E. M. Fairfield at Spokane. After a lecture at Helena, Mont., he will journey direct to Boston, where he will remain five days in consultation on Pacific coast church business, and meet any brethren desiring to confer with him from September 10 to 16. Thence to Chicago and the Parliament of Religions for a week, returning to California via Arizona points in time to help dedicate the new Unitarian Church at Pomona. During his six weeks' absence Rev. Mrs. U. G. B. Pierce will be in charge of the parish at Oakland.

—*Christian Register.*

Detroit, Minn.—Although this lake region is over the line, we learn from the *Universalist* that the North Dakota State Union of Universalists held its meetings there the last of July. State Superintendent F. A. Jenkins, of Fargo, N. D., opened the meeting. Rev. J. N. Parker, of the same place, made the prayer, and Rev. L. F. Porter, of Anoka, Minn., preached the sermon. At 4 p. m., Rev. Miss Helen G. Putnam made a very well-received address, which was followed by short addresses from Rev. Mrs. Porter, Rev. Mr. Parker, and Superintendent Jenkins. On the following Sunday morning the Unitarian missionary again addressed the Union, the subject of Miss Putnam's sermon being "Social Purity and Temperance." At 3 p. m. Rev. Mr. Porter preached, and at 8 p. m. his wife conducted the final services.

Jewish Department of Chautauqua.—Dr. Henry Berkowitz, of Philadelphia, has in hand the incorporation into the Chautauquan work of the future a department for Jewish studies, and it is pleasing to learn that Dr. Vincent and the other Evangelical Christians who control Chautauqua University are heartily co-operating with the Rabbis, and propose to so modify the requirements of their course as to adapt it to Jewish students. In the *Reform Advocate* of August 19 is a paper by Dr. Berkowitz on the subject.

A Visitor from India.—The following postal card, received from the Rev. Robert Spear, of London, will be of interest to the readers of UNITY: "The Rev. Bazarka, of Bombay, a minister of the Brahmo Samaj of Bombay, has been preaching for many of us in England. He will visit Chicago in September. Please interest yourself in him and find him some pulpit work for a few weeks. He is worthy of all kindness."

Chicago, Ill.—Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Allen is in Chicago on his way east from San Diego, and the Rev. Wm. J. Potter, President of the Free Religious Association, and Rev. N. M. Mann, of Omaha, Neb., are in the city. Mr. Potter is here to attend the Parliament of Religions, and will remain about a month. Miss Susan B. Anthony made a call at the Unitarian headquarters at 175 Dearborn street, in company with Rev. Ida Hultin, last week. For church services in the city we refer our readers to our Announcement column.

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Outline Studies in the History of the Northwest. By Frederick J. Turner. Paper, square 18mo., 12 pages, 10 cents.

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 Suggestions for clubs and private reading. Compiled by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper, square 18mo., 28 pages, 10 cents.

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 A medley for an evening's entertainment. Arranged by Lily A. Long. Paper, square 18mo., 20 pages, 10 cents.

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WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

Those who desire a convenient and quiet resting place while visiting the Fair, may prefer arrangements in advance at prices suited to the times, by addressing

L. A. WHITE, No. 647 Sheridan avenue.
 His pleasant home, which he opens to visitors, is located in a delightful residence neighborhood at easy walking distance from the grounds. It is also convenient to the stations of three lines of public conveyance to the heart of the city. Circulars and information will be sent to parties desiring.

MRS. M. H. PERKINS, private residence, 3929 Indiana avenue. Two y minutes' ride by Elevated Road to Fair Grounds. House new and with upper plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes convenient and reasonable in price. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Special rates for periods of two weeks or more.

MRS. J. A. MCKINNEY, 4209 Ellis avenue, will be glad to entertain World's Fair-visitors. House stone; rooms large and airy; 3 blocks from Illinois Central; five minutes' ride to grounds; fare, five cents. Terms, \$1.50 each per day for August.

UNITY BUILDING, 296 Woodlawn Terrace. Four minutes' walk from entrance to the Fair. Unitarian headquarters. Rooms at moderate prices. Send for circular to Mrs. R. H. Kelly, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

Announcements

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

FROM THE PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Inasmuch as the Free Religious Association of America was really the first to inaugurate on its platform, twenty-six years ago, the idea of a "World's Parliament of Religions," it will be eminently proper, and in accordance with the fitness of things, for it to take part in this larger Parliament to be held in Chicago as a part of the World's Fair, recognizing as it does in its projected convening a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" for it is one of the most significant events of the age, and it may be productive of vast results to the future development of religion. The full significance of that assembly of delegates from all the leading religions of the world will not be manifest, however, nor the logical results of the event be deduced in their completeness, without the meeting of the Free Religious Association to point to what lies beyond a temporary Parliament of Religions. It is very much to have the religions of the world thus brought together on the same platform for a presentation of their beliefs and aims by their own representatives, without controversy or debate. But are the representatives of the religions, there amicably gathered, to separate for their respective countries with the same controversial aggressiveness against each other which they have hitherto manifested, and with the same mutually antagonistic claims to exclusive supernatural inspiration and guidance? The Free Religious Association is the one general religious body in this land which, following the inevitable logical trend of the scientific study of the religions of mankind, has publicly proclaimed the possibility of a new and permanent religious fellowship and cooperation on the basis of the "scientific study of religion and ethics," free reason and of a common humanity,—in lieu of the old theological bases, which, however stringent or atten-

uated the Dogma, were laid in alleged revelations through miraculous books or persons. We urge, therefore, the members and friends of the Association to rally at this gathering in full numbers. And we cordially invite all who are in sympathy with the general aim and purpose of the Association, whether they have heretofore acted with us or not, to be present at the twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Free Religious Association, which will be held in Hall No. 31,

Art Palace, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday, September 20th, 1893.

WM. J. POTTER, Pres.
D. G. CRANDON, Sec'y.

THE MORNING SESSION,
 beginning at 10 o'clock, will be presided over by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the Vice President and founders of the Association, who will make the introductory address. By request of the Directors, the President, William J. Potter, will then give a written address entitled: "The Free Religious Association,—its Twenty-six Years and their Meaning." Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot will follow, on "The Scientific Method in the Study of Religion." Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence, R. I., on "The Free Religious Association as the expounder of the Natural History of Religion," and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, on "Religious Progress." Other speakers have been invited and will be announced later.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION
 will begin at 2:30 o'clock, and will be devoted to the subject, "Unity in Religion." Minot J. Savage, of Boston, will open the subject, followed by Dr. Edward McGlynn of New York, Mangasar Mangasarian of Chicago, Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney of Boston, and others yet to be announced.

THE FESTIVAL,
 with supper, speeches, music, and social opportunities, will be held in one of the large hotels of Chicago, or at the Union League Club (the place to be definitely announced in the Chicago daily press). Col. T. W. Higginson will preside and welcome the guests, and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, M. J. Savage, Francis E. Abbot, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, William J. Potter, Paul K. Frothingham, Mangasar Mangasarian, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. McGlynn, and others are expected to speak. Reception from 6 to 7 o'clock. Supper at 7 o'clock. Tickets for the supper to be procured at the convention, and of Secretary D. G. Crandon.

WORLD'S CONGRESS OF EVOLUTIONISTS.

PROGRAM.

First Day.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1893.
Morning Session.—CONSTRUCTIVE EVOLUTION: Progress of the doctrine in forty years. Its present scientific and popular status. Its upbuilding and beneficent character.

Afternoon Session.—BIOLOGY: as related to Evolution. Darwinism, natural and sexual selection. "Survival of the fittest." Origin of variations. Heredity. Use and disuse of functions.

Evening Session.—THE HEROES OF EVOLUTION: Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Haeckel, Gray, Youmans, etc.

Second Day.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.
Morning Session.—PSYCHOLOGY, as related to Evolution. The nature of knowledge. The doctrine of relativity. Sense-perception. The evolution of mind.

Afternoon Session.—SOCIOLOGY: The science of social growth. Man's relation to the earth and to his fellow-men. Evolution's promise for the settlement of social problems. The true conservatism of Evolution.

Evening Session.—ECONOMICS, as related to Evolution. The historical and evolutionary method as applied to political economy. Larger economic aspects of the question.

Third Day.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.
Morning Session.—PHILOSOPHY, as affected by Evolution. The scientific method in philosophy. Spencer's unknowable. The philosophy of history.

Afternoon Session.—ETHICS: The morals of Evolution. Growth of the moral sense. Its relation to prior physical and biological conditions. Harmony of intuitive and experiential theories.

Evening Session.—RELIGION: How it is affected by the doctrine of Evolution. Spiritual implications in all progress. Materialistic speculations untenable. The immanent and transcendent Power that makes for Beauty, Order and Righteousness.

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Atheneum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 39d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 26th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laffin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolts, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, will preach Sunday morning. The Sunday School will hold the first session of its fall term at 9:30 a. m.

AT THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH Rev. W. F. Greenman, of Fitchburg, Mass., will preach Sunday morning.

ETHICAL RELIGION

BY WM. M. SALTER.

Cloth, 12mo., pp. 332. \$1.50. For sale by UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

How does your Unity subscription stand? Notice date on your address label, which indicates time to which the subscription is paid.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

Under the Auspices of the WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS At Art Institute Building: REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

- Saturday, Sept. 16. THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT. 10 A. M.—Its Representative Men... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York Its Theological Method... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York Its Place in the Development of Christianity. *Prof. C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc., Oxford, England The Church of the Spirit—Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R.I. 2 P. M.—In Literature... Rev. Augustus M. Lord In Philanthropy... Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., Cambridge, Mass. In the Growth of Democracy Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17. There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for. UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS To be held in the Sinai Temple (Dr. Hirsch's), corner Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street.

- Monday, Sept. 18. 3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute. 8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church. Address of Welcome... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York Original Hymn... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

- Tuesday, Sept. 19. THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM. (a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo (b) In Poland... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England (c) In Hungary... *Prof. S. Boros, Transylvania (d) In France... Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris (e) In Germany... (f) In Italy... Prof. Bracciforti, Milan (g) In Scandinavia... Prof. Carl Van Bergen, Stockholm (h) In England... Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England (i) In Holland... Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich. (j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass. Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period... Rev. Geo. Batchelor Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period... Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis Evening. UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT. Protob Mozoomdar... Calcutta, India A Representative Jew... A Representative Mohammedan...

- Wednesday, Sept. 20. THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM. (a) The Human Roots of Religion... Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass. (b) God... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn. (c) Jesus... Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont. Evening. (d) Man... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn. (e) The Problem of Evil... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse (f) The Life Eternal... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

- Thursday, Sept. 21. UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. (a) Scientific... *Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., Birmingham, England (b) Old Testament Criticism... Prof. C. H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Cambridge, Mass. (c) New Testament Criticism... President Geo. L. Cary, Meadville, Pa. (d) Social Problems... *Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., London, England (e) Extra-Biblical Religions... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio (f) The Hymns of the Church... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass. Evening. THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

- Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Caroline J. Bartlett, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale. Friday, Sept. 22. PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM. 10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association... Rev. Grindall Reynolds National Conference... Rev. W. H. Lyon British and Foreign Unitarian Association Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Secretary Transylvania... Bishop Ferencz or Prof. Boros Western Unitarian Conference... Rev. F. L. Hosmer Unitarian S. S. Society... Rev. E. A. Horton Unitarian Guilds... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord, Mass. Unity Clubs... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston W. U. S. Society... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago Pacific Coast Conference... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco Southern Conference... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga. In Australia... Miss C. H. Spence 2 P. M.—Women's Meeting.

- Evening. Fellowship Meeting. In charge of... WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN RELIGION. Names to be announced Congress Week. Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah. *Those marked with an asterisk are not expected in person.

UNITY

Friendship and Character in Religion

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

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Editorial

If men and women would wake with to-morrow's sun to will the good which now lies like a half-formed vision in their minds, the wide earth might be a scene of Justice, and every city of our land transformed into a City of Light.
—W. M. Salter.

THIS is Labor week. Monday was Labor day, and for a week back the Labor Congresses have been in session. We trust that the sermon we publish this week will help some to realize the value of the common people, and wish with all our heart that something may come from this Columbian year, with its congresses and other broadening influences, to teach the world how to be just to those who, bearing the brunt of the world's work, enjoy so little of its prosperity.

It is encouraging to find that with few exceptions the religious denomi-

national press is hardly less warm than the secular press in its commendation of the several recent instances of substantial exchanges of brotherly services between such far-removed bodies as the Roman Catholic and the Evangelical Protestant churches. Many of the old barriers must be down when a Baptist congregation offers the use of its church to an unfortunate Roman Catholic parish, and when the latter's priest gracefully accepts.

THE assertions of the conservative Universalists that their brethren who advocated co-operation with Unitarians were humiliating their own body, because the Unitarians did not wish it, alleging that all overtures had come from Universalists, have recently been answered by members of both denominations, who, by citing official utterances of Unitarian bodies, have shown the falsity of this contention. The last reply of this kind is from Rev. J. T. Sunderland, editor of the *Unitarian*, in a letter to the (Universalist) *Gospel Banner*. It is worth noticing that several writers have disproved the erroneous assertions, each citing different facts.

It is pleasant to find the American press and people acquiescing so frankly and good-naturedly in the just decision of the chief questions submitted in the Behring Sea controversy, notwithstanding that that decision runs counter to the selfish interests and official contention of the United States. It seems to us that the American judge who served on the committee and voted faithfully for international justice regardless of the national interest and prejudice is especially deserving of honor, and we believe that our people are prouder of him and better pleased with him than if he had followed the popular clamor.

WE have given considerable space in this week's paper to the prelimi-

nary program of the Parliament of Religions, for we know that our readers are deeply interested in it. We have received so many inquiries about it that we are confident our friends will not complain because much they would like to see has been omitted to make room for this. We hope that they will preserve this issue of *UNITY*, as we shall probably not be able to republish in full the various programs which appear this week, although we shall endeavor to note such modifications as may be announced from time to time. The full program of the Parliament of Religions, containing the programs of the several denominational congresses, will be published next week, and will contain not less than two hundred pages. *UNITY* readers will appreciate, therefore, that it is impossible for us to lay it before them.

TWO BUDDHIST priests, wearing the yellow mantle which makes holy the abnegation of the mendicant in the eyes of many millions, recently sat in a Chicago church and listened to a sermon in which the minister tried to fit Moses and his message into universal religion. One of the priests was venerable, the other youthful; both tried hard to appropriate something of that strange service in a foreign tongue. It was little enough, doubtless, that they got from the words of the preacher. "Too deep and too far, but I like to be here," was the confession of the elder. The occasion was significant in this to other than these representatives of Asiatic piety,—the best thing in that and every service was not dependent upon Saxon syllables. The preacher may have talked English, but the "service," whatever it was, was in a common language, with which the Japanese, Australian, and American present were all more or less conversant. The great words are the same in all speech, the language of the heart is one, as

"The lovers of the light are one."

We regret that we did not receive the interesting program of the Jewish Denominational Congress, held last week, in time to lay it before our readers. The program of the Jewish Women's Congress, to be held Sept. 3 *et seq.*, was published in our notes from the field some weeks ago, and by request we repeat it in this issue in our announcement column.

In the early discussions that led to the organization of the Parliament of Religions, it was facetiously characterized as an "interplanetary conclave of prophets." The squib has gone around the world, across the seas and back again, and now, as we are approaching such realization as it is possible for mortals to know of their divinest dreams, we would like to lift this bit of humor in philosophy, overlook the wit, and find in it profound philosophy. The conclave is not only *interplanetary* but *interstellar*. The remotest star is allied to this thirst after fellowship that is now crossing the seas from all climes and traveling toward Chicago, and soon to send its flashes of love around the world. Whatever may be the outcome, the parliament will be the noblest suggestion yet born out of the heart of man, the divinest dream that ever left the human soul toward a realization. And unless there is some world peopled with conscious souls more expert in commerce, more enamored of science, more imbued with love, less distracted by selfishness, less befooled and befogged by bigotry, than we are here on the earth, this parliament of religions will be the very biggest thing in God's universe up to date. And through it we are to pass into still greater things beyond. Once more and for the last time we appeal to our readers to welcome and appropriate this festival of love with befitting appreciation.

We talk much of faith and duty, but with most of us it is difficult to have faith that if we do the right in the first thing that comes to us we shall not prejudice our chances to accomplish what seems to us a greater good in a more distant field. This perhaps accounts for the neglect of President Cleveland's administration to act in the spirit of the civil service reform. We believe that our executive desires and seeks the highest welfare of the nation: and it is

not wonderful that in such troublous times he should feel that he cannot devote his attention to such a question as the civil service reform, when such great questions of industrial and financial policy are demanding solution. While these considerations may justify him in giving less attention to the matter than he would in more happy and prosperous times, it does not excuse him from deviating from the principles of a pure, business-like, non-partisan civil service administration whenever the question is brought to his attention. The *Civil Service Chronicle* is doing a valuable service to the republic in ventilating the abuses of which Secretaries Carlisle and Quincy are guilty, and in keeping this important question before the public. May that day be not far distant when magistrates and people shall realize that justice and righteousness are the truest expediency, and that our whole duty is to take the *next* step forward aright. Ours is the present, not the future. This is the meaning of "Take no thought for the morrow." We must live up to the highest we know. If we are thus true to ourselves to-day, we need have no fear as to the future.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

UNITY does not deal much in personalities. Its limited space excludes the notices of the births, deaths and marriages, which, after all, represent far more pivotal interests in life than do the church dedications, ministerial settlements, conferences, etc., which go under the heading of "Religious Intelligence" in the denominational papers. There is something wrong in the perspective that relates church gossip, theological bickerings, and the politics of conferences more to the realities and interests of religion than those things that are related to the woes and joys of the hearthstone,—the hopes and joys of parentage, the solemn perplexities of home-making.

Perhaps the reticence of the newspaper columns concerning these matters is to be accounted for by an unconscious recognition of this law of pre-eminence. The profound things are not the things about which newspapers and society drop into easy gossip. Theology deals with matters of opinion, that which touches the outer rim of being, and hence it can be reported. Love and the anxieties and hopes that spring therefrom are central; of these it is hard to speak.

Whether this silence is wise or otherwise, we venture to depart from our custom long enough to join in the silver wedding congratulations which were extended on Sunday evening, Aug. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Myron Leonard in their pleasant home at 6600 Ellis avenue, Chicago. The greetings of the friends and relatives who were able to be present were augmented by the written word which came from a wide circle of friends, many of them well known to our UNITY readers.

Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, who for the last twelve years has had charge of the Home Department in our paper, and before that was editor of *LITTLE UNITY*, that excellent dream, as long as it existed, has given such an amount of quiet diligence and loving thought in this and other obscure ways of helpfulness to our little paper that we are glad of an opportunity to mention her name and to confess our editorial indebtedness for many services rendered. But her direct touch in UNITY has been but a small portion of her contribution to our cause. For many years she was secretary of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, during most of which time she was home-keeper and care-taker at the Western headquarters. Under her shaping hand the Sunday School Institute came into being. In all these ways and many more she has been the Mother Faithful and the Sister Competent, unappreciated because we have had so few opportunities of knowing how hard it would be to get along without her. Others have found home duties, aches and ailments, personal ambitions and neighborly interferences excuses for an occasional neglect of duty and absence from their posts. But Mrs. Leonard, carrying a large measure of all of these, has become the inevitable and the unfailing. Of her the boy's definition of salt is applicable: "It is what makes the potato taste bad when it isn't there."

If one is at a loss to know how all this efficiency and service has been possible in the home, in All Souls Church, for UNITY and the causes represented at the Western Unitarian Headquarters, in spite of frail and failing health, a part of the explanation is found in the "Helps to High Living," which heads the Home Department in UNITY, and which, as we have reason to know, is to some of our readers—probably our best—

the most valuable help found in our weekly visit. These helps are compiled by Mrs. Leonard, and they show the bee-like instinct that gathers honey, stores it, and in time of need lives on the same.

There is no reason for confining the anniversary congratulations to the bride, for the groom has not only consented to and participated in all this service, but he has himself been a valiant and vigilant servant of the cause. For four or more years he was Treasurer of the Western Unitarian Conference, and that during the darkest and most tempestuous years of its life and the fact that it weathered the storm is due in great measure to his efficiency.

Having taken so many liberties, we venture on still another by printing the following lines, to which UNITY and its readers would pronounce a hearty Amen!

Together down life's road, O friends,
Just five and twenty years
You've walked; sometimes the way
was bright,
Sometimes 'twas wet with tears.

And, backward looking, mountain
peaks
Above the valley's mists,
Touched by the light of tender deeds,
Shine out like amethysts.

The little graves that scattered lie
Like milestones on the way,
Are sacred spots marked by Love's
cross,
Where Hope still stops to pray.

O love that lightens, grief that binds,
And peace through pain made
sweet,
Thou shalt through coming years
make smooth
The way for these dear feet!

[A. A. O.]

A MAN WHO "TRUTHED IT IN LOVE."*

The memoir of Rufus Ellis, a book now nearly two years old, is before us. The two mottoes on the title-page are perfect for this man: "Gone into the world of light," and "Truthing in love,"—this last in the Greek. The one hints his quality of life, and the other the method of his mind. "Light" was what one always felt when looking at his clear face,—a light that seemed to strike through from some spotless source within. When such persons "go into a world" of it, the going is rather the vanish-

* Memoir of Rufus Ellis. Edited by Arthur B. Ellis. Boston: Wm. B. Clark & Co. 1891.

ing of a partition between a lesser and a larger world already one. Yet was he both in and of this earth of ours, a manful worker in it, a very real and vital force of it. The work he chose, or the work that chose him, was ministry. First he ministered in Rochester, N. Y., for a year, where he established the Unitarian Church in 1842; then in Northampton, Massachusetts, where his ten years left a blessed memory; and then in the First Church of Boston, whither he was called in 1853, solely on his record, preaching not a single sermon as a candidate, but stipulating for independent utterance, since he knew—had not the retiring pastor told him?—he was going to "a church and people who prefer not to be shaken."

Of the three types of minister—pastor, preacher, public worker,—he best made real the pastor's ideal, that which takes most self-surrender, least self-assertion. Homes welcomed him, the bed-side knew him, the heart already chastened watched for him. But he was organizer, too; under his lead First Church became a fountain of refreshing charities amid the tightening city. And for his preaching, the fact that Edward Everett (twice in his seat each Sunday), Charles Francis Adams, Prescott the historian, and Rev. Nathaniel Frothingham sat listening in the pews, is voucher that it must have been of some high order, though not of the "shaking" sort. But this brings us to the other motto,— "truthing it in love." He was under small temptation to preach the shaking sermons; for it is application of principle rather than the principles themselves that startle and disturb, and Mr. Ellis, by instinct moderate, gentle and discreet, dealt with the general rather than the concrete.

For instance, he hated slavery, but was no abolitionist; so, though he said his word upon this subject now and then, and manfully insisted that he should, when one who deemed discussion of it in the pulpit dangerous to "pure religion and morality" threatened to quit his pew, yet probably under him no pew-door ever twitched upon its hinges in that church. He "truthed it in love." Was it so much in love that he *under-truthed*? Whatever the answer be, his method certainly made him a man of the charities, not a man of the reforms.

His real force and independence were better shown in his theological position,—a position that made him at last an interesting, if not an influential, figure in Unitarian history. Beginning his ministry in the midst of the "Transcendental" excitement, he belonged neither to the old Unitarianism nor the new. To speak roundly, he accepted the negations of the one without its affirmations, and the affirmations of the other without its negations; that is to say, he was no Trinitarian and no Calvinist, but the miracle-proved deism and revelation of the earlier Unitarians by no means satisfied his spiritual sense; on the other hand the denial of miracle and the seeming patronage of Christ by the Transcendentalists, their "Christianity without Christ," greatly offended him, but their theory of direct contact, spirit with Spirit, soul with Over-Soul, was nearly his very own. Add to the higher Transcendentalism a mystic reverence for the historic Christ as the unique expression of the Divine within the limits of the Human, and we have his mind-horizon. He wrote a friend in 1857, "We think of getting up a new denomination, the fundamental doctrine being the incarnation of the Divine Word in the man Jesus,—this the great Article. I believe it would unite multitudes of many sects who are divided by the old technics." Then he much loved "the dear churchly things and ways." In other words, he occupied nearly the position of advanced orthodoxy to-day. He was Unitarian by accident of start, but never cared for the denomination. Had he been Episcopalian or Evangelical by start, he would probably have remained so without caring much for the denomination then. His hope, his aim, was higher than denominational; it was, to see all liberal Christians united in one fold,—only they must be "Christians." All this made him, among the Unitarians of his generation, a conservative among liberals; he counted among the stationary rather than the progressive elements. Had the accident of start been on the other side, he would have been a liberal among conservatives; and then his gifts of spirit, mind and business faculty might possibly have made him a leader, and certainly an element of progress. Did his friend at the Divinity School, Frederic D. Huntington, now Bishop of Central

New York, do better by becoming Episcopalian? Doubtless each was loyal to his own best self, one in going, the other in staying. As it was, Mr. Ellis did his good by meeting more than half way the liberal spirits among his evangelical brethren. He had—few Unitarians beside him have had—orthodox exchanges; among all his friends such men as Dr. Drinan of Providence and George MacDonald seem to have been most at one with him in thought; and it was Yale, not Harvard, that gave him his "D. D."

To the radicals among his Unitarian brethren he never seemed able to do justice—except that he always "truthed it in love" to them—until nearly the end of his life. Then apparently there came a broadening in his mind. And such broadening of mind, combined with his spiritual quality,—an ability to rise in spirit and in truth still higher than he above denominations, till "Christianity" itself, in any confined "Christ of history" sense whatever, is seen to be itself denominationalism,—this, we trust, is prophetic of the Unitarians to be. Never as a major prophet certainly, but it may well be, five and twenty years from now, that Rufus Ellis, for his consistent indifference to Unitarianism, will be recognized as one of their minor prophets by Unitarians themselves.

A word about the "Memoir" itself. It is but a slight sketch, much of it made up from letters and journals, and the letters are largely his correspondence with a single friend. They are so playful on the surface and so thoughtful underneath, that we wish for more,—for what he must have written other friends. We wish, too, that the work could have been treated more as an artist treats his picture, who aims to make it as complete a unit as he can. In reading the "Life" of a man, it is disappointing to be referred to books of his or articles about him to fill out omissions. Still the sketch is vivid and the good man stands before us. With it, and the book of sermons and the book of prayers by Rufus Ellis, whoever will may know him well. W. C. G.

Two little Quaker children were one day playing together and some little differences arose. One grew quite angry and said passionately, "If thee doesn't take care I'll swear at thee!" "Oh, oh," cried the other, too much shocked to say more. "I will!" exclaimed the other. "Oh, thee little you, thee!"
—Exchange.

Contributed and Selected

WOMAN'S SONG TO LABOR.

Guild song of the New Century Guild of Working Women, in Philadelphia.

BY MRS. E. S. TURNER.

Tune: "Vive la Compagnie."

Sing we no more of our slavery past,
But of happier times to be;
Work with a soul in it rises at last,
And knowledge shall make us free.
Never a needle shall carry its thread,
Never a housewife mix her bread,
But thought takes part; the trade is an art.

And labor is dignity.

CHORUS.

Halting no more forlorn, alone,
Moving together, and all as one,
Women, arise, loving and wise,
And help these times to be.

Whom will you have for your ladies
and lords,

And whom for your low degree?

Who does the best deeds, and who says
the best words,

The king of us all is he.

The new aristocracy's latest plan

Will have no use for a lazy man.

Wealth cannot brave, birth cannot
save;

Down to the ranks goes he.

CHORUS.

Marching together in storm, in
shine,
Striving together for yours, for
mine;
Women, arise, loving and wise,
And help these times to be.

No one need marry for station or pelf,
Or want or crime to flee;

For every girl can take care of herself,
In the skillful time to be.

All to gain and nothing to lose;

Choice will govern and love will
choose.

Love will come to every home

In the woman's century.

CHORUS.

Marching together in storm, in
shine,
Striving together for yours, for
mine;
Women, arise, loving and wise,
And help these times to be.

How do you reckon, O feeble and poor,
Yourselves and your kind to free?

Knowledge is power, and God, He is
sure,

And both on our side will be.

Labor shall think, and wealth shall
feel,

And both join hands for the world's
best weal;

And Christian creed come down into
trade

In the strange new times to be.

CHORUS.

Marching together in storm, in
shine,
Striving together for yours, for
mine;

Women, arise, loving and wise,
And help these times to be.

—From the "Working Woman's Journal."

THE SELF-CULTURE CLUB OF ST. LOUIS.

AN INSTITUTION FOR HIGHER EDUCATION AND SELF-CULTURE AMONG WAGE-EARNERS.

The most important business houses and manufacturing establishments in the world are those which have been started in a small way, and have gradually assumed colossal size and magnitude of extent. They have grown as the circumstances, location, and times have demanded. They have developed with the progress of the age. Public institutions, philanthropic undertakings, and university extension have been most successful when started in the same way. It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the People's Palace in London, or Girard College in Pennsylvania, to show the folly of starting new monuments on too grand a scale. We are not to be understood as calling either of these institutions a failure, but the amount of money and energy has been sadly wasted, for if they had been used in a practical way ten times as much might have been accomplished. We know of other worthy institutions which have been partial or complete failures because they were started on too extensive a scale. It is by a very slow process that people are diverted from their accustomed ways and the habits of their lives. It matters not how lowly their condition or how poorly directed their leisure, it matters not what inducements or advantages are offered, it is only by a slow process that they may be induced to tread better paths and rise to something higher; the change must come about gradually to be permanent.

The fact that Hull House in Chicago and Self-Culture Hall in St. Louis were started in a small way is the most fortunate thing in their history. That they have existed for five or six years and have gradually developed and expanded is the best indication that they are successful and are doing good, practical work. Patrons will not continue to subscribe, and beneficiaries will not continue to attend, unless a work of this character is progressive and useful.

The most unique feature of the Self-Culture Club of St. Louis is that they have always maintained, during seven months of the year, a course of weekly lectures. For four years at each of the headquarters they have had two lectures each week, one for young women, one for men and their families. When we consider

that they have been, in the main, well attended, and have often had crowded houses,—when we consider that the members of the club are all wage-earners, the majority being mechanics and factory workers,—it speaks well for the movement.

A well-known student and practical organizer of similar institutions who visited Self-Culture Hall last fall, seeing the spring course of public lectures, which included four lectures on physiology by a professor of the St. Louis Medical College, five lectures on noted characters of the Elizabethan age by the director of Self-Culture Hall, and four on natural philosophy by one of the professors from Washington University,—remarked that we would kill the people of St. Louis by giving them such stupendous subjects. The secret was that the Self-Culture Clubs have been educated up to this standard. The first program of six years ago was not so weighty. It consisted largely of entertainments, humorous and dramatic readings, and talks on travel illustrated by stereopticon views. The change in the character of the lecture courses indicates the demand interest. It is not the plan to give the people just what they want, but to lead them gradually to something higher and to educate their taste and ability to listen.

The Self-Culture Clubs have been fortunate in having Washington University in their midst, and the professors have been very generous in their assistance during the six years' existence of the institution. Besides the weekly lecture courses there have been educational classes of various kinds and debating clubs. They have always maintained free reading-rooms, which are open to the public and are supplied with the local daily papers, the leading illustrated weeklies, and monthly magazines. They have a good circulating library of over one thousand volumes at each place, consisting of standard novels and works on travel, science, history, etc.

Amusements have been a secondary feature. Excursions have been given from time to time, but they have been given mainly for instruction. The clubs have annually visited the Observatory of Washington University to gaze at the heavens through the large telescope; they have also visited the Art Museum and have had the principal works of art explained to them. They have a special day at the Missouri Botanical Gardens, and some one connected with the gardens goes about with them and points out and explains the most interesting features. Occasionally, in the summer time, steamboat and railroad excursions have been given.

The most important trip of the club has been an excursion to the World's Fair. A party of thirty left St. Louis Saturday evening, July 29th, for a week at the Fair. The party was conducted by the director of Self-Culture Hall, who had pre-

viously been to Chicago to make arrangements and to familiarize himself with the Exposition. The excursion was conducted on the co-operative plan, each paying his portion of the expense and receiving his share of all reductions obtained by co-operation. They went in a special car, stopped at the same hotel, had all meals together, and were conducted in a systematic manner through the Exposition.

The Self-Culture Clubs have grown from two small rooms opened in March, 1887, to two distinct headquarters; one at 2004½ South Broadway and the other in the central part of the city, at 1730 Washington street. The Washington street institution is known as Self-Culture Hall. It was opened last October, several of the workers taking up their residence there. They have for the use of their club premises consisting of a large three-story building, with basement and adjoining yard, 60 feet by 150. These premises were purchased by the Self-Culture Hall Association last June, so that they will remain as permanent headquarters for many years. The building is provided with a lecture-hall, class-room library, gymnasium, baths, room for housekeeping classes for young girls, and rooms for the residents.

Besides these two places they have two other branches, organized chiefly for lecture-courses. These have their own meeting rooms. One is called the Stationary Engineers' Branch, the other is at Leclaire, Ill., among the employes of the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company.

The Self-Culture movement in St. Louis was inaugurated by Mr. W. L. Sheldon, lecturer of the Ethical Society. The clubs are not directly connected with the Ethical Society, but they are its offspring, and it is true ethical work. The prime movers and leaders of the Ethical Society are also at the head of the Self-Culture movement. The institution stands on a broad and liberal basis. It preserves strict neutrality on religious, political and social questions. It endeavors to stimulate thought and investigation, without trying to teach what to think. It represents no class, creed or "ism," but is open to all wage-earners, whether they be employed in housework, factory, store or office.

It is supported by voluntary contributions from various classes of business men, and by dues from the various clubs.

Mr. N. O. Nelson, a well-known business man of the city, has been the faithful and efficient treasurer during most of the time of its existence. The club owes much of its success to his practical advice and assistance. The institution has been long enough in existence to see the practical results of its work, and its leaders feel sanguine of its future usefulness. E. N. PLANK, JR.

Who can afford to go through life without especial friends on whom he may bestow especial care and love? When old age comes, that man is poor indeed—in heart—compared with what he might have been, if he has loved no life-long friend. Select your friends without regard to what they may perform for you. That is not friendship which forever seeks itself, but that which gives itself for others. And having given once my love to any man, I never will recall it. Hearts that once were warmed and welded may not be safely severed. When the whirlwind of disaster comes and sweeps his wordly goods away, I will still be his friend. When the brand and blaze of scandal come and ruin reputation, I will remain his friend. And if he meet disaster worse than these, and if temptation hurl him down to direst deep's defile, his fair fame ruined, his good soul soiled by sin, I still will be—and all the more—his friend. If in that moment of his moral overthrow I prove that I am not a friend indeed, but join the hooting crowd of foes, what can I say if he do never rise again, when nothing less than love had power, perchance, to rescue him?
PERRY MARSHALL.

FROM A DRAMA FROM LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

VAGRANT (*soliloquizing*). What is this shadow on the open street? God's temple? Aye: I will go in and find
The shelter man denies me.—Nay, not so!
The door is locked. Fears God that I may steal
The cup wherein men pledge their love to men,
The plate whereon they break the bread of truth?
Truth! what is truth? Something to read in books,
And prate about within the altar rails?
If truth be not the Lord made manifest
In mercy, love, and justice, what is it
But empty breath that stirreth up a strife
And setteth man against his brother man?
Oh, barren faith, that rears these walls of stone
In sign of worship, when the life—the life
Is the sole temple of the only God,
Wherein to show forth praise and holiness!
Yet—even here how shall God enter in
When man's own selfhood blocks and bars the door,
And builds without a house to which the Lord
Is bid one day in seven?—Vain I knock.
In the Lord's House the Lord is not at home.
—A. L. M., in *The New Earth*.

Church-Door Pulpit

THE COMMON PEOPLE.*

BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

"The common people heard him gladly."—
MARK XII: 37.

They were drawn toward Jesus because he was drawn toward them. He could see in them something they could not see in themselves. The sight of the multitude filled him with compassion, because they fainted, and were as sheep having no shepherd. They strayed on barren mountains and over desert sands; he called them to feed in green pastures and to drink from waters of quietness. Some of their religious leaders were hirelings, caring more for the fleece than for the flock, and leaving them to the havoc of wolves, who often came in sheep's clothing. He was the good shepherd, ready to give his life for the sheep. Sheep are very silly, yet they do not readily trust a stranger; some instinct fills them with alarm. But they know the friendly voice; they listen and follow where it leads.

If the common people gladly heard the new prophet, it surely must have been because his voice, strange as it was to the ear, had a familiar sound to the soul. Have we not all been startled and delighted when we heard from some speaker or found in some book the plain statement of a truth we had often thought or felt, but had never put into words? So it was with those simple Galileans, coming out of their villages and country homes. They thronged around the teacher who seemed to speak as never man spake before; who spake with authority, because he said plainly just what their own reason and conscience had always been saying not so plainly. "Look not here nor there," he said, "the true kingdom is within. The main thing is not to be found in the far past, or waited for in the far future; it is nigh at hand. Neither to the temple of Jerusalem nor to that other temple on the mountain of Samaria need we go to offer worship; the Father asks only the child-like heart. Love Him; love each other; love the least of these, my brethren and yours. Forgive just as you would be forgiven; and be like the impartial One who sends sun and rain on the evil and the good. Live like the birds; grow like the lilies; be anxious for nothing but to live in the righteous order." It was all so new and fresh; yet was it not old as the song of the morning stars? And the common people, the multitude—as we should say, "the masses"—heard him gladly.

It is like a broad flash of light from the sky, letting us look into the heart of mankind, into the heart of Jesus, into the heart of God. I can see those sun-browned Hebrew faces, full of eagerness, all turned to-

ward the teacher; I can feel the applause they give him with their heart-beats; I can hear the gracious words that proceed out of the young man's mouth, as his own features kindle with light and love. Was it more than eighteen hundred years ago, far off in another land, under Syrian skies, and in a language which has long since ceased to be spoken on earth? Heaven and earth may pass away, but those words, are sounding down the ages, and every man of every nation hears them in the tongue wherein he was born, as if they rolled out of the heart of nature and the heart of humanity.

The response of the multitude to the word of Jesus does not differ from the response which all human souls give to truth when that truth is spoken in love, and when those human souls are unprejudiced and receptive. There has been something of this in every age and among all people. It is illustrated whenever an open-minded child takes trustingly the counsels of a mother; whenever a pupil profits by the instructions of a teacher; whenever a reader draws wisdom from a book; whenever a man or woman welcomes the entrance of light as a guide of life. If the masses of mankind are still unenlightened, it is not because they choose the darkness; it must be because their eyes have never opened, or because they dwell in moral twilight; and often because they are blind followers of blind guides. I must think indeed that the low intellectual development of many tribes would make it difficult for them to receive the most advanced spiritual teaching; and that there are deep-seated evils, coarse, selfish and sensual passions, and stupid superstitions and irrational traditions, which close the mind against truth and goodness. But I must also think that the vast majority in every land would welcome truth spoken in love, if it were so spoken as to be adapted to their capacity and their actual state. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, the heathen and half-civilized people of Asia, Africa and the islands are living in obedience to all they know of moral law and spiritual life quite as faithfully as those whose culture is more advanced. And as Channing remarks, "We are judged not by the degree of our light, but by our fidelity to the light we have."

But the common people of Palestine, to whom Jesus preached, were not in a state of ignorance and low development; they were not without knowledge of their own literature and laws; and probably they were more familiar with the Old Testament than the majority of our people are with the New. Their range of intelligence was narrow; they knew little of the arts and sciences as we have learned them; and there were no such means of familiar acquaintance with the rest of the world as we enjoy. But neither were they distracted and demoralized by all sorts

of unsettling and contradictory creeds and theories, nor were their brains addled by too many books and papers. They knew the commandments; they believed in the God of Israel; and they were quite prepared to expect that he would raise up prophets to lead his people in ways of righteousness and salvation. They were teachable.

The simplicity and receptivity of childhood is best represented by the common people. The more cultivated are more apt to be preoccupied by theories, proud of their self-intelligence, and tenacious of their own conclusions. And if they are of the ambitious and official class, they are likely to be selfishly interested in maintaining the existing state of things, and averse to changes or reforms that lessen their own importance. They are like traders who have in stock an old pattern of goods, and who do not want anybody meddling with their monopoly of the market.

We can see why the priests and the scribes, or learned class, hated Jesus. He was not one of their set, yet he was more popular than they; and this was hard to bear. He not only undermined their influence: he exposed their pretensions, their usurpations, their hypocrisy. The more he insisted on pure and spiritual religion, the more they felt that their occupation was slipping away. The higher he raised the standard of character or of righteousness, the less sincere seemed their professions and the more ridiculous their ceremonies. If the common people heard him gladly, it was all the more necessary to shut his mouth.

The rich and prosperous could not hear him gladly; for he rebuked their unbrotherly selfishness and disturbed their comfortable worldliness and self-complacency. What a wild radical was this country mechanic, holding out-of-door meetings and turning things upside down! Did you hear him? He described a miserable beggar, dying among the dogs of the street and carried by angels to Abraham's bosom; while the respectable rich man, who was clothed with purple and fared sumptuously every day, dies in his mansion, and finds himself in hell, where he turns beggar for a drop of water! "Woe unto you that are rich! Blessed are ye that are poor!" Could that be called a gospel? Yes, to the multitude, it was like great and good news, to be told, not, indeed, that their well-to-do neighbors were going to perdition, but that their own standing in this universe of God did not depend on gold and silver, which are "hard to get and heavy to hold," nor on houses and lands, which no man can carry with him; and that it is possible for one to be rich toward God when he has not where to lay his head. Yet if the man of great possessions would only count nothing as his own, but hold and use all as a trust for humanity, he, too, became one of the

*A sermon preached in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, June 18, 1893.

blessed poor. But this was like the camel passing through the eye of a needle.

The same story runs through the gospels and epistles. The gospel was welcome to the common people, while it made slow progress with the upper classes. "Ye see your calling, brethren," says Paul to the Corinthian believers; "how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen: yea, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." Not only the common people, but the nobodies, the wretchedly poor and ignorant, and the despised slave—these heard a voice out of heaven saying, "Ye are sons of God! Come up higher. He offers you crowns and thrones!"

Here in America we are all the common people. The theory of free society makes us many members of one body. We are not equals in intelligence, in attainments, in external or internal conditions; but we are equals before the laws of the land as before the laws of heaven. If an uncommon man appears, if any one rises above the rest in genius, in scholarship, in wealth, or in any line of achievement, the *theory* of American life makes him all the more a servant. He does not separate himself from the masses; he merges his life in theirs for enrichment and blessing. He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. This is republicanism; this is democracy; this is civilization; and if Christianity means anything, this is Christianity. Its motto is to "level upward"; its method is to keep all doors of opportunity wide open.

Is the average of intelligence and character low? Does mediocrity cover in "vast glooms" of ignorance, coarse manners, greed, animalism, disorder, and spiritual poverty? Are the multitudes too easily content with "bread and a circus"? Are the masses of our countrymen, native and foreign born, white and black, poorly qualified for self-guidance and self-government? Is heavenly wisdom rare, and heavenly virtue rarer still? All the more precious and helpful is that Christ-spirit which sees in the common people what they cannot see in themselves. All the more urgent is the need of respect for humanity—the need of justice, generosity, and good-will.

What a rebuke is here to the inhuman spirit of exclusiveness and caste which has spread its vulgar influence so widely in what are called the upper circles of American society! Nowhere on earth could social pretension seem so ludicrous. Sometimes it appears as scorn of the common people; more generally as indiffer-

ence, or as charitable condescension, which is still more odious. Our own would-be aristocracy can feel the sting when a titled Englishman on the steamship turns away from the other first-class cabin passengers as "a beastly crowd;" and there are the same affectations of dignity in the slums, where "in the lowest deep a lower deep" is recognized, and women in dirt and rags refuse to associate with some more dirty and ragged still. In any social condition, so far as this means a genuine aspiration for excellence, and an unwillingness to be kept down, let us give it all praise; but so far as it means a willingness to keep others down, let it be anathema. "They only are of the 'baser sort,'" said Horace Mann, "who do nothing for the good of humanity."

But the example of Jesus offers us something better than rebuke; it is full of divine encouragement; it proclaims the nobility of all souls, and makes that great Son of God pre-eminent in the universal brotherhood of humanity. From his power to reach the common people let us infer that *spiritual truth is suited to the nature and needs of all men*. For if some of every class rejected his message, some of every class accepted it. Not with equal heartiness, not with equal appreciation. At a symphony concert some are carried up to the seventh heaven of musical ecstasy; others experience but a milder satisfaction. But those without musical culture may have a musical sense, and nearly all the human race are moved by "the concord of sweet sounds." And the spirit of man everywhere responds, however faintly, to the spirit of God.

The parable of the sower proves that Jesus recognized these different degrees of receptivity, as well as the sad hindrances that come in with "the lusts of other things." He never flattered his hearers, nor was he blind to the mixture of heavenly and earthly motives among his followers. The multitude cared for the loaves and fishes more than for the bread of God. He looked over the world. All its kingdoms and tribes were asking, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Yet he knew that at the call of truth and the touch of love, a higher passion and a deeper hunger would awaken in human souls; therefore he said, "Preach the good news to every creature!"

I think we learn also that the power of truth depends on a sympathetic presentation. The most successful preacher is not he who can make the clearest intellectual statement; it is he who can speak the truth in love; he whose word persuades while it convinces. The two must go together—light and heat. If we preachers fail, I think we must generally blame ourselves for some defect in our way of presenting the truth. Either our thinking is muddy—we have not ourselves a clear vision of

divine realities—or we speak over the people's heads, using the language which is familiar only to a few; or our love runs low, so that what is spoken only from the head never reaches the heart. I think all true preaching *penetrates*; it is a living word, and it carries life, it wakens life. It is always personal, it comes home to each heart as a message to himself. It is an impulse passing from one mind to another, as lightning flashes from cloud to cloud. The Christian gospel seems to me like a vibration from the heart of God, transmitted through some human hearts to others; a movement of life, like waves of light and heat, from the center outward to the utmost bounds of his creation, as if he thus imparted something of himself to us all and through us all.

If the truths of spiritual life can be adapted to all sorts and conditions of men, it does not seem creditable to us that we should hold them as suitable only for the educated or the cultured few. Of course some ways of putting things can only be understood by a philosopher, some lessons can only be taught to advanced classes, and babies must be fed with milk. But when I think of the discourses Jesus gave to the country people and the fisher-folk, and how they heard him gladly, or when I read of his deep spiritual talk with an ignorant woman by the well of Samaria, and the tender adaptation of his ministry to the blind and the crippled, I am ashamed to hear it said that we must turn over the spiritual instruction of the poor and the ignorant to the Salvation Army. How has the church of the living God lost the sweet secret of Jesus!

I believe that the common people, the masses of mankind, offer to the true church the most hopeful material for instruction, persuasion and spiritual improvement. Their capacity is as real as their need; and their responsiveness to sincere appeal can be taken for granted. Nothing is too good for them; nothing too high; if only they hear it in their own language, which must also be the language of the heart, and not merely the language of the books and the schools. For the common people get through their experience, not the same forms of expression, but the same results, which uncommon people arrive at through profound study. Let them see the reality of life on the stage, let them hear it in the songs of Burns, or let it be spoken to them in plain, homespun talk, and they know it as the student knows his books.

The truth is not lowered or vulgarized when it is spoken in the dialect of the home, the shop, and the street—the dialect of the common people. If Jesus reaches them better than Plato or Aristotle, it is because he translates the higher truths into the terms of everyday speech. He adapts the lesson to the state of his pupils. He quotes to them the familiar old Scriptures; he constructs a familiar

dialect out of fishing tackle and farming tools, out of birds and flowers, grass and trees, clouds and sunsets, scenes in the market-place and at weddings, the woman with her broom, and the shepherd bringing home the lost sheep.

Most of all, he reached the common people because he cared for them, and they felt that he cared for them. This is why so many men, nowadays, find it easy to love Jesus and believe in him, when they cannot make anything of "the Christ" nor of the creeds. They know the man as a friend and a brother; they do not recognize him behind an official mask, or dressed up in a doctrinal robe and a theological wig. In a working men's meeting, they cheered at the name of Jesus, and hissed the mention of the church! They will cheer the church as well, when the church cheers them; as some day it will, when it learns its true business, and catches more of the spirit of the Carpenter's Son.

George Eliot makes one of her characters say, "The love that's betwixt human beings and the help that's betwixt them, that ought to come first!" Yes, and love must open the door to truth. Scolding never converts; and censorious self-righteousness may be more sinful than the publicans and harlots whom it despises. We must give up Luke Honeythunder's method of trying to "seize people by the scruff of the neck, and bump them into the path of virtue." We must go back to the method of the man whom Emerson calls "the blessed Jew"—the man who never once talked down, as if he despised or disdained, who never ridiculed or censured, who came not to condemn but to save. It is by this divine sympathy that truth itself is made effective; for sympathy in the world of souls, which we all inhabit, is like that universal ether which gives wings to the light of sun and stars. Sympathy is love on its travels; love opening communication between spirit and spirit; love going out to service; love descending from God to man; love ascending from man to God; love weaving ties between man and man, and between man and nature; love as the circulating life of the universe.

"Honor to sacred sympathy
All ye within creation's ring!
Up to yon star-pavilions, she
Leads to the unknown King!"

Back of our morality is our religion; back of our religion is our common humanity; back of morality, religion, and humanity is our share of the infinite Life, which is given us to enjoy and to impart. May we so proclaim that Life, in true words and right works, as to make it glad tidings of great joy to all people!

World's Fair Notes

After all in the Anthropological building you come on sculpture, broken and defaced though it be,

that compels a deference and admiration you do not so much feel in any part of the Fine Arts building. Ancient Greece meets you there—Praxiteles quietly challenging comparison with Dubois, St. Gaudens and Trench. The Frenchman is good, but the Greek is great. It is noticeable that visitors go about among these busts, statues, reliefs with that unmistakable shading of reverence and interest which testifies to the powers of the art they behold.

Nowhere else have I seen, except in the Grand Court, this same power to command respect. The scene there impresses you as being something more than human genius could have fashioned—temples not made with hands—as though it must have been fashioned in some far upper region by the perfect gods who could in no wise go amiss in sublimating visions of grandeur and beauty, and then, through some morning mist, let down into Jackson Park. The expression, "It is all divine," has been heard from many lips.

What is it that lends this exceptional charm? It is not simply that the work contemplated has been wrought with exceptional ability, its architectural and artistic features showing masterly treatment. The query arises, was there any "treatment," masterly or otherwise? Did any being or association of beings do it? There is a sense of its having grown as flowers grow, or the stately California trees, and so having a certain organic life of its own which it will be a thousand pities to slay.

The only solution of the perfection attained in giving these magnificent works their living power to so impress and awe, is that the loyal workers have one and all in great sincerity of purpose kept themselves in abeyance, the ideal of a harmonious and beautiful creation dominating and controlling all effect. It was the display of individuality set free from outward constraint or limitation, obedient only to the high behest within—each worker, so obedient, meeting his brothers in reverence to that which is cherished beyond any taint of private ambition; the self-surrender to the eternal order of beauty that establishes without enactment or ordinance the world's harmony and glory.

The old Greeks knew this religion and lived in it, and their "works do follow them" as testimonial and enduring praise. S. H. M.

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TUES.—Dreams pass; work remains.

WED.—Man's destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.

THURS.—Self-sacrifice, illumined by love, is warmth and life.

FRI.—Shall we give up our hope of heaven and progress because it is so slow?

SAT.—One act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons.

—F. W. Robertson.

EVERY INCH A MAN.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street,
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was a blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden
Where, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh;
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look—
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book—
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it,
That God grant the years fulfill!

He went up the pathway, singing:
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies:
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew;
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began:
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

—Christian Intelligencer.

AT every trifle scorn to take offense,
That always shows great pride or little sense.

—Pope.

THE FOX FAMILY.

Through the wild woods there wandered, unfettered and free, a family of foxes, until, one day, the old ones were shot and the young ones snared by an Indian trapper. He took them all to a fur-trader, who, seeing that they were of good stock, put them in a warm room, the walls of which were lined with zinc, that the fine downy fur of the little creatures might not be rubbed.

Silver-grey, the eldest, grew to be a superb-looking queen of her race, but was sleepy, selfish, and vain. When she stretched herself, or rose to her full height, the points of her thick rich coat glistened like silver sheen, her bushy tail bristled, and her brothers looked upon her with awe. Jet, the next in age, was also a handsome fox, proud of his birth, and scornful of those beneath him, but not a bad fox, as foxes go. Criss-cross* was the third, a fox of moods and fancies, a dual nature; his tastes were sometimes high, at other times quite low. Sandy, the youngest, weakest, and poorest of all, was despised by Silver-grey and Jet, sometimes petted though oftener snubbed by Criss-cross. Having no mother to coddle him, knowing that he was disliked by his brothers and sister, poor Sandy slunk as far away as possible, and rubbed his forlorn little nose on the cold zinc for comfort. The trader fed them on warm milk and bread, and did all in his power to make them happy, but how could he understand the hunger of a little fox's heart?

"Such a plebeian coat!" sneered Silver-grey. "How did you ever come into our family? You must be a changeling."

"Horrid color," said Jet, complacently stroking his long white whiskers.

"It is really dreadful," sighed Silver-grey, "and Criss-cross is almost as bad."

"But he has some good points," said Jet.

Sandy crept up to Criss-cross and licked his paw to show his sympathy, but Criss-cross was in a bad mood, and did not respond.

One day a stranger came in with the trader.

"What a beauty," he exclaimed, pointing to Silver-grey, who, resenting the intrusion, had risen to her feet, and was glaring at him with her fierce eyes. She little knew what was in store for her. That day she was sold, killed, and skinned. Then her skin was dressed, cleaned, stretched, nalled, and sewed into a boa for a beautiful lady. But the lady was not happy, and if Silver-grey could feel, she must often have felt the sob rise under the white throat around which she nestled. Jet soon went through the same process as his sister. He was cut into strips to trim an opera cloak. Criss-cross

*A cross-fox is a silver grey with a red cross on its back, the red cross showing its plebeian origin on one side. A black or blue fox is the rarest of all, and commands a very high price.

formed the center piece for a carriage robe. This was bought by a doctor, with whom Criss-cross made many journeys to the sick, and in this way did more good than while living. A poor man on his way home from work one wintry night saw Sandy (in the shape of a rug) hanging in a window, marked "Only two dollars." He thought, "How nice that would be for my little girl." So he bought it. When Baby saw it she crowed with delight. It lay on her little crib that night and many nights; when taken out for an airing she was wrapped in its warm folds, she rolled on it indoors, she pressed her soft cheek against its shaggy head, and loved poor Sandy more than he was ever loved before.

M. R. H.

THE USE OF MONEY.

The teachable mind of childhood will easily grasp the distinction between a noble and an ignoble use of money; and in the instruction which may be given on this point the daughters of the household should share equally with the sons. A part of this instruction will consist in the experimental spending of a proper allowance, and in this all children should receive the needed guidance; they should also, as they become able, be associated in such of the household expenditures as may safely be intrusted to them. Children should be taught to consider what outlays are necessary, which are useful, which demanded by charity, which superfluous. The Scripture saying is that "Every wise woman buildeth her house," while "the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." It is a serious thought that the little girls on the school bench, using or misusing their weekly allowance, are learning either to build their future house or to pluck it down. And I pause sadly here to reflect how these little girls who are preparing to pull the family down will also pull the state down with it. For this no evil intention is necessary, only an ignorance, common enough, of the true relation of the individual, male or female, to the race and the state.

—The Forum Extra.

THE hardest master in the world is the one that makes you think you can let his service alone whenever you want to, but manages it so that you never want to.

Whenever you plant a moderate drinker, you are likely to raise a drunkard either in this generation or the next. There's lots of people ready to tell you what their attitude is on the temperance question; but any marble figger can keep up an attitude.

If the ballot-box was to be passed 'round while Christians were tellin' God in his house how they wanted to be pure like him, would any of them vote for a brewer or a saloon-keeper 'cause their party nominated him?

—The Voice.

AN IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL EVENT.

The opening of the new retail building of Marshall Field & Company on Wabash avenue last month was an event of unusual commercial interest and importance. The Chicago dailies devoted considerable space to the event, and said many kind and complimentary things of the largest firm of dry goods dealers in the world.

that time the great throng that is to be found daily in this establishment has been sensibly augmented. The store is very properly regarded as one of the sights of the city. Strangers, especially ladies, feel that they can not afford to go away without having spent some time within its walls. Chicago ladies especially enjoy taking their lady friends into Marshall Field & Company's and have them admit, as they do whether from the East or from abroad, that "We have

rooms, retiring-rooms, waiting-rooms, writing-tables supplied with the stationery of the house for the free use of the public, check and parcel rooms for leaving without expense to owner little bundles, umbrellas and the like, and several telephones that are always at the service of the public.

A beautiful feature of the store is its show windows, which, on all sides—State street, Wabash avenue and Washington street—are always handsomely trimmed, and at night are lighted with a peculiarly soft, rich glow supplied by electric lamps that are concealed from view.

While a great deal might be written in detail about the contents of this vast store and about the organized system under which its 3,000 or more employes conduct its operations, we can only add to what we have already said that it is one of the chief points of interest in Chicago. In the world of dry goods it is an "exposition in itself" of all that is best and most desirable at the World's Fair in its line.

All visitors are received in this establishment in the spirit of true Chicago hospitality, whether wishing to buy or to inspect. To facilitate intercourse interpreters are employed speaking German, French, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, Bohemian and Japanese. Educated foreigners are among the most enthusiastic and amazed visitors.

It is characteristic of Marshall Field & Company that they are modest, and the firm attributes all its success and its unexampled growth not to its equipments, however perfect they may be, nor the size of the business, which is without a parallel, but wholly and strictly to the facts that merchandise purchased of Marshall Field & Company is to be depended on in quality as represented, and that the price is always the lowest.

The growth of the house in the future bids fair to outrun its marvelous record in the past. It seems destined to establish a high-water mark in the record of commercial development hitherto unattained in the world's history. It is such growth as this which gives us faith to believe that Chicago is surely to become the metropolis of the United States within the comparatively near future.

EACH manufacturer of cigarettes has his own formula of poisons, which he adds to the cheap tobacco from which his cigarettes are manufactured, so that the user of a particular brand soon finds himself wedded to it through the contraction of a drug habit, thus making him a steady customer. It would seem that nothing could be more fiendish than such a scheme for creating business. Every boy who smokes cigarettes may be regarded as a prospective drunkard, or, if not to be a drunkard, certainly an opium slave or a lunatic. No man can indulge long in this fascinating and pernicious habit without becoming wrecked in mind and body thereby. —*Good Health.*



MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY—RETAIL.

State, Washington and Wabash Av. (new building to the right)

Four or five years ago the selling space of the retail store was increased by one third, but since that time the sales have doubled, and shopping became too much crowded for comfort. In casting about for more room Marshall Field & Company added more room to the north on State street toward Randolph street, in which direction the store has been growing for a number of years. Store room after store room had been annexed from time to time until in May last the limit of progress in that direction was reached at the Central Music Hall Building.

The firm had anticipated this, however, and having acquired sole ownership of the corner on Wabash avenue and Washington street had already begun the erection of what has proved to be the finest retail store building ever constructed. This statement is thoughtfully made. There is no building that is its equal in style, taste, wealth of equipment, and adaptability to the purpose intended, in New York, London, Vienna, Paris, or elsewhere.

The architecture is especially appropriate for a retail business—the Italian renaissance—infinite in detail and beautiful in effect. The cost of this building has been a round one million dollars.

Marshall Field & Company, with characteristic modesty refer to it as an "Annex" to the retail store. It was formally thrown open to the public early in August, and it was this event which called out the articles in the daily press already alluded to. Since

never seen the equal of this anywhere."

Marshall Field & Company now occupy in their retail establishment 260 feet on State street, the entire distance from State to Wabash avenue, being 340 feet on Washington street and 108 feet on Wabash avenue.

Counting all the floors as though upon one level, the aggregate of floor space is about nine acres.

The stocks of merchandise are divided into more than one hundred departments, and most of these departments have their subdivisions. In arranging these stocks the plan followed is to place associated lines of goods in close proximity. For instance, if a lady purchases a piece of dress goods she finds that everything in the way of trimmings and "findings" required to make up the suit are in departments close at hand.

The tea-room in the new building is elegant in its appointments, and is excelled by no high-class restaurant in the city in popularity and patronage.

Everything has been done looking to the comfort of the public and in the direction of expeditious shopping. Thirteen high-pressure hydraulic elevators have been placed in the new building alone, and there are twenty-three elevators in all in the entire store. The store also contains several wide stairways leading from floor to floor, located in different parts of the building.

In the line of public comfort and convenience besides the tea-room already alluded to there are resting-

Notes from the Field

Western Unitarian Conference.—Rev. Arthur M. Judy, after a conscientious and careful consideration of the matter, has declined the Secretaryship of the Conference, to which office he was elected at the meeting of the Directors August 18. This announcement will cause great disappointment within the Conference; but it will easily be understood how the claims of the church in Davenport and the work there, to which Mr. Judy has given the past twelve years, weighed in the scales of duty and finally turned the balance. His note of reply bore witness to his interest in the Conference and his appreciation of the confidence his election implied.

The Chicago Ethical School will resume its work on Sunday, Sept. 3, 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the Masonic Hall, on third floor of Masonic Temple, State and Randolph streets. Pupils and teachers will please not postpone date of entering.—JUNIATA STAFFORD, Superintendent.

Chicago, Ills.—The Fourth Annual Conference of American Rabbis, representing American Reformed Judaism, has been in session during the latter part of August, having convened Aug. 23. It was the largest and most successful of the meetings so far held, having representatives from all parts of the country except the Pacific coast. The principal work accomplished was the adoption of the program for the Jewish Denominational Congress at the Parliament of Religions, and the decision to apply the profit from the Union Prayer Book, just prepared, to the fund for the maintenance of superannuated rabbis.

At the Unitarian headquarters at 175 Dearborn street Revs. N. P. Gilman and Loren B. Macdonald, of Boston, and F. W. Holden, of Bernardston, Mass., registered last week; also Mr. Robt. C. Douthit, of Shelbyville, Ill., Miss S. E. Herbert, of Denver, Col., and two ladies from Cleveland, O., Kate S. Brennan and Clara M. Umbstaetter.

AT THE THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH services began September 3, the subject of Mr. Blake's sermon being "The World." The Sunday school meets at 9:55 a. m. The art section of the Unity Club will be held at 2 p. m., Sept. 16 and 30, at the residence of Mrs. Mahoney, 720 Congress street. The King's Daughters will meet at 4:15 p. m., Wednesday, Sept. 13, at the church. The Sunday school teachers' meetings will be held at the study in the church Mondays, beginning in October. The Sunday morning conversation lectures (10:15 sharp) on the Seven Great Teachers will be resumed in October, the first subject being Mohammed.

The Jane Club, one of the outcomes of the Hull House Settlement in Chicago, a co-operative home for single women, is now nearly a year and a half old, and has about forty members. Miss Addams, for whom the club is named, secured and furnished the premises, which are at 253 Ewing street, and the women run it at an expense of very little more than \$3 a week for each member. The cook and housemaids are the only paid employees, the officers of the club, including the steward, serving without compensation.

New York, N. Y.—Our New York contemporary, *The Independent*, is doing good work in publishing accounts of the philanthropic and charitable institutions of that city. We learn from it that at the second free loan exhibition of the UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT SOCIETY at the Neighborhood Guild on Delancey street, held from June 17 to July 29, the total attendance was nearly 20,000 in excess of the attendance at the first. About 8,000 of this year's attendance had attended last year. In all, 56,266 attended, of whom 29,209 were adults and 27,057 children. On a representative week, during which the attendance at the Metropolitan Museum of Arts was 8,851, that at the Delancey street exhibition was 12,907,—which certainly speaks well for the undertaking. *The Independent* also gives considerable information as to the organizations housed in the United Charities Building, Fourth avenue and 22d street. First of these is New York's most general organization, the "Charity Organization Society," which, in addition to such branches as the woodyard for men and laundry for women, is now erecting a brick building at the woodyard, fully equipped with baths, dormitories, and other needed accommodations for 200 men each night. The laundry last year gave employment to 122 women, and its expenses were \$7,746.18, the receipts, less contributions, being not very much less, \$6,297.53. Chas. D. Kellogg is the general secretary of the society. Another institution housed at the same place is the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, of which the general agent is Francis S. Longworth. It has six departments, Finance, Temporary Relief, Dwellings, Food Supply, Schools and Institutions, and Hygiene. The institutions referred to above are all non-sectarian.

THE EAST SIDE HOUSE is now erecting a building for a free circulating library, which is also to accommodate a kindergarten and contain rooms for residents. It is hoped that it will be ready for occupation by Christmas.

E. P. W.

Peoria, Ill.—The People's Church held meetings during the summer at Sylvan Park, a summer opera house. The attendance was good, the interest very encouraging. September 3 services began in the Swedenborgian Church, which has been rented as a permanent place of meeting. The minister, Mr. Marsh, has been called upon to officiate at many funerals in the city and neighboring towns. The people seem anxious to hear the good news of the larger hope. The Sunday school has met every week, and sociables and grove meetings have kept the interest up to a most hopeful degree. The dull times will be felt among us, as the People's Church rejoices in that many of its members are numbered among the laboring masses.

Bloomington, Ill.—It is a source of great satisfaction to the friends of liberal religion that the Rev. J. H. Muller, the Unitarian pastor in this college town, has been able to exert so much influence on the students. Mr. Muller began his ministry in the Orthodox Congregational Church, and since he came to this place last December and in the six months which followed his congregations increased from about sixty to nearly two hundred and fifty.

Everett, Wash.—Rev. W. E. Copeland, of Salem, Ore., during the month of August spent two Sundays here preaching to and organizing the liberal people of this place. It is not expected to employ a minister for some time to come, but a satisfactory little circle of earnest people has been formed, and the prospects for growth are promising.

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Advance in Price of Coal

need not increase the cost of other necessities. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal. Grocers and Druggists.

WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

Those who desire a convenient and quiet resting place while visiting the Fair, may perfect arrangements in advance at prices suited to the times, by addressing

L. A. WHITE, No. 6427 Sheridan avenue.

His pleasant home, which he opens to visitors, is located in a delightful residence neighborhood at easy walking distance from the grounds. It is also convenient to the stations of three lines of public conveyance to the heart of the city. Circulars and information will be sent to parties desiring.

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MRS. J. A. MCKINNEY, 4209 Ellis avenue, will be glad to entertain World's Fair visitors. House stone; rooms large and airy; 3 blocks from Illinois Central; five minutes' ride to grounds; fare, five cents. Terms, \$1.50 each per day for August.

UNITY BUILDING, 286 Woodlawn Terrace. Four minutes' walk from entrance to the Fair. Unitarian headquarters. Rooms at moderate prices. Send for circular to Mrs. R. H. Kelly, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON I.

THE BIRTH STORIES.

*Still the angels sing on high,
Still the bearded men draw nigh,
Bringing worship with the morn,
When a little child is born;
Baby-glory in the place,
Star-look on the mother's face,
Psalm within the mother's heart,
Christmas all in counterpart.*

W. C. Gannett.

Picture—The Holy Night, by Correggio, [1494-1534]. The Picture shows nearly all the details that are mentioned in the Golden Verse.

"The angels sing on high." The reference in the poem is to the song which the shepherds heard as they watched their flocks (Lk. ii. 8-14). The picture has the same idea, that angels were interested in the birth of Jesus.

"The bearded men draw nigh." In the Matthew account there has been preserved a legend that three Magi, or wise men, astrologers, from the far East, came all the way to Palestine to worship the child of Joseph and Mary (Mat. ii. 1-12). The bearded man in our picture, however, is one of the shepherds who has come, with the younger man at his side, to see the child of whom the angels sang. Our hearts warm to the artist who shows us the shepherd-dog that has accompanied his master and shares in the light streaming from the child.

"Baby-glory in the place." Except the cloud of light about the angels and the suggestion of day on the distant hills, all the light in the picture comes from the babe in Mary's arms. In the Apocryphal Gospels, from which many of the older painters derived the details of their pictures, it is said that the cave in which Jesus was born, although it could not receive the light of day, was "filled with lights more beautiful than the glittering of lamps and candles and brighter than the light of the sun" (Gospel of Pseudo Matthew, ch. xlii). The "star-look on the mother's face" is shown poorly in the picture (read, however, Gannett's poem "Recognitions"), and the "psalm within the mother's heart" refers probably to the song which is said to have been on her lips when she visited her kinswoman Elisabeth (Lk. i. 46-55). And the best of all is that whatever was true of Jesus might have been true of every child that has ever been born, and has been true of a great many—"Christmas all in counterpart."

We notice in the picture also that in the background Joseph is represented holding an ass, and in the farther background are two persons, one of whom is grasping the horn of an ox. These two animals—the ox and the ass—are found in most of the early pictures of the birth of Jesus, because some of the traditions, preserved in the Apocryphal Gospels, find in Isaiah i. 3, and in Habakkuk iii. 2 (where the Septuagint

reads "in the midst of two lives," that is, of two living creatures), a prophecy of the Messiah. The ass is said to represent the Gentiles, and the ox the Jews, hence it may be that Correggio has represented the ass as trying to look toward Jesus, but pulled away by Joseph, while in the distance the two figures that cannot be clearly made out are endeavoring to make the ox raise his head that he may see the "baby-glory in the place."

The young woman who is shading her eyes as if dazzled by the brilliancy, has a basket in which are two doves. The dove is often associated with Mary as a symbol of her character, but since two are depicted here, the probability is that reference is made to the offering in Luke ii. 24. That Mary is represented as in full health and vigor so soon after the birth of her child is due to a theological prejudice which deemed it "little less than heretical to portray Mary reclining on a couch as one exhausted by the pains of childbirth." (Mrs. Jameson's Legends of the Madonna, Pt. II., Sec. 4). The rim of light on the horizon betokens that for the world "the night is far spent, the day is at hand."

When was Jesus born?—In the last years of Herod the Great, who died about 4 B. C.—Our common chronology dates the birth of Jesus at least four years too late.

That Jesus was put to death during the administration of Pilate (26-36 A. D.) is certain, but the date of his birth cannot be ascertained with any approach to certainty. According to Matthew's account he was born just before the death of Herod. Josephus states that Herod died shortly after the burning of Matthias, an insurgent, on the night after whose execution there was an eclipse of the moon (Antiqq. xvii. 6, 4), and also that Herod's death was immediately before a Passover. Astronomers say that the eclipse must have occurred on the night of March 12-13, B. C. 4, and consequently Herod must have died between that date and the Passover (March-April) of the same year. If, then, Herod died in the spring of B. C. 4 and Jesus was born before the death of Herod, we have a fixed date later than which the birth cannot have occurred.

Luke seems to give more chronological data. He puts the birth of Jesus at the time of a certain taxing by Cyrenius, governor of Syria. In this, however, he contradicts Matthew, for at the time of Herod's death Varus was governor of Syria (B. C. 6-4) and Saturninus (B. C. 9-6) was his predecessor. Therefore, if Jesus was born just before the death of Herod, as Matthew relates, Luke must be in error in placing his birth while Cyrenius was governor of Syria. Furthermore, from the silence of the Roman historians, the relation in which Judæa stood to Rome during Herod's lifetime, and particularly the fact that during the governorship of Cyrenius (A. D. 6ff) a census was taken in Judæa, we may be sure that in this indication of time Luke has blundered. There was no Roman census under Cyrenius till at least ten years after the death of Herod. That Luke did not think that Jesus was born so late as A. D. 6 appears from III. 1, in which John's baptism, at which time Jesus was about 30 years old, is assigned to the fifteenth year of Tiberius; that is, either 29 A.

D. or, if we date the years of Tiberius from his association with Augustus as colleague, and not from his succeeding to the throne, about 27 A. D.

The only chronological datum in John is in II. 20, where the Jews say that the temple has been forty-six years in building. The temple of which they spoke was begun about the year 20 B. C., and forty-six years would bring us to 46 A. D. But it may be that work was not then going on upon the temple, so that the forty-six years would have ended with the cessation of work, and we are not told how old Jesus himself was at the time of his first Passover. Hence the passage gives no certain note of time. On the whole, it may be said that Jesus was born probably not later than the spring of 4 B. C.

Where was Jesus born?—Probably in Nazareth, possibly in Bethlehem of Zebulun, a little town about six miles from Nazareth.

In the Gospels Jesus is spoken of as from Nazareth, and the natural inference from Jno. vii. 42, is that he was not born in Bethlehem of Judæa, the city of David. According to Matthew, his parents were residents of Bethlehem, who fled to Egypt soon after his birth, and after their return went to Nazareth instead of to their former home, because Archelaus was reigning in Judæa. Luke, however, supposes that Joseph and Mary lived in Nazareth and came to Bethlehem on account of a census which actually did not occur. It was expected that the Messiah would be born in Bethlehem of Judæa, hence, it was natural that those who supposed Jesus to be the Messiah should think that he must have fulfilled expectation in the place of his birth as in other respects—hence the appropriateness of the Bethlehem legend. Since there was a little town named Bethlehem only a few miles from Nazareth, it may be that Jesus was born there, and that, partly through ignorance and partly by the influence of the Messianic prophecy, the two Bethlehems were confounded.

In the class, the birth stories and poems in Matthew and Luke should be read as legends and poems. Some of the apocryphal stories should also be read (they can be found in "The Apocryphal Gospels," B. H. Cowper, London) and the prodigies attending the birth of other heroes of antiquity should be referred to. Above all, it should be made clear that a sense of poetic fitness and a desire to find in Jesus a perfect fulfillment of all the prophecies supposed to relate to the Messiah have done much to modify and color the actual facts.

The following books will be found useful in the lessons for this year:

1. First, and foremost, the Revised Version of the New Testament.
2. Life of Our Lord in Art..... Mrs. Jameson
3. The Apocryphal Gospels..... B. H. Cowper
4. The Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ..... Schuerer
Especially Div. II., Vols. 1 and 2.
5. The Gospel and Its Earliest Interpretations..... Orello Cone
6. Organization of the Early Christian Church.
Hatch
7. Influence of Greek Ideas Upon Christianity..... Hatch

For a verse-by-verse commentary none is more likely to prove serviceable than "Broadus' Commentary on Matthew," issued by the Baptist Publication Society. Other books whose use may be presupposed are not mentioned.

THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

In the New Testament lessons for this year three things will be attempted: First, to study a few good pictures; second, to present by the pictures, arranged in chronological order, the chief events in New Testament history; third, to show, by the aid of the pictures, leading New Testament ideas, which may be regarded as the flowering of the Hebrew religion. The pictures selected are the following:

1. THE HOLY NIGHT..... *Correggio*
2. IN NAZARETH..... *Hofmann*
3. JESUS IN THE TEMPLE... *Hofmann*
4. THE BAPTISM..... *Dore*
5. THE TEMPTATION..... *Cornecelius*
6. THE SOWER..... *Millet*
7. CHRIST PREACHING FROM A BOAT
Hofmann
8. THE GOOD SAMARITAN... *Henner*
9. JESUS AND THE SINNER... *Hofmann*
10. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.... *Jacques*
11. JESUS AND THE CHILDREN
Hofmann
12. THE TRANSFIGURATION.. *Raphael*
13. PURIFYING THE TEMPLE. *Hofmann*
14. THE LAST SUPPER.
Leonardo da Vinci
15. ECCE HOMO..... *Rembrandt*
16. THE CRUCIFIXION.. *Michael Angelo*
17. EASTER MORNING..... *Plochhorst*
18. THE PRESENT CHRIST... *Hofmann*
19. DEATH OF ANANIAS..... *Raphael*
20. PREACHING OF STEPHEN
Fra Angelico
21. PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS
Raphael
22. CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR... *Scheffer*

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Announcements

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

PROGRAM OF THE CENTRAL MEETING.

[NOTE.—This program will receive several important additions and be subject to minor changes.]

Monday, Sept. 11.—Addresses of welcome by Pres. C. C. Bonney, Rev. John Henry Barrows, Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D. D., Archbishop P. A. Feehan, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., and representatives of the National Government and the Columbian Exposition. Responses by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gadd, V. G., Manchester, England; Count A. Bernstorff, Berlin; Archbishop of Zante, Greece; Prof. G. N. Chakarar and H. Dharmapala, of India; Hon. Pung Quang Yu, of China; Principal Grant, of Canada; Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Prof. Henry Drummond, and others.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—"The theology of Judaism," Dr. Isaac M. Wise; "The voice of the mother of religions," Rev. Dr. Henry Berkowitz; "Hinduism," Manilal N. Divedi; "Modern science and the argument for the being of God," Prof. George T. Ladd, Yale University; "Moral evidence of a divine existence," Rev. Alfred W. Momerie, D. D., London, England; "Primitive Hindu religion and primitive revelation," Rev. Maurice Phillips, Madras, India; "The faith of Islam," Hon. Sir Seid Ameer Ali, Calcutta, India; "Harmonies and distinctions in the theistic teachings of the various historic faiths," Prof. M. Valentine; "The existence and attributes of God," Very Rev. Augustus F. Hewitt; "Tendencies of modern theistic thought," Rev. M. J. Safford; "The argument for the divine being," Hon. W. T. Harris. Address by Rev. S. J. Niccolls, D. D., presiding officer.

Wednesday, Sept. 13.—"Human brotherhood as taught by the religions based on the Bible," Dr. K. Kohler, New York; "Man's place in the universe," Prof. A. B. Bruce, D. D., Glasgow; "Taolism," John Chalmers, A. M., LL. D., Hong-Kong; "The soul and its future life," Prof. Samuel M. Warren, D. D.; "Confucianism," Hon. Pung Quang Yu, first secretary of the Chinese legation, Washington, D. C.; "Aspects of Mohammedanism," Hon. Seid All Bilgrami, B. A., Hyderabad, India; "Aspects of Buddhism in Japan," Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitzu, Omi, Japan; "What Buddhism teaches of men's relation to God, and its influence on those who have received it," Kinza Ringe Hirai, Japan; "Men from a Catholic point of view," Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D.; "The argument for immortality," Rev. Philip Moxom, D. D.

Thursday, Sept. 14.—"Religion essentially characteristic of humanity," Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.; "Spiritual forces in human progress," Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D.; "Certain-

ties in Religions," Rev. Joseph Cook; "The origin of Shintoism," Rev. Takayoshi Matsugama, Japan; "What constitutes a religious as distinguished from a moral life," Pres. Sylvester S. Scovell; "Shintoism," Rt. Rev. Renchi Shibata; "The needs of humanity supplied by the Catholic religion," Cardinal Gibbons; "Supreme end and office of religion," Rev. Walter Elliott; "Religion the essential expression of relations between God and man," Julia Ward Howe; "The philosophy of worship," Rev. Robert A. Holland, D. D.

Friday, Sept. 15.—"What the dead religions have bequeathed to the living," Prof. G. S. Goodspeed; "History and present state of the study of comparative religion," Prof. Dr. E. Hardy, Freiburg University; "The study of comparative theology," Prof. T. B. Tiele, Leiden University; "Points of contact between Christianity and Mohammedanism," Pres. George Washburn, D. D., Constantinople; "Zoroastrianism," Eroad Sheriarji Dadabhai Barucha, Bombay; "What Christianity has wrought for India," Hon. Maya Das, India; "The comparative study of the world's religions," Mgr. C. D'Harlez, Louvain University; "Scientific classification of religions," Merwin Marie Snell; "Historic Judaism," Rev. Dr. Dradman; "History and tenets of the Jain faith," Virchand R. Ganthi, B. A., India; "Lessons from the study of comparative religion," Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells; "Importance of a serious study of all religions," Count Goblet d'Alviolla, Belgium; "The Greek church," the Most Rev. Dionysios Latas, Archbishop of Zante, Greece.

Saturday, Sept. 16.—"Influence of the Hebrew scriptures," Dr. Alexander Mohut; "Jewish contributions to civilization," Prof. D. G. Lyon, Harvard University; "Attitude of holy scriptures," Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D. D.; "The Catholic church and the holy scriptures," Rt. Rev. Mgr. Seton, Nevark; "The greatness and influence of Moses, the Jewish lawgiver," Rabbi G. Gottheil; "Religion and literature," Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D. D.; "Character and degree of the inspiration of the Christian scriptures," Rev. Frank Sewell; "Study of the sacred books of the world as literature," Prof. M. S. Terry, D. D.; "The spirit and influence of rabbinism," Rev. Isidore Myers; "Relations of the Catholic church to the Bible," Archbishop Ireland; "The outlook for Judaism," Miss Josephine Lazarus; "Woman in the New Testament," Mrs. Margaret Botome.

Sunday, Sept. 17 (Afternoon and evening).—"The Catholic church and the marriage bond," Prof. Martin J. Wade, University of Iowa; "The divine element in the weekly rest day," Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D.; "The Christian view of marriage," Rev. Samuel Dike, D. D.; "The religious education of the young," Bishop John H. Vincent; "The religious

training of children," Brother Azarius, Brothers of the Christian Schools, New York; "The influence of religion on woman," Rev. Annis T. Eastman.

Monday, Sept. 18.—"The incarnation idea in all history and in Jesus Christ," Very Rev. Dr. Cassartelli, President St. Bede's College, Manchester, England; "The historic Christ," Rt. Rev. T. W. Dudley, D. D., bishop of Kentucky; "Christianity a religion of facts," Prof. G. P. Fisher, D. D., Yale University; "The incarnation of God in Christ," Rev. Julian K. Smyth; "The sympathy of religions," Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "The world's debt to Buddha," H. Dharmapala, India; "Christianity as understood by a Japanese," Rev. J. T. Yokio, Japan; "Religious leaders of America," Rev. N. D. Hills, D. D.; "Buddhism in Japan," Revs. Horin Doki and Shinen Shiaka, Tokyo.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.—"How can philosophy give aid to the science of religion?" Prof. J. P. Landis, Ph. D.; "The contribution of science to religion," Sir William Dawson, Montreal; "Christianity and evolution," Prof. Henry Drummond; "Greek philosophy and the Christian religion," Prof. F. Max Mueller, Oxford University; "Religion and music," Waldo S. Pratt; "The aid which religion has given to science," Andrew D. White, St. Petersburg, Russia; "Man in the light of science and of religion," Prof. Thomas Dwight, M. D., Harvard university; "The relation of natural and other sciences to religion," Dr. Paul Carus; "Music, emotion and morals," Rev. H. R. Hawels, London.

Wednesday, Sept. 20.—"Christian evangelization as one of the working forces of our American Christianity," Rev. James Brand, D. D.; "Buddhist ethics," Prof. T. W. Rhys-Davids, Royal Asiatic Society, London; "Reconciliation vital, not vicarious," Rev. Theodore F. Wright; "The basis of right, duty, and law," Prof. Thomas Bonquillon, Catholic University, Washington; "Christianity as verified by human experience," Professor Kosaki, Japan; "Christ the universal reason," Rev. James W. Lee, Atlanta; "The restoration of sinful man through Jesus Christ," the Very Rev. A. V. Higgins, O. P., S. T. M., New Haven; "The way of salvation," Rev. B. F. Mills, Rhode Island; "Religion in Peking," Prof. Isaac T. Headland, Peking University, China.

Thursday, Sept. 21.—"Christ and the social question," Prof. F. G. Peabody, Harvard University; "The social and moral side of the work of the Salvation Army," Commander Ballington Booth; "Religion and wealth," Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D.; "Christianity as a social force," Prof. Richard T. Ely; "The Catholic church and the destitute poor," Charles F. Donnelly, Boston; "Religion and the erring and criminal classes," Rev. Anna G. Spencer; "What Judaism has done

for woman," Miss Henrietta Zhold; "Woman and the pulpit," Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell; "Religion and poverty," Miss T. D. Broen, Paris, France; "Individual efforts at reform not sufficient," Prof. C. R. Henderson, D. D.; "The child waifs of great cities," Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gadd, D. D., Manchester, England; "The church and labor," Rev. Thomas Cleary, Minneapolis; "The influence of Islam on social conditions," Mohammed Alexander Russell Webb, New York.

Friday, Sept. 22.—"The sacredness of civil authority and law," the Most Rev. John Ireland, D. D., Archbishop of St. Paul; "The African race, its religion, mission and needs," Bishop B. W. Arnett, D. D.; "The Catholic church and the African race," Rev. J. R. Slattery, president of St. Joseph's seminary, Baltimore, Md.; "Religious mission of the African race," Mrs. Fannie B. Williams; "Crime and its remedy," Rev. Olympia Brown; "Perils of great cities," Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Saturday, Sept. 23.—"The religious mission of the English-speaking nations," Rev. Henry K. Jessup, D. D., Beirut, Syria; "International obligations to China," President W. A. P. Martin, Imperial College, Peking; "A Catholic view of arbitration instead of war," J. Semmes; "International justice and amity," Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., New York; "The grounds of sympathy and fraternity among religious men."

Sunday, Sept. 24.—"The present religious condition of America," Rev. H. K. Carroll, D. D.; "The present outlook of religion," Rev. George F. Pentecost, D. D., London; "What religion has wrought for America," Rev. David J. Burrell, D. D.; "The relation of the Catholic church to America," Prof. Thomas O'Gorman, Catholic University of America, Washington.

Monday, Sept. 25.—"The reunion of christendom," Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, D. D., Canterbury, England; "The reunion of christendom," Prof. Phillip Schaff, New York; "Christian union and the work of missions," Rev. George T. Candlin, Tientsin, China; "The principles and means of the religious reunion of christendom," Rev. C. P. Fidelis Kent-Stone, Brazil; "The religious reunion of christendom," Mary A. Livermore; "The relations between the Anglican church and the church of the first ages," Rev. Thos. Richey, D. D., the General Theological Seminary, New York; "International comity," Rev. B. L. Whitman, Colby University; "Christianity as seen by a voyager around the world," Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., Boston, Mass.; "Why Chinese Christians should unite in using the term Tien-Chu for God," Rev. H. Blodget, D. D., of China; "The Free Baptist church," Rev. J. A. Hose, Lewiston, Maine.

Tuesday, Sept. 26.—"The message of Christianity to other religions," Rev. Dr. James S. Dennis; "Hindu

ism from a missionary point of view," Rev. F. E. Slater, Bangalore, India; "The attitude of Christianity to other religions," Prof. William C. Wilkinson, D. D., Chicago University; "Synthetic religion," Kinza Hirai; "The primitive and prospective religious reunion of the human family," Rev. John Greiner, St. Paul, Minn.; "The world's religious debt to America," Mrs. C. P. Woolley; "The Armenian church," Prof. Mina Toheraz.

Wednesday, Sept. 27.—"Universal elements in religion," Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Chicago; "The only possible method for the religious unification of the human race," Rev. William R. Alger; "Characteristics of the ultimate religion," Pres. J. G. Sohrman, Cornell University; "The center and character of the ultimate religion," Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., LL.D., Rector Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; "Christ the unifier of mankind," Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; "The future of religion," Merwin Marie Snell.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

FROM THE PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Inasmuch as the Free Religious Association of America was really the first to inaugurate on its platform, twenty-six years ago, the idea of a "World's Parliament of Religions," it will be eminently proper, and in accordance with the fitness of things, for it to take part in this larger Parliament to be held in Chicago as a part of the World's Fair, recognizing as it does in its projected convening a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" for it is one of the most significant events of the age, and it may be productive of vast results to the future development of religion. The full significance of that assembly of delegates from all the leading religions of the world will not be manifest, however, nor the logical results of the event be deduced in their completeness, without the meeting of the Free Religious Association to point to what lies beyond a temporary Parliament of Religions. It is very much to have the religions of the world thus brought together on the same platform for a presentation of their beliefs and aims by their own representatives, without controversy or debate. But are the representatives of the religions, there amicably gathered, to separate for their respective countries with the same controversial aggressiveness against each other which they have hitherto manifested, and with the same mutually antagonistic claims to exclusive supernatural inspiration and guidance? The Free Religious Association is the one general religious body in this land which, following the inevitable logical trend of the scientific study of the religions of mankind, has publicly proclaimed the possibility of a new and permanent religious fellowship and cooperation on the basis of the "scientific study of religion and ethics," free reason and of a common humanity,—in lieu of the old theological bases, which, however stringent or attenuated the Dogma, were laid in alleged revelations through miraculous books or persons. We urge, therefore, the members and friends of the Association to rally at this gathering in full numbers. And we cordially invite all who are in sympathy with the general aim and purpose of the Association, whether they have heretofore acted with us or not, to be present at the twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the

Free Religious Association, which will be held in Hall No. 31, Art Palace, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday, September 30th, 1893.

WM. J. POTTER, Pres.
D. G. CRANDON, Sec'y.

THE MORNING SESSION.

beginning at 10 o'clock, will be presided over by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the Vice President and founders of the Association, who will make the introductory address. By request of the Directors, the President, William J. Potter, will then give a written address entitled: "The Free Religious Association—its Twenty-six Years and their Meaning." Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot will follow, on "The Scientific Method in the Study of Religion." Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence, R. I., on "The Free Religious Association as the expounder of the Natural History of Religion," and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, on "Religious Progress." Other speakers have been invited and will be announced later.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION

will begin at 2:30 o'clock, and will be devoted to the subject, "Unity in Religion." Minot J. Savage, of Boston, will open the subject, followed by Dr. Edward McGlynn of New York, Mangasar Mangasarian of Chicago, Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney of Boston, and others yet to be announced.

THE FESTIVAL.

with supper, speeches, music, and social opportunities, will be held in one of the large hotels of Chicago, or at the Union League Club (the place to be definitely announced in the Chicago daily press). Col. T. W. Higginson will preside and welcome the guests, and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, M. J. Savage, Francis E. Abbot, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, William J. Potter, Paul H. Frothingham, Mangasar Mangasarian, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. McGlynn, and others are expected to speak. Reception from 6 to 7 o'clock. Supper at 7 o'clock. Tickets for the supper to be procured at the convention, and of Secretary D. G. Crandon.

THE JEWISH WOMAN'S RELIGIOUS CONGRESS

Meets at the Art Palace, Monday, Sept. 4, at 9 a. m. As a souvenir of the Congress the ladies have published a collection of synagogal music. The book contains, beside the musical text of melodies to be found nowhere else, an essay on liturgical music, which is a valuable contribution to the literature of ancient music. It is issued in a limited edition and at a very low price. Following is the program of the Congress:

Monday, Sept. 4—10 a. m.—Hall 5. (1) Opening address, Mrs. Chas. Henrotin. (2) Welcoming address, Mrs. H. Solomon. (3) Poem, Miss Miriam Del Banco. (4) Jewish Women of Biblical and of Mediaeval Days to 1500, Mrs. Louise Mannheim, Cincinnati, O. (5) Jewish Women of Modern Days from 1500, Mrs. Helen Kahn Weil, Kansas City. (6) Discussion, led by Mrs. Henriette Frank, Chicago.—Tuesday, Sept. 5—9:30 a. m.—Hall 5. (1) Women in the Synagogue, Miss Ray Frank, Oakland, Cal. (2) Influence of the Discovery of America on the Jews, Mrs. Pauline H. Rosenberg, Allegheny, Pa. (3) Discussion, Miss Esther Witkowsky, Chicago; Mrs. Mary Newberry Adams, Dubuque, Iowa.—Tuesday, Sept. 5—9:30 p. m.—Hall 5. (1) Women as Wage-Workers with Special Reference to Directing Immigrants, Miss Julia Richman, New York City. (2) Discussion, led by Miss Sadie Leopold, Chicago. (3) Influence of the Jewish Religion on the Home, Miss Mary Cohen, Philadelphia, Pa. (4) Discussion, Miss Julia Felsenthal, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker.—Wednesday, Sept. 6—9:30 a. m.—Hall 5. (1) Poem, Miss Cora Wilburn. (2) Charity as Taught by Mosaic Law, Mrs. Eva L. Stern, New York. (3) Woman's Place in Charitable Work: What it is and What it should be, Mrs. Carrie Shevelson Benjamin, Denver, Colo. (4) Discussion, Miss Bamber, Boston; Mrs. Navra, New Orleans.—Wednesday, Sept. 6—8:30 p. m.—Hall 5. (1) Mission Work Among the Unenlightened Jews, Mrs. Minnie Louis, New York City. (2) Discussion, led by Mrs. Dr. Kohut, New York. (3) How can Nations be Influenced to Protest or even to Interfere in Cases of Persecution, Mrs. Laura Jacobson, St. Louis, Mo. (4) Discussion, Miss Lillie Hirschfeld, New York; Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Chicago; William J. Onahan, Chicago; Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Chicago.—Thursday, Sept. 7—9:30 a. m.—Hall 5. Reports, Paper on Organization, Miss Sadie American, Chicago.

The following papers will be presented in the General Parliament of Religions on the dates specified: "What Judaism has Done for Woman," Miss Henrietta Szold, Baltimore, Md.; to be presented in the General Parliament of Religions, Sept. 21. "The Outlook for Judaism," Miss Josephine Lazarus, New York; to be presented in the General Parliament of Religions, Sept. 26.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

Under the Auspices of the WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS At Art Institute Building. REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

Saturday, Sept. 16. THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

- 10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York
- Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York
- Its Place in the Development of Christianity. *Prof. C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc., Oxford, England
- The Church of the Spirit—Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I.
- 2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord
- In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.
- In the Growth of Democracy
- Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17.

There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

To be held in the Sinai Temple (Dr. Hirsch's), corner Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street.

Monday, Sept. 18.

- 3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute.
- 8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church.
- Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York
- Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Tuesday, Sept. 19. THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.

- (a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo
- (b) In Poland..... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England
- (c) In Hungary..... *Prof. S. Boros, Transylvania
- (d) In France..... Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris
- (e) In Germany..... Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England
- (f) In Italy..... Prof. Bracciforti, Milan
- (g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl von Bergen, Stockholm
- (h) In England..... Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England
- (i) In Holland..... Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- (j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period

Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.
Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor
Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period.. Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis
Evening. UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

- Protab Mozoomdar..... Calcutta, India
- A Representative Jew.....
- A Representative Mohammedan.....

Wednesday, Sept. 20. THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.

- (a) The Human Roots of Religion... Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass.
 - (b) God..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.
 - (c) Jesus..... Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont.
- Evening.
- (d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.
 - (e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse
 - (f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

Thursday, Sept. 21. UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

- (a) Scientific... *Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., Birmingham, England
 - (b) Biblical Criticism..... Prof. C. H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Cambridge, Mass.
 - (c) Social Problems..... *Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., London, England
 - (d) Extra-Biblical Religions..... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio
 - (e) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.
- Evening. THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Caroline J. Bartlett, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale.
Friday, Sept. 22. PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

- 10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association..... Rev. Grindall Reynolds
- National Conference..... Rev. W. H. Lyon
- British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Manchester, England—
Rev. S. A. Steinthal
- Transylvania.....
- Western Unitarian Conference..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer
- Unitarian S. S. Society..... Rev. E. A. Horton
- Unitarian Guilds..... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord, Mass.
- Unity Clubs..... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston
- W. U. S. Society..... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago
- Middle States Conference..... Rev. D. W. Morehouse
- Pacific Coast Conference..... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco
- Southern Conference..... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga.
- In Australia..... Miss C. H. Spence
- 2 P. M.—Women's Meeting: The Contributions to the Theological Emancipation of Women, by—
- (a) Judaism..... Miss Mary Cohen, Philadelphia
- (b) Universalism..... Mrs. Jane Patterson, Boston

*Those marked with an asterisk are not expected in person.

- (c) Unitarianism.....Miss Marion Murdock, Cleveland
- (d) Free Religion.....Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Boston

Evening.
 Fellowship Meeting. In charge of.....
 WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN RELIGION.
 Names to be announced Congress Week.
 Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

WORLD'S CONGRESS OF EVOLUTIONISTS.

PROGRAM.

First Day.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1893.
Morning Session.—CONSTRUCTIVE EVOLUTION: Progress of the doctrine in forty years. Its present scientific and popular status. Its upbuilding and beneficent character.
Afternoon Session.—BIOLOGY, as related to Evolution. Darwinism, natural and sexual selection. "Survival of the fittest." Origin of variations. Heredity. Use and abuse of functions.
Evening Session.—THE HEROES OF EVOLUTION: Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Haeckel, Gray, Youmans, etc.

Second Day.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.
Morning Session.—PSYCHOLOGY, as related to Evolution. The nature of knowledge. The doctrine of relativity. Sense-perception. The evolution of mind.
Afternoon Session.—SOCIOLOGY: The science of social growth. Man's relation to the earth and to his fellow-men. Evolution's promise for the settlement of social problems. The true conservatism of Evolution.
Evening Session.—ECONOMICS, as related to Evolution. The historical and evolutionary method as applied to political economy. Larger economic aspects of the question.

Third Day.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.
Morning Session.—PHILOSOPHY, as affected by Evolution. The scientific method in philosophy. Spencer's Unknowable. The philosophy of history.
Afternoon Session.—ETHICS: The morals of Evolution. Growth of the moral sense. Its relation to prior physical and biological conditions. Harmony of intuitive and experiential theories.
Evening Session.—RELIGION: How it is affected by the doctrine of Evolution. Spiritual implications in all progress. Materialistic speculations untenable. The immanent and transcendent Power that makes for Beauty, Order and Righteousness.

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

- ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.
- CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.
- CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.
- CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 2nd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.
- CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.
- ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 3rd street. Isaac B. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

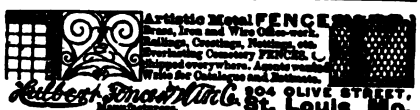
AT THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH Rev. W. F. Greenman, of Fitchburg, Mass., will preach Sunday morning.

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VOLUME XXXII

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Editorial

*Children of men! the unseen power
whose eye*

*Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.*

*Which has not taught weak wills how
much they can?*

*Which has not fallen on the dry heart
like rain?*

*Which has not cried to sunk, self-
weary men,*

Thou must be born again?

*Children of men! not that your age
excel*

*In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear
fruit well,*

The Friend of man desires.

—Matthew Arnold.

THAT they may all be in one place. it has been decided to hold the congresses of all the denominations at the "Art Palace," rather than resort to better halls at a distance from the headquarters of the Parliament of

Religions. Attention is called to the changes in the Unitarian and Free Religious programs.

LAST week was Catholic week at the Auxilliary Congress, and it was a notable one. Eminent prelates and enthusiastic laymen and laywomen filled the corridors of the Art Palace on the Lake Front, and the utterances were, with scarcely an exception, progressive, hopeful, and oftentimes radical. The Congress concerned itself in the main with the pressing questions of the day,—labor, social and political reform.

"INDUSTRIAL AMERICA" is the title of a series of articles being written for *The Outlook* by one of its editorial staff, who is traveling through the country in order to get first-hand impressions. Up to date the most valuable is that in the issue of September 9, wherein the writer discusses the situation in Kansas, the stronghold of the "People's Party." From the picture drawn it would seem that the People's party is really bringing about a better condition of affairs in that agricultural commonwealth.

THE long-looked for book—"Beginnings," just published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society,—is now on hand, and for sale at Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street. This book has been carefully edited by the president of the society, Allen W. Gould, from notes originally made by Henry Doty Maxson. To all who have become interested in the Six Years' Course this book will especially appeal. To those who have never used the Course it will prove a delightful introduction, and we believe it will prove an incentive to the use of the Course. The book is sold for 25 cents a copy, a dozen for \$2.50.

FOUR HUNDRED years ago the life of Europe was much more agitated over the banishment of the Jews from Spain and their extermination in other parts of the world than

over the discoveries of Columbus. Last week Dr. Hirsch, a Jewish rabbi, was welcomed with cheers onto the platform of the Catholic Congress. Archbishop Ireland was welcomed with equal heartiness by the Jewish women in Congress assembled. And at the great Welsh Elsteddfod the Mormon chorus choir from Salt Lake City carried off the second highest prize of the musical conclave with their chorus singing of two hundred and fifty voices. Surely these are prophetic times in which we live.

WE publish this week, in our Study Table department, the prospectus of a new quarterly designed for young people, which always means also the people who feel young. Mr. Morse is well known to our readers; a man versatile in many arts: skilled with pen, pencil, brush, and the sculptor's tools. He has put the lover of good things and high things under obligation to him in many ways, and for many years. If there is justification for his assuming the difficult and generally thankless task of launching a new magazine, it is justified in the present purpose of interesting young people in the permanent things of art and literature. It is a difficult problem to carry the High School boys and girls out of childhood into manhood and womanhood in the things of the spirit. This *The Start* undertakes to do. This, as many of our Unity clubs and churches throughout the West know, Mr. Morse can do in a very delightful fashion. And it would be a good way to start *The Start* in many of our parishes and Sunday schools, to send for Mr. Morse to give one or more of his always delightful crayon lectures.

DR. HENSON, of Chicago, has been treating the public, through the Baptist paper, to "some of his Theological Crotchets," one of which is a very ingenious way of getting infants into heaven without interfering with the doctrines of original sin on the

one hand, or the dangers of the heresy of probation after death on the other hand. He admits that "the question is not free from difficulty," and also that the Scriptures do not address themselves to its solution. However, the Doctor plucks up courage and makes a venture. It is well to save to the loving heart of mother and father the darling little one by any means; but does it not seem like going a good way around in order to carry the little ones of whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," into the bosom of the infinite love and life? But this is the way a doctor of divinity of the nineteenth century manages to get a child into heaven:

May we not suspect, without being ourselves suspected of harboring the heresy of probation in a future state, that such an infant, awaking to consciousness in the presence of Christ, should be changed in the very first moment of seeing his face? Infants, atoned for by his blood, wake to behold his face in righteousness, and instantly are like him.

**

LAST Sunday, September 10, was the real opening of the Parliament of Religion. At least, it was a day to be long remembered by the attendants at one of the Chicago churches. In the morning, the eloquent Hindu, Protab Mozoomdar, the present leader of the simple Indian theism known as the Brahmo Somaj, delivered a most stirring address on Revelation to a congregation which filled All Souls Church to overflowing. Beginning very quietly, almost monotonously, he attained a pitch of eloquence which compelled the expression of the congregation's applause despite all scruples against such demonstrations in church. It was a flash of sunlight which went straight to the hearts of the audience, causing them to break out in sudden, heart-felt, reverent applause. In the evening the same church was filled to overflowing to witness the presentation of Buddhism by its distinguished Ceylonese representative, the white-robed Dharmapala, and its yellow-robed priests from Japan, and to hear the sweet singing of the ladies' choir from Cardiff, Wales. For two hours men and women gladly stood in the crowded church to listen to these foreign worshippers of the one great God, as they brought to the West their message of peace, and to hear the songs of praise and patriotism from our sisters across the sea.

WITH the consent and co-operation of the author a handsome special "Parliament of Religions Edition of the Sympathy of Religions," by T. W. Higginson, has been published in paper covers and with a preliminary note. The Unity Mission puts forth ten thousand copies, which they desire to give away to the representatives from distant lauds, and from as distant creeds and faiths, as a souvenir. No more beautiful memento of this great occasion could be carried home. For many years this essay has been a classic in the literature of the spirit, and now we know of nothing in print better calculated to enlarge the boundaries of human sympathy and to disintegrate the mountains of bigotry than this pamphlet. The committee is very desirous to give the entire edition away, not to throw it away, but to place it in the hands of those who will most appreciate it and are prepared to profit by it. In order to do this a special fund of about \$175 will have to be raised, for the Unity Mission Committee always live from hand to mouth. Are there not many of our readers who would like to join in this communion service of thought, and help us distribute this morsel of bread that will nourish the spiritual life? Any contributions, big or small, may be sent either to Mr. Gannett, at Rochester, or to Mr. Jones at UNITY office.

**

THE spirit which vents itself in the oft-repeated command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," is by no means dead. There is something refreshingly naive in the confidence of those who feel that they have made exactly the degree of progress that mankind should make, and that while those who stand behind them must hasten forward, those who are in front must hurry back, if they would have the full blessings of truth and salvation. This feeling of profound self-satisfaction, which is convinced that a step outside, whether to the right or left, of the charmed circle in which he who thus feels stands, will be a step into outer darkness, has had several somewhat prominent illustrations lately; but perhaps the best is contained in President Atwood's editorial comment in the *Universalist* and the *Christian Leader* on Professor Campbell's heresy, from which it would appear that the type of Universalism represented by Dr. Atwood is at the same

time the perfect faith and the one genuine heresy. Says the Doctor:

If he is a heretic at all, he is not enough of a heretic to awaken sympathy for him among genuine heretics. As in the case of Dr. Briggs and Prof. Smith, the system Dr. Campbell adheres to is still ancient and musty to a degree that shuts him out of liberal fellowship.

We cannot believe that the good Doctor is quite devoid of sympathy for Prof. Campbell or that he would really be so cruel as to shut him out from liberal fellowship; certainly we are not disposed to act thus toward the Doctor, although much of the language which he applies to Prof. Campbell's doctrine seems to us admirably fitted to describe his own.

**

THE work of preparing the selection of universal hymns printed in connection with the programs of the Parliament of Religions finally fell into the hands of F. L. Hosmer, Mr. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, Prof. Coppee of the Lehigh University, and Mr. Jones. In order to make the collection as rich and representative as possible several hundred letters were sent out asking for suggestions. Five or more favorite old hymns were asked for and contributions of original hymns solicited. The response to the first request was prompt and generous, and the answers were of great interest as showing the personal equation as well as the relative power of the classics of the soul. These suggestions were of great service to the committee. Some forty original contributions were made. These were copied by type-writer and sent anonymously to the members of the committee, and many of them approved themselves more or less strongly to different members of the committee. But inasmuch as none of the hymns succeeded in getting the majority vote of the committee, that is, three out of four, it was thought best to publish none of them in a collection whose merits have been proven by the test of time and approved by the consensus of the competent. The committee in this collection found much to commend in the way of religious poetry, but the creation of a great hymn is one of the most difficult as it is one of the most gracious tasks of the bard. In one way or another, in due time, the public will have access to the best of the material offered. Meanwhile, the committee desires to express through UNITY their thanks for the assistance furnished them by so many.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

It remained for the Welsh people to demonstrate for the first time the utility and necessity of making the great Festival Hall at Jackson Park, as large as it is. At last its splendid galleries were filled to overflowing. Last Friday was the last of a series of musical contests and bardic ovations which heretofore have been confined, in the main, to the principality of Wales: and on that day over 8,000 people were assembled within the walls. For four days this characteristic festival, which reaches back to time immemorial in the life of Britain, brought together not only the best intelligence of the Welsh people in this country, but very many representatives from the mother country. Three male choruses, numbering fifty or more voices, and the lady chorus of Cardiff crossed the sea to take part in this festival of harmony. And the Welshmen from over the seas carried off most of the prizes available to them. Prof. Tomlins, as chairman of the adjudicating board, in his decision upon the male chorus contest said: "All those who had the good fortune to be present must have felt that they were listening to a series of choral performances such as they would in all probability never hear again in the United States; that it was worthy of the occasion in connection with this stupendous World's Fair: and that it would be associated in our minds as one of the most striking features in the history of the great Eisteddfod. It was already felt that it would be so, as shown by the almost superhuman efforts made by most of the competing choirs to travel many thousands of miles in order to be present." The occasion closed with a most inspiring scene, when upward of fifteen hundred voices, trained and aglow with enthusiasm, joined in mass chorus in singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" under the leadership of the great Caradog, the hero of Welsh song, who some years ago led his chorus of Welsh yeomen to London and carried off the coveted silver cup presented by the Queen.

But this occasion was very much more than a musical festival. With much pomp and parade the ancient bardic rites, which it is claimed reached back into Druidic times and customs, were for the first time performed in the open air on American

soil, and the old proclamation "THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD," was declared "in the eye of light and in the face of the sun." And over the sheathed sword the message of PEACE was proclaimed. To most of our readers these rites and this conclave of bards and musicians mean nothing more than the curious enthusiasm of an unimportant clan among the nations of the earth. That it is, but it is much more than that. It is a splendid witness to the power of the gentler arts; another sign of the advancing spirit of peace. The great harmonies of last week lifted the occasion out of any geographical, national, or linguistic limitations. It was a part of that universality for which we labor, that unity of spirit we pray for. The bardic prayer read on this occasion has been handed down to us from the ancient Druids as they assembled under the oaks of Britain. It was as vital and applicable in modern Chicago as in ancient Mona. It runs thus in the literal English translation published in the program of the Eisteddfod, which program is an interesting souvenir that will have permanent value to the student of song and of races.

Render us, O God, Thy protection, and in that protection power: in that power wisdom: in that wisdom knowledge: in that knowledge, know the just: in knowing the just, love: and in love, love every attribute, and by loving every attribute love God.

A MINOR POET.

What should we do without the minor singers? It is they that fill the wood with bird-song and make glad the dawns, and they who, in the commons of human life, make the "local sibyls and seers." Their name is legion—fortunately. Lucy Smith reminds us that *anyone* of culture should be supposed to have the gift of versing. If not quite that be true, yet a world with only the Tennysons and Brownings and Lowells for poets in it would be a dreary world for most; so in between the many or the all of us that have more or less poetic feeling and these rare poets, come the host of minor singers, each one voicing the mute poetry of some neighborhood or circle. It is well they do not all print their verses in a book at last: yet well that many do, for repeatedly the minor poets have sung a few songs that put many hearts in debt.

Mrs. Caroline Mason was one of these minor poets, some of whose

verses are likely to be remembered with long thankfulness. She was a shy citizen of Fitchburg, Mass. She had had her early dreams of fame, if certain of her poems betray her; but the dream, if dream it were, gave way to better self-knowledge and more earnest purpose. Still, however, she nursed her gift of versing. Her poems came easily, but carefully: now a song of friendship, now of nature, now of the nation in its war struggle; oftentime, perhaps, as songs of the inward life. Once or twice, at least, she touched the people far and wide, as in her simple "Do they Miss me at Home?" The liberal faith, the mood of Whittier, was sunny in her. Her best work was not in her longer poems,—such, for instance, as gave the name, "The Lost Ring," to the collection which her friends have issued since her death.* Even in her short poems there is little that is quaint or dainty in expression, and little of the lift and expansion of thought, of splendor breaking out, of far horizons glimpsed in a word or a line, which mark the power of the strong poet. Yet are not the poems quoted below something to be thankful for, if we could write them, and something to thank her for that we may read them? Take, first, this nook in a summer picture:

"How full the quiet spot of sweet perfumes,
Aromas of fresh grass and clover blooms!
How like a Sabbath stillness, or like prayer,
The cloistered calm of this sequestered air!
The very cattle, kneg-deep in the brooks,
Have lessons for us in their patient looks;
The silent hills, slow-stretching far away,
The shady hollow with the lambs at play,
In their cool bosoms, the rejoicing rills,
The sobbing of the lonely whip-poor-wills."

She ventured, what other poets have tried with less success, to string the twelve months in a rosary of sonnets. Here are those for August and November:

AUGUST.

We read of high-born dames, sick of life's glare,
Who in dim cloisters fain would end their days.
Exchanging pomp for pious prayer and praise:
Summer, is such thy role, that thou dost wear
This nun-like torpor in thine altered air?
We miss the sweet June freshness, and the ways
Of happy, hot July: this August haze
Is like a veil shrouding thy features fair;
This drowsy stillness is a convent-calm,
Oppressing us like sadness. Oh, sweet nun,
Is it for penance? What deed hast thou done,
That happy mirth should change to sob and psalm.

*THE LOST RING, and Other Poems. By Caroline A. Mason. With an introduction by Charles G. Ames. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. 1891.

And telling of thy beads against the pane
In the low patter of this August rain?

NOVEMBER.

Like a late watcher, tired and sleep-inclined,
Yet patient at her post and smiling still,
The year keeps vigil. Look you where you
will,

In all her wide domain you shall not find
Her hand has lost its cunning: still the wind
Plays its soft descants; still each rippling
rill

Goes singing seaward: while on every hill
The sun pours benediction bland and kind
As blest the summer; still the crickets hide
In the warm grass,—and ever and anon,
A bee reels by, store-laden from the lawn
Where bloom late flowers, alert and open-
eyed:

"How fair," they sigh with me, "and oh, how
dear,

This lingering sweetness of the dying year!"

How this next one—it comes from
out some home—reaches to the in-
most home in all of us!

"ONLY ME."

A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you, Pet?" the words came tenderly:
A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pet, mamma; it's only me."

The quivering baby lips! they had not meant
To utter any word could plant a sting.
But to that mother-heart a strange pang went;
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing!

One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled 'neath unwonted kisses rained
above:

And, from that moment, "Only Me" had place
And part with "Pet" in tender mother-love.

The following has appeared before
in UNITY, perhaps, but it is worth re-
print:

EN VOYAGE.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so:
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were frowning breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way.
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

It may make some reader's soul
"unfurl its white flag of peace" to
print what she calls

RECONCILIATION.

If thou wert lying cold and still and white
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee,
I should forgive: that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Foretelling that dread hour when we may
meet.—

The dead face and the living,—fain would
cry,

Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet:
Let there be peace between us ere we die!"

And now for parts of two hymns.
The first has long been loved in
"Unity Hymns and Chorals."

MATIN HYMN.

I lift the sash and gaze abroad
On the sweet earth so fair and bright;
I raise my heart to Thee, O God,
And cry, "I thank Thee for the light!"

O God, I thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that Thy hand doth give:
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank Thee that I live!

That life I consecrate to Thee,
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
And thank Thee for another morn:

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greating as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare;
To tax anew my growing strength:
To arm my soul with faith and prayer:
And so reach heaven and Thee at length.

EVENTIDE.

At cool of day, with God I walk
My garden's grateful shade;
I hear his voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid.

I see His presence in the night,—
And, though my heart is awed,
I do not quail beneath the sight
Or nearness of my God.

His hand, that shuts the flowers to sleep
Each in its dewy fold,
Is strong my feeble life to keep,
And competent to hold.

I can not walk in darkness long,—
My light is by my side:
I cannot stumble or go wrong,
While following such a guide.

He is my stay and my defense,—
How shall I fall or fall?
My helper is Omnipotence!
My ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to His care:
I cannot wander from His love
Who loves me everywhere.

What should we do without our
"minor singers"? W. C. G.

THE FRIENDS OF LABOR.

Perhaps the most encouraging
feature of the life of our day is the
respectful attention given to those
who propose to ameliorate our social
conditions, whether the plans be
merely opportunist and palliative or
radical and far-reaching. Young
men can remember the time when
"Socialism," "Single Tax," "Salva-
tion Army" work, even the milder
forms of "co-operative industry," were
impatiently and contemptuously
scouted by the great world. But to-
day a marked advance has been
made in this respect.

The reception given to the Labor
Congress, which has recently adjourn-

ed, has done something to mark this
change of sentiment. The old notion,
that things are just about as they
should be, or that, if they are not
God himself will alter the condition
of affairs in his own good time and
wants no assistance from man,—the
notion that he who seeks to alter the
social order into which he is born is
at once impious and the enemy of
society,—has given place to a general
acknowledgment that things are not
as they should be and that man him-
self is the agent by whose instru-
mentality a juster and happier con-
dition is to be brought about.

In the church, which is in its
nature a conservative institution,—
preserving the moral achievements
that men have made, rather than dis-
covering new roads for human pro-
gress,—this condition of affairs is
strongly reflected. Of course many
churches—most perhaps—still deserve
the reproach of being clubs for the ac-
commodation of those engaged in the
salvation of their individual souls;
but the vital churches, the earnest
ministers,—Roman Catholic, Episco-
pal, Evangelical and Liberal,—are
showing their sympathy with the
questions of the day.

At the Labor congress, the Single
Tax congress, and the Voluntary Co-
operation congress which were held
simultaneously, there were a number
of ministers and editors in attend-
ance, men whose position enables
them to bring home to the great mid-
dle class the crying problems of the
hour and the solutions proposed, and
some of these have lost no time in
bringing the matter before their
hearers and readers. Besides the
quite generous newspaper notices and
reports of the congress addresses, we
would call attention to the fact that
in Chicago on the eve of Labor Day
two Episcopal churches, St. James
and Epiphany, held special labor ser-
vices. "Call," i. e., the Church Asso-
ciation for the Advancement of the
Interests of Labor, was the sponsor
for these meetings, and they were
helpful, educative. At St. James
Mr. Tomkins urged his hearers to in-
terest themselves in the problems of
the day, and at least to treat re-
spectfully those who were spending
their lives in the earnest effort to
grapple with the social evils that be-
set us, whether the solutions they
proposed seemed to us wholly wise or
not. He admitted that the church
had been neglectful of its opportuni-

ties and duties in the past, but protested that it had begun to realize that moral and social questions were religious questions, and he sought to bring this truth home to his hearers. The collection taken up was for the benefit of the unemployed.

It may be suggested that such indications of sympathy with reform are of so general a character as to count for little; but that is not so. This general open-mindedness is of the utmost importance, it is the *sine qua non* without which the most clearly defined schemes of reform are impossible of achievement. For this reason primarily, and also because space forbids us to go into detail, we have dwelt especially upon the general sentiment exhibited; but it must not be supposed that the congresses have nothing else to show. On the contrary, the Labor Congress was a very rich one; it was both practical and scientific. It discussed the various conditions of child and female and adult male labor, as they exist to-day in city and country, here and abroad; pointed out the evils both patent and latent in the existing industrial system, as they appeared from various points of view,—that of the wage-earner, the employer and the various schools of social science, orthodox, nationalist, collectivist, single tax, etc.; discussed the questions of public administration, taxation, legislation, ballot reform, etc., and listened to expositions of the various solutions proposed for the several problems before it, from the tongues and pens of the most able representatives of these views. It was really a congress of social science, and no one could attend any considerable number of the meetings, however narrow his views had previously been, without feeling their broadening influence and at the same time learning much of a definite and positive character. We regard the Labor Congress as one of the marked successes of the Columbian Exposition, and we believe it will bear rich fruit.

F. W. S.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New-Church Messenger* speaks of the Unitarian exhibit at the Columbian Exposition as follows: "The Unitarians happen to come next, in a snow-white booth, with much literature and many small photographs of great men. Mrs. Humphrey Ward appears as a minister. The tracts are not self-congratulatory or openly aggressive as in other booths, but thoughtful essays of a decidedly critical and cautious tone. This exhibit is in charge of a lady, and is unique in this respect."

Contributed and Selected

REVELATION.

A gleam of Truth, a flood of light!
And lo, the earth is glorified!
No longer dwell our souls in night,
For Love and Life are now allied.

I look into those speaking eyes,
Where faithful love finds eloquence,
And then into the starry skies,
With heart upraised in reverence,—

And see the self-same power there
That guides a soul or rules a star.
O blessed thought! O visions fair,
Of heaven, revealed, so near and far!

KATE KELSEY.

ATHEISM.

In accordance with a natural tendency to violent transitions I make it a rule when traveling abroad, whenever it is practicable to do so, to experience the great opposite extremes. I make religious worship no exception, and therefore attend the Roman Catholic church and the services of the Salvation Army and all the other denominations *en route* for the same purpose. It might be interesting and instructive to give the impressions created by the various illustrations of the Christian faith thus encountered, but it is not my purpose to start a polemical discussion, but simply to refer to one feature which I find is prominently discussed in all the churches I visit,—that is, the admission of the growing tendency to atheism. Not long since I listened to a very stirring sermon on the subject by the venerable Archbishop Ireland, and have heard similar utterances in various other denominations. Inasmuch, however, as it may be fairly assumed that atheism is seldom represented in a Christian congregation, it appears to me that any attempt to reach the atheist from the pulpit must necessarily prove futile. Therefore I should be glad if you would allow me to address him through your columns, in the hope that my argument may be brought to his notice and prove operative in convincing him of the fallacy of his views.

It seems to me to be unreasonable and unnatural that anyone endowed with the power of reflection can conceive that this universe exists without a creator or goes on without a great conductor. Every intelligent being is aware of a perfect design in nature. I will therefore ask the atheist and those having a tendency to atheism to follow me in a few sketches. First, we will take a little living plant and study its growth and functions of promulgation. First, this little plant possesses the power of absorbing compound substances, of decomposing them and recombining them in a different way; but no one can say where the decomposing leaves

off and the recomposing begins. This little plant is in itself a living laboratory greater by far than that of the most skillful chemist that ever lived.

Secondly. The root, trunk and leaves have separate functions, though working in unison; the root serves to fix the plant firmly in the soil; it is also the organ by which plant food is collected and absorbed; the root sends out fibers in every direction in search of liquid food, which is sucked in and dispatched, as sap, to the upper parts of the tree; the chemical changes which the food plant has to undergo in the tree are beyond man's power to explain.

Thirdly. The tree sends out its leaves for the same purpose that the root sends out its fibers—in search of food—the only difference being that the root absorbs liquid food, and the leaves gaseous food. During the day the leaves are continually absorbing carbonic acid from the air and giving off oxygen gas. When night comes on the process is reversed. Now the air contains only one gallon of carbonic acid in 2,000 (a proportion just necessary for animal life), and to catch this small amount the tree sends out thousands of leaves by whose conjoined labors the substance of the plant is slowly drawn from the air. Cannot the atheist recognize an omnipotent designer in chemistry so wonderful?

Now let us turn to the beautiful and abstruse science of geology for further proof of a great Creator's forethought. Scattered all over the world we find deposits of coal suitable for domestic and steam consumption. Let us think for a moment how could the world's power of the present day be developed if it were not for these deposits. Could our great commerce over land and sea be maintained without coal? Coal is what remains to us of the carboniferous age. And then let us think of the enormous undertaking the carboniferous age represents. Millions and millions of trees drawing plant life from earth and air, and storing unknown power for future use. The chemical changes which that age involved thousands and thousands of years ago are now the motive power of the world, and the bottled-up sunlight the illumining power of gas. Could anything show more plainly that these deposits were designedly placed for future use; placed, too, in such positions that immense labor—a superabundance of which was anticipated—would be required to manipulate them for consumption, both in its original state as coal and as gas?

Now, apart from the carboniferous age, what has geology to teach us of the great Creator's will to produce a world fit for human beings and human beings fit for the world? In the silurian age lived millions and millions of beings that twisted and wriggled and knew not why, evidently unconscious of their own existence, each simply a mechanical feeding

machine, yet possessing a cold, nervous system clearly discernible. They lived and died, these myriads, and the age departed, but the evolutionist has marked it and the geologist claimed it. The next age, the Devonian, produced a higher grade—a step higher in the contriver's ladder—a better developed system of nerve and activity. Fishes of enormous proportions lived and died in millions, and that age passed away, leaving unmistakable evidence of its duration for geologists to study. The next age, the carboniferous, I have already spoken of, and I will pass to the next in the scale of development, the reptilian, in which remarkable and stupendous progress is made in creation. Next, for the mightiest age of all—the mammalian, or age of man, for who will deny that man is the most perfectly organized being on earth? Carefully developed as he is out of the ages of the past, he is the acme of terrestrial production, a well-organized being, having a nervous system and brain power of the highest development, increasing in intensity as the race grows older, a logical thinker and reasoner, possessing memory and forethought, capable of planning for the future by the recollections of the past. Such is man of the present day, and as his development of the present age is as ten to one of the reptilian age, what may be the pleasure of the great Creator, what proportion shall the next age bear to man of to-day?

As we are gods to the reptiles, so may the next age be indeed gods to us.

The atheist, in common with others, looking at a very cleverly constructed machine, would be likely to put the question, "Who made it?" well knowing its component parts of rods, bolts, nuts, and wheels could not adjust themselves, but must have been placed together. Now if we glance at the starry system, of which we are a part, or study it minutely by maps or by a telescope, we become fully aware that this earth is one of a number of performing elliptics and a central attraction, and that it has been so for many thousands of years, and is likely to continue for thousands more; but with the future we will not deal; the past is sufficient to prove that its functions have been performed diurnally and annually without one false beat in its mighty course, and so confident are we of the future that we date an action forward for years without the least misgiving as to its duration. As we study this mighty machine with its profound workings we are naturally led to ask, "Who made it?" and with reverent humility are inevitably obliged to answer, "A great Creator."

Now, all these functions have been performed with a regularity that admits of no reproach: each revolution of the earth round the sun bringing changes of season to its inhabitants, thereby causing untold blessings to

the agriculturist and to all people in general; the regularity of the moon's rotation proves a boon in the systematic rise and fall of the tides, preventing stagnancy of otherwise still waters and helping to change the whole outline of continents by its continual wash; the moving waters being thereby able to furnish subsistence to myriads of fishes which could not exist in stagnant waters. The precision with which all these functions are performed points necessarily to a great creator, who either developed them as necessity required or brought them into spontaneous existence. The study of astronomy, in fact, opens up the human mind to such an extent that we are bound to recognize the perfection of the universe, exactitude being everywhere apparent.

But we will not go further into the question now; it is enough to ponder over the everlasting method in which the water from the hill runs to the stream, the stream to the river, the river to the ocean, to be gathered up by continuous evaporation, the formation of clouds ensuing, and the ultimate discharge of rain drops as blessings on the earth. The systematic hand-in-hand process, the beautiful dove-tailed way in which all these performances are carried on so methodically and unerringly, are to me infallible proofs of a great creator and a great conductor under whose power they run. The attributes of all matter prove the universal law of similitude—the inertia—the attractive and the indestructibility, and open up channels for reflection which must result in the recognition of a great creator's power, whose chemistry is beyond us and in whose laboratory this earth is but a sample speck of dust.

I will now leave the atheist for the present to ponder over these facts, and will from time to time give him more matter to reflect on, in the meantime commending to him the beautiful lines of the poet:

There is a God, and that ye may see
In the roar of the thunder, the hum of
the bee.

* * * * *
Turn where ye will, from the sky to the
sod.

Where can ye gaze that ye see not a
God?

E. MARSHALL GWYNNE, C. E.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

From Prof. John R. Commons' article in the *Twentieth Century*, we quote a few words explanatory of the reform on which our Australian friend, Miss Spence, lays the greatest stress. During the meetings held in connection with the World's Fair Suffrage Congress, after one of this enthusiastic liberal's addresses, an experimental ballot was taken. Fourteen candidates were nominated and six were to be elected. Slips of paper were circulated among the audience

bearing the names of all the candidates. The voters were instructed to indicate the candidate who was their first choice by the figure 1, and to indicate their successive choices up to the sixth by the proper figures. One hundred and thirty-two ballots were cast and only four were defective. As a result of the election every shade of opinion in the audience was accurately represented in the list of the six successful candidates. There were two Republicans, Harrison and McKinley, two Democrats, Cleveland and Henry George (thus showing how successfully this method of voting allows differences within party lines, as well as between parties, to be freely and accurately represented), a Prohibitionist, Miss Frances E. Willard, and a Populist, James B. Weaver. The result of the vote had a most interesting effect on the apprehensions of the audience and the newspaper reporters.

An American Proportional Representation League was organized with Hon. William Dudley Foulke as President and Mr. Stoughton Cooley, of 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, as Secretary, and the following suggestion was put forth:

OUTLINE OF A BILL FOR ELECTING MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ACCORDING TO PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

That the members of the House of Representatives shall be voted for at large in their respective States. That a ticket composed of any number of candidates may be nominated by any body of electors in any State which polled at the last preceding election one per cent. of the total vote for Congressmen, or by a petition of voters amounting to one per cent. of such total vote. These tickets shall be printed on the official ballot.

Each elector has as many votes as there are representatives to be elected, which he may distribute as he pleases among the candidates, giving not more than one vote to any one candidate. Should he not use the entire number of votes to which he is entitled his unexpressed votes to be counted for the ticket which he shall designate by title. The votes given to candidates shall count individually for the candidates as well as for the tickets to which the candidates belong. That the sum of all the votes cast in any State shall be divided by the number of seats to which such State is entitled, and the quotient to the nearest unit shall be known as the quota of representation. The sums of all the votes cast for the tickets of each party or political body nominating candidates shall be severally divided by the quota of representation, and the units of the quotients thus obtained will show the number of representatives to which each such body was entitled, and if the sum of such quotients be less than the number of seats to be filled the body of electors having the largest remainder after division of the sums of the votes cast by the quota of representation as herein specified shall be entitled to the first vacancy, and so on until all the vacancies are filled. That the candidates of each body of electors nominating candidates and found entitled to representation under the foregoing rules shall receive

certificates of election in the order of the votes received, a candidate receiving the highest number of votes the first certificate, and so on; but in case of a tie, with but one vacancy to be filled, the matter shall be determined between the candidates so tied. That if a member of the House of Representatives shall die or resign, or his seat become vacant for any reason, the remainder of his term shall be served by the candidate having the next highest vote of the body of electors to which such member belongs.

Correspondence

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

EDITOR OF UNITY: In reply to your correspondent of last week who asks information regarding the author of the poem entitled "There Is No Death," I would say that a writer in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* two or three years ago stated that the author is Mr. J. L. McCreery, and not E. Bulwer Lytton, to whom it has been erroneously credited. The writer of the article gives the facts as follows: The poem was published by Mr. McCreery in 1863. It was copied by one E. Bulmer and published later under his name. This was again copied by a Wisconsin paper, which changed the signature from Bulmer to Bulwer, supposing the former name to be a misprint. I give the poem below as found in Mr. McCreery's volume of poems, "Songs of Toil and Triumph."

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air:
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer
showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to
earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth:

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned
so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms

That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms,—

Although with bowed and breaking
heart,

With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead,"—

They are not dead! they have but
passed

Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of
clay

To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,—
They are not "lost," nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts
grow faint

Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of
balm,

Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead!

Readers will notice that the poem as given above is not only longer but different in some of its verses from copies which are frequently seen. But as this comes from the author's own volume I suppose it may be relied on.
J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

[Several other answers have been received since Mr. Sunderland's, but as UNITY has not space for more than one we have published only that first received. For the other responses we tender our thanks.—ED.]

Notes from the Field

Iowa Conference.—The next session of the Iowa Unitarian Association will be held at Davenport, Oct. 10-12. We hope for many visitors from Illinois and neighboring States.

LEON A. HARVEY, Sec.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—On Sunday, Sept. 3, Rev. H. Digby Johnston was installed as minister of Unity Church. The services were held in the beautiful hall of the Ladies' Literary Club building, which has been secured for Sunday use during the coming year. The hall is centrally situated, on the first floor, and altogether a cheerful and attractive auditorium. The day was fair and the congregations, both morning and evening, unusually large. The music was in charge of a quartette choir and was well rendered in the special selections, while the hymns were congregational. In the morning service Dr. Jesselson, of the Jewish Temple, read the Scripture; Mr. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, led in prayer; and Mr. Hosmer, late Secretary of the Western Conference, gave the right-hand of fellowship. Mr. Hosmer also preached the sermon, taking for his

subject, "Hearsay and Vision." Mr. Sunderland gave the charge to the people. Preceding all these parts, save the prayer, was the reading of the call and letter of acceptance by the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, E. G. D. Holden, Esq. No part was more impressed or beautiful in its directness and simplicity than the "address of welcome" by Mrs. I. M. Turner, President of the Board of Trustees. The evening service continued the service of the morning. Mr. Hugenholz, of the Holland Unitarian Society, read the Scripture lesson. Mr. Hosmer offered prayer. Mr. Sunderland gave the charge to the new minister, and the latter closed the service with an address to the congregation. Mr. Johnson comes from the Episcopal Church, wherein he has had pastorates both in England and in this country. He brings enthusiasm and experience to his new work, and the society enters upon its new year with a quickened courage and faith. Rev. H. T. Root, of Grand Haven, who was upon the program of the morning service, was detained at home by illness.

Cleveland, O.—Unity Church was reopened for services on the first Sunday of September, the newly called ministers, Revs. Marion Murdoch and Florence Buck, occupying the pulpit for the first time. They were greeted by large congregations both morning and evening. Miss Murdoch preached in the morning upon "The Ideal," and Miss Buck in the evening upon "Church Unity," both taking a share in each service. In spirit and general thought their words sounded a fit inaugural note and met a hearty response from the well-filled pews. The church building has undergone a thorough cleaning and repair within, the main auditorium, chapel and parlors having been new-carpeted, and the walls and ceiling of the main room having been re-frescoed. The Unity Club, which is one of the strongest, both in the character of its work and in the cohesiveness it has shown since its organization in 1880, had its year's program in print some months ago. The first meeting will be held late in September.

London, Eng.—One enlargement of the social settlement idea has been emphasized in the name taken for the new establishment at Islington, which is called, not a college, but a Ladies' Settlement. Miss Magee, daughter of the late Archbishop of York, is to be the Superintendent, and, under a council, to be responsible for the management of the home and comfort of the workers. It is stated that the purpose is "to give training and opportunities for systematic work to ladies who desire to give themselves to the work of Christ among the poor." *The Outlook* states further that the Settlement will provide a home for those who are willing to work among the people under the direction of the parochial clergy.

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Church-Door Pulpit

A RELIGION OF SUNSHINE: AND SOME OF THE WAYS A LIBERAL CONTRIBUTES THERETO.

BY REV. ARTHUR M. JUDY, OF DAVENPORT, IA.

HEAVEN.

"My religion is sunshine," says Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in one of his oft-repeated lectures. Good. But how get into every nook and corner of our souls the cheeriness which sunshine implies?

Religion is our response to the Universe: it is the state of heart and mind which the totality of things makes upon us, and if that is to be sunny, we must be able to look upon all that is now and is to be as altogether right and lovely.

Then there must be no hell. With a spot existing where torment goes on forever, where souls writhe in agony, and despair broods on every countenance, and blasphemy and torture and hatred and defiance and gloom make the sum total of sentience, the universe would be incapable of filling the soul with sunshine. Hell is a kill-joy. No sane man can fix his thoughts upon it and be cheerful. No merciful man can think of heaven with delight until he puts hell out of mind. And by no twisting and dodging can the universe be depicted as wholly right and lovely until hell's fabled fires are disbelieved. By all means let our religion be sunshine. As we look into the illimitable future let no spot appear which is to be forever terrible. The present, measured against the future, is but a speck. What that future offers is and always has been a chief factor in man's religion. Unless in that future men can form the realization of their noblest desires they cannot look upon it with unalloyed brightness. The religion which proclaims eternal progress, not the religion which predicts eternal torment, meets this requirement. He who believes that every mortal soul is to be saved; he who holds that the path of man is to trend forever upward, no matter how many temporary descensions it may undergo, can logically and justly have a religion of sunshine. Strict Calvinists cannot. A future which may carry child or friend or parent to eternal torment, may involve nations and eras of men in hopeless misery, can shed sunshine upon no soul which has not first lost or stunted the quality of mercy.

Until Calvinism began to lose its strictness the religion of America was prevalently gloomy. And vain is it to call upon men to cast out this gloom, unless first they be taught to cast out the cause of the gloom. So the Liberal churches have been and are teaching them, and every church-goer in America carries a brighter face to-day in consequence of that

teaching, and will carry a still brighter one when the teaching has done its perfect work.

BIBLE.

But religion must have regard not only to the future of mankind but also to the present. Here is the world full of men and women. Only a few of its many billions have enjoyed or are likely to enjoy the benefits of the Christian Bible. If that Bible be the source of all true religion, can we be cheerful in thinking that the vast majority of men are and have been totally deprived of the truth? Surely not. Surely no compassionate man could be happy in believing that what is to him perhaps the highest source of happiness, his religion, has been utterly denied to untold millions of men. No, the happy man is he who feels that in every age "truth and right have been revealed;" that as men mount the steps of being the sun of truth and righteousness sheds its glad rays impartially upon all. I love my One Hundred and Third Psalm,— "Whither, O God, shall I flee from thy presence!" I love my Romans, Twelve,— "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds;" I love my beatitudes,— "Blessed are the pure in heart;" I love my Apocalypse with its vision of the "land of pure delight;" and I rejoice with exceeding joy to think of the millions of Christian lives upon whom these noble sculptures have poured celestial rays. But sadly would that joy be checked could I not believe that wheresoever there have been hearts ready to receive the light of these same high truths, there the light has shone,—on the templed hills of Greece, over the flowery homes of Japan, in the sacred groves of India, in the dateless sepulchers of Egypt, amid the rose gardens of Persia, within the massive walls of Babylon, upon the lone cottage of the Teuton, and over the prairies of primeval America,—yea, even here, where the red Indian "touched God's right hand in the darkness and was lifted up and strengthened." Friends, the happy student of religion is not he who pores over the pages of the Bible, seeking therein the one only light which lighteth the world, but he who catches that light streaming from a thousand books, and knows that every discovery which yields up to us a new literature is lifting a blind which has heretofore hidden from our sight pages which have for long ages shed sunshine upon devout and earnest hearts. Ah, 'tis the Liberal, 'tis the man who believes in universal, not special revelation, who can have sunshine in heart as he thinks of the countless races of men.

DUTY.

But there are yet other ways in which we are bound to think of these races of men. Not only must we ask has the light of celestial truths been shed upon them from the words of illumined leaders, but also must

we ask,—Have they, the people, lived up to these truths? Have they done, do they now do justice, man to man? I said, a moment ago, that the shadow of hell necessarily casts a gloom over the heart of the strict Calvinist. I believe it. But I also believe that the strictly righteous lives which the best of the Calvinists sought, and yet seek to live, goes far to counteract that gloom. Our strictly pious ancestors were wont to "have joy at eventide because they had spent the day well." Christian love was in their hearts for wife and bairn. Christian mercy was there for the sorrowful and needy, Christian purity was there amid the social hour, Christian justice was there, filling the measure full to running over. Vain is it for either Liberal or Orthodox to imagine he can attain a religion of sunshine if he live not, as they sought to live, a righteous life. Think of the men and women about us one must,—think of the way we have hated them, think of what has come to them because of us,—and unless in the hour of recollection they rise up happier for what we have said and done, then, cheerful we cannot be.

Therefore a church which is to increase the sunshine of religion must be a church which makes mightily for righteousness. The Japanese are said to be a sunny people, and they have a religion which does make for righteousness. Buddhism supplemented by Confucianism, which constitutes the practical part of their religion, would, if lived up to, go a great way toward making any man happy in so far as his happiness springs from relation to his fellow men. And Christianity, as epitomized in the Sermon on the Mount, or the twelfth chapter of Romans, would do for the American people more than Buddhism and Confucianism have done for the Japanese, if only our daily walk and conversation were molded into harmony with its glorious ideals. If our love were without dissimulation; if we were given to hospitality; if we overcame evil with good; if we rejoiced with those who rejoice, wept with those who weep; if we lived peaceably with all men, thought no more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; if we were fervent in spirit, patient in tribulation, instant in prayer; if we were affectionate to one another, in honor preferred one another, and were not wise in our own conceit; if we avenged not ourselves, blessed them that persecuted us, blessed and cursed not; and if we overcame evil with good, feeding the enemy who hungered, giving drink to him who thirsted,—then indeed, by this glorious renewing of our minds, would we learn what is the good and perfect and acceptable will of God, and sunshine—rich, golden, abounding sunshine—would fill our hearts to overflowing, and every day our lives would be a song of praise, beloved of men, and dear to the heart of the Eternal.

Now, friends, we of the Liberal ranks are accounted a cheery folk, or we wish so to be accounted. If our wish is to be in any large measure realized we must be a people who, in our daily walk and conversation, conspicuously live up to the highest ideas of the Christian parent, child, friend, neighbor, citizen, workman.

In this world there are vast wrongs. Think of these wrongs, men must; see them they must; and only in so far as a man is conscious that he has sought to avoid and undo them will he be cheery.

The condition of happiness, remember, is love; such love as cherishes, protects, forgives and helps the beloved of one's own family; and only in so far as we exercise that love in the whole circle of our human relations can we attain happiness, or add sunshine to the world. Not by theology only, but by sociology also is brightness to be gained for religion.

BEAUTY.

Another great cause of sunshine in religion is beauty. Our Puritan forefathers, in their extreme earnestness for right theology and right conduct, foolishly scorned and anathematized beauty. In their vindication I will say, as Thackeray says in effect, that if there were no other way to knock the nonsense and wickedness out of an established church except by knocking the nose off its cathedral saint, then off the nose should go. Men, no matter in what direction they get headed, need constantly to be restored to sanity by iconoclastic blows; and I am not here so much to blame the actions of our religious forefathers, as to regret the necessities which turned them so far from the pathway of beauty. But whatever the occasion which justified them in depriving themselves of the æsthetic source of sunshine in religion, no such occasion exists for us, and the sooner we lift beauty once more to its co-ordinate place with truth and goodness, the better for the world. The house of God, beautiful in every curve and line, we ought once more to have. And service gladdened by every exalting strain that music can let fall, we ought also to have. Ours, too, ought to be every scripture wherein the things of the soul have been voiced in phrases of undying eloquence. And ours the sermon which not only declares truth and right but also reveals delicacy and proportion and grace,—those elements of form and color whereby space is rendered attractive. The harsh earnestness of the fanatic preacher is powerless to the extent that it is beautyless. It makes no appeal to one of the best seeds of human nature. It ignores the approach to men's hearts which Jesus made use of when he bade men "behold the lilies of the field," or the Psalmists when they imbedded their thoughts in the untarnishable gold of beautiful metaphor. Let us, therefore, if we would give the services of our churches their utmost

power, seek once more to clothe them in beauty.

But the beauty we make use of must be genuine and pertinent, suited to our age and expressive of our highest æsthetics. The old discrimination between sacred and secular beauty is as uncalled for and as injurious as was the old discrimination between sacred and secular scriptures or sacred and secular men. "All is of God," exclaims the poet, and the Liberal, believing this declaration in its full bearing, holds that every beautiful thing which can inspire gentleness or deepen trust is sacred and should become part of that religion which seeks sunshine wherever it may be found. Therefore the altar candle and flower, the prescribed vestment, the regulated genuflection, the canonical phrases—right enough and helpful enough though they may be for some people—are a pitifully small quota of the beauty whereby sunshine is to be infused into religion, and a pitifully stilted part to bear the distinction, sacred. Not to making much of such beauty is the church of the future especially called, but to opening men's eyes to the beauty of land and sea, to sending them forth to walk at eventide in their gardens that the witchery of the sunset may possess their hearts, to training them to revel in the form of a tree-top outlined against a dark-blue sky, to fashioning their ears to catch the subtle charms when birds of spring "waken melody," to persuading them that ever present fields of golden grain are more delightful than the golden streets of New Jerusalem, and the flash of our majestic rivers a more eloquent symbol of the splendor of God than walls of chrysolite and gates of pearl.

Yes, friends, "there's beauty all around us," and I know no more certain way by which religion can be filled with sunshine than by persuading men that through and in this beauty God is evermore speaking to the hearts of his children and revealing the ineffable glory of his being. To lead men to find God in the rose; to make them heedful of its call to faith and holiness, is the peculiar opportunity of the Liberal churches and insures them a marvelous future. Oh, that they be, leader and follower, duly consecrated to this glad labor of cheer and delight.

KNOWLEDGE.

In the field of knowledge also the Liberal church has a great opportunity for adding joyousness to religion. On the whole, taken the world over, the church is friendly to knowledge, but its friendship is too often conditional. It has a way of saying thus far and no farther. It has a still worse way of assuming that its own traditional and sanctified theories are the best obtainable. Because of this unsupportable assumption the churches, the world over, are shutting the sunshine out of religion. In so far as they show

extraordinary zeal in supporting schools, are eager to have children educated, and recognize that morality and religion prosper in proportion as knowledge flourishes, they do indeed let in the sunshine. But that fatal theory of revelation and that still more fatal bondage to creedal statements to which they are committed—these accidents not essence of their religion—lead them to look upon truth too much as if it were something given and done in times past, not as it is, something to be forever advancing and never done. This larger and more joyous view the Liberal churches hold with greatest clearness. To their thinking revelation is going on now more than it has ever gone on. They believe that the same forces—observation, reflection, inference, the natural processes of the mind which produced the sublime pages of the prophets and the tender verses of the evangelists—are at work now producing and yet to produce pages of inspiration and love which, while differing in form, will subserve the same high ends that the great words of the great past have subserved.

Liberals may, indeed, tremble at the new discovery or the new interpretation which strikes at the foundation of some cherished belief; they may be, nay, have been and will be, impatient and unfair in dealing with this peace-disturbing innovation; for that is human; but driven onward by their fundamental conviction that no statement of truth can be final, no honest doubt wicked, no established fact dangerous, they ever have been and ever must be friendly even toward him who digs down to the very roots of their faith and probes to its very heart to see whether or not it be rotten.

And this, friends, must be the attitude of the church or the man who would enjoy a sunny religion. Fear is gloom; it is cloud and darkness, and there is to-day no more pathetic sight in the religious world than to see preachers and deacons, together with parents and teachers, advising the faithful not to read the new thought of the new world, admonishing them not to endanger their faith by bringing it to the touchstone of the great discoveries and theories of modern times. This action cannot put sunshine, has not put it, into the religion of the churches so acting. It has taken sunshine out of their religion, set a specter of fear over it, and transformed it into a cloud, darkening the horizon of thought.

But such a course is altogether needless. The new knowledge of the new day does not take away but adds to the food upon which religion feeds. Never was there stronger and more earnest faith than many of the world's foremost scholars enjoy to-day. Tennyson, for one, feared not over modern science and philosophy, searched deeply into it, greatly mas-

tered it, and yet in the full maturity of his years and powers, and after all his long-searching, could write:

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye heavens, of your boundless nights,
Rush of suns and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?
"Spirit nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state.
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, his shadow, nor the silent opener of the gate."

When ten thousand thousand sermons, filed with fear of science, and casting the shadow of their fear into the timid minds of their hearers, shall have gone down to dust, these verses of a poet who gave ready welcome to every enlargement of thought will lend a ray of sunshine to the religion of coming years. They proclaim a faith not to be daunted by roll of systems, clash of fiery meteorites; they declare that after our human state we may trust to find another day beyond the boundless nights of heaven; that, as to the prophets of old their little world appeared but the garment of God, so to this, our later prophet, the myriads worlds he knew were but the shadow of Him who alone is great, of Him whose hidden purpose none should fear. Is there not sunshine in his thought? Is it not certain that only they can re-enforce the sunshine of religion who, casting off all fear, all trammels, all prejudices, master the utmost which science reveals, and still "fear not the hidden purpose," "nor the silent opener of the gate"?

A FORECAST.

It is hazardous to prophesy, friends, yet despite the hazard I cannot keep back the assurance with which my heart is filled. I foresee a bright day for religion, a sunny day. I foresee it spread and deepen. I foresee thronged churches, mighty preachers, loyal disciples. I foresee the old reproaches done away, the old stagnation overcome. From the eager tongue to the eager heart, I know that stirring words will leap and joy be made to abound.

When the nations believe that "all is of God," when truth is their authority, and science their revelation, when beauty is felt to be holy, and care for the rights of others esteemed the highest worship, when the religions of every age and nation which have guided the conscience and reason of men are respected, and for all men, in all ages of being, eternal progress is proclaimed, then will that joy abound, then the stirring word be spoken, then with consistency will every man be able to say "My religion is sunshine." But not until then. Be it ours to speed the coming of that day

A Pitiable Sight

It is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

World's Fair Notes

Going the rounds of the State buildings one finds a great deal that lends decided interest to the Fair. Some are very modest and offer little more than their hospitality. But that goes far to insure the general enjoyment. And the amount of information concerning the productive resources and general advantages of the State you chance to pay your respects to, which one may carry away if he will, is so considerable that he feels anew how wondrously beautiful Nature is in supplying these States and Territories with natural wealth, opportunities of enjoyment and comfort that are seemingly inexhaustible. That a people thrice blessed in this way should get panicky and go starving is passing strange. There must be some trick at the bottom of it all which somebody knows well how to play, by which the common intelligence is juggled with and made to believe some strange and horrible doctrine of "finance" or "trade"—a sort of "now you see it, and now you don't"—ending every twenty years. It is said, in "loss of confidence" and ruin.

But what a commentary on all this the States present as in their unique homes at the Fair they greet you and display their illimitable resources and confidence. And how interesting is the history lying back of them in the years, few or many. Some boasting, too, but with a pleasant flavor to it. "Texas, sir, is the paragon of States. Big enough to put within its limits the whole German Empire and the State of Vermont thrown in. For climate, this world nowhere else can rival it. You have a foretaste of what you may find in some future heavenly sphere, if you chance to wander in that direction."

A very cordial welcome in Louisiana's home, with invitations to come that way and "make us a visit, if nothing more."

The latch-string of old Kentucky is always out.

Ohio, with her "jewels"—and certainly they are men of exceptional note, though it is to be observed that they are all statesmen or soldiers; her philosophers, scientists, poets, men of letters not appearing. It will mark the period of a higher evolution when her "jewels" are made up, in good part, at least, of men and women charged with other functions than those which save a State from the armed foe or govern it. The fine fibers of a people's life are woven into a truer glory by other hands.

Pennsylvania, with her "Liberty bell," ever guarded by a stalwart, cherry-blossom, polite policeman at the entrance, has a building and accommodations that do the successors of Penn and Franklin, whose statues are conspicuous over the door, great credit. And within is ample room for rest and luncheon, and a reading-room with all the leading dailies of the country at your

convenience. The Pennsylvanians are a proud race and evidently enjoy the impression they make with their building at the Fair.

To Wisconsin and Indiana belongs the honor of having led in the hospitality of providing space for the hungry to empty their lunch boxes with comfort and cheer. Gov. Peck may not be much of a character, politically speaking (or he may; I don't know), but when he walked into the building and tore down the placards, "No lunches here," he showed that he comprehended the true significance of these stable institutions. They are not (primarily) shows, but abodes of welcome and comfort. By this act of vandalism on his part the Wisconsin building, closely followed by Indiana, obtained at once exceptional popularity. A good idea travels as fast as anything else does, and soon the fashion of having a good time in State buildings became universal.

To go upstairs and peek into the "exact reproduction" of an old-time Connecticut bed-chamber, with its "quilt a hundred years old," in the Connecticut building, was to me very like going back to boyhood days—so precisely like the old originals were curtain, bureau, washstand, bowl and pitcher, feather bed and all. But a feather bed now! One would as lief settle down into a bed of hot ashes. However, what that feather bed did not mean in other days, when the winters lasted six months and Jack Frost was greedy and eager for youthful toes, no one can briefly tell.

California, who celebrates to-day, is perhaps the most ambitious in her displays. Two or three county fairs are packed in her inclosure. With her "Civilization has gone steadily on since '49," I was told; "till now she is up with the most advanced, and is to lead in the near future." The "near future" was Kearney's pet phrase when he led his onslaught against the Chinese. "They must go," he cried. And the whole country has at last (by its laws) adopted his motto. What greater proof could the Golden State now offer of its lead in civilization than by turning square in its tracks and escaping as soon as possible from this false trail after these "heathen Chinese"? If the State is so big and so rich in all resources, can't it do a little missionary work of the true American sort, and learn to let live as well as live itself?

The thought in mind when I began these notes was simply the common one every mind entertains—how vast, how great, how rich these United States be! If only they knew how wisely and honorably to distribute things—what added glory would be theirs.

S. H. M.

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- MON.—Conduct is not all of life, although it is all-important.
- TUES.—Nature presents always a harmony which gives the rule to taste.
- WED.—Boys are nature's detectives of unreality.
- THURS.—Fortunate he who is permitted to see the fruit of his labors.
- FRI.—Independence through the worth of his work dignifies a man.
- SAT.—The aristocracy of merit is a nobility which needs no patent.

—Geo. L. Chaney.

LITTLE AT A TIME.

- Little by little the raindrops fall
Over the thirsting fields;
- Little by little the corn grows tall—
Great is the crop it yields.
- Little by little the waters flow.
Turning the mighty mill;
- Little by little the moments go,—
Never a one stands still.
- Little by little our duties throng,
Each in its given place;
- Little by little we press along,
Until we have won the race.
- Little by little we sum the whole
Of knowledge, wealth, or fame;
- Little by little we near the goal
On which we have set our aim.

—Exchange.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I don't care! you can go home as soon as you like—so there."
Slam went the door.
I confess I was surprised and grieved to hear the angry voice of the Princess. "Poor child!" I thought, "how unhappy she must be!" If she had not been a princess, you know, it would not have been so hard. Princesses suffer dreadfully when they are angry.
While I was thinking I wrote a little note and pinned it on my study door. Here it is:
"Lost—An article of great value to the owner, at about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of January 25, 1892. The finder will receive a liberal reward on returning the same to
"THE LITTLE PRINCESS."
Pretty soon she came in with a bright pink spot on each cheek. She was going to tell me all about it, when the notice caught her eye. She read it through, then glanced at the clock and looked puzzled.
"I know you want me to advertise it, dear," I observed, as if it was all quite a matter of course.
"What do you mean, please?"

"Why, of course, you are hunting for it now."

"Hunting for what?"
"Princess," said I, glad to notice that her eyes were brighter, and her cheeks of quieter color than they were when she came in, "oblige me by looking up a word in the dictionary: 'T-E—have you found it so far? —M-F-E-R. What is the definition, please?"

"'Calmness or soundness of mind,'" read the Princess, slowly.

"Now, if you please; read this verse: Prov. xvi. 32."

That she read to herself.

"Once more, dear: Ps. xiv. 13, the first half of the verse. You see, your highness, it is a pretty serious thing for The King's Daughter to lose her temper, so I thought you'd like to have me help you find it."

The brown curls drooped upon my coat sleeve for a moment, and I am not sure that her eyelashes were not wet when they were lifted again.

The Princess bestowed a dainty little kiss upon me, and, pausing only to say, with a dimpling smile through her tears, "That's your liberal reward, sir!" hurried from the room. A moment afterward I heard the outer door close once more, softly this time.

Fully ten minutes later it opened again, but it let in the sound of light footsteps and happy young voices chatting and laughing gayly.

I took down my notice and threw it into the fire. —*The Silver Cross.*

A SENTENCE FOR MOTHERS TO READ.

When I see women stay indoors the entire forenoon because their morning dresses trail the ground, and indoors all afternoon because there comes up a shower, and the walking dress would soak and drabble; or when I see the "working woman" standing at the counter or at the teacher's desk from day to day, in the drenched boots and damp stockings, which her muddy skirts, flapping from side to side, have compelled her to endure; when I see her, a few weeks thereafter, going to Dr. Clark for treatment as a consequence; when I find, after the most patient experiment, that in spite of stout rubbers, waterproof gaiters, and dress skirt three or four inches from the ground, an "out-of-door" girl is compelled to a general change of clothing each individual time that she returns from her daily walks in the summer rain; when I see a woman climbing upstairs with her baby in one arm and its bowl of bread and milk in the other, and see her tripping on her dress at every step (if, indeed, baby, bowl, bread, milk, and mother do not go down in universal chaos, it is only from the efforts of long skill and experience on the part of the mother in performing that acrobatic feat); when physicians tell me what fearful jars and strains these sudden

jerks of the body from stumbling on the dress imposes upon a woman's intricate organism, how much less injurious to her a direct fall would be than the start and rebound of nerve and muscle, and how the strongest man would suffer from such accidents; when they further assure me of the amount of calculable injury wrought upon our sex by the weight of skirting brought upon the hips, and by thus making the seat of all the vital energies the pivot of motion and the center of endurance; when I see women's skirts, the shortest of them, lying (when they sit down) inches deep along the foul floors, which man, in delicate appreciation of our concessions to his fancy in such respects, has inundated with tobacco juice, and from which she sweeps up and carries to her home the germs of stealthy pestilences; when I see a ruddy, romping school girl in her first long dress, beginning to avoid coasting on her double-runner, or afraid of the stone walls in the blueberry fields, or standing aloof from the game of ball, or turning sadly away from the ladder which her brother is climbing to the cherry tree, or begging him to assist her over the gunwale of a boat; when I read of the sinking of steamers at sea, with nearly all the women and children on board, and the accompanying comments, "Every effort was made to assist the women up the masts and out of danger till help arrived, but they could not climb, and we were forced to leave them to their fate;" or when I hear the wail with which a million lips take up the light words of the loafer on the Portland wharf when the survivors of the Atlantic fled past him, "Not a woman among them all! My God,"—when I consider these things, I feel that I have ceased to deal with blunders in dress, and have entered the category of crimes.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in *Arena*.

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LESSON II.

THE HOME ENVIRONMENT OF JESUS.

Is not this the carpenter's son?

Matt. xiii, 55.

I must be about my father's business.

Lk. ii, 49.

"In light things

Evolve thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,

Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks

Whence came great Nature's captains."
Arthur Hugh Clough.

Picture—"In Nazareth," by Heinrich Hofmann (1824-).

Who were the parents of Jesus?—Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth, and Mary, his wife.

In the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke we have traditions which relate a miraculous birth of Jesus. That Mary was his mother all accounts agree, but the legends referred to declare that he had no human father, but was begotten by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. These accounts must be rejected, however, for reasons which may be briefly stated.

(a) Inherent improbability. A miracle has been defined as something which no one would believe if it were not in the Bible. When similar stories are told of other great heroes and religious leaders,—of the Buddha, for instance,—we never think of believing them, simply because they are so improbable. Why, then, should we believe such a story when told of our religious leader? Is there evidence enough in favor of the account to overcome its inherent improbability?

(b) There is no clear intimation of the miraculous birth anywhere else in the New Testament. Jesus is called the son of Joseph, and Mary says, "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

(c) The genealogies given in Matthew and Luke contradict the accounts of the virginal birth, for they prove the Davidic lineage of Jesus by tracing descent through Joseph. But if Joseph was not the father of Jesus how could his descent from David prove that Jesus was son of David?

(d) It is possible to see how the story arose in the case of Jesus.

(1) There was a growing tendency among those who believed him the Messiah to lift him out of the ranks of humanity, to ascribe to him pre-existence and supernatural origin. Hence, there was a natural disposition to think that his coming into the earthly life must have differed from that of other men. The same laws of legend-making governed the traditions about Jesus that were operative in the case of Buddha.

(2) This tendency was aided also by the misinterpretation of a passage in Isaiah (vii. 14, quoted in Matt. i. 23) concerning which Prof. Toy says: "The rendering 'virgin' is inadmissible." [The Septuagint mistranslated the He-

brew word.] One passage occurs in the section Isa. vii. 1; ix. 7, which belongs to the period of the Syro-Israelitish invasion (about B. C. 734). During the war, when the royal house of David was trembling with apprehension, Isaiah goes to King Ahaz, announces that the hostile combination [between Pekah of Israel and Rezin of Syria] will fail, and exhorts the King to ask a sign from Yahwe. This Ahaz refuses to do, and the prophet then declares that Yahwe will nevertheless give him a sign: "The young woman shall bear a son; and before the child shall reach years of discretion the land of the hostile kings shall be deserted." Clearly that could be no sign to Ahaz in 734 which did not come to pass till B. C. 4. This passage in Isaiah doubtless commended the story of the virginal birth to Jewish Christians (although there were some of them who never accepted it), but the Jewish ideals of God and of womanhood seem to make it impossible that such a belief should have sprung up out of Jewish soil. We must seek its origin elsewhere.

(3) The idea probably grew up among the Gentile Christians. Jesus called himself Son of God in exactly the same sense that he taught his disciples to pray "Our Father." The Greeks, too, had their heroes who were sons of God, children, that is, of a god and a mortal, demi-gods. Thus it was easy when they heard of the exalted, mysteriously supernatural Christ, who was called Son of God, to think of him as like one of their own heroes. In some such way as this, probably, the story of the virginal birth arose.

It is clear, therefore, that we have no reason for accepting this story of the miraculous birth of Jesus. The whole account must be rejected. There is no reason to doubt that Jesus was the first, and lawful, son of Joseph and Mary.

What do we know about his home life? His folks and mother were poor working people. He had four brothers whose names are given as James, Joseph, Judas and Simon, and at least two sisters.

The picture shows us the sort of house in which Jesus may have lived. Limestone was abundant, and the houses when built of stone were white or grayish, as portrayed in the picture. We see no windows, only the opening of the door. Doves were often found about Jewish houses. The hen with her chickens, together with the shape of the cross into which the square and rule that Jesus is carrying have accidentally fallen, suggests his lament over Jerusalem (Mt. xxiii. 37). Joseph and Mary are both at work. Joseph was a carpenter, and if the accounts in the Apocrypha have any basis of fact, he was not a skillful workman. In the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy (ch. xxxviii.) it is written:

Now Joseph went about through all the city and took with him the Lord Jesus, since men sent for him on account of his craft, to make for them doors and milk-pails and couches and boxes. And the Lord Jesus was with him wherever he went. Therefore so often as Joseph had to make any of his work a cubit or a span larger or shorter, wider or narrower, the Lord Jesus used to stretch out his hand toward it, and when this was done it became such as Joseph wished, and there was no need for him to do anything with his own hand, for Joseph was not very skillful as a carpenter.

In the apocryphal gospel, Mary is represented as very skillful in wood-work, and this tradition Hofmann has

followed in the picture (*cf.*, *e. g.*, gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, chap. vi.). All the family are at work.

With the exception of James, who became prominent in the church at Jerusalem, although sharing none of his brother's genius, we know nothing of the other children besides Jesus. The sisters have been given various names by different writers. Among the names found are Anna, Esther, Lydia, Mary, Salome, Thamar.

In what sort of town did Jesus live?

—Nazareth was a town of bad reputation and character, but the neighborhood was rich in historical and poetic associations.

If we could look over the wall seen in the background of the picture, near which trees, shrubbery, and a single flower are growing, we should have a view of the village of Nazareth. The town was on the side of a hill (*cf.* Luke iv. 29), not far from the caravan road, between Egypt and Syria. Although it had a bad reputation (John i. 46), which the treatment accorded Jesus by his townsmen seems to justify (Luke iv. 28), it was in a region which, next to the country about Jerusalem, was the richest part of Palestine in history and poetry. Near by was the plain of Jezreel, where the battle bow of Israel was often bent and sometimes broken. Through the plain flowed the ancient river, the river Kishon which swept away the hosts of Sisera (Judges v.); not far off was Carmel, where Elijah had put to shame the priests of Baal. The boy Jesus walked over historic ground. But his immediate surroundings were commonplace; he made no disciples in Nazareth, and even the members of his own family did not believe in him. So he was thrown back upon himself and upon God.

In teaching this lesson constant reference should be made to Gannett's admirable "Childhood of Jesus." It is well to lay stress upon the fact that there came out of Palestine despised by the Romans, out of Galilee despised by Judæans, out of Nazareth despised by Galileans, a young man who, with everything against him, and in spite of the tyranny of environment has become the great religious leader of the world. Besides the environment of Nazareth he was sensitive to the environment of God.

To Restore

hair which
has become thin,
and keep the scalp
clean and healthy, use

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

It prevents the hair
from falling out
or turning gray.
The best

Dressing

The Study Table

NEW BOOKS.

SEEING AND BEING, and Other Sermons. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 122. \$1.—These sixteen sermons, through the generosity of the congregation to whom they were first preached, have already had wide circulation in pamphlet form through the Post-office Mission; and they are now deservedly gathered and bound in a double sheaf, forming the "seventeenth and eighteenth series" of Mr. Chadwick's published discourses. They begin with "Great Hopes for Great Souls" and end with the sermon whose title fitly names the volume. The variety of the subjects is indicated by the following: The Constructive Achievements of the Higher Criticism. Orthodoxy, What Is It? The Fullness of Time. The Unbridled Tongue. Immortality. A Mere Man. There is a discourse commemorative of the late Samuel Longfellow, the first minister of the church over which Mr. Chadwick has now been settled for more than a quarter century,—a very interesting and just tribute to that member of an elect group of souls who fired the hearts and winged the thought of the younger ministers of their time. The sermons all show the qualities which have marked the author's previous volumes,—a free and reverent spirit, wide range of reading, vigorous thought, apt quotations and ready reference in illustration, and a style free and fluent, with no sacrifice of force and dignity. One does not ordinarily take a volume of sermons on a summer holiday; but these discourses chimed with the music of cleft waters as we sailed on a July Sunday down Lake Michigan, and were as tonic and wholesome spiritually as the pine woods and air of North Michigan were physically. We observed, moreover, that when we left the book in our deck chair for a promenade, it seemed never to lack a reader. F. L. H.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE. By Helen H. Gardener. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 12 mo., pp., 270. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.—Though containing several essays of only ordinary worth, this book must nevertheless be pronounced one of real importance and of exceedingly great interest, on account of the papers on "The Moral Responsibility of Woman in Heredity" and "Heredity in Its Relation to a Double Standard of Morals," both read before the Woman's Congress last May. Even those who were not fortunate enough to hear the eloquent author read them must feel the intensity of the tragic note with which Mrs. Gardener describes the awful consequences of "sex mania" and its hereditary transmission. Whether approving or not of Mrs. Gardener's novels as vehicles for her message to society, we cannot deny that it is a needed

message, and no objection can be made to its treatment in this form. Indeed I wish that these two essays might be read by every married man and woman. Perhaps if the fathers and mothers should read them, there would be no need of putting them into the hands of young men and women—except those in danger either of falling into dissolute habits or of marrying unworthy persons. Indeed, there would, we hope, be less of that most painful sacrifice of purity to impurity in society, by which young men who have sown their wild oats are allowed to marry pure young women.

But no review can give an adequate idea of the originality, courage and power which are shown in the two essays named above. There is a vital horror in the theme, yet it is better to think on these themes before sad experience brings them to our knowledge—often too late. F. G. B.

SILHOUETTES FROM LIFE. By Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth.—We have here a dozen sketches of life in the backwoods of Michigan and on the prairies of Nebraska. The author of "John Auburntop, Novelist," and "Old Abraham Jackson" has evidently turned to his portfolio for these: they seem to us much like remnants. There are touches of humor here and there, and a few attempts at pathos. The dialect may be characteristic of parts of the West, but it suggests simply the every-day town talk as one hears it, mingled with slang, from Maine to California. And the point of the sketch does not as a rule redeem the weakness of the dialect. "The 'Swamp Angel's' Yarn" and "How the Horse-Thief Escaped" are the best things in the book. H. B. L.

NUMBER II. of the "The Book of the Fair," published by the Bancroft Co., Chicago and San Francisco, is before us. A beautiful folio of forty pages, profusely illustrated, with most admirably executed pictures taken from the most characteristic scenes, architectural and otherwise, that delight the eyes of the visitor. This number contains in part or in whole the chapters on the site, the plan, and the artificers of the World's Fair, and on the personnel of the management. We have already spoken of number one and continue to commend the venture to all those who desire to preserve as much as possible of this great vision of beauty which is soon to pass away and "leave not a wrack behind." The office of publication is in the Auditorium Building, Chicago.

THE MAGAZINES.

IN THE NON-SECTARIAN for September, Rev. W. D. Simonds' opening article on the "Origin of Religious Liberty in America," although short, is meaty, showing, by a review of the situation and quotations from the words of the great men of

that day, the intimate relation between civil and religious liberty. Dr. Hiram W. Thomas' article on "The Independent Churches" approaches the same subject from a different direction, pointing out that our political freedom naturally leads to the free church, and advocating the union of the several broad-fellowship religious papers into one strong periodical which could adequately represent the free church movement,—a suggestion which has been warmly received by the *Non-Sectarian*, *Universalist Monthly*, *UNITY*, and other liberal publications. Mr. W. L. Sheldon has a comparison between Socrates, Thomas a Kempis and Saint Francis of Assisi. His conclusion in favor of Saint Francis, as compared with Socrates, is the more noteworthy as coming not from a Christian but from an ethical culturist. The selected paper is Rev. J. H. Ecob's sermon on "The Preaching for To-day," from the *Christian Union*. "The Bible is here," says he, "to point us to the living God in Christ. When the guide-board has pointed out your road its work is done. You are not expected to take it on your shoulder and carry it home and set it up in a shrine." The leading editorial is a manly explanation of the editor's use of the word Christian, in reply to a criticism in the *Jewish Voice*.

THERE comes to our table a quarterly magazine for beginners entitled *The Start*, "a young people's magazine of art, science and literature." It is conducted by Sidney Henry Morse, is published quarterly, in October, January, April and July, is illustrated, and costs 50 cents a year. *The Start* is for those who desire to improve their spare moments in gaining a knowledge of and practice in modeling, drawing, painting, carving, designing, and composition. Other general features of the magazine are indicated by the contents for October: 1. Dudley Lambert, the Sculptor Boy; 2. The Art of the White City; 3. Sculpture and Architecture; 4. East and West; 5. Chips of My Studio; 6. Contributors' Basket—What Electricity Will Do, R. L. J.; Homing Pigeons, W. T. Innes; Iron Moulding and Finishing, G. W. What Shall a Boy who Has Nothing to Do, Do? W. B. G.; A Girl's Idea, G. H.; The First Engine that Went Out of Chicago, H. F.; 7. Sara Tooms, 74, and Lost at the Fair; 8. Drawing and Modeling, first lessons, explained, illustrated; 9. One Thing or Another; 10. Books, New and Old; 11. Retouched Sketches. Professor William P. Wilson, of the University of Pennsylvania, will contribute a series of articles on "Habits of Plants." It has been said of him that "he makes one think plants are almost human." The story of Dudley Lambert gives the experience of a boy who has engineered his own way to success, and is now (represented by several boys and girls) "doing the Fair." He will make his report in the January number. The Contributors' Basket is re-

spectfully dedicated to young subscribers, and is to the extent of its capacity for their special use. Retouched Sketches will show first attempts in drawing faces sent for the editor's opinion, which he will give by additional touches. This department will be amusing and instructive. Every boy and girl in America is invited to read this young people's magazine, and take some part in conducting it.

IN THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for September the most valuable feature is the discussion of the silver question in its relation to the monetary situation. Besides the thoughtful editorial, there are papers on the subject by Professors Bemis, Von Holtz and Laughlin, of Chicago University.

THE OUTLOOK has been doing admirable service of late by its temperate and instructive discussion of the money question. It is encouraging to see that Eastern writers are being aroused to the justice of many of the contentions of the silver men. By doing full justice to their good points they will the better be able to combat the errors of the silverites.

THE ALTRUISTIC REVIEW, of which we have only seen the second (August) number, is a new venture in the periodical field, which has hardly yet made clear its style and purpose. Hazlitt Alva Cuppy is the editor. The magazine has a good name, and if it lives up to it, cannot but win the approbation of the reading public.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

NOT ANGELS QUITE. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 327.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS. By Charles Sumner. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 132. 75 cents.

THE NEW HUMANITY: Or Essay on the Problem of Life. By a Deist. St. Paul, Minn.

THE BIBLE AND ITS NEW USES. By Joseph Crooker. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 286. \$1.

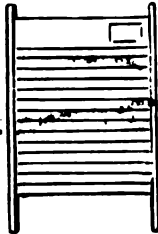
INFORMATION FOR NURSES IN HOME AND HOSPITAL. By Martin W. Curran. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 383.

The Jenness-Miller Monthly is a magazine devoted to artistic dress, and is a standard in this department. . . The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, but if subscribed for in connection with UNITY we will send this magazine and UNITY for one year (whether the UNITY subscription be a new one or a renewal) for \$1.65. Address the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.



believe, all at once, that there was anything better. Just so with every improvement. The old way always has some benighted ones who cling to it to the last.

Too Fast in ruining clothes, un-making them—that's the trouble with the washboard. But it's going now and going fast, to join the spinning-wheel. Women find it doesn't pay to rub their clothes to pieces over it. They can wash better with Pearlina. Less work, less wear, no ruinous rub, rub, rub.



That's the modern way of washing—safe, easy, quick, cheap. No wonder that many women have thrown away the washboard. Beware of imitations. 378 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

Those who desire a convenient and quiet resting place while visiting the Fair, may perfect arrangements in advance at prices suited to the times, by addressing
L. A. WHITE, No. 6427 Sheridan avenue.

His pleasant home, which he opens to visitors, is located in a delightful residence neighborhood at easy walking distance from the grounds. It is also convenient to the stations of three lines of public conveyance to the heart of the city. Circulars and information will be sent to parties desiring.

MRS. M. H. PEEKINS, private residence, 3929 Indiana avenue. Twin 7 minutes' ride by Elevated Road to Fair Grounds. House new and with superior plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes convenient and reasonable in price. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Special rates for periods of two weeks or more.

MRS. J. A. MCKINNEY, 4209 Ellis avenue, will be glad to entertain World's Fair visitors. House stone; rooms large and airy; 3 blocks from Illinois Central; five minutes' ride to grounds; fare, five cents. Terms, \$1.50 each per day for August.

UNITY BUILDING, 286 Woodlawn Terrace. Four minutes' walk from entrance to the Fair. Unfurnished headquarters. Rooms at moderate prices. Send for circular to Mrs. R. H. Kelly, 1618 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

MISS L. M. DUNNING, private residence, 411 Bowen avenue. House new, airy, well furnished, superior plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes between house and cars. Rooms accommodating two and three persons.

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Have you seen Fiske's sketches from Nature? They are delicately hand-made in India ink comprising picturesque views in the White and Green Mountains, by the Seashore, and among the Lakes of N. E. They make suitable souvenir and Christmas cards and copies for amateur artists. Send for Price List to
H. S. FISKE, 48 West St., Rutland, Vermont.

Too Slow in making clothes, this was. It had to go. And yet people thought it a pretty good thing in its day. Some of them couldn't

Morse's Illustrated Lectures
in Clay and Charcoal.

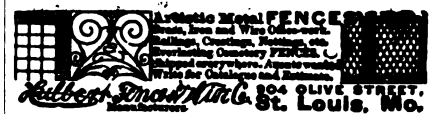
The Sculptor's Art. Revisiting the White City. Memories of Ralph Waldo Emerson. How One Woman Solved the Labor Problem. The Story of Mrs. Coghren's "New Plan"—and other topics.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:
Mr. Morse kept his audience intensely interested.—Chicago Herald.
The whole evening was a delightful one.—Sioux City Gazette.
Breezy blackboard illustrations, swift pictures in clay, impressed, amused and fascinated his audience.—Menomonic News.

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UNIVERSALIST CONGRESS.

Program, September 15 and 16, 1893.

I.—UNIVERSALISM DEFINED.—Under this general head appear the following topics and speakers: "A System of Truths, not a Single Dogma: God's Universal Paternity; Man's Universal Fraternity." Rev. Dr. Stephen Crane, Earlville, Ill. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Punishment Disciplinary; the Atonement; Life a School." President Elmer H. Capen, D. D., Tufts College, Mass. (Time: 30 minutes.) "The Divine Will Omnipotent; the Human Will Forever Free; Man Necessarily Redeemable." Rev. Dr. C. Ellwood Nash, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Universal Holiness and Happiness the Final Result of God's Government." Rev. Dr. John Coleman Adams, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Time: 30 minutes.)

II.—PHILOSOPHY OF UNIVERSALISM.—"Divine Love, Justice, Power, Wisdom: Harmony of these Attributes Reconciling the Apparent Conflict of Justice and Mercy; All God's Attributes Phases of Divine Love, Working Together to Produce Universal Holiness." Rev. Edgar Leavitt, Santa Cruz, Cal. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Intrinsic Worth of Man; Destroyability of Sin; Self-perpetuating Power of Goodness." Rev. Dr. Everett Levi Rexford, Boston, Mass. (Time: 40 minutes.)

III.—UNIVERSALISM THE DOCTRINE OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Rev. Dr. Alonzo Ames Miner, L. D., Boston, Mass. (Time: 50 minutes.)

IV.—UNIVERSALISM THE DOCTRINE OF NATURE.—"Man: Intellect, Aspirations, Affections." Rev. Dr. J. Smith Dodge, Stamford, Conn. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Science Indicates the Unity of Forces; hence, the Unity of Final Cause; Manifested in the Progress of Knowledge; Industrial, Commercial and International Relationship also Indicate the Brotherhood of Man." Rev. Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser, Philadelphia, Pa. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Universal Salvation Implied in the Modern Science of Psychology, showing the Salvability of the Worst Men." Rev. Dr. Edwin C. Bolle, New York City. (Time: 50 minutes.)

V.—UNIVERSALISM HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.—"Universalism the Doctrine of the Christian Church during the First Five Centuries." Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hanson, Chicago. (Time: 50 minutes.) "Causes of Obscuration during the Middle Ages; Lack of Organization; Political Reasons; Heathen Accretions." Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer, College Hill, Mass. (Time: 50 minutes.) "Renaissance of Universalism; its Leavening Influence upon other Sects, and its Modification of Religious Thought." Rev. Dr. Andrew J. Canfield, Chicago. (Time: 50 minutes.)

VI.—UNIVERSALISM, ITS ORGANIZED LIFE.—"Denominational Organization and Polity, including the Position of Woman in the Universalist Church; Sunday School Work and Interests." Hon. Hosea W. Parker, Claremont, N. H. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Education and Literature." Rev. N. White, Ph. D., Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Missionary Work: Foreign." Rev. Dr. George L. Perin, Tokyo, Japan. "Auxiliary Organizations: Woman's Centenary Association." Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby, Augusta, Me. (Time: 15 minutes.) "Young People's Christian Union." Lee E. Joslyn, Bay City, Mich. (Time: 15 minutes.) "Woman's State Missionary Organizations." Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace, Chicago. (Time: 15 minutes.)

VII.—UNIVERSALISM AND MODERN RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS.—"Bible: Inspiration and Revelation." Rev. Dr. George H. Emerson, Boston, Mass. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Higher Criticism." Rev. Massena Goodrich, Pawtucket, R. I. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Christ: Nature of Salvation." Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, New York City. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Problem of Natural Evil and Problem of Sin." Rev. Dr. Charles Fluhrer, Grand Rapids, Mich. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Attitude toward Science." President Isaac M. Atwood, D. D., Canton, N. Y. (Time: 30 minutes.)

VIII.—UNIVERSALISM AND MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—"Peace, War and National Honor." Rev. Dr. Henry Blanchard, Portland, Me. (Time: 30 minutes.) "Crime; Capital Punishment; Temperance." Rev. Olympia Brown Willis, Racine, Wis. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Christian Ethics, and Business and Political Successes." Rev. A. N. Alcott, Elgin, Ill. (Time: 40 minutes.) "Opportunity and Duty of Universalism." Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, Lynn, Mass. (Time: 40 minutes.)

The Coming Religion

By THOMAS VAN NESS.

"CLEAR, CONCISE, FORCIBLE—An admirable presentation of modern thought."—San Francisco Chronicle. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 228. \$1.00. For sale by

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

Under the Auspices of the WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS At Art Institute Building, Hall of Washington. REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

- Saturday, Sept. 16. THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT. 10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York Its Place in the Development of Christianity. *Prof. C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc., Oxford, England The Church of the Spirit—Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I. 2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., Cambridge, Mass. In the Growth of Democracy Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17. There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for. UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS To be held in Hall XXII.

Monday, Sept. 18. 3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute. 8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church. Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

- Tuesday, Sept. 19. THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM. (a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo (b) In Poland..... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England (c) In Hungary..... *Prof. S. Boros, Transylvania (d) In France..... *Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris (e) In Germany..... Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England (f) In Italy..... *Prof. Bracciforti, Milan (g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl von Bergen, Stockholm (h) In England..... *Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England (i) In Holland..... Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Grand Rapids, Mich. (j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass. Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period..... Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis

Evening. UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT. Protab Mozoomdar..... Calcutta, India A Representative Jew..... A Representative Mohammedan.....

- Wednesday, Sept. 20. THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM. (a) The Human Roots of Religion... Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass. (b) God..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn. (c) Jesus..... Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont. Evening. (d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn. (e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse (f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

- Thursday, Sept. 21. UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. (a) Scientific... *Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., Birmingham, England (b) Biblical Criticism..... Prof. C. H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Cambridge, Mass. (c) Social Problems..... *Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., London, England (d) Extra-Biblical Religions..... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio (e) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

Evening. THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM. Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Caroline J. Bartlett, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale.

- Friday, Sept. 22. PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM. 10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association..... Rev. Grindall Reynolds National Conference..... Rev. W. H. Lyon British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Manchester, England— Rev. S. A. Steinhil Transylvania..... Rev. John Fretwell Western Unitarian Conference..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer Unitarian S. S. Society..... Rev. E. A. Horton Unitarian Guilds..... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord, Mass. Unity Clubs..... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston W. U. S. Society..... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago Middle States Conference..... Rev. D. W. Morehouse Pacific Coast Conference..... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco Southern Conference..... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga. In Australia..... Miss C. H. Spence

- 2 P. M.—Women's Meeting: The Contributions to the Theological Emancipation of Women, by— (a) Judaism..... Miss Mary Cohen, Philadelphia (b) Universalism..... Mrs. Jane Patterson Boston *Those marked with an asterisk are not expected in person

(c) Unitarianism..... Miss Marion Murdock, Cleveland
 (d) Free Religion..... Mrs. Edna D. Cheney. Boston
Evening.
 Fellowship Meeting. In charge of.....
 WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN RELIGION.
 Names to be announced Congress Week.
Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Free Religious Association will be held in Hall of Washington in the forenoon and in Hall XXVI. in the afternoon.
 Art Palace, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday, September 30th, 1893.
 WM. J. POTTER, Pres.
 D. G. CRANDON, Sec'y.

THE MORNING SESSION, beginning at 10 o'clock, will be presided over by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the Vice President and founders of the Association, who will make the introductory address. By request of the Directors, the President, William J. Potter, will then give a written address entitled: "The Free Religious Association,—its Twenty-six Years and their Meaning." Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot will follow on "The Scientific Method in the Study of Religion." Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence, R. I., on "The Free Religious Association as the expounder of the Natural History of Religion," and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, on "Religious Progress." Other speakers have been invited and will be announced later.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION will begin at 2:30 o'clock, and will be devoted to the subject, "Unity in Religion." Minot J. Savage, of Boston, will open the subject, followed by Dr. Edward McGlynn of New York, Mangasar Mangasarian of Chicago, Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney of Boston, and others yet to be announced.

THE FESTIVAL, with supper, speeches, music, and social opportunities, will be held in one of the large hotels of Chicago, or at the Union League Club (the place to be definitely announced in the Chicago daily press). Col. T. W. Higginson will preside and welcome the guests, and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, M. J. Savage, Francis E. Abbot, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, William J. Potter, Paul K. Frothingham, Mangasar Mangasarian, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. McGlynn, and others are expected to speak. Reception from 6 to 7 o'clock. Supper at 7 o'clock. Tickets for the supper to be procured at the convention, and of Secretary D. G. Crandon.

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 68th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Aethneum Building, 19 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and LaSalle streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, of Boston, will preach at 11 a. m. In the evening it is expected that one of the foreign delegates to the Parliament of Religions will speak.

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Editorial

*Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.*

*For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be:*

*Till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.*

—Tennyson.

It has been suggested that there should be at the World's Fair a rendezvous for the friends of the Liberal faith, that they might be able to see one another and exchange greetings without making special efforts to that end. Mr. John Fretwell, the well-known English Unitarian, now of Providence, R. I., who brought the

matter to our attention, makes a point of being at the roof-garden of the California building each day between 3 and 4 p. m., and it is hoped that this time and place will be generally adopted.

OUR friend S. J. Barrows is once more at home in the editorial sanctum of the *Christian Register*, and in his first number evinces a determination to speedily make up for his year's absence by doing double duty now that he is returned. The vigor and enthusiasm with which he gets to work speaks well for the profitability of his vacation. Rev. Mr. Bush, the veteran editor who so satisfactorily filled Mr. Barrows' chair last year, is now celebrating his release by attending the Parliament of Religions and the World's Fair.

Evidence comes from every side that what is sometimes designated the institutional idea of the church is gaining ground in all directions. Witness, among other things, the departure which Grace church in New York has taken under the lead of its rector, Dr. W. R. Huntington, who has led several rich parishioners to provide the means for erecting on Fourteenth street, between Avenues A and B (a poor neighborhood, not very far from this down-town church), four buildings—Grace Hospital, Grace Parish House, Grace Chapel and Grace Clergy House.

AMONG the many manifestations that America is slowly awakening to a high ministry of art may be mentioned the generosity of some New York people who have been providing for World's Fair scholarships to young women interested in art studies, who could not otherwise attend the Fair. Several thousand dollars have been raised for this purpose, and the girls have been sent in squads of a dozen or fifteen at a time and have been given two weeks' opportunity to study the Fair. And still there are six weeks left. Let

those who have not spent all the loose money they have in giving themselves the culture which the World's Fair affords do something towards helping others to know it.

OUR Church-Door Pulpit this week is filled by an abstract of what deserves the title of a sermon for the times. It is the outcome of the application of science to theology. At first glance it may seem cold and uninviting, rather a scientific treatise than a sermon; but its brevity will certainly commend it, and we do not hesitate to say that he who looks to the pulpit not merely for something soothing, on the one hand, or for entertainment and excitement, on the other, but rather for help to lead a true life, will find the path of life opened somewhat by such a discourse, and will therefore feel that it is a true sermon and that he who preached it was a true disciple in the spirit of him whose gospel was love and service.

IN our last issue we criticised an utterance of Dr. Atwood's, and now we would play the pleasanter part of heartily commending these words of his:

Our esteemed contemporary, *The Herald and Presbyterian*, has the grace to remark, "Christianity is light; Mohammedanism and Mormonism and Unitarianism are darkness." That is an old tune, with variations to suit the mood of the singer. It would be just as sweet and twice as true if it ran, "Christianity is light; Mohammedanism and Mormonism and Presbyterianism are darkness." There is somewhat in Unitarianism that is not in Christianity; but that somewhat is modern and interesting. There is somewhat in Presbyterianism that is not in Christianity; but alas! that somewhat is neither fresh nor diverting.

THE *Inter Ocean*, in an editorial of last week, had the following appreciative reference to the selected hymns for use in the Parliament of Religions:

The distinct and distinctive recognition of the Universal Father and of all men as brethren finds significant emphasis in hymns selected for parlia-

mentary use, and printed in connection with the general program. They are by writers of widely different theological views, from Harriet Martineau, the Robert Ingersoll of her sex, to Cardinal Newman, the Fenelon of the Catholic Church of England and this century. Bishop Heber and Oliver Wendell Holmes are in parallel columns. Charles Wesley and James Russell Lowell find fit companionship with the great Brahma Samaj, all ending with one of Watts' more familiar hymns, with its apostrophe to "The Eternal Name." Not a note of discord is struck in all those sacred songs.

It is the more to be regretted that in the morning devotional meetings these hymns have, up to the writing of this note, been quite ignored, and the "Gospel Hymns" used instead of those specially arranged under the appointment of the General Committee of the Parliament. It seems hardly courteous, in such a representative meeting, to bring into the common service phraseology and doctrine which is repugnant to the sincere faith and feeling of many of our own countrymen, not to speak of our distinguished guests from the far East. These devotional meetings should be conducted in the same large and considerate spirit that has marked the platform in the Hall of Columbus. So conducted the morning half hour might be one of the most profitable and truly religious experiences of the whole day.

THE CHORUS OF FAITH.

While the great dailies of Chicago are taxed to their utmost limit to give inadequate reports of the great meetings in session at the Art Palace, our readers will understand how hopeless is the task for UNITY to give the merest outline. Happily UNITY falls into the hands of those who read the papers. And most of them will find what we cannot give them. We write at the end of the first week. Our associate, F. L. H., has described the first day. The chords then struck have continued to vibrate in essential harmony with the spirit of the opening. The executive task of handling the immense crowd and keeping the program from hopeless complications and disastrous "telescoping" has been a difficult one. Spacious as are the halls and corridors of the Art Building, they have been continuously overcrowded, and overflow meetings have been a frequent necessity and have been organized at great labor. Every session has had its frequent climaxes of appreciation and applause. The surprise has gen-

erally come from the clearness, gentleness and breadth of the representatives of the Orient. To use a word which now, in Chicago at least, is well-nigh emptied of its meaning, the "pagans" have carried the sympathies of the vast audiences. Mozoomdar, with his masterly eloquence; Nagarkar, his scholarly and refined associate in the Brahma-Samaj; the white-robed Dharmapala, who represents the propaganda of Buddhism in its most vital and universal form; Ghandi, with his modest and clear thought, representing the Jain Community; Dvivekanandi, the orange-robed priest of Brahminism; Chakrivarti, the representative of the Indian Theosophists, and others, are all of them university men from India, using elegant English with scarcely a foreigner's accent. They are men versed in modern history and science; far better prepared to understand and appreciate the Occident than we are prepared to enter into the life of the Orient. This picturesque group from India forms the most attractive element in the Parliament.

Scarcely second to this is the interest in the Japanese group, while the representatives of China have always been received with an enthusiasm that attempts to atone for the shameful treatment which that people have received and are receiving at the hands of the United States. These people, in the main, have spoken through interpreters and translations. But they have not been without their orators that have had noble command of English. It was a noble revelation of moral power on the second day when Kinza Ringe Hirai gave his merited rebuke to Western greed and Christian hypocrisy and bigotry. The people received what they did not like to hear with cheers, because they felt it was too true and merited.

Next to these the Archbishop of Zante, representative of the Greek Church, with his gorgeous robes and imposing retinue, attracted attention. The Roman Catholic Church appears in a favorable light on the platform of the Parliament. From the first its ablest and most progressive men have given the undertaking unhesitating support. Bishop Keane, Archbishop Ireland, and Cardinal Gibbons have shown themselves to be men of the nineteenth century. They are trying to keep up with the times and carry their great church along with them. Orthodoxy has

been distrustful of the Parliament, and oftentimes has shown itself incapable of appreciating the occasion or understanding its true import. But its scholars and progressive men have been gladly heard, and they have brought vital words.

So absorbing is the interest in the main Congress that it has been difficult to turn aside the enthusiasm to the parallel meetings of the various denominations. We write after the first day of the Unitarian presentation and before the beginning of the Congress proper, and at present writing cannot rise above the depression caused by the non-appearance of so many of the speakers announced, whose presence the public had a reasonable right to expect. Is this laxity of conscience towards a program a special Unitarian weakness? Is a contract with the public, which a place on a printed program implies, a light obligation to be broken with impunity, or to be set aside for *personal* reasons? Health considerations are imperative and beyond control. We fully realize at what cost of strength and purse engagements are to be kept, but still they are a part of the burdens of conscience. Duty always calls for sacrifices. And there is but an uncertain future for any cause whose representatives hold lightly their public engagements. To our mind, to consider an engagement once made a debatable question is a menace to integrity. It is no longer an open problem. Nothing but "circumstances beyond control" to our mind warrants a disappointment to the public. Our readers must remember with us that many papers at this Parliament will be offered by proxy, according to an understanding at the outset. And we doubt not that before our readers see this protest the Unitarian Congress will have passed into history, a not wholly unworthy section of the altogether triumphant and magnificent Parliament of Religions, the noblest expression of universal religion which the world has seen up to the present time.

ARCADIAN CONDITIONS.

Julian Ralph, in his article upon the "Gentle Side of Chicago," has this paragraph: "I have been present on at least a dozen occasions when the men smoked and drank and the women kept with them, being—otherwise than in the drinking and smoking—in perfect fellowship with

them. Such conditions are Arcadian." He mentions one instance where there were glasses of "green mint" for all, and cigars for the men, and I suppose that on that particular occasion the conditions were more Arcadian still. He takes pains to assure us that they were very nice maidens and matrons, in very nice social circles, and that they all "loved smoke," and could not possibly tear themselves away from the men while they indulged in it. It is a good thing that he gives us this assurance, otherwise we might have suspected that he was in the Prince of Wales' set in England, where a few fast people greatly shock the more conservative aristocratic ladies by following the men to the smoking room and insisting upon keeping them company where good usage has said they should be alone. We also hear of these things occasionally in the more rapid social circles of Omaha, Kansas City, and the border towns generally, but this writer has been the first, I believe, to proclaim the new departure in Chicago. I have no doubt that in the social circles of Poker Flat such usage was common,—perhaps, indeed, the fashion originated there,—though I do not remember that Truthful James took note of it. Probably also the aristocratic circles of the Midway Plaisance indulge in this vaunted good *camaraderie*, as a matter of course; and there are certain social circles in all large cities where it has been very much in vogue from time immemorial. Are the exclusives of Chicago forced into competition with this old-time free-and-easy set, in order to hold the gentlemen of their acquaintance at all, we wonder, for we frequently hear of the difficulty of securing their presence at social functions? And do the men really like these ladies any better for their condescension, and admire their lowering of the standard of dignity and refinement for ladies, we wonder? Do they really fancy having their wives and sisters "adore smoke," or is there still a little shrinking from that in some of the more delicate-minded, who know something about the class of women who usually adore smoke and who are quite familiar with the glasses of green mint which are just beginning to appear upon the tables of extreme fashion? Of course, the time is not far off when the ladies who frequent the smoking rooms will

take cigars, too, and be even better boon companions; and will the gentlemen be even better pleased then, and will the conditions be increasingly Arcadian? And when the distinctions between Bohemia and respectability are utterly wiped out, will the loveliness of it all increase in geometrical proportion? Or are the ladies of a certain set making a mistake, and will the delicate and refined and even high-principled women be the ones admired most after all? I venture to predict that they will.

H. T. G.

OPENING OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." And a day of Pentecost it was, that opening Monday of the Parliament of Religions in the hall of Columbus,—a day memorable to all who were fortunate enough to be present and were able to take in the deep significance of the occasion. That earlier Pentecost, so remembered in Christian story and song, was provincial in representative character as compared with this world-wide gathering. It was a festival commemorative of the great Law of love and brotherhood, the dawn of which in human society antedates all historic faiths,—commemorative of the accumulated spiritual harvest, of the sowing and reaping of the race through uncounted generations. It may be said in all calmness and confidence that never before in the history of the world has a religious gathering of like significance and equal extent been held. Nor was such a meeting possible heretofore. It awaited, in scripture phrase, "the fullness of time." The sword of progress, like the sword of fortune, is two-edged. Our industrial and commercial era is a complex affair in the reach of its activities and influences. It has spread, along with the light and blessing that belong to it, the evils that have sprung up in its path. The earlier slave trade, not yet brought completely to an end, the rum traffic with half civilized lands, the forcing of opium upon markets against the protest of governments too weak to resist the arguments of gun-powder and the law of might, the prostitution of life, body and soul, in the mad service of gain and greed,—these are features of our present civiliza-

tion which we cannot be blind to, nor confess without humiliation. But the wheat is a thousandfold more than all the tares. Not until this widening commercial and industrial life had tunneled the mountains and bridged the seas, opening land to land and binding the nations in a gradually recognized bond of mutual welfare and a common life, exchanging the products of thought as well as the merchandise of the market, and thus awakening mutual interest and respect in place of the old narrowness and distrust,—not until this preparation had brought "the fullness of time," could such a spectacle as was witnessed in the Hall of Columbus on Monday, Sept. 11, be shown.

And a most impressive spectacle it was. By 10 o'clock, the appointed hour of the opening of the parliament, every seat in the great auditorium was taken, and all standing-room was occupied. As the procession of distinguished speakers and representatives entered the hall, two by two and arm in arm, the applause of the audience was a foretaste of the welcomes that later followed in the addresses from the platform. Seated upon that platform were representatives of all the great ethnic faiths, in their various sub-divisions and sects. There was every shade of complexion, from the ruddy face and blue eyes of the Anglo-Saxon to the black skin of the full-blooded African. The rich robes of the prelates of the Roman and Greek churches, with their decorations of jewels and gold, and the no less rich and more varied and picturesque costumes of the Orientals, found a foil in the black coats of the various representatives of the Protestant communions; and all together presented a brilliant kaleidoscopic picture.

The opening address of Mr. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, showed his own appreciation of the occasion and was dignified and to the point. Dr. Barrows, chairman of the general committee, and to whom with President Bonney the happy outcome of this Parliament of Religions is largely due, gave the principal address of welcome. And an admirable address it was, brotherly and broad, illuminated by the inspiration of the hour, clear and forcible, full of sweetness and light, eloquent throughout and rising at times into poetry and song. As, nearing the end, he pic-

tured the "spirits of just and good men" hovering over that significant assembly,—“of Paul, the zealous missionary of Christ,” “of the wise and humane Buddha,” “of Socrates, the searcher after truth,” “of Jeremy Taylor and John Milton and Roger Williams and Lessing, the great apostles of toleration,”—“of Abraham Lincoln, who sought for a church founded on love to God and man,” “of Tennyson and Whittier and Phillips Brooks, who looked forward to this parliament as the realization of a noble idea,”—the great congregation throbbed as one heart and gazed spell-bound and with moist eyes. Then followed immediately these sentences, and the pent-up emotion of the audience burst forth in long applause. “When, a few days ago, I met for the first time the delegates who have come to us from Japan, and shortly after the delegates who have come to us from India, I felt that the arms of human brotherhood had reached almost around the globe. But there is something stronger than human love and fellowship, and what gives us most hope and happiness to-day is our confidence that

‘The whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.’”

The address of Dr. Barrows struck the keynote of those that followed through the morning and afternoon of this memorable opening day. The note of humanity in them all rang clear above the divisions of creed and sect. Not that the different representative speakers merged their distinctive beliefs in a common vacuum of thought. There was nothing of this sort. There was no intellectual mushiness, not one lapse into mere gush. But standing each for the faith and thought that had been much to him, they all alike seemed to recognize that there is a bond of humanity wider than the bond of race or creed, and that that faith most commends itself which most emphasizes and strengthens this wider bond. The things cherished in common were by all confessed to be larger than the things held apart. The truth-seeking mind, the conscience for right, the devout spirit, the loving heart, these were seen to be central; opinions, creeds, rites, systems of philosophy, to mark the measure of present attainment and growth in the individual or community.

And what will be the outcome of this Parliament? It is at least the greatest single object-lesson the world has yet seen in comparative religion. It must have broadened both the mind and heart of every one who has been a witness of it. The press has carried that lesson in its printed page over the land. Who can measure the influence exerted and yet to go forth? We heartily congratulate all those who have had charge of, or a hand in, this undertaking now crowned with such success. We are sorry for those who looked askance and saw no good to be accomplished by it. The world moves, and no better evidence could there be of the fact than such a parliament. We do not look to see church or synagogue or temple or mosque deserted by former worshippers, or filling with proselytes. But we do look to see the uplift of men, the world over, above the dividing walls of race and creed into a larger and kindlier interpretation of religion, by whatever name they are led to call their faith; and to this consummation, devoutly to be wished by all good and true men, the Parliament of Religions, held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, must prove no inconsiderable factor and contribution.

F. L. H.

THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

So much has been said of late of “Proportional Representation” and of what may be considered a rival system of procuring legislation which shall be in accordance with the will of the people, the “Initiative and Referendum” that we have been asked to define these terms. The detail in any given applications of these schemes may vary considerably, and an example of the former system has already been described in UNITY. By the “Initiative” is meant that any considerable percentage of the voting population shall have the right to propose legislation by direct petition to the legislative body, which is bound to embody it in a properly drawn bill to be voted upon by those to whom the law-making power belongs. The Referendum is the referring of proposed legislation to the popular vote for final action.

Of course it will be seen that in certain specified cases most of our States now have the referendum. In some cases by constitutional provi-

sion certain acts cannot now be passed unless the question be submitted to the people for their vote; and in other cases our legislatures sometimes make an act conditional upon its acceptance by popular vote. It is also true that a demand for legislation made by petition of a considerable body of voters is pretty likely to be acted upon by our legislative bodies. Nevertheless this is a matter of courtesy or policy. The advocates of the Initiative would fix by law a percentage of the voting population, or a certain number of people who should have the legal right to have their wishes acted upon. Where the Initiative and Referendum are thoroughly carried out, the body which frames the bills has no real legislative power. It simply puts the suggestion of a part of the people into convenient form, and then submits it to the whole people to be enacted or rejected. This is strictly democratic, as distinguished from *representative* government. Of course it is possible to carry it out in modified form,—giving the “legislative body” power to pass certain ordinary acts without referring them to the people.

The Initiative and Referendum is open to the objection that in a large country, with a high civilization and vast and complex interests, the amount of legislation needed may be so great and some of it may be so abstruse as to swamp the simple-minded and little educated voter and take an undue amount of the time of all; so that if by some such system as that of proportional representation representatives of high ability, and whom their electors could really trust, could be elected, a representative legislature composed of highly educated social scientists might better care for the welfare of the public than the people themselves could by *direct* vote.

F. W. S.

We need not disavow history in order to rise above history.—W. C. GANNETT.

ONE of the recent devices in electric railway is a lamp which throws light upon the steps of the car, which the conductor can light on touching the button, whenever the car stops in a dark night. How religious a thing that is. That is the kind of an attachment a church ought to have; one that would reveal the presence of the next step. The first concern of religion should be how to get aboard at this end of the line, not how to get off at the other.

Contributed and Selected

ONE LIFE, ONE LAW, ONE LOVE.

Hymn written for the Unitarian Reception, Unity Church, Monday evening, September 18.

O Prophet souls of all the years,
Bend o'er us from above;
Your far-off vision, toils and tears
Now to fulfilment move!

From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name,—
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame!

The ancient barriers disappear:
Down bow the mountains high:
The sea-divided shores draw near
In a world's unity.

One Life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard:

One Law that guides the shining
spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinais of the soul:

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity.

F. L. HOSMER.

THE LOCAL PRESS COMMENTS ON THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

The lesson of tolerance will be taught at this parliament by the masters of all religions. It cannot be but that the seed here sown will find fruitful soil, here and there. We look for great results from this great gathering; not at once; not, perhaps, in the near future. But, in the wisdom of that providence which men of all creeds profess to worship, and whose movements are slow but sure, the energy here concentrated will be felt upon all the world, and its effect will be for the unification and uplifting of mankind.

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

The parliament of religions now in session as a part of the Columbian Exposition is another concentration of light flashed upon current happenings to reveal the characteristic spirit of the times. To-day, instead of trying to gain possession of an empty tomb, at best only a sacred relic, at the risk of bringing the horrors of war upon the continents, the demand is for a non-controversial gathering of eminent representatives of all religions. Not that there is any thought of obliterating the lines of demarkation, or building a cosmopolitan church as a substitute for the various churches now extant; on the contrary, it is expected that every worshiper will continue his correspond-

ence with heaven on the line of communication already opened up by his faith and approved by his conscience. Nothing disorganizing or proselyting is in contemplation. But it is hoped and expected that bigotry in all its forms will be somewhat lessened.

In the vision of John Bunyan all religions not Protestant were seen as two chained lions, "Pope and Pagan," the ground about them being strewn with the bones of their victims slain before the terrible beasts were caught and tethered. Such a conception is hardly in accord with the spirit of Christianity as now conceived and being illustrated by the mingling of the best representatives of all creeds and faiths. Nor is the liberal and progressive spirit confined to any particular branch of the church universal.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Shall we not learn from this parliament that in religion, as in matter, there is a survival of the fittest? Is it not likely that we shall learn that the cardinal ideas of Christianity, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, have counterparts in all religions that have endured the stress of centuries? May we not, after reading Vivekananda's reproduction of the Zoroastrian hymn—

As the different streams having their sources in different places all mingle their water in the sea, O Lord, so the different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to thee—

remember Robert Browning's verse:
So many roads lead up to God,
'Twere strange if any soul should miss them all,—

and remember also that he who had a vision in Patmos beheld besides and more numerous than the 144,000 of each of the tribes of Israel "an exceeding great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues," worshipping in heaven?

—*The Inter Ocean.*

The congress has started out under the most favorable auspices. Intense interest is manifested in its sessions, which will be stimulated by the success of the opening day. It is by far the most noteworthy of the gatherings that have been called together by the Auxiliary Association.

The Orientals have already said enough to show that they are masters of the subtleties of philosophic thought. They will dispel the crude notions that have been formed concerning them in the popular mind by the association of hideous idols with their worship. In this congress the representatives of all religions meet as fellow-seekers after truth, for a calm exposition of their several faiths, and the occasion demands of all forbearance, moderation and universal courtesy.

—*The Evening Journal.*

Another effect of the parliament of religions will be to revive the

study of historical criticism as applied to the origin and authenticity of the scriptures, and the chronology of prophecies and traditions which are found in curious complexity in widely different creeds. Historical criticism has generally been considered iconoclastic. Christians of the orthodox schools do not admit, however, that historical criticism is indispensable to the validity of Christian faith, nor have they conceded that the Dutch, French or German skeptical schools, which have been equally active the last hundred years, have impaired in the slightest degree the vitality of Christian faith. It is certain, however, that historical criticism will receive a new impetus from the parliament of religions, and that men occupying advanced places as expounders of their various creeds will be called upon more strenuously than hitherto to defend their positions on the grounds of antiquity and legitimate descent.

For the first time in the history of the world representative men, admitted to be authentic exponents of their various creeds, will assemble together fraternally, not for polemical purposes but to listen each to the other in elucidation of what appears to him religious truth.

It is not likely that the parliament of religions will deeply stir the masses who adhere to the manifold creeds of Christendom, Confucianism, Buddhism, and the various offshoots of Eastern and Western traditions. The first effect of the conference will be, however, to make it more customary for churchmen throughout the world to respect their contradictory beliefs, to attribute sincerity to each other, and to maintain courtesy in dealing with controversial matters which will be a reversal of the acute and too often cruel spirit that animated religious discussions in the past. The controversial writings of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, even when their authors were men of prodigious learning and of the highest social plane, are marred by coarseness of epithet, ruffianism of temper, and a total lack of that gentleness and sweetness which the founders of the great religions of the world, with rare exceptions, sought diligently to promote.

—*Chicago Herald.*

Crowding the Columbian year with highest glory, realizing beyond its wildest flights the dream of Akbar, the world's parliament of religions convened in the hall of Columbus yesterday morning under circumstances so auspicious as to foretell success—a success which shall leave its mark upon all history and have tremendous influence upon the future of mankind.

Never in history has such an assemblage been drawn together. Never for any purpose have the representative scholars of Europe, Asia, Africa, and of the American conti-

ment assembled together in joint convention. Never before has it been deemed possible that the world's theologians, representing the great antagonisms of religion, could be brought together in such an assemblage as yesterday graced Memorial Art Institute. But the spirit which prevailed, its generous fraternity and great kindness, destroyed at once all fears of that sort, and the opening session was a happy augury of that which is to come, and a promise of large-results from this mutual interchange of views concerning religious faith and life.

Princes of the church and political princes in the rich habiliments of their office gave to the distinguished group, who crowded the platform a picturesqueness and a liveliness of color unknown in gatherings of the plain, cold, colorless Anglo-Saxons.

—Chicago Times.

RELIGIOUS RESTRICTIONS.*

The author of the appended communication is a man of liberal views. He is in matters religious and philosophical a sort of free lance. As his sentiments find mild and innocuous expression, they are herewith set forth in full form:

EDITOR JOURNAL: My home being in the country, my opportunities for hearing anything from the pulpit, beyond the ordinary orthodox and sectarian deliverances in religion, are very few. When I get a little famished I fall back on the Reviews, and often turn to Channing and Theodore Parker for refreshment. The latter I find the most deeply religious of them all. Sometimes I am stranded in Peoria of a Sunday, where from time to time I have heard Revs. Howe, Eby, Nesbit and Odell, but I have found Dr. Marsh, now of the People's church, much the most original and thought-inspiring of them all. Holmes says that after centuries of vain repetitions our religious thought and phraseology needs depolarizing. This very necessary work Dr. Marsh accomplishes with ease and completeness.

There is a large element of excellent religion eloquently taught among Protestants and Romanists. The best teachers among the Unitarians and other liberal sects have for many years inculcated a religion worthy of acceptance by wise and cultivated men and women. But the thing most woefully lacking is freedom. There is water enough, but too many dykes. There are too many fences and paddocks, too many petty custom-houses, and too much hugging of priestly privileges by preachers. Their chief aim is to preserve their church organization and prestige. Freedom the sectarians will not allow, or so much as even think of. Their young men and women would cringe with a nameless fear if found (caught?) reading the rich and succulent essays of Parker, Frothingham, Ingersoll or Savage, who teach that God has a better use for his children than to damn them forever.

The saving of souls from a place of torment has been the chief business of the Christian pulpit for 1,500 years. Incidentally it has taught moralities, but the wrath of God and fear of hell have

*From the Peoria Journal.

furnished its motive and ground of appeal, and its statistics of success have been gathered, not from upright lives, but from anxious seats and baptisms and death beds. This could not continue, even under the measure of freedom we have already attained, and so the use-worn horror is losing its potency. Lecky has shown, historically, that the belief in magic and witchcraft was not broken down by agreement, but by the liberation of the human mind. In the same way the belief in supernaturalism is certain to disappear. The sticklers for dogma rather than voluntary religion insist on embargoes and restrictions, because they are well aware that with freedom it will soon be seen that this world is as much God-made and God-filled as any heavenly world of the past or future.

I have been led into this train of remarks from having heard Dr. Marsh, of the People's Church, a teacher who, it seems to me, is doing an excellent and necessary "depolarizing" of religious phraseology and the sacred books, and inculcating a religion wholesome, nourishing and absolutely free.

COUNTRYMAN.

Correspondence

Unity Clubs and a Query.

EDITOR UNITY: I inclose the plan of work for our Unity Club for the coming season. While our work is a success, our ideal keeps hopefully ahead of us, and we would like to know what other Unity Clubs are doing. Is not Mr. Gannett's recent sermon on "Culture Without College" to be printed as a tract? I am sure it would be helpful to many who are deprived of the advantages of the higher education. Sincerely,

AGNES VAN VALKENBURGH.

Milwaukee, Wis.

[As a notice of the Milwaukee Unity Club is printed in "Notes from the Field," we have not here printed the program. As yet we are unable to say whether the work of giving publicity to Mr. Gannett's helpful sermon, which UNITY began, will be carried on by other agencies.—Ed.]

The Study Table

WOMAN, CHURCH AND STATE.

The full title of this book* leads one to take it up with great interest; for the subject is a very important one and one which, so far as the writer knows, has never received the consideration it deserves. But the student who turns to this book will be grievously disappointed, and we fear that the general reader will be wearied by its inartificial form and inordinate repetition. The book is far too long for the amount of matter it contains. But perhaps it will be well, before saying more about it, to hear what the author herself says:

Tired of the obtuseness of church and state; indignant at the injustice

*WOMAN, CHURCH AND STATE: A Historical Account of the Status of Woman Through the Christian Ages; with Reminiscences of the Matriarchate. By Matilda Joselyn Gage. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 554. \$2.00.

of both toward woman; at the wrongs inflicted upon one half of humanity by the other half in the name of religion; finding appeal and argument alike met by the assertion that God designed the subjection of woman, and yet that her position had been higher under Christianity than ever before,—continually hearing these statements, and knowing them to be false, I refuted them in a slight *resume* of the subject at the Annual Convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, Washington, D. C., 1878. A wish to see that speech in print having been expressed, it was allowed to appear in *The National Citizen*, a woman suffrage paper I then edited, and shortly afterwards in "The History of Woman's Suffrage," of which I was also an editor. The kindly reception given, both in the United States and Europe, to that meager chapter of forty pages, confirmed my purpose of a fuller presentation of the subject in book form; and it now appears, the result of twenty years' investigation, in a volume of over 550 pages.

No candid and observant man or woman but must admit that the author was justified in the feeling here expressed. Church and state have been very unjust to woman, and an almost infinite amount of twaddle has been put forth as to woman's debt to Christianity. It is also doubtless true that woman was in many respects better off in that—generally prehistoric—condition of society in which the mother was the head of the family than she has been under the family headship of the man. And had Mrs. Gage possessed the patience, the judgment, the scholarship necessary for the task, she might have won the everlasting gratitude of mankind by a careful investigation and exposition of woman's status in human history. In itself it is no reproach to her that she has not the qualifications for such a stupendous task; but it is unfortunate that having no one of the qualifications named she should have attempted so much. The great blemish of her book is that it is the brief of an advocate instead of being the inquiry of a truth-seeker. A certain case is to be made out, and everything that can strengthen a point in that case is "swallowed whole," as the boys say, while what makes against it is passed over. Equal dependence is put upon trustworthy and untrustworthy historians. So long as that which is cited answers its immediate purpose, no attention is paid to its consistency with anything else. Within two pages (14 to 16) we are cited to the customs of that low people, the *Australian aborigines*, as showing the priority of the matriarchate in human society, and also told that "never was justice more perfect, never civilization higher, than under the matriarchate!" Very little is really known as to what was prior, the family headship of man or of woman, or whether different peoples have had a similar history in this respect. If our earnest historians felt reasonably certain of one third of what this writer assumes to be unquestionable fact, their delight

would be almost unbounded. The above is but one of numerous instances of the most extravagant assertions, made with the most perfect assurance. On page 542 we are given to understand that injustice to woman is the foundation of all crime and wrong in the world.

It is interesting to learn just what the theory of this writer is. It seems to be this. Goaded by the injustice which holds woman as an inferior, she goes to the opposite extreme, and would have it that woman should be not the equal but the superior of man (see p. 93 and elsewhere), as was the case under that fabulous creation of her imagination, the Golden Age of the Matriarch, when woman ruled and everything was lovely, civilization was at its height, and although monogamy prevailed exclusively (for she tells us [p. 16 and elsewhere] that *neither polyandry nor promiscuity had any existence under the "matriarchate,"* that polygamy is the sign of the patriarchate as monogamy is of the matriarchate!), nevertheless the father was the inferior not only of the mother and of his daughter, but also of his own son, because the latter was nearer of kin than he to the mother. In addition to this, because Christians have appealed to Scripture to prove the inferiority of woman, she would seem to hold that Christianity is the arch-enemy of woman, and that all other religions, with the possible exception of Judaism, are infinitely superior to Christianity in this respect; and that the laws of the state are calculated to keep woman in vile slavery because the Christian Church, which is the master of the state, so wills. The fanatical Christian, who maintains that everything good in our civilization (and even everything good in the civilizations of pre-Christian peoples, that never thought of the Messiah or heard the name of Jesus) is due to Christianity, is no whit more silly and unphilosophical than is our author in her counter-absurdity. The fact is that Christianity has not in history been of such transcendent importance as its fanatical friends and no less fanatical enemies would make it. It has only been one of many factors in the complex whole of human society. A careful study of history will, we are confident, make evident that woman does not owe her emancipation to Christianity, as such. So far we are in agreement with Mrs. Gage. But it is the height of folly to maintain that woman is not better off in Christendom than in Brahmanical, Moslem and other non-Christian lands. Race, climate, material civilization, intellectual progress, all are co-factors with religion in shaping the social condition of a people, and only error can result from closing our eyes to all but one of these, or regarding one as sole cause and all the others as mere results.

But in addition to these faults the book is put together with extreme

carelessness. Such errors as citing *The Christian Register* as an Episcopalian publication are slight, but such gross ignorance of history as is implied in the assertion that a law enacted in the reign of James and subsequently disregarded, was confirmed and re-enacted by Henry VIII., is inexcusable in a book which professes to be an essay in history. Further than this, the same things are repeated over and over again in the different chapters and frequently in the same chapter. The material is roughly thrown together, and there is far too much padding. A statement is made in the text almost in the exact words of the authority, and then repeated *in full* in the note; and the same note is repeated each time the statement is put in slightly different form. The notes are generally worthless for reference, not being sufficiently specific. The words are often given, but we are not told in what part of the author's works they are found, sometimes so much as the name of the book not being given. The natural conclusion is that the citations are generally made at second hand. Finally, we must complain that the proof-reading is not what it should be; witness the transposition of the references to notes on page 70—not an isolated instance. However, it is but fair to say that not all the chapters are equally bad. The latter are generally much better written than the earlier ones, and among those in the first part of the book that on Canon Law is better than the others.

It should also be said that after all deductions have been made there is a great mass of unquestionable facts presented; and these are not only true but important. It is for this reason that we have devoted so much attention to the book.

The subject matter is interesting and important, and it is greatly to be regretted that those who would be most benefited by a knowledge of these facts will be justified in refusing to read the book, because of its extravagance, or, being unable to separate the true from the false, may reject it all as untrue. F. W. S.

THE MAGAZINES.

IN *THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN* for September perhaps the most noteworthy thing is a ringing word from the editor on the importance of the Sunday school. He strongly urged the church, of whose Sunday school he is Superintendent, to employ an associate minister to be Superintendent of the Sunday school, contending that a business-man like himself could not possibly do justice to the work that should be required of a Sunday-school Superintendent.

The utterances of *The Twentieth Century* seem to possess in a marked degree the merit of earnestness, and although we oftener disagree than find ourselves in accord with the views of editor and contributors, we

do not often feel called upon to criticise its words. The article on College Settlements in the issue of September 7, by Mary F. Hyames, however, so misconceives the subject under discussion that we should like to call the attention of some settler to it, that he or she may send to the journal an explanation of the purpose, methods and personnel of social settlements.

THE LIBERAL CO-WORKER for August comes around a little late, but it is worth waiting for. Having shown our appreciation by generously helping ourselves to much that is in it, it is hardly necessary to say more here. One of the items that we believe will be generally well received by both denominations is its tabular statement of things believed in common by Universalists and Unitarians.

We have been asked by a reader to state where application is to be made for Mr. Morse's new magazine, *The Start*. He may be addressed at 3939 Langley avenue.

"CAR NO. —, a Romance of the Ferris Wheel," is the title of a clever little advertisement put in circulation by the wheel exhibitor. The plot is sufficient for a very tender story, but the lack of true refinement in the hero is made too evident to permit the story to be really pleasing, as it is told.

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Church-Door Pulpit

TRUTHS ABOUT MAN.

ABSTRACT OF A SERMON BY REV. G. R. DODSON, OF ALAMEDA, CAL.

The metaphysical theory of the soul and its independence of the body, is not only speculatively erroneous, but productive of disastrous moral consequences. The life of man is a complex unity; and an error in thought—that is, a wrong adjustment or attitude of the mind to the truth of things—necessarily produces morbid feelings and works out evil results in the physical and social life. Much of the misery and evil of religious history, Christian and ethnic, has been due to a false theory of the soul.

While a vague idea that there is a very close relation between mind and body in life as we know it is quite general, yet the old metaphysical theory is the one that is still substantially held. Although religion and metaphysics have been supposed to go together, and although it may be unusual to mention physiology in the pulpit, it nevertheless seems to me to be both necessary and expedient to make some attempt to displace error by such truth as we have been able to demonstrate.

All thought and feeling, the finest and most spiritual as well as the coarsest, are accompanied by activity in the brain and nervous system. This activity is not in the brain alone; but in each pulse of feeling the process begun there reverberates throughout the nervous system. Now, each of these nerves is connected at one end with a muscle or gland, and every time they are traversed by currents of nervous energy each muscle or gland is affected; that is, the entire organism in each and all its parts is moved. Except in the case of the facial muscles, these movements are generally so minute as to be usually unnoticed. Thus we think with our bodies. In thought, though the brain is of chief importance, the whole body is involved.

Further, the nervous activity that produces the thought of an action or the desire to perform it is the same as that which produces the action itself, the difference being simply a difference in strength. Many times there is not even this difference, and the thought or desire fails of expression simply because antagonized by other thoughts and desires.

A faint excitation which produces the thought needs only become stronger, or unhindered, to result in the action itself. Indeed, as Prof. James says, it always does produce the movement in a small degree. "Every" mental "representation of a movement awakens in some degree the movement itself; and awakens it in a maximum degree when it is not kept from doing so by an antagonistic representation simultaneously present to the mind."

Thought and feeling are thus actions which do not get beyond the limits of our own bodies. Thought is incipient, nascent action; desire is the doing begun. Anger, for example, is a movement that does not get beyond the clenched fists, red face, set teeth, etc. Thus, we do not with some spiritual something think a thought and then use the body to express it. All feeling is like anger in that it is the conscious accompaniment of a movement already begun.

How this re-enforces the teaching of Jesus that not the overt act alone constitutes the crime but that the sin is committed when the desire is cherished in the heart! Indeed, the desire is the action incomplete, restrained within the limits of the body. In I. John iii. 15, it is said, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." This is physiologically true; hate is murder on the way. Lust is adultery begun.

Let us consider still other relations between morals and the nervous system. Practice makes perfect; repetition makes the action easy. Why? Simply because the nervous system becomes accustomed to act in that way. The nerve currents meet with considerable resistance at first, but by repeatedly going over the same paths they render them more pervious, "hew out" and "widen" the channels, so to speak, until they become lines of small resistance and the actions become easy.

It is the same way with thoughts: new thoughts are hard, familiar ones easy. The same reason holds good: in the one case we are accustomed to use the nervous system in the required way, in the other we are not. We think on lines—the lines the nerve currents travel through our brains.

A new thought means a new path to be cut through, and the resistance met by the nerve current is felt by us as effort. But constant thinking along certain lines at last renders it easy to think on these lines. This is the reason why the last books in a philosophical series by a profound thinker are, for those who read all, easier to understand than the first.

Put these two facts together and we have a surprising result. We have seen that in the production of an action and the thought of an action the same nerves are used and the nervous activity is the same: and repetition in each case has the same effect, and for the same reason. What is the necessary inference? This, that constant thought or desire makes the action easy. Indeed, to be ever thinking of doing anything is to be always beginning to do it. The continual use of the nervous system in thinking of some evil deed is really practicing the deed itself—is making more pervious to the nerve currents the nerve paths which would be used in the performance of the action.

The result is that some time, when off guard, the temptation (the physiological stimulus) comes, a surplus of

nervous energy in the nervous centers is discharged along these lines of least resistance, and the deed is done. In this way many young people who were supposed to be the models of moral perfection have, to their own surprise as well as that of their friends, suddenly fallen. In such cases the expression of the evil desire which had before been kept within the limits of the body is simply continued and completed in the outward world. With what force come to us the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart!"

Physiological psychology, therefore, teaches with terrible force certain old moral precepts. Thought and action are one. Men cannot with impunity dally with evil. It also indicates the proper method of moral culture and conditions of moral safety. What it prescribes has been said before: Whatever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely and of good report,—whatever is praiseworthy and virtuous,—think on these things.

This blesses in two ways: First, the nerve paths used in true thinking and noble sentiment become lines of least resistance, while those used in ignoble thought and feeling fall into decay by disuse, become more resistant, become, like unused, neglected roads, difficult to travel. It thus becomes constitutionally easy to live nobly, and organically difficult to do wrong. In the second place, when evil thoughts are aroused they are at once automatically negated (inhibited) by good impulses, and without any action of the will there is an instinctive recoil from the evil suggestion.

World's Fair Notes

ECHOES OF THE PARLIAMENT.

The following passages are clipped from the reports of the local press, which has shown its appreciation of the Parliament of Religions by the large space given to the sessions during the entire opening week. Some of the reports were from manuscript; others were more or less brief abstracts of extemporaneous addresses delivered. But all alike reflect at least the spirit of what was said, and we are sure that these clippings will be of interest to the readers of UNITY. We wish we could reproduce the tones of voice, the play of earnest conviction or kindly humor on the countenances of the speakers, and the response of the large congregation to every expression of high thought and generous sentiment. F. L. H.

In this congress each system of religion stands by itself in its own perfect integrity, uncompromised in any degree by its relation to any other. We seek to unite in this congress all religion against irreligion; to make the golden rule the basis of this union, and to present to the world the substantial unity of many reli-

gions in the good deeds of the religious life. Without controversy or any attempt to pronounce judgment upon any matter of faith or worship or religious opinion, we seek a better knowledge of the religious condition of all mankind, with an earnest desire to be useful to each other and to all others who love truth and righteousness.

—*Charles C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary.*

We are met together to-day as men, children of one God, sharers with all men in weakness and guilt and need, sharers with devout souls everywhere in aspiration and hope and longing. We are met as religious men, believing even here in this capital of material wonders, in the presence of an exposition which displays the unparalleled marvels of steam and electricity, that there is a spiritual root to all human progress. We are met in a school of comparative theology which I hope will prove more spiritual and ethical than theological; we are met, I believe, in the temper of love, determined to bury at least for the time our sharp hostilities, anxious to find out wherein we agree, eager to learn what constitutes the strength of other faiths and the weakness of our own; and we are met as conscientious and truth-seeking men in a council where no one is asked to surrender or abate his individual convictions, and where, I will add, no one would be worthy of a place if he did. We are here as members of a Parliament of Religions over which flies no sectarian flag, which is to be stamped by no sectarian war-cries, but where for the first time in a large council is lifted up the banner of love, fellowship, brotherhood. We all feel that there is a spirit which should always pervade these meetings, and if any one should offend against this spirit let him not be rebuked publicly or personally; your silence will be a graver and severer rebuke.

—*John Henry Barrows, D. D., Chairman of the General Committee.*

We admire the wonders of the new city that has sprung up on the southern end of our great Chicago, but when learned men, men representing the thought of the world on religion, come to tell us of God, and of his truth, and of life, of death, of immortality, of the judgment, of justice, of goodness, and of charity, then I listen to what will surpass infinitely what the most learned, aye, the most able, men may tell us of material things.

Those men that have come together will tell of their systems of faith, as has been well said by Dr. Barrows, without one atom of surrender of what each one believes to be the truth for him. No matter how we may differ in feeling or in religion, there is one thing that is common to us all and that is our common humanity; and those men representing

the races and the faith of the world, meeting together to talk together and seeing one another, will have for each other in the end a sincere respect and reverence and a cordial and fraternal feeling of friendship.

—*Archbishop Feehan (Roman Catholic).*

I would be wanting in my duty as a minister of the Catholic church if I did not say that it is our desire to present the claims of the Catholic church to the observation and if possible to the acceptance of every right-minded man that will listen to us, but we appeal only to the tribunal of conscience and intellect.

I feel that in possessing the faith I possess—a treasure compared with which all the treasures of this world are but dross—instead of having those treasures in my own coffers, I would like to share them with others, especially as I am none the poorer in making the others the richer. But, though we do not agree in matters of faith, as the most reverend Archbishop of Chicago has said, there is one platform on which we all stand united. It is the platform of charity, of humanity, and of mutual benevolence. And as ministers of Christ we have him for our great model in this particular. Our blessed Christ came upon this earth to break down the wall or partition that separated race from race, people from people, and tribe from tribe, and as man is one people, one family, we recognize God as our common father, and this Christ as our brother.

—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

When I read the program of this parliament of religions I saw it was simply the re-echo of the great consummation which the Indian Buddhists held twenty-one centuries ago in the great city of Backnoo. For seven months they held their great meetings, and there were present 1,000 brilliant scholars of India who took part in the deliberations. To the influence of that congress, held twenty-one centuries ago, can be traced that which is to-day a living power, because wherever you go in Buddha's country to-day you will find love, compassion, tolerance. I am sure we shall all take away from this place, from the work of this congress, the thought that this is the grand work at the close of the nineteenth century. Then, friends, if you are serious, if you are altruistic, this program can be carried out, and the twentieth century will see the pages open up upon a new era of gentleness and kindness and which it is my hope may continue for twenty centuries to come.

—*H. Dharmapala (Buddhist, Ceylon).*

We all have a common Creator, without any distinction between who are great, who are rich or poor, the ruler and the ruled. All men have a common Creator, without any distinction on account of climate or race, without any distinction on account of nationality, descent or ancestry or

name or family title. All men have a common Creator, and consequently, a common father in God Almighty.

—*Archbishop Dionysios Latas (Greek Church).*

The great sage of China believes that duty was summed in reciprocity, and I believe the word "reciprocity" finds a new meaning and glory in the proceedings of this historic parliament. I am glad that the great empire of China accepted the invitation by which she was called to be present, and I am sure that the meeting will be one of friendly lines, in which one will learn from the other lessons of charity and good-will.

—*Hon. Pung Kwang Yu (Confucian).*

I fervently believe that the bell that tolled this morning in honor of the representatives of the different religions of the earth, in this parliament assembled, is the death knell to all fanaticism; that it is the death knell to all persecution with the sword or the pen, and to all uncharitable feelings between brethren wending their way to the same goal, but through different ways.

—*Suan Vivekananda (Brahmin, India).*

A pious thought animated Christopher Columbus when he directed the prow of his ship towards this land of his dreams; to convert the natives to the faith of the Roman Catholic Church; a still more pious thought animates you now, noble Americans, because you try to convert the whole of humanity to the dogma of universal toleration and fraternity. Old Armenia blesses this undertaking of young America, and wishes her to succeed in laying on the extinguished volcanoes of religious hatreds the foundation of the temple of peace and concord.

—*Prof. Minas Tcheraz (Armenia).*

You have convoked here, in that city which is itself a wonder of human industry and, as it were, a modern Phoenix springing again from its ashes, representative men of all great religions of the earth, in order to discuss in courteous and pacific terms the eternal problem of divinity, which is the torment, but also the sign of sovereignty of man over all animate beings. I present you the hearty messages of all friends of religious liberty in France and my best wishes for your success. May God, the Almighty Father, help you in your noble undertaking. May He give us all his spirit of love, of truth, of liberty, of mutual help and unlimited progress, so that we may become pure as he is pure, good as he is good, loving as he is love, perfect as he is perfect, and we shall find in these moral improvements the possession of real liberty, equality, and fraternity.

—*Prof. G. Bonet-Maury (Liberal Protestant).*

Of all the studies of the present day the most serious, interesting and

important is the study of comparative religion, and I believe that this object lesson, which it is the glory of America to have provided for the world, will do far more than any private study in the seclusion of the student's own home. The reports of our proceedings, which will be telegraphed all over the world, will help men by thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands to realize the truth of those grand old Bible words that God has never left himself without witness. It cannot be,—I say, it cannot be,—that that "new commandment" was inspired when uttered by Christ, and was not inspired when uttered as it was uttered by Confucius and by Hillel. The fact is, all religions are fundamentally more or less true and all religions are superficially more or less false. And I suspect that the creed of the universal religion, the religion of the future, will be summed up pretty much in the words of Tennyson, words which were quoted in that magnificent address which thrilled us this morning: "The whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

—Prof. Alfred Momerie, D. D. (Anglican Church).

Ideas do not belong to any one country. They are the common property of mankind. —Principal Grant.

I cannot help doing honor to the Congress of Religions held here in Chicago as the result of the patient effort of those philanthropic brothers who have undertaken this, the greatest meeting ever held. It was fourteen years ago that I expressed in my country the hope that there should be a friendly meeting between the world's religionists, and now I realize my hope with great joy. In the history of the past we read of repeated and fierce conflicts between different religious creeds, which sometimes ended in war. But that time has passed away and things have changed with advancing civilization. I trust that these meetings will gradually increase the fraternal relations between the different religionists in investigating the truths of the universe and be instrumental in uniting all religions of the world and in bringing all hostile nations into peaceful relations by leading them to the way of perfect justice.

—Archbishop Shibata (High-priest of Shintoism, Japan).

Our monotheism stands upon all scriptures. That is our theological principle. It was not the Christian missionaries that drew our attention to the Bible; it was not the Mohammedan priests who showed us the excellent passages in the Koran; it was no Zoroastrian who preached to us the greatness of his Zend-Avesta; but there was in our hearts the God of infinite reality, the Source of inspiration of all the books, of the

Bible, of the Koran, of the Zend-Avesta, who drew our attention to his excellences as revealed in the record of holy experience everywhere.

—P. C. Mozoomdar (of the Brahmo-Samaj, Calcutta).

I represent the Theistic movement in India, known in my native country as the religion of the Brahmo Samaj. The fundamental principles of the Theistic Church in India are universal love, harmony of faiths, unity of prophets; or rather unity of prophets and harmony of faiths. The reverence that we pay the other prophets and faiths is not mere lip loyalty, but it is the universal love for all the prophets and all forms and shades of truth. We not only try to learn in an intellectual way what those prophets have to teach, but to assimilate and imbibe these truths that are very near our spiritual being.

—B. B. Nagarkar, of the Brahmo-Samaj, Bombay.

To Chicago belongs the credit of having rendered her World's Fair a world's university of arts and industries, of science and letters, of learning and of religions. Humanity, in all its manifestations of life and labor, in all its aspirations and problems, is there exhibited and finds a voice. And the grandest and most inspiring feature of the unique spectacle is the Religious Parliament, which, in trumpet tones, resonant with joy and hope, peals forth the great truth of the brotherhood of man based upon the fatherhood of God.

—K. Kohler, D. D. (Jewish Rabbi, New York).

I welcome you, my sisters, who have come with beating hearts, high hopes, and reverent purposes to this great feast, to participate not only in this parliament but in the great congresses which are associated with it. Isabella of Spain had a prophetic vision. She beheld not only a new world, but beheld a new future and an emancipated and intelligent womanhood and a strengthened religion to bless the world. I welcome you all to the fulfillment of her grand vision.

—Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D. D. (Universalist).

I have been here for some time, and I have asked the question over and over again: Where is religious America to be found, Christian America? To-day I see it all around me. You have given me a welcome. I will give you a greeting from my country. When we meet one another in my land the first thing we say to each other is "Peace be with you." I say it to you to-day in all sincerity, in all love. I feel to-day that the great banner over us is the banner of love.

—Miss Jeannie Serabji (Parsee convert to Christianity).

I am one of those that have not lost faith in the possibilities of Africa. I know that every foot of land and every drop of water has been appropriated by the governments of Europe and every man's possibility been locked up in their desire for gain. But yet I remember, in the light of history, these same nations parceled out the American continent. America had her Jefferson; Africa in the future will bring forth her Jefferson that will read the Declaration of Independence to Africans. We meet you, sir, at this Parliament of Religions, the first gathering of the races since Noah landed from the ark!

—Bishop Arnett (African Methodist Episcopal).

I speak to such as will understand me when I say that Christ is to be put among the poets—not the singers of rhymes nor the builders of epics, but those who see into the heart of things and feel the breath of the Spirit—such are the poets.

The poets are the defenders of the Faith, the prophets and priests whose succession never fails. Leslie Stephen writes an enticing plea for agnosticism, and seems to sweep the universe clean of faith and God; we read Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism," "The Two Voices," "In Memoriam," or Browning's "Saul," "Death in the Desert," or Wordsworth's odes on Immortality and Duty, or Whittier's "My Psalm," and the plea for agnosticism fades out. In some way it seems truer and better to believe.

—Theodore T. Munger, D. D. (Congregationalist).

The White City at the other end of Chicago is not the parent of architecture; architecture is the parent of the White City. And the temples and priests and rituals that cover this round globe of ours have not made religion; they have been born of the religion that is inherent in our souls. Religion is not the exceptional gift of exceptional geniuses. It is not what men have sometimes thought poetry or art or music to be—the thing that belongs to the few favored great men. It is the universal characteristic of humanity. It belongs to man as man.

—Lyman Abbott, D. D. (Congregationalist).

Back to the primal unity where man appears as a child of God before he is Christian or Jew, Brahmin or Buddhist, Mohammedan or Parsee, Confucian, Taoist, or aught beside—back to this must we go if we will be loyal to our kind, loyal to that imperishable religion that is born of human souls in contact with the spirit. Who will say that any man ever sincerely chose any religion for any other than a good purpose? It is incredible. And before the spectacle of an immortal soul seeking for and communing with its God, all hostilities

must pause. No missiles must be discharged. —*E. L. Reesford, D. D.*

Buddhism teaches that all things are one. This theory seems now to be practically realized. For all the great religions here represented, with their clothes stripped off and their heart laid bare, seem to be thrilling with the same life-blood. The idea of universal brotherhood pervades them all. All religions are one, if they have the honor to be religions at all, and probably, for the first time in authentic history, this parliament will make manifest that glorious fact. —*H. Toki (Buddhist, Japan).*

The real religion of the twentieth century will inculcate purity of body, that the soul may have fit tool,—men as chaste as women, and the frame of men not drugged, not paralyzed, not poisoned. The real religion of the twentieth century will rule its social administration—from everyone according to his ability to everyone according to his necessity. There is its method. The real religion of the twentieth century will care for the health and strength of all its children. It is to be ruled by faith and hope and love. It is a civilization governed by the Holy Spirit. It is life governed by ideas.

—*E. E. Hale, D. D. (Unitarian).*

THE UNITARIAN CONGRESS.

Saturday, Sept. 16, was the Columbian day of the Unitarian Congress. The meeting was held in the Hall of Washington. Dr. Edward Everett Hale presided throughout the day. The appointed program was considerably broken by the inability of some speakers to be present; but Rev. S. R. Calthrop's admirable and characteristic paper upon "The Problem of Evil" was brought forward from Wednesday, and most interesting extemporaneous addresses were made by several foreign guests,—Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, of France; Rev. S. A. Stelntal, of England; J. A. S. Grant Bey, of Egypt; Rev. B. B. Nagarkar, of Bombay; Rabbi Gottlieb, of New York; V. R. Ganthi, of India; Mrs. Chant, and others. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence, R. I., gave an address upon "The Church of the Spirit," marked throughout by noble thought, in clear and compact speech, a voice from the mount of wide vision. In the absence of Rev. Augustus M. Lord, of Providence, R. I., his forwarded paper was read by Rev. W. W. Fenn, and an excellent paper it was, presenting "The Unitarian Movement in Literature" in a large way, not boastful or self-satisfied, but recognizing the forces at work in our literature of the last half-century. Dr. F. G. Peabody, of Cambridge, presented "The Unitarian Movement in Philanthropy," a very interesting and detailed report of the growth of many present methods and organizations out of

seeds earlier sown by men and women of Unitarian sympathies, whose lives were devoted to charity in large and wise ways.

The Unitarian Congress, like all others, has to compete with many rival meetings of great attractiveness, while the Parliament of Religions brings forward each day men and women whom all would like to see and hear. But the attendance on Saturday, while small in comparison with the large hall, was widely representative in space, and the attention and evident interest of those present proved the occasion one of profit to all. It was, moreover, a time of renewed friendships, new acquaintance, and hearty fellowship throughout.

Notes from the Field

Notice of Fellowship.

THE COMMITTEE ON FELLOWSHIP OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

The Rev. H. Digby Johnston, formerly of the Reformed Episcopal Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.

D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

New York, Sept. 7, 1893.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Services were resumed here Sept. 3. On account of other urgent duties in the church, Mr. C. E. Crain has resigned as superintendent. He has served faithfully for two years, or since the reorganization of the school. Mr. C. F. Zimmerman, principal of the Seventeenth District school, has been chosen superintendent and he has accepted the position. We look forward to an interesting year. The Woman's Society, The Social Life Club, and The Emerson Guild will begin their meetings at the regular times. The Unity Club begins its year's work the latter part of September and will close the first part of May—a change in the time which will be generally acceptable. The plan of work is somewhat changed. There will be a general meeting on the first Wednesday evening of each month, for which speakers rather than subjects will be chosen. The meeting will be open on Oct. 4th, by Prof. A. J. Rogers, who will speak on "Science and Invention." The other work will consist of two sections, one on "American Literature," and one on "Evolution." The literature section will consider Whittier, Irving, Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Channing and Holmes. The evolution Section will take Darwin's "Descent of Man," Romanes' "Darwin and After Darwin" and other books as a basis. There will also be papers on appropriate subjects and discussions. The section is under the general charge of Miss Hattie Merrill. The Unity

Club is open to all. A membership fee of one dollar is charged. The Denominational Committee of the Woman's Society, with the co-operation of Kenosha friends, has arranged for holding services in Kenosha on Sunday evenings for a while. Among the many good things which the Woman's Society is doing is the fitting out of a nurse's room in the new cottage at the Isolation Hospital, and the furnishing of the needed clothing for the hospital.

—*Liberal Co-Worker.*

Janesville, Wis.—Rev. Sophie Gibb continues her ministerial work in All Souls Church for another year. This result was reached by a unanimous vote at the annual meeting of the All Souls Society, held at the church parlors recently. The meeting was the largest ever held by this society. Every member of the church was well pleased with the work of their pastor during the two years she has labored with the society, and it was but a fitting recognition of this work that the society extended her a unanimous call to remain another year.

Washta, Iowa.—Miss Safford, of Sioux City, has done right royal missionary work during her summer vacation by proclaiming the gospel of reasonableness in a number of neighboring towns, to the inhabitants of whom it has been indeed glad tidings. She gave her second sermon in this place Aug. 27, her subject being, "Why I am a Unitarian." The hall in which the meeting was held—the churches were shut tight, of course—was filled to overflowing with the most intelligent and appreciative audience ever assembled in the town. Miss Safford has an almost faultless manner of speaking and the rare faculty of winning the hearts of all with whom she comes in contact. About twenty-five of the best people of the town and country remained after the meeting and pledged themselves to help support a liberal religious organization in the town. We hope soon, in connection with our county town, Cherokee, to be able to support a minister; and in the meantime we expect to hold lay services, with an occasional sermon from Miss Safford as her own church and strength will permit.

W. B. CHAPMAN.

Everett, Wash.—During his vacation Rev. Wm. E. Copeland, of Stockton, preached twice, with a fortnight's interval, at Everett. At his evening service the first day about three times as many were out as in the morning, and twenty-three of them at once organized the Unity Church of Everett, for the worship of God and the service of man, inviting to their fellowship all who love the right and seek the truth.

Ware, Mass.—Rev. Victor E. Southworth has resigned his pastorate.

A Brain and Nerve Tonic, Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. E. W. ROBERTSON, Cleveland, O., says: "I can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic, especially in nervous debility, nervous dyspepsia, etc., etc."

Young Mothers

Should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it.

Do you want books? Send your order to Unity Publishing Company.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—Like threads of silver seen through
crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.
- MON.—Each man's life
The outcome of his former living
is.
TUES.— Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkind-
ness die.
- WED.—Before beginning and without
end,
Is fixed a Providence which moves
to good.
- THURS.— Govern the lips
As they were palace doors, the
King within.
- FRI.— Let each act
Assoil a fault, or help a virtue
grow.
- SAT.—Good must come of good
And ill of evil—surely unto all.
—Edwin Arnold.

TRUE MANHOOD.

It is not always the coat that tells,
Nor the collar your friend may wear;
It is not always the shine of the shoe,
Nor the finished touch of his hair.

It is not all in a silken hat,
Nor the fitting nest of his gloves;
It is not merely his cultured air,
Nor the circle in which he moves.

It is not his temper, his pride nor smile,
Nor yet his worshipful mien;
It is not even the name he bears
In a world that is shallow and mean.

Ah, no, after all, 'tis the man himself,
As he stands with his God alone,
'Tis the heart that beats beneath the coat,
The life that points to the throne.

The eye that cheers with its kindly glance,
'Tis the arm 'round a brother cast;
The hand that points to a hope beyond,
'Tis a love that endures to the last.
—Selected.

UNDER PEACH BOUGHS.

A cold, drifting rain had fallen
all the long May day. In the gray
twilight I stood under the peach
trees, whose blossoming boughs spread
above like a sunset cloud astray in
the mist. The vivid, pure colors of
the blossoms in the dimness and their
faint, subtle odor on the damp air
seemed the expression of a sentient
being. They seemed to be asking
the meaning of their existence and of
the world, or was it the spirit of the
tree speaking through them? Now
the September sun is showering the
earth with golden light and the air
is warm as June. Yet the year is
growing old,—old as the white, wraith-
like moon far up in the blue tent of
the sky, peering down upon the earth.
Grasshoppers are darting through the
dry, rustling grass and the masses of
golden-rod in the field wave their
fragrant plumes.

Clustered over the boughs from
which the yellowing leaves are drop-
ping are the peaches, yellow and

white, each with a rosy spot on the
side as if a pink petal had stained it.
They are the meaning of the blos-
soms, whose dainty loveliness has
been transmuted into those globes of
sweetness. They have absorbed the
wine of the summer and the hue of
the sunshine is in their downy skins.
The miracle was wrought before un-
heeding eyes. Through Orient noons
and dewy midnights the secret pro-
cess went on. Sunrise and sunset
gave their glow to the fruit, all gra-
cious influences combined to its per-
fection, the great Universe bent to
the task of producing a peach. But
not simply the thing of beauty that
we see and taste. The rough brown
seed folded within the tinted flesh is
the prize that Nature has striven for.
It is the gardener who lays the em-
phasis on the outside. Nature cares
not for it, but works for her own.

The blossom is the beautiful
thought; the fruit, the perfect deed;
the seed the embodied Hope, with
limitless possibilities of beauty and
use.

ALICE GORDON.

WHY?

There are some very queer sights in
this world, and no doubt you would
all think it very queer if you had vis-
ited a little island not far from New
York, and found on it a large cage in
which were white rats, kittens and a
prairie dog, all living in one family.
In the bottom of the cage was a dish
of rich cream, and one side of this
was a tortoise-shell kitten taking her
breakfast, and on the other a white
rat. They gazed at each other with
the most friendly expression, indeed
almost affectionate.

Later in the day, curled down on
the floor, taking a morning nap, was
the entire family,—rats, kittens, and
prairie dog. No barks, no bites, no
scratches—just the best of friends.

After we started on our walk the
little boy of the party asked, "Do you
know why they live together that
way?"

"Why?"

"Because they were born together,
and always lived together."

Now, is that really the reason? If
it is, how do you account for the
saucy words, the quarrels, the little
meanesses that make so much
trouble for fathers and mothers and
nurses in families where little boys
and girls always lived together?—
little boys and girls who love each
other, and love the very ones they
trouble by their sad quarrels. I
wonder if one reason why the rats,
prairie dog, and kittens lived so
peacefully together is because they
cannot talk. These little tongues,
how busy and troublesome they are
sometimes!

A very wise and good man has said:
"He that is slow to anger is better
than the mighty, and he that ruleth
his spirit than he that taketh a city."

If the rats had insisted on crowd-
ing the prairie dog into a corner (as
there were six rats and only one dog
they could easily do it), probably he

would fight back; the kittens would,
no doubt, assist one party or the
other; and good-by to peace in that
cage. Instead of sleek, fat, whole-
some-looking pets, there would be
just so many snarling, fighting dis-
agreeable animals that must be sep-
arated. Now they are a merry,
happy crew, fed with dainty bits, and
admired by all and really loved by
some.

Even such animals make or mar
the happiness of those about them.
How much more little children!

—Christian Union.

DON'T WATCH THE CLOCK.

There is a deal of common sense in
this story lately told of Edison,
whether he said it or not. A gentle-
man went to the great electrician
with his son, who was about to begin
work as office boy in a well-known
business house. The father asked
Edison for a motto which the boy
might take to heart in his struggle
for promotion and success. After a
moment's pause, Edison said, lacon-
ically: "Never look at the clock!"

Edison meant, we take it, that the
man who is constantly afraid he is
going to work overtime, or over-
hours, doesn't stand a chance of com-
peting with the man who clears up
his desk, no matter how long it
takes. The carpenter who drops his
hammer uplifted above his head,
when the whistle blows, is likely to
remain a second-class workman all his
life. The carpenter who stays fifteen
minutes to finish a "job" is working
toward a shop of his own.

—The Myrtle.

ORDER is the sanctity of the mind,
the church of the body, the peace of
the city, the security of the state.
As the beams to a house, as its tones
to the microcosm of man, so is order
to all things.

STRENGTH grows with burdens;
make an end of sighs.

—T. W. Higginson.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero, whose face is brown with
tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes
the boy a man;
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its
way,
It does me good to look at him, and watch him
day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor, and sews
for bread,
"She's such a dear, good mother!" the little
fellow said;
And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless
the little man!—
And he added: "'Cause I love her I help her
all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the
love you bear
To the mother who has kept you in long and
loving care.
Make all her burdens lighter; help every way
you can,
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my little
man.
—Independent.

The Sunday School

LESSON III.

THE CHURCH ENVIRONMENT OF JESUS.

Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?

Luke xii. 57.

*Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.*

* * *

*One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.*

* * *

*Come forth and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.*

Wordsworth.

Picture: Christ Disputing with the Doctors. By Heinrich Hofmann (1824—).

Another picture, by Hofmann, of Jesus in the Temple is more familiar than this, but the conceptions of the two are radically different. In the more popular portrait Jesus is pointing to an open book; in this the Scribe alone is referring to the book as authority. The one shows an appeal to the book, the other an appeal from the book. Therefore this picture alone is true to the method and thought of Jesus.

To what did the Jews appeal as final authority?—To the Old Testament substantially as we have it; particularly to its first five books, the Torah, and the explanations which the teachers had given to them.

This picture is true to the fact by showing us the Jews as "the people of the book." While the Jews were in captivity it became clear to them that their God had allowed them to be punished so severely because they had not kept his laws. Consequently they resolved, on their return to Palestine, to keep his laws strictly that similar evil might not befall them again. His laws were contained in the five books of Moses, which became therefore the rule of conduct to be received without question and obeyed to the very letter. Fearing to break the law inadvertently, they "built a hedge" about it by even more rigorous enactments, that they might be on the safe side. If, for instance, the law said that forty stripes and no more might be given a criminal, it was ordained that only thirty-nine should be given, lest one might be missed in the count and so the legal number accidentally exceeded. Thus the Law with the interpretations and refinements put upon it by the scribes became a yoke which, so far from helping men bear their own burdens, was itself too heavy to be borne. The result was "an incredible externalizing of the moral and religious life." The letter killed free, spontaneous thought and conduct, the inner motives of morality were insignificant compared with conformity to an external standard, and the thinking of to-day was stifled by the thought of yesterday.

What education did Jesus have?—In the synagogue and perhaps also in school he had training in the law, but his real education was by observation of nature and human life.

Whether or not Jesus attended what we should call a day school cannot be

told for certain. If he did, it was held in the synagogue, and there was no instruction save in the law. Yet in the synagogues he heard the law and the prophets read, and both there and in the streets of Nazareth listened to discussions upon the letter of Scripture. That he studied nature as a sharp, clear-eyed observer, appears from his parables, all of which are realistic in the best sense of the word. Moreover, it was not far to the great caravan road, and he may often have seen and talked with the merchants and travelers from other lands than Palestine. Most important of all, however, were his visits to Jerusalem. At the great festival seasons the city was thronged with visitors from all parts of the world, the atmosphere was electric with patriotic feeling, the habits and thoughts of the East and the West met in Jerusalem at Passover time. We can easily imagine Jesus the young man, with those marvelous perceptive powers and that mental receptivity which from the parables we know were his, moving about among the crowds, almost breathing in ideas. The hills of Galilee, the streets of Nazareth and of Jerusalem (especially at Passover time), were his chief school rooms.

Upon what authority did Jesus rely?

—He trusted Nature, human thoughts and feelings, as revelations of God.

With Jesus, as with every man whose thoughts profoundly affect the world, the method of his thinking is vastly more important than its results. While others distrusted their own intuitions and relied upon "the book," Jesus put confidence in the natural human instincts. "What man of you" —is the argument constantly employed. A good human father will find only pity in his heart when a prodigal child comes home in shame, and the Father in heaven is no less kind and merciful than a father on earth. Human relations reveal divine, and the divine treatment of men must also be human. If God makes his sun to rise upon evil and good alike, a son of God must be kind not only to the kindly but also to the unthankful and the evil. This is the method of Jesus. Even yet some of his followers have not grasped his method for they attribute to God purposes and feelings which they would condemn in a man as unjust and cruel. Whittier's

—"Nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me"—

is a fatal principle to much of Christian theology. And still there is the appeal to the book, when men rest upon the Bible as a final court of appeal; yet the spirit that was in Jesus prompts an appeal from the book to the spirit that is in nature and in man. Trust thyself, says Emerson, every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Why did Jesus dare to trust himself?

—Because he felt that he was a child of God.

In the story preserved for us by Luke, which gave the subject of Hofmann's picture, it is related that Jesus spoke of God as his father. We find here, then, the nascent consciousness of that relation between man and God, which is a distinctive trait in the teaching of Jesus. The prophets had spoken of the nation, or the king representing the nation, as Son of God, and teachers before Jesus had declared the personal

fatherhood of God, but it was Jesus who made the idea "current coin." And this belief is closely connected with his method. He trusted himself because he felt sure that he and God were kin. In the power of His belief he rose above the mental pettiness and moral fussiness which were all around him, and became an apostle of the free spirit. Because God is the God of nature and man is child of God, nature and man must be trusted as revelations of God.

In teaching this lesson, the attitude of the Jews towards the Law and its results in triviality and casuistry should be dwelt upon. For this purpose the 17th chapter of Geikie's "Life of Christ" is good, but there is nothing so valuable and authoritative as ss. 25—28 in Schuerer's "The Jewish People in the Time of Christ." The apocryphal accounts of Jesus as a schoolboy, which show his quick and thoughtful mind, are worth reading. See, especially, "The Gospel of Thomas." For a later development of the story of Jesus in the Temple, see the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy cc. 50-52. Especial emphasis, however, must be laid in this lesson upon the Method of Jesus, for we shall have no more important subject in the entire course.

The Coming Religion

By THOMAS VAN NESS.

"CLEAR, CONCISE, FORCIBLE—
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At the International Congress of Representative Women, held recently in Chicago, the intense desire to hear what Helen Gardener had to say on any topic, resulted in packed halls, whenever she spoke, and in repeated demands for her reappearance. The first night she spoke hundreds had to be kept out of the hall for want of standing room. Hundreds of demands were made that Helen Gardener be urged to repeat the same speech in the same large hall or a larger one if it could be obtained, to enable those who had been shut out to hear her.

The enthusiasm of the men who heard her was quite as sincere and demonstrative as was that of the women, and before she left the city of Chicago she had been urged by a number of publishers to allow them to publish and distribute large numbers of copies of her speeches. Physicians called upon her and urged that this be done immediately, and professors in colleges and teachers did the same.

Steps were at once taken to put her speeches, made at this Congress, together with other of her essays, including "Sex In Brain, into book form to meet, in the readiest and cheapest way, the demand for them.

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Already application has been made by accredited representatives of four foreign nations to translate this book into their several languages and the demand for it is sure to be a large and increasing one, as has been for every book she has written.

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conviction and the generous warmth of a strong and earnest personality. It is the work of genius made practical by a rare common sense,—a genius so well balanced and so free from all eccentricity that even those who do not agree with all her conclusions are enthusiastic admirers of her and her work. This is evidenced by the fact that though she is known to be a frank and out-spoken Agnostic, yet clergymen, all over the country, urge her to read and speak in their pulpits and they preach upon her works and use her essays and books as texts for sermons to their congregations.

It is a cause of surprise to those who meet her for the first time that she is not large, that she is young and pretty, vivacious, and not at all pessimistic. She writes of the ills of life but she is as optimistic as is the surgeon, who sees the abscess and the ill it can do, and fearlessly puts in the keen cutting scalpel to cut out and to cure.

Persons who do not think very seriously, or who, as Helen Gardener says, only "think they are thinking," at odd and fugitive times, wonder how a woman, and a young woman at that, can write as Helen Gardener does unless she has had a personal experience of the things of which she writes. As if the preacher who depicts the torments of the damned must have had these torments, or that a Shakespeare must have been some thing of all of which he wrote, or that a Thackeray must have either been a Becky Sharp or had one in his family, or Dickens a Uriah Heep or a Pecksniff, or a Fagin. Of course all this is absurd,—when we come to think of it. Helen Gardener's home life with her parents was markedly simple and happy and pure and as free as possible from the troubles and ills of the world. Her married or domestic life is simply ideal. Her husband, who is a college-bred professional gentleman, is in entire harmony with all her work and all she desires to do, as she is with all he thinks and does. She has no more earnest admirer and at the same time no more careful critic. He frequently tells her she needs only to be entirely natural to be entirely irresistible. From a home where unbroken harmony and perfect good fellowship uninterruptedly reigns Helen Gardener looks out upon the world and sees the strifes and struggles and ills of life, and from her own life knows how much better all this can be,—should be and she seeks to make it so.

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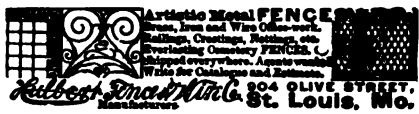
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ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

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DR. THOMAS will preach at the People's Church, McVicker's Theater, at 10:45 a. m.

MISS RAY FRANK, of Oakland, Cal., will occupy the pulpit of ZION CONGREGATION next Saturday, services beginning at 10:30 a. m.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.

NUMBER 4.

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Editorial

*The stars have us to bed:
Night draws the curtain; which the sun
withdraws.*

*Music and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.*

*More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path,
He treads down that which doth befriend
him*

*When sickness makes him pale and wan,
O, mighty love! Man is one world,
and hath*

Another to attend him?
—George Herbert.

**

THE Unitarian veteran, Rev. Dr. Fay, of Pasadena, has offered to publish and distribute at his own ex-

pense a paper recently read at the Presbyterian Alliance of Southern California, by Rev. R. D. Colmery, in defense of the doctrine of endless punishment. Believing that the paper is its own best refutation, our Pasadena friend wanted to use it as a liberal tract; but his offer had not, at a recent date, been accepted.

**

IN a recent number of *The Fortnightly Review* Rev. S. A. Barnett discusses the problem of poverty in India, Japan and the United States, and from his statements it would appear that the poverty problem hardly exists in Japan. If this be so we may well go to school to Japan. He attributes the happy condition of the island empire in this respect, primarily, to the land system, which, he says, has given to every worker a holding; and, in less degree, to the love of nature which checks the tendency of modern peoples to gather in the cities, and to the likeness in the life and manners of rich and poor.

**

NO VOICE has been heard on the platform of the Parliament of Religions with greater satisfaction than that of Prince Serge Wolkonsky of Russia. He has brought a literary touch that reminds one of Tourgueneff's prose poems. Both the man and his words bespeak a delicate refinement, instinct with the love of man and sensitive to the divine harmony common everywhere. Though a loving child of the Greek church, his words at the Parliament have always breathed the most cosmopolitan spirit, and have shown him to be a member of the church universal. Eight of his short addresses, most of them delivered on various occasions at the Art Palace, have been privately printed by the author in a pretty little book of one hundred and twelve pages. It makes an interesting souvenir of the great Parliament, particularly to those who have been charmed by the voice and manner of

this democratic son of aristocracy. The story of the carrot alone ought to make the little book a classic. A limited number of copies of this book can be obtained at UNITY office by those inclosing fifty cents and ordering at once.

**

THE following extracts from an editorial in the *Outlook* on John Tyndall well represent the spirit of the Parliament of Religions. They sound like some of the sentences uttered by Professor Momerie at the last Saturday session, which we will publish at length in these columns in due time:

What is religion?

In the realm of conduct it is practical righteousness; in the realm of thought it is perfect truthfulness. As an investigator Professor Tyndall seeks only the truth. As a teacher his sole aim is to impart the truth. As a seeker after truth he is wholly in earnest; as a communicator of truth he is absolutely candid.

* * * * *

If every modern theologian could receive, by a sudden inspiration, Professor Tyndall's openness of mind to all disclosures of truth, his earnestness of purpose in quest of truth, and his candor of statement in teaching truth, there would be an end to heresy trials; and the Church Universal would enjoy an illumination like that which used to make St. Peter's dome on Easter night a blaze of glory.

**

ALL SOULS CHURCH, Chicago, was the center of an interesting service on Sunday evening, Sept. 24—the ordination of Miss Florence Buck, the junior minister of the church at Cleveland, Ohio. There were present with her and taking part in this impressive service a goodly number of her sister ministers. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, the senior woman minister of the Unitarian denomination, made the opening prayer. Rev. Anna Shaw, of the Methodist church, and Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the pastor of All Souls, made addresses. Miss Mary Safford read appropriate scripture. Miss Marion Murdoch, the colleague of the candidate, pronounced the ordination prayer; Miss Elinor Gordon gave the "charge;" and Mr. Hosmer extended the right hand

of fellowship, telling her that he could speak for no church, neither the Unitarian church nor the Free Church of America, but that he welcomed her to the fellowship of the free Congregational churches and their ministers, and that, judging by the broad utterances of representatives of various religious denominations at the Parliament of Religions, he felt that he might almost venture to welcome her to the fellowship of all the churches.

THE GREAT PARLIAMENT.

Fourteen days have passed of the great conclave, at the time of our present writing, and the immense audiences have shown no perceptible decrease. Never was freer platform; never was the principle of give and take by people of widely differing opinions more freely practiced; and we might add that, in one or two instances, never were the canons of good taste, good manners, good sense and sound criticism more flagrantly violated; and still the spirit of good will, entire cordiality, and hearty hospitality was never better exemplified. The very diversity in the program has secured the delightful harmony. Here at least the great Greek and Roman churches have complimented each other. The Archbishop of Zante has divided his social attentions between Bishop Keane of the Catholic Church and Pung Kwang Yu, the most stately representative of the Empire of China. The polished sentences of Col. Higginson, winning all hearts to the spirit of free religion, were immediately followed by the impassioned periods of Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, who declared that the "resurrection of Jesus was one of the best accredited facts in the history of humanity." The representatives of the non-Christian religions—we ought rather to say extra-Christian religions—have made most unwelcome statements concerning Christian missions and missionaries, and their words have been graciously received. While, on the other side, Joseph Cook has defiantly demanded of the Pagans to wash clean the "blood-red band of Lady Macbeth," insinuating that Christianity could do it without settling the previous question as to whether that lady deserved such prompt immunity from her crime as he offers her. And a missionary by the name of Post, from the East,

undertook to counteract the desire for fair play and just appreciation even of the Mohammedans by reading from the Koran the most unsavory bits he could find,—and nobody retaliated by compiling a scandalous mess, which might easily be done, from the Christian's Bible.

Three days remain of the great parliament at present writing. Perhaps it is well that it is to last no longer, for if physical endurance could hold out we fear that spiritual grace might give way. After a while the earlier Adam might assert itself and controversy might break through harmony. But one thing is sure: the dominant spirit as well as the final lesson of this phenomenal event is fraternity, progress, and unity.

But the editor, in common with everybody in Chicago, is too busy with the Parliament at the present time to attempt to report it, much less to estimate the immeasurable thing.

THE UNITARIAN CONGRESS.

Last week we spoke rather severely of the disappointments in the program caused by the non-appearance of those who through correspondence and publication had given the public a right to expect their attendance. This week it is but just to say that considering the peculiarly distracting circumstances and the extent of the program, the place of meeting, and all, the attendance on the part of the promised speakers was probably as high as such meetings generally yield, perhaps higher. Of some forty-five different persons named in the program who were expected to be present in person, there were but seven absentees, and four of these sent their papers, leaving but three who utterly disappointed. Mr. Williams of New York and Mr. Lord of Providence were both detained by illness, always an uncounted element in every program. Of the meetings themselves it is to be said that, as with all the denominational and attendant congresses, the tremendous attractions at Columbus Hall, where the main Parliament was in session, absorbed most of the attendance and much of the enthusiasm, as it well deserved to do. And Unitarians more than any other denomination can well rejoice over this fact; for in the Parliament they find such a publication of their central principles, such a recognition of their inspiration, as never before was secured.

While the special program was being carried out last week in some of the side halls, the Unitarians themselves were in attendance in large numbers at the Parliament both as listeners and as speakers. Of some two hundred and fifty-eight names which appear in the published program of the Parliament, at least seventeen of them are recognized Unitarians. And ten out of these seventeen speakers were Unitarian women.

Of the Unitarian program itself it is also to be remembered that it was arranged not so much for popular attractiveness at the time as for permanent publication. It was hoped to secure a series of papers that would prove not an inadequate photograph of Unitarianism up to date; and we are glad to be able to report that arrangements have been made for a speedy publication of these papers by George H. Ellis of Boston. It is estimated that it will make a volume of four hundred pages, and it is hoped it can be offered at the low price of one dollar, in paper, so that many may possess themselves of this hand-book which will probably prove the most available exposition of the Unitarian movement for some years to come. The local and advisory committees at their Monday meeting elected Revs. Solon W. Bush of Boston, W. W. Fenn of Chicago, and Celia P. Woolley of Geneva as a committee to edit this volume. And we trust that the volume will be pushed with as much haste as is consistent with good work, and that the studies that were missed from the program will be secured and incorporated in the volume.

But the meetings themselves were far from being unimportant or unfruitful. The attendance at many of the sessions was excellent and the interest admirable. Although it was manifest that Unitarianism was away from home, it was good for our Eastern friends to find themselves for a few days so far away from Boston and to realize what an unimportant and secondary place we occupy in the world of religious thought and feeling outside of New England. It is more and more manifest that Unitarians are often prone to mistake effect for cause, and forget that the forces that gave them being are at work liberalizing and humanizing great masses of people who are not now and never will be known by the Unitarian name. It is indeed true

that he is the best Unitarian who is least Unitarian. Unitarians were most concerned at Chicago not with the question of how to magnify the Unitarian name, but how to lose it in that larger thing, the free, liberal church of America and of the world, which alone will do justice to Unitarian thought and embody the true Unitarian spirit.

ONE INFLAMING CAUSE OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

The fabulous prices paid for real estate in fashionable localities, recently cited by Mr. Ward McAllister, is but one of the many items of wild and senseless expenditure indulged in by the American people. The extravagances of the millionaires would not so much concern the nation at large, perhaps, if they were not so widely reported by the newspapers of the country, and did not lead to imitation of their follies by the moderately wealthy, and did not add to the insane desire for money among the younger business men everywhere. These daily reports of fashionable follies, these incessant letters, written for the masses, describing the homes, the equipage, the dress, the jewels, the entertainments of the rich, are demoralizing to the last degree. Any paper desiring the real welfare of the nation should cease their publication at once and forever. They inflame the minds of poor people, they inspire a desire for money in thousands of readers who have been well content with moderate prosperity heretofore, they lead silly women to importune weak husbands for a style of living they cannot afford, they are indirectly the cause of much of the wild speculation, the gambling, the embezzlements of which we hear so much day by day. They may make the groundlings laugh, but they as certainly make the judicious grieve. Let a battle against this pernicious form of American snobbery be instituted at once by every publication of influence, and we shall soon see a change for the better in the tone of general society in the smaller cities and country places. Now every family, almost, is influenced by these accounts of folly and wild expenditure, to a greater or less degree. These fashion letters that crowd every paper read by women, which describe only toilets which can be worn by the very rich and which can

be made only by the most expensive dressmakers, tempt thousands of women of moderate means to buy what they cannot afford, to employ modistes whose charges are simply robbery, and to constantly desire what they cannot possibly have, thus bringing domestic discord into homes that might have been peaceful and happy. Contentment of the old-fashioned kind, with simple dress, moderate expenditure in entertaining and a quiet style of living generally, seems to be almost a lost art. Could we blot out at once the fashionable intelligence, and the fashion letters from the public prints, it would be the first step toward a revival of the more sensible ideas of our fathers and mothers. Now there is not one family out of ten that is not extravagant in proportion to its means; and that is why we are in the throes of the present perilous panic.

H. T. G.

THE WATER LILY.

O star on the breast of the river,
O marvel of bloom and grace,
Did you fall straight down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thought of an
angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun,
Did you grow in the Golden City,
My pure and shining one?
Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven,
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the blackness
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace.
White souls *fall* not, O my poet:
They *rise* to the sweetest place.

—Anonymous.

THE COMMON OFFERING.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord look-
eth for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

—The Silver Cross.

DR. CARL PETERS, the eminent African explorer who has done wonders for the opening up of Eastern Africa, has prepared for the October *Forum* an article on "Prospects of Africa's Settlement by Whites." Dr. Peters is a great friend of Emin Pasha, but not an enthusiastic admirer of Stanley; and he draws a vivid picture of the lately explored regions of the Dark Continent, and predicts that in times not far remote Africa will be honeycombed with European settlements.

WHO seeks the treasure hid 'neath
mountain peaks
Heeds not the wayside flowers the path-
way grows.

—Wm. H. Birckhead.

Exchange Table

Words of Wisdom.

The Unitarians and Universalists are in profound agreement in regard to many vital principles of Christian faith. The purely Theistic and Ethical elements which are basal in all truly Christian convictions have for the years of a generation had substantially the same statement in both of the denominations. It is but fair to say that in the defining and formulating of these principles the work of the Unitarian divines has been very dominant; for their service the Universalists are under a debt of great obligations. To think of suppressing such an acknowledgment would be both ungrateful and futile. It may be added that the New Orthodoxy in these latter days is teaching, and that the Swedenborgians all along have taught, substantially the same fundamental doctrines. Now it is in this general statement that some measure of practical co-operation is inevitable. They who agree must walk together in all the particulars of the agreement. To attempt to belittle or to put barriers to this form or degree of co-operation, is to be factious and self-stultifying.

—Ed. Christian Leader.

A SMALL colored girl, a veritable Topsy in originality, abruptly paused one day in her ministrations, dust brush in hand and demanded of her startled mistress: "What did you say was de Lord's las' name?" The bewildered lady, who has never presumed to say anything on that subject, replied that she did not know, but was assured "O, yes; you taught it to me you'se'f; it's in the Bible;" and was further requested to "Jus' say the Lord's Prayer an' I'll show you." She accordingly began the obedient repetition of the Lord's Prayer, and upon reaching the petition: "Hallowed be Thy name," a dusky forefinger was pointed at her in triumph: "Didn't I tell you? Dat's 'Is las' name—'Hallowed.'" "

—Exchange.

THE London *Inquirer*, commenting on an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Missionaries in China," says that candidates for these missionary positions ought to pass, beside their theological examination, a "stiff examination in good sense." "A little of this would be worth a good deal more than bushels of zeal or tons of correct doctrine." "When we find a missionary going to a temple dedicated to Confucius, and bidding the assembly give over 'the folly and sin of worshipping deceased men;' of another stating that 'Confucius is in hell;' of another asking for gun boats to enforce preposterous demands,—we cannot help feeling that the right men have not been sent, and that of these it cannot be said, 'How lovely are the messengers that bring us the gospel of peace.'" "

One of the strongest testimonies agin the saloon is, that it's the first place a detective goes if he wants to find a law-breaker.

—The Voice.

Contributed and Selected

IMMANENT PERFECTION.

O God, God!—From a thousand muttered woes
 Man's breath ascends and beats upon the wall
 That faith, betrayed by wingless reason, built
 Between man's spirit and the soul of all!
 They hide their faces, red with fancied guilt,
 In hands more red with blood of fancied foes,
 While red with blood and fire the altar ceaseless glows.
 The stars gleam on unshaken overhead;
 No shape unearthly on the midnight flood
 Drops through the prayer-rent ether from the skies;
 Yet ever from our tortured doubt of God
 Pain wrings anew His meed of sacrifice.
 Let be! And in our hearts make shrines instead
 Where some prophetic ear, perchance, may hear it said:—
 Alas, that men still vainly seek for me
 Who breathe not else but in their common breath;
 Who live not else but in their blood and brain,—
 Draw nearer only in their own fond faith
 That ever prays, nor ever prays in vain,
 And leave them but when unbelief's wild sea
 Takes them, and drowning hope forgets what God should be!
 They look for me above, but never heed
 The voice that inward whispers, I am nigh:
 As near to you as thought, for I am Thought:
 As near as he you love when eye holds eye,
 For I am Love!—Me, whom their life has brought
 To life, they put away, and deem they need
 A God between them and their God to intercede.
 Man's eye pursues me, loses me, returns.—
 Discovers faded footprints here and there.
 Lo here, he cries, is order, beauty, love:
 There must be God!—Lo, here is grief and care
 And wrong and death: there must be God above!

In nature's broken mirror he discerns
 My form, and hoards the fragments in his earthen urns.

For me man yearns, and travails to define

The thing he feels when in the night alone

He hears the storm-lashed sea about him break:

When in a dying hand he lays his own:

When after grief he closes eyes that ache

And leans an unresisting breast on mine.

'Tis thus man lends me form, embodying the Divine.

Seek me in soulless matter; there I brood:

Seek me in law, for there 'tis I who move;

Seek me in air, in light, in frost and fire:

In sentient life, for there I breathe, I love:

In man, for there first conscious I aspire!

Seek me in maidenhood and motherhood,—

Nay, in thyself, for there I form the thought of God.

JULIA LARKIN MORRIS.

KINDLINGS.

To set about "doing good" in that predetermined, mechanical way which considers only the object and not at all the natures with which one has to deal, is commonly a most discouraging and ineffective method of bringing about the results at which the philanthropic effort is aimed. The would-be benefactor does not see why his benevolent purposes meet with so little acknowledgment and elicit no gratitude. It may never have occurred to him that it is self-love rather than fellow-love which is the mainspring of his charitable endeavor, and that he gets only what he ministers to—his own self-appreciation. After all, it must be love and sympathy for one's kind that teaches him the true thing to do in assistance of his brother in need. There can be no mechanical, loveless discharge of a duty that shall be satisfying and worthy of his powers. To be quick and alive to every claim of humanity will inform a man at every point on the action that is wisest for him to take, and though his measures may seem erring to others his surest guidance must be an unselfish love. And when we talk of love we do not mean that limited affection which regards but one aspect of human welfare, and is blind to those wider bearings which make the individual but a part of the whole. It would modify our notions of right and justice could we see, as the Infinite sees, the universal good which is compassed never in any striving for personal benefit and blessing alone, but only

in the broadest seeking of the ends which minister to the highest interests of all.

We are trying to compass the Eternal Plan in too small a space, and we are giving it very human limitations indeed. Impossible as it is for the finite mind to measure the infinite, we may not sketch, with any attempt at completeness, the scheme of our overruling Providence. At the best we catch but fractional glimpses of the stupendous Whole. Why should we spend our power in weaving theological systems, when in living day by day God's clearly revealed laws we may come into a clearer apprehension of the Divine motive of creation? Just the law of love—the Golden Rule fulfilled—would give us closer entrance to heaven than all our fruitless speculations about that place.

It is a mistake to suppose that the subject we contemplate from time to time undergoes, in the process of years, the change which is apparent in our views. The difference is in our standpoint, which is perpetually varying. Nor may we be satisfied with one view. We need the constant shifting of light upon whatever we consider to arrive at any just estimate or ultimate conclusion concerning it. Whether it is worth while to arrive at final conclusions at all in this world is a matter of question. We cannot—many of us at least—see all sides of the sphere at once. It needs great spiritual enlargement and elevation to presume on entire and unqualified judgment of all things.

Some of us go mourning through all our days under the cross of certain personal inheritances or deficiencies for which we reproach Fate or Providence or whatever the Power that we regard as fixed, implacable and final in dealing with us. Our whole life is dwarfed and incapacitated for perfect use by the weak and ignorant submission with which we yield ourselves as hopeless, helpless victims to characteristics that are suffered to tyrannize over us to the end of time. Should we not practically recognize the fact that we are in the world simply to overcome and to convert even our infirmities to spiritual powers? This is our work. Shall we go from youth to old age cowering and shrinking under limitations that were set simply to be broken over? And may we foolishly, even profanely, charge to God's providence the things which we impotently hold up as excuses for our failure to do what our conscience clearly directs?

There is a sadness in the after part of a day which has not fulfilled the promise of the morning. One hates to see it go, for the reason that it takes with it the unfulfilled hope. So many avenues of thought and deed have opened to us that we knew not which was the fairer to take, and

languishing between them we have lost the blessing of all. So many delightful things to say have gone by with slighted opportunity; so many promptings to do have touched us and vanished like the forms of clouds which, while we are gazing, change and float away, leaving us staring blankly into vacancy. Even the unattained good vexes and saddens us. But, doubtless, even to have touched the hem of the garment of good is better than not to have perceived it at all. May not the recognition and the longing attest our right to possession? Does the beauty that we love wholly evade us after all?

Do you ever think when you watch the declining sun of human life, and bewail the fast approaching nightfall of death, that you are as much a victim to the deceit of appearances as you are in watching the decline of the natural sun? Evermore we in our orbit are moving toward the east and the morning, and it is this motion that puts the earthly sun behind us, below us. Our lengthening shadows show the way we are going. "Death and the west," says MacDonal "are behind us, ever behind us."

The law which regulates all true endeavor is the law of trust, without which there could be no successful effort. However we may disclaim such trust, in our self-conscious power to will and to do, the bare fact of our attempt is proof of our faith that we shall be blessed in the end for which we strive. And the more utterly we fling ourselves into the current of belief as regards our undertaking, the more certain will be the triumph which must crown our efforts. The very strongest enforcement of our powers comes from faith—in fact, the very inspiration of all honest endeavor is a more or less active state of belief.

A critic needs the finest perception of character and the capacity to enter into the motive of the subject which must be so acutely and subtly analyzed as to reveal the secret, but vaguely understood, perhaps, by the subject himself. An artist rarely represents the truth for which he poses. He aims to show forth some type which he admires and fondly imagines is made manifest in his work; and he wonders that he is so little appreciated, so frequently misapprehended. Viewing himself from his own standpoint, he appears equally deserving with those who are so extravagantly lauded and borne into the temple of Fame on the shoulders of adoring eulogists. It is the true critic's aim to probe through all this unconscious masquerading to the real quality underneath; and his judgment, if of any worth, is founded upon an unprejudiced and perfectly clear estimate of the nature of his subject. No work rises above the level of its master.

A. L. M.

CONGRESS OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

The Free Religious Association met in the hall of Washington on Wednesday, September 20, for the twenty-sixth time. Mr. Charles C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, called upon Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones to open the session with prayer, after which he (President Bonney) welcomed the association in a remarkably happy five-minute address. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the vice-presidents of the association, and the presiding officer of the morning, responded in his usual happy vein, expressing his great satisfaction that one who had not the privilege of living in Boston, the home of the association, should nevertheless so perfectly express its purpose as Mr. Bonney had done. His address was full of quiet humor, and he touched upon the fact that this Parliament of Religions was in a measure the realization of one of the great ideals of the Free Religious Association. Wm. J. Potter, the president of the association, was then introduced and read an interesting historical sketch of the association, alluding to the fact that Ralph Waldo Emerson's name stood first on the roll of members.

Both the association and the Unitarian Congress were desirous of hearing Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, of Calcutta, the eloquent apostle of the Brahmo-Samaj, and as he had agreed to address the latter body that morning it courteously consented to adjourn to the larger hall of Washington, that both bodies might hear the address. In opening his address Mr. Mozoomdar alluded to the cordial reception he had received from these two organizations during his previous visit to this country, and proceeded to speak of the Brahmo-Samaj, which he conceived to be quite similar to the Free Religious Association. He contended that we must have dogmas in religion, but that while they should be certain and definite, they should be so simple and fundamental that all must agree to them. He protested against the notion that good works alone constituted the whole of religion; and pointed out that one might devote himself to good works from lack of other employment, but that such conduct did not indicate a very high type of life. He thought that, while his countrymen lacked many things that we of the West had, the spirit of *devotion* was a valuable possession of the Hindu, which seemed to him too largely absent from Occidental religion. Religion, he said, must be spiritual; and he contended for personality as essential to religion and to the development of the highest character. God, said he, is not an *idea*; God is a great *person*. His manner, throughout, was so sweet and his language so noble, that the large audience which thronged to hear him could not but be pleased with

the man, whether or not they agreed with his thought.

At the conclusion of Mr. Mozoomdar's address, Dr. Francis E. Abbott, of Cambridge, read with great force and effectiveness a paper on "The Scientific Method in the Study of Religion," in which he took occasion to criticize the dogmatism of the Spencerian agnostics, who asserted the unknowability of the Infinite, and the now patent dualism of the Huxleian agnosticism which asserts that ethics leads us not to put ourselves in accord with but to oppose the cosmic order. His criticism of Unitarianism was omitted from the reading in compliment to the presence of the Unitarian Congress during the latter part of the morning session, but it will be printed when the address is published.

The afternoon session was presided over by President Potter, and was addressed by Rev. Manot J. Savage of Boston, Mr. Mangasar M. Mangasarian of the Chicago Ethical Culture Society, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Rev. Robert Collyer, who expressed himself as greatly pleased and in hearty accord with the views of Mr. Mangasarian, who dwelt upon the fact that ethics afforded the one possible ground of union for those whose beliefs were more or less different, Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner of Boston, and Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones of Chicago, who said that while the Parliament of Religions was in a sense a fulfillment of one of the ideals of the association, he could not but feel that during the twenty-three years in which he had been a member it had accomplished far too little, it lacked working force.

At 6 p. m. a reception was held at the Tremont House, followed by a banquet presided over by Col. Higginson, at the close of which addresses were made by the presiding officer, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. E. L. Rexford, Miss Ida C. Hultin, a young Brahmin who clung to the customs while he disregarded the religious scruples of his people, and Rev. B. B. Nagarkar, of the Brahmo-Samaj, who said a good word for the secular educative work of the Christian ministry. Mrs. Spencer gave a new utterance to her hope that the Free Religious Association might not longer be a voice without hands, warning her hearers that the courteous hearing accorded the non-Christian speakers in the Parliament was no more than ordinary social courtesy, and that the association should not too hastily flatter itself that much had been thereby achieved. She warned them, too, against the tendency to dwell upon the past, intimating that it was a sign of senility which betokened little work in the present and the future. Dr. Rexford made a very happy after-dinner speech, keeping his hearers' faces wreathed in smiles, and responding most felicitously to the interjunctory remarks of the president. Miss Hultin won the hearts of her hearers by the

hopefulness of her tone and the sweet charity with which her bit of criticism was clothed. At the close of the fifth speaker's remarks, as the night was well advanced, Col. Higginson repeated his words of thankful praise for those who had done so much to make the Parliament of Religions and the convention of the Free Religious Association a success, particularly mentioning the untiring efforts of their associate, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the secretary of the general committee of the Parliament, and then declared the meeting at an end. The occasion was a very enjoyable one, although the proposed program could not be fully carried out, as one of the expected speakers of the evening did not appear and another came late. F. W. S.

SYMPOSIUM ON THE PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

The meeting held Friday morning, September 16th, was probably the most truly representative of all the sessions of the Unitarian Congress; and as UNITY is unable to report them all, it will endeavor to put before its readers a very brief summary of this one, as a sample.

The meeting was presided over by Rev. T. B. Forbush, Western Superintendent for the A. U. A., who deserves to be complimented upon carrying the program through successfully in a single session, although of the twelve speakers mentioned on the program all but Miss Spencer were present in person or by proxy, Rev. E. A. Horton's place being taken by Rev. W. H. Lyon. We can but regret, however, that in order to accomplish this it was thought necessary to stop one of the participants when he had but two more pages to read, instead of allowing him to finish.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, spoke for that mother of Unitarian organizations, and was followed by Rev. S. C. Steintal, the associate pastor of the Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, England, the Arlington Street Church of the old country, who spoke of the organization and work of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and of the questions agitating the English Unitarians, particularly the school board difficulty in the matter of religious instruction in accordance with the teaching of the Established Church. Rev. W. H. Lyon followed with an outline history of the National Conference, which was necessarily very brief. Mr. John Fretwell then spoke for Transylvania, dwelling upon the difficulties the church had to contend with on account of state interference. Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, the late Secretary, then read a fifteen-minute paper on the Western conference, which, although a very brief sketch, so clearly brought home to the minds of the audience the natural growth of the conference as to

awaken their enthusiasm for its high evolution. Mr. Lyon then read a paper showing the growth of the Unitarian Sunday School Society from the smallest of beginnings to a position of wide influence and usefulness. Rev. A. W. Gould, President of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, then spoke for five or ten minutes, saying that the purpose his society represented was to lead all men to the broadest view of truth; and that with that end in view it sought to show them the height and truth and beauty of things on all sides of them, and also of what was not a part of their immediate environment; that, among other means, they sought to inspire a reverence for true religion and morality by pointing out to the youth of our land the noble lives outside our historic bible, and the religious truth outside that historic system of religion within whose pale our lot has fallen.

Rev. B. R. Bulkley, of Concord, Mass., then spoke for Unitarian guilds, making a plea for more devotional service in the church life of our young people. Rev. G. W. Cooke, in speaking of unity clubs, appealed to the fact that religion has to do with all of life; that true religion enters into men's work not less than into their formal worship. This was the basis of the unity clubs; they sought, among other things, to lead us to read a modern English poet with the same earnest reverence as an ancient Jewish psalmist. Rev. D. W. Morehouse, the Middle States superintendent, then spoke of the work of his conference, pointing out the difficulty of spreading the liberal faith in the many old, conservative towns of the Middle States and Canada, where all knew their neighbors personally and all were expected to conform to the conventional religious standards. Mr. Morehouse was followed by the Pacific coast and Southern superintendents; Rev. C. W. Wendte pointing out the peculiar advantages of the liberal faith in his territory, where the conditions were just the opposite of those described in Mr. Morehouse's paper. On the virgin soil of California the liberal faith gained a footing before the orthodox sects had taken possession of the territory; and the marked open-mindedness of the pioneer, characterizing the Pacific coast population, was another thing in favor of the large new faith. In addition to this he called attention to the fact that most of the orthodoxy which was there was peculiarly backward in its theology, and thus drove men away in the search for greater breadth. He showed how, in much less than a decade, Unitarianism had quadrupled in power, wealth, and influence, and predicted for this most American faith a great and speedy triumph in that most American section of our land. Incidentally he offered a warm tribute to the A. U. A. for the part it had played in the spread of Unitarianism on the coast.

Rev. George L. Chaney opened his remarks by saying that there was no Unitarianism in the South to speak of, and proceeded to make a plea for the great need of free religion in the land of the freedmen, carrying with him the sympathy of his audience throughout his brief address. He said that the North in its relations with the South not only had something to forgive but also to *be forgiven*. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones then stated that Mrs. Spence was unable to be with them, but had intrusted him with a message of greeting from the Unitarians of Australia. F. W. S.

A STATE CONVENTION OF THE LIBERAL INDEPENDENT RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES OF ILLINOIS.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Illinois Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies it was voted to hold the annual conference in Chicago, November 7-9, and to make a special effort to assemble all the Independent Societies of the State. There seems no reason why those who have broken the old credal fetters should not unite for conference and mutual help. Our beliefs may not be one, but our purpose is surely the same,—to advance the cause of Liberal Religion in the world and help as many churches and as many individuals as possible to enjoy the larger liberty and the nobler religion which we enjoy. We can accomplish this purpose far better united than individually; and there are enough independent churches in this State to form a strong and effective body. Can we not meet for once in full numbers to talk the matter over?

The following program has been suggested:

Tuesday, Nov. 7, 8 p. m.—Annual Sermon.

Wednesday, Nov. 8, 9:30 a. m.—Devotional Meeting. 10:30 a. m.—Report of State Work. 2 p. m.—Paper on "The Congregational Polity and the Liberal Church." Discussion on the paper. 3 p. m.—Paper on "Methods of Missionary Work in the Liberal Church." Discussion on the paper. 4 p. m.—Paper on "The Liberal Church and the People." Discussion on the paper. 8 p. m.—Platform meeting on "The Larger Religious Horizon." (a) The Larger Horizon of the Universalist Church. (b) The Larger Horizon of the Unitarian Church. (c) The Larger Horizon of the Independent Church. (d) The Larger Horizon of the Ethical Movement. (e) Possibilities of a Liberal Church Organization.

Thursday, Nov. 9, 9:30 a. m.—Devotional Meeting. 10:30 a. m.—Business.

A. W. GOULD,
President of the Board.

A Sensational Story

has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequaled as a food for infants. Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

Church-Door Pulpit

UNITARIANISM AS A PROMISE.*

BY REV. W. C. GANNETT.

It will turn my subject but a little if I call it, not the Promise of Unitarianism but Unitarianism as a Promise. Our Unitarianism, that we love so well, a prophecy of something nobler than itself,—that thought sets bells to ringing in the heart! bells not of pride but of grateful joy. To feel that we are only Unitarians for the nonce because we are born a bit too early, that we are but hint and herald of a truth more true and beautiful and a brotherhood larger than anything that bears our name or is ever likely to,—to see this, and to be glad in seeing it, and to adjust the hope and methods of our Unitarianism to the seeing, is, I think, to be genuinely "Unitarian." But this is saying that he is most the Unitarian who is least one.

I. "And that is but a commonplace among us," some one answers. Not so much a commonplace but that it is worth while to give definite reasons for believing it is true. The reasons, moreover, will show that there is no disloyalty in the belief. Here is one: Who are the four great masters of our faith? Four men who have with difficulty and reluctance borne our name,—Channing, Parker, Emerson and Martineau. None of these have cared for our name or our organism. Channing, although he was protagonist for all the name implied three-quarters of a century ago, when the first debate was forced on the New England liberals, compelling schism, accepted the necessity with heavy heart. His sense of the spiritual realities of religion, lying deep below divergences of doctrine, was shocked at the thought of break; it also made him fear fresh bonds of creed in any new connection. To quote again the well-known words: In 1828 he wrote, "I take cheerfully the name of a Unitarian, because unwearyed efforts are used to raise against it a popular cry. Were the name more honored I should be glad to throw it off. I wish to regard myself as belonging not to a sect, but to the community of free minds, of lovers of truth, of followers of Christ, both on earth and in heaven." Channing died in 1842, when the dreamy-eyed Transcendental child of Unitarianism was being soundly cuffed by the scandalized young mother, already grown conventional, and for the five years before his death the note which ever and anon he sounded was, "I am very little of a Unitarian." "Old Unitarianism must undergo important modification. Though an advance on previous systems, it does not work deeply, it does not strike living springs in the soul. It cannot quicken and regenerate the world. It began as a protest against

mental slavery. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end; but it has gradually grown stationary, and now we have a Unitarian Orthodoxy." Martineau, our living Channing with a larger culture, has once and again discomfited his friends with the assurance that, though he was himself a Unitarian, the church of his love ought never to be limited by such a name. "You may devote a church," he told them, "to the enduring life of religion, which persists through changing theologies, or to a given theology, with such religion as in its day it can manage to hold. But you cannot combine both methods, since the trustful piety of the former consists in renouncing the comfortable securities of the latter. My own allegiance is unreservedly given to the former. With a 'Unitarian Church' I can have nothing to do. In the doctrine denoted by the phrase I profoundly believe." His influence once led the British Unitarian Association to decline a sorely needed gift of \$60,000, because the gift was conditioned on a trust deed drawn on "Unitarian" instead of free religious lines,—a quite heroic act of faith on a Unitarian Association's part. His hope for England, and the hope took shape in him as plan, was a "Free Christian Union" of her various churches. The plan became a failure,—but remains a prophecy, as good failures often do. On his eightieth birthday, responding to the greeting of the English Unitarians, he said: "The true religious life supplies grounds of sympathy and association deeper and wiser than can be expressed by any doctrinal names or formulas; and free play can never be given to these genuine spiritual affinities till *all stipulation, direct or implied, for specified agreement in theological opinion* is discarded from the bases of church union." One need not quote from Theodore Parker or from Emerson to hint their view of the insufficiency of Unitarianism. Parker, in spite of Channing's warning and his own tumultuous remonstrance, was virtually banned by the little body; while Emerson, still earlier, sorely found himself outside the name, which held him only long enough to make it possible for later Unitarians to say with pride, "Our Emerson." Now, when we remember that these are the four men whose names make radiant our little history, the four whose faces oftenest look at us from our church walls, the four whose words we oftenest quote if we would teach our faiths,—when we remember this, their indifference to us becomes significant. Significant of what? That Unitarianism prophesies a future nobler than its own.

A stronger reason for believing this is the continuous transfer of emphasis from doctrine to method and spirit and ethics that has marked our history as a church. In other words, most of us, however much we love our *ism*, at heart are little Channings,

Emersons, Martineaus. On doctrine, that is, on views of God and Christ and Bible and human nature and human destiny, the Christian sects have all been built, and by doctrine are they separated from each other. So it was with our church also at the first: our very name bears witness to the greatness of a doctrine, the Unity of God, and our early battle-fields of pamphlet and debate were strewn with Bible-texts to prove our creed. Yet from the first we strongly emphasized three other things,—a certain intellectual method in religion, a certain spirit, and a moral test; the method of free reason instead of authority, the spirit of fellowship and unity instead of sectarianism, the test of character instead of right belief. Our three great Unitarian "principles," we may call them,—if we dare,—to distinguish them from doctrine. Thus at our beginning; and through the years these "principles" of ours have changed only to grow clearer, only to be more thoroughly applied, only to have our emphasis on them increase; while, on the other hand, our "doctrines" have all reshaped themselves, and our general emphasis on them has waned. Very conscious are we of this change in views and this transfer of emphasis. "The Unitarian movement," "the unsectarian sect," "the church of mere morality," have been our larger synonyms,—our glory or reproach, according to the eyes that looked. And how is it to-day? To-day we love our doctrines still in their transfigured shapes, and probably no church is more at one in creed than ours, and yet to-day those principles, and not these doctrines, are hailed by most of us as the supreme things in religion. We keep the name Unitarian, but a new meaning has grown into it. Talk as we may of the claims of etymology and old historic sense to fix a meaning firm, etymology does dim, and historic senses change in words; for history is new as well as old, and words are vital, not mechanic, things; and no words are quite so vital as religious words. The rose in April and the rose in June are very different things to look at, but the June rose does not shed its April name. "Religion" has meant a thousand things, and all "historic." "Christianity" in the nineteenth century means something very unlike what it meant in the ninth century or in the first; but the latest meaning is no less "historic" than the earliest. We need not disown old history to rise above it into new. So, too, "Unitarianism" has changed meaning. To-day the name connotes our method in religion, our spirit and our moral test more than it does our doctrine of the unity of God, although that doctrine never was so grand as now.

But to what an outlook has this change of emphasis and meaning brought us? It has brought us almost to the rims of possible existence as an organized and individual

* Read at the Unitarian Congress in the Parliament of Religions, Chicago, Sept. 21, 1893.

church; for these principles, all three, are *universal*, not Unitarian; and the church that is truest to them just so far tends to lose its separate body and become what they themselves are, a diffusive spirit. In virtue of them we belong somewhat to every church and inside every company of lovers and truth-seekers. *Freedom, Fellowship and Character*, we sometimes call this trinity of ours. *Liberty, Love and Holiness*, we call it. Or, best of all, perhaps, *Truth, Love and Righteousness*. But such names, such principles, as these are not Unitarian; they are not Christian; they are not even human; they are eternal and divine. Nor were they any discovery of our fathers. Our sole relation as Unitarians to them is that of early enlistment under them, and of growing loyalty to them. We are simply a church of to-day, offering scope for the practice and the teaching of principles that are not of to-day, but of all days,—principles which are not ours, nor any men's, nor man's, but we and man are theirs.

Should we not own, then,—may we not claim, then,—that the faith we love is prophetic of a glory nobler than its own?

The third reason for believing it to be so is that all the larger churches around us are to-day feeling the same uplift as we. I said, call those principles "Unitarian," if we dared. In almost every church there is a Broad Church party, and under the party, wider than the party, a sub-conscious Broad Church tendency; and always "Broad Church" means that blessed trinity, the emphasis on *Freedom, Fellowship and Character* in religion. Here, there and everywhere among the creed-bound, creed-separated companies of yesterday there are the sounds of falling barriers and glimpses of men straining away from tradition. Ancient churches, rivals from their birth, are exchanging Christian courtesies and lending temples to each other. New attempts at Evangelical Alliance and Christian Union star each decade now. And lo! this miracle of a World's Parliament of Faiths,—its aim "to make the Golden Rule the basis of the union of religions" and "to show their substantial unity in the good deeds of the religious life!" Interdenominational societies of service like the Young Men's Christian Union, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the King's Daughters, the Christian Endeavorers are springing up, a beautiful new flora surprising the ecclesiastic soil. Most of this has come within a generation, and it all means new emphasis on *Love* as the vital spirit of religion, and on *Character* as its growing test. Meanwhile, the welcome given so widely in the pew as in the press to heresy in *solution*, and the heresy trials occurring when the solution begins to precipitate itself in visible crystals of radical criticism or theology,—these mean the new tendency to Free Reason in religion. Nor is it even

too much to add that the Broad Church party, the new Orthodoxy, as fast as it adopts this intellectual method of ours, is reaching intellectual results quite similar to ours: more and more its views and ours of God, of Christ, of the Bible, of inspiration, revelation, human nature, human destiny and evolution in religion, are drawing to a touch. Not that the approach is altogether from their side. Nor let us hug the dream that Unitarian "leaven" is the cause of what has happened. We and our larger neighbors are parts of one great wakening. We have marked the movement more than they, because upon its front; but we have marked, not made, it. To the irresistible, irradiating light of the new science, the new readings of history, the new contacts of man with man in brotherhood around the earth, it is due; and to this our little Unitarian light has added what the early house-fires add to dawn. By these signs once more, then, we can say that Unitarianism foretells a glory greater than its own.

II. But why may not this coming glory be our own? It will be ours, for we shall share in it. But why may it not bear our name if we are pioneers of the principles that lead men to it? Partly because we are not the only pioneers of them. Partly because, when these principles shall have gained free course in Christendom, the great churches that adopt them will still be the mass, and we the fraction; and the mass is not likely to rename itself from any fraction. But more than this: these principles may be the things supreme in religion, but it is not they as theories, it is only they at work, only as principles in *vital application*, that they confer leadership; a fact, by the way, which restores to doctrine no little of its honor and estate. Now I fear the truth about us Unitarians is that the principles in us are theories comparatively unapplied. Do we ever stand for passionate realizations of any truth? Our merit has been breadth, not depth. So far we seem to have thinned the truth in widening it. To protest against unreason in religion was the part assigned us; but unreason is a matter of interpretation, and protest, therefore, is mainly a matter of the surface; and he who gives himself to surface-work may easily forget an underlying firmament,—as the average farmer, re-vising the weeds and thistles, the unreason of his upper soil, thinks little of the geologic miles of rock beneath it. It seems to me that, while we have established our negations and made our superficial protest good, we have not probingly applied our method to the facts and laws of the spirit's life.

To show what I mean, take three great Christian doctrines, the *Incarnation*, the *Vicarious Atonement*, *Sin*. All three as stated in their dogma forms belong to the myths and legends of the spirit; but the truths which the three dogmas aim to state,

—there are no facts more firmamental. As stated, they are the kindergarten object lessons, in which the mind of Christendom has dramatized certain mighty facts of history and consciousness. We have protested against these kindergarten lessons as finalities, but have we *realized* what the pictures tried to tell? The God incarnate in "the blessed Jew," and him alone, became a thought too narrow; but have we restated Incarnation with equal *depth* of meaning? What majestic vision rises on the mind to-day when we pronounce that word *Incarnation*,—vision of Spirit enshrining itself in every human soul, inspiring and revealing and communing there; enshrining itself in every lower, dimmer life than human; and so enshrined in the very substance of the universe that we see "the splendor of the God bursting through each chink and cranny," and canonize the Holy *Matter*! Now this, which our first principle, reason in religion, has lately given, or restored, to us, is certainly a broader vision of the Incarnation fact. A broader,—but is it yet a *deeper* vision? When we *realize* this new thought of ours, when we love it, thrill before it, worship it, as Christians long have loved and worshiped the thought of God incarnate in the single Christ, then shall we be near to knowing how the new religion may be named.

Vicarious Atonement: the blood, the cross, the God dying on it for the love of man,—this is the Christian child-man's object-lesson that has blessed the centuries. To-day, in vistas of heredity and stretching files of fellowship, we begin to see what "vicarious" really means,—that no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself; and what "at-one-ment" means,—that by these far-reaching subtleties of partnership, by personally "unearned increments" of joy and pain, our race is slowly rising toward ideals of right and happiness. What are all these widening thoughts of human solidarity,—of "fellow-ship," to name it from our second principle,—what are they but that concrete object lesson written large before the modern mind? Again a broader,—but is it yet a *deeper* vision? When we *realize* this broadened thought as passionately, and apply it in love as deeply, as men have realized and applied the doctrine of the single cross, then we may be near to knowing who shall head and name the Church of Man.

And Sin, its retribution, and the joy and peace of its escape: the older churches in their dogmas put all this again in concrete kindergarten forms, but for one I think those friends take deeper note of the actual facts and laws of the soul's experience, are pro-founder naturalists of the spirit, than we are with our broader theories of character and its formation. Yes, our third principle is also right,—the test of religion is in character. And the church of the future needs that

test, and needs our broader theory of it; but, then, it needs too, and it needs more, the depth and passion of realization as to what sin and hell and heaven and forgiveness and salvation actually are within the soul. Are Unitarians, as we know them, likely to lead in this realization? I think not. "Unitarianism does not work deeply," Channing said: "it does not strike living springs in the soul; it cannot quicken and regenerate the world." Is not his word still the true one? Our contribution is of breadth, not depth. It is easier to get breadth than depth. And the name goes ever with the depth. We may not hope to christen, then, the coming faith. Unitarianism is prophetic of something nobler than itself!

III. What, then, may Unitarians do to bring this nobler nearer? Two things.

First, be ourselves; true to ourselves. Try for the deep things of the Spirit that we lack; but, if we may only stand for breadth and help by breadth, at least be broad,—be what we claim to be. Be true to those principles of ours. When issues rise involving them, stand always by the principle, and not by policy or the subscription lists. For a little while the year-book may be thinner as a consequence, five wooden chapels less may rise next year, but in spirit-power our Church will gain and be less wooden for it. Remember what the British Unitarian Association did. Take risks for the Spirit! Let our Unitarian motto be, "Spiritualize,"—not "Organize." Our part is to grow *inwardly*—any way; outwardly, if inward growth allow it. If not, *No*. If not, *No*. Organization is well enough and should be seen to, but it is not Jesus' work, or any prophet's work; and the useful scribes and priests always abound to do it. Aim to be a Church Prophetic, a Church of the Holy Spirit. To that end be willing to be small; expect to be small. We love respectability: *dread* respectability, with its expediencies, its policies, its safeties, its complacencies, and yet its panics, its raised eye-brows toward the uncombed ideals! *Dread* respectability, lest we cease to be of that which is making the old new, and beginning to be of that which is making the new old! As for names, if it be the destiny of Unitarianism to give up its name to the Church within all Churches, to which the religious man really belongs, rejoice! It would be leze-loyalty to Unitarianism itself to sorrow. Just in proportion as a Church is true either in intellectual method or intellectual result, in that proportion it is the Church Universal; and if Universal, it makes no difference what men call it.

And we can do a second thing,—be ready to join with other liberal faiths in a new organization. Welcome every true-hearted attempt in that direction; but stand back from the small-hearted attempt. Be humble in the matter. Stand not for

special recognition. Such new organization to-day would almost surely take a republican, not monarchical, form: would be a "many-in-one." Members would probably not give up old names or associations or separate activities. No need to disown old history in order to make new. There would be functions corresponding to national functions, and Church rights corresponding to State rights. This parliament with its congresses suggests a possible model for beginnings; and let the future shape the future forms. But this century ought not to close without seeing such a federation of the liberal faiths.

IV. Finally, if we try to hint the higher unities of faith in which such a federation would find itself at one, it would be, of course, to outline the ideals that each one cherishes for his special band of comrades and himself. And, therefore, I can hardly vary language I once used before in trying to sketch what then I was calling "the Higher Unitarianism." Let me repeat those hopes. I think the coming glory is to mean:

1. A thought of *Religion* which shall trace its sources to actual experiences in the consciousness; to gradual dawns of thought, feeling, motive, and ideal there; to sudden shinings sometimes there; to things that happen within us as really as things happen to our bodies on the street. A religion which shall care little to argue arguments for God, or the whys and wherefores of prayer, but shall wake us up from an inward shining to the consciousness, "*That was prayer! I did it!* And the unknown Face and Force there in the dark within me was thee—God!" and shall make us, remembering that experience, dare and tempt that light again,—until life becomes "communion," a sense of life in common with the One Life and Light in all.

2. I think it means a *Theism*, which sees Law as Love and Love as Law: which knows no miracle but the infinite miracle of nature, begetting endless awe and endless joy in man; which knows that in the dialect of Heaven are no such words as "accident" or "tragedy," but that what we misname thus is really goodness on the way to vision. And more: a Theism which shall see that all in nature that we call, in our dismembering pronouns, "It," is more truly "He," and all we glorify by nouns and pronouns personal is only that which men so long have deadened into "It"—transfigured! A Theism that shall interpret sunsets and the flowers in terms of spirit, and human nature, with its very mother-heart and cross of Christ, in terms of flower and sunset!

3. I think, for this land of ours, it means a *Christianity* which shall identify itself with the Holy Spirit manifested anywhere and everywhere; and in that identity shall care nothing for the Christian name as name, and shall care to *throw away* the name whenever it becomes a bar of separa-

tion or a tinkling ritual; a Christianity which shall stand for the life "Christ,"—not Christ the man who once exemplified the life, nor Christ the date, but the impulse "Christ," the movement "Christ," the spirit "Christ," forever and forever shaping history whether under this name or some other; now flowering in sons of carpenters, now naming new spring-seasons in the tree of life, but never begun, and never ended, and never confined to any holy May-hour of history.

4. It shall mean, does mean already, a *Bible* which shall go on compiling itself inside the temples as inside the world's heart and memory; freshening old reverences with tender new ones, welcoming and canonizing new ideals of truth or life wherever nobly rendered into the perpetuating word,—and not, because the old phrase is a dear phrase, deliberately confining man to it until we become prisoners of its poverty instead of sons of its glory.

5. It will mean a thought of *Immortality* which shall watch, with eyes undimmed by tears, for any star of sign and beckoning that may break the skies,—skies amid which we breathe and have our being here; but which shall not be one whit afraid to own that to know of the future we must wait our turn; cheering, meanwhile, that *sense of deathlessness*, which comes whenever we realize ourselves for moments as beings who do not obey, but are, the moral law; the sense of deathlessness, which makes our Easter questions all being in awe and end in smiles.

6. Finally, it is yet to mean a thought of *brotherhood*; a recognition that we are all members of each other in a sense so real that no parable can hint it, and no science yet describe it; a recognition that this trusteeship for each other applies not only to the outermost we call our "property," but, as really, to the innermost we call our "faculty." A Brotherhood which shall be a realizing that we only attain true selfhood by unselfing processes; and that whatever unrim us into oneness with our fellows in this world, until we share their aches, their poverties, their disinheritance from life's good things,—that this unrim us also into oneness with that which we call, not fellow-man, but "God." So that love to man is love to God, and only in proportion to such love we live.

Are not these the higher unities toward which we, and a far larger host who never bore and never will bear our name, are rising? The unity of God and Nature; the unity of religion with human nature; the unity of Christianity with all movements of the Holy Spirit everywhere; the unity of the Bible with literature; the unity of life hereafter with life here and now; the unity of self with others. These are the great faiths to which the sacred principles of freedom, fellowship and character in religion are leading on the world. Amen, so may it be.

The Study Table

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY IN ITS RELIGIOUS ASPECT.*

The religion of by-gone ages is to-day found imbedded in the poetry of the past. The heart religion of the people breathes in folksong, the higher spiritual in prophetic utterances, and the ceremonial mingles with superstition in the minstrel lays of war and adventure. In ages to come when, as Theodore Parker said, "future discoverers will dig in the ruins of Boston, and, coming upon some remnant of our civilization, will say 'These people were not wholly savage,'" then doubtless our present day poetry will be studied to see what light it throws on our *fin de siècle* religion. But the religious aspect of recent poetry has an interest for the present as well as futurity, for in it we may see reflected the various phases of a period of thought transition.

In "The Song of the Ancient People," though we find nothing bearing upon religious beliefs of to-day, yet the poem may be said to type the modern spirit, which is more than tolerance and which is willing to search for beauty and truth in all religions, past or present. The poem presents with strength and spirit the traditions of the Moquis and Zunis, the two most important surviving tribes of the Pueblo Indians, and deserves to rank with "Hiawatha" as a truthful mirror of Indian thought and life. As we are to look at the religious aspect we select this passage, which also happens to be one of the most beautiful:

"And still our holy fires we keep,
And the sacred meal we strow,
With many a prayer to the Gods of the air
And the Gods that dwell below,—
The Gods of the Great Six Regions:
The yellow, dreadful North;
The West, with the blue of sea and sky;
The ruddy South, where the corals lie
And the fragrant winds go forth;
The pure white East, whose virgin dawns
Lead up the conquering Sun,
While stars grow pale and shadows fail,
For the shrouding night is done;
The Over-world, where all the hues
In radiant beauty shine;

* THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE. By Edna Dean Proctor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE ELOPING ANGELS: A CAPRICE. By William Watson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

SONGS OF DOUBT AND DREAM. By Edgar Fawcett. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

SEAWARD; AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. By Richard Hovey. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

THE WINTER HOUR AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Underwood Johnson. New York: The Century Co.

POEMS: LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC. By John Henry Brown. Ottawa, Canada: J. Durie & Son.

The Under-world, more black and drear
Than the gloom of the deepest mine;
And the Middle Realm, where the
Mother reigns

And binds them all in one;—
Prayers in the words our fathers knew,
And prayers that voiceless steal
To the Holder of the Trails of Life
And thought to thought reveal!
For the clamorous cry unheard will die,
While, swift as light, ascends on high
The silent heart's appeal."

It is to be hoped that this poem will escape the oblivion which commonly overtakes Indian poems; and in this case the book itself, as a work of art in binding, print and illustration, should escape such a fate.

It is somewhat of a strain to turn from Miss Proctor's classic to "The Eloping Angels," yet we cannot help feeling that criticism in this case has been unduly severe. Surely, Mr. Watson has done enough serious work to be permitted a "caprice," and, as he says in the dedication, there is "beneath its somewhat hazardous levity a spirit not wholly flippant." The sensibilities that are shocked by the irreverence of the poem will perhaps be the better for the shock; but in truth has not the time come when the weapon of ridicule may be lawfully used against a

"Selfish heaven of unearned joy,"
marked with
"The dullness of entire felicity?"
The story runs that Faust and Mephisto, seeking variety, pay a visit to heaven, and though they find that
—"heaven has hardly changed one bit

Since the old days before the historic split,"
they chance upon two angels sitting apart who, having been lovers on earth, separated by death, are now reunited in heaven, but who express their dissatisfaction thus:

"We lead a life withdrawn, this maid and I,
Nor love the life by other angels led—
All idle hymns of praise to the Most High.
Our one supreme desire is to be wed,
And we are even now concerting schemes
How to escape and realize our dreams.
For here in heaven no marrying is nor yet
Giving in marriage."

A suggestion from Mephisto enabled them to escape to earth, where

—"as angels they remained,
Yet more than angels, being lovers,
too;
All their celestial loveliness retained,
And evermore in earthly sweetness grew.
Thus lost they nothing of divine, and
gained
Everything human."

"Songs of Doubt and Dream" abundantly bears out the promise of its title. The volume is full of radicalism, and though we are only to note the religious phase the social and political heresies are no less interesting. The poems with a religious bearing may be styled self-respecting by agnostics, manifesting the calm spirit which can say,

"I envy not the ethic range
Of him whose virtues would require
That wrong and right should interchange

For so much heaven like so much hire."

Yet it is an agnosticism that has not wholly parted company with intuitional philosophy, as we may gather from a bit from "In the Year Ten Thousand," which poem, by the way, excited considerable comment when published in the *Arena* some three years back:

"'Tis a grand thought, but it is not enough!
In spite of all our world hath been and done,
Its glorious evolution from the low
Sheer to the lofty, I, individual, I,
An entity and a personality,
Desire, long, yearn—"

* * *

"What subtler music those winds
whisper now!
'Tis even as if they had foresworn to breathe
Despair, and dreamed, however dubiously,
Of some faint hope!"

There is no strained or painful consistency in Mr. Fawcett's work, and the reader is left uncertain whether each poem voices a mood or marks a stage of development. In "Jacynth" the feeling of revulsion aroused by the brutality of real orthodoxy finds expression, and the dialogue between Believer and Infidel is quotable for its suggestive bearing on some stock pulpit thunder.

BELIEVER.

This man of reason whom you deem so great,
Who puts out Hell and bars up Heaven's fair gate,
Who flings all creeds terrestrial to one maw,
Huge as the Aztec battle-god's, called Law,—
Who makes the universe to suit his wish,
As eyeless as a subterranean fish,—
Last night this valiant doubter, in his pride,
Shrieked for Jehovah's pardon ere he died.

INFIDEL.

With ease the partisan may falsely view
Delirium's rant; yet if indeed 't were true
That some wild fear *did* seize him at the last,

What matters? Hardest caks are bowed by blast.
 The warrior minds of men drink strength for strife
 Not from death's opiate, but the elixir, life.
 His life being great, who cares if near its close
 He druded what imbecilities death chose?

"An Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons" is the sort of thing that greatness of whatever rank should pray that its memory may be spared. To be sure, it is a labor of love, but so very labored that it dims the genius it fain would honor.

"The fanfare of the trumpets of the sea

Assault the air with jubilant foray;
 The intolerable exigence of glee
 Shouts to the sun and leaps in radiant spray"—

may speak to the souls of some, but we confess it does not appeal to us. It is not all like this, however. One of the stronger verses is this:

His feet are in thy courts, O Lord; his ways

Are in the City of the Living God.
 Beside the eternal sources of the days
 He dwells, his thoughts with timeless lightnings shod.

His hours are exaltations and desires,
 The soul itself its only period,
 And life unmeasured save as it aspires.

"The Winter Hour" contains nothing argumentatively religious, seeming with the other shorter poems to be rather the opening flower of a deeply spiritual nature, with here and there a touch showing breadth of thought as well as depth of feeling, as when the memory of a loving father moves him.

"Great heart of pity! it was then
 God seemed a father, denizen
 Of His own world, not chained to feet
 Of some far, awful judgment-seat."

But as voicing the vital elements of the "Religion of the Future," love and human brotherhood, this poem seems the most religious:

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

What is diviner than the peace of foes
 He conquers not who does not conquer hate,

Or thinks the shining wheels of heaven wait
 On his forgiving. Dimmer the laurel shows

On brows that darken; and war-won repose

Is but a truce when heroes abdicate
 To Huns—unfabling those of elder date

Whose every corse a fiercer warrior rose.

O ye that saved the land! Ah, yes, and ye

That mourned its saving! Neither need forget

The price our destiny did of both demand—
 Toil, want, wounds, prison, and the lonely sea
 Of tears at home. Oh, look on these.
 And yet—
 Before the human fail you—quick!
 your hand!

But what is, perhaps, the most interesting of recent poetry comes to us from Canada in a volume of two hundred pages, bearing on its title page the name of John Henry Brown; and as we learn the character of his verse the name seems prophetic and the thought is forced upon us that in this young man we may have Canada's "Poet of Democracy."

The sonnet "To Walt Whitman," beginning,

"Great democrat, great poet, and great man!

Free singer of our sea-rimmed western shore!

True lover of the people 'evermore!
 Exalter! liberator! who dost scan,
 With arrowy vision and strong heart,
 the plan

Of freedom widening 'mid the time's uproar;

Seeing justice rising through injustice hoar,

With Faith and Truth, twin seraphs,
 in the van"—

illustrates fairly well the spirit of Mr. Brown's work; and counting on the genuineness of his democracy we are not disappointed in our expectation of fearless utterance on the subject of religion. In "A Letter" he says:

I said I had no friends, nor have I one
 In that strange crew the world calls
 good society,

The self-styled fair and brave. No church I own;

No church owns me, no sect of strait sobriety.

Nor do I lean to any learned school,
 Of philosophic wisdom the monopolist;

I must be free, even if to play the fool.
 I need not say I am no bibliopholist:

A lost sheep am I, unredeemed, given over;

Yet envy not those sleek ones, deep in clover.

But it is in the longer dramatic poem, "A Mad Philosopher," that we find so much quotable that it is difficult to make selection; perhaps the following will be fairly representative:

Like phantoms vast the centuries loom by,

The hurrying generations rise and pass,
 And with their march the spirit waxeth strong,

And ever grows in wisdom, faith and love.

At last conception comes of one sole cause,

Beginningless, eternal, infinite,]

A sea no plummet sounds, one whose confines
 No wing may ever touch, an awful thought—

To call that thought, which thought may nowise reach,
 Transcending and containing scope of mind.

And again, later in the poem, the same speaker says:

All honor to our brothers of the past,
 Who through the morning mists worked to the light,
 Unconscious that a brighter day would shine.

Heroic were their labors in their time.
 But pusillanimous and most pitiful

The work of current teachers, who would fill

Their places, and would have the world believe

God spake to these alone, to these alone
 Gave knowledge of his attributes and laws,

Or lawlessness, for such the records shew,

Reporting truly their barbaric age.
 And these reactionary modern priests,
 These purblind jailers of the human soul,

These would-be dwellers in the caves of night,

With proud assumption of authority,
 Give forth false dogmas of the unknown God,

Tell tales incongruous of his universe,
 Strain truth to fit their inconsistencies,
 And strike dissentients dumb with solemn phrase—

"For proof repair ye to the sacred books."

As Walter Crane sees in social unrest and growth high hope for Art, may it not be that, nerved by the present stress, Rational Religion is about to burst into song. At least in these five books we have found nothing that would grace an orthodox hymnal.

G. B. PENNEY.

OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY. By H. F. Pelham, Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. With maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 572. \$1.75.—"This book," says the preface, "is a reprint, with many additions and alterations, of the article 'Roman History,' which appeared in the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica." It is a thoroughly scholarly work, though necessarily brief, well suited for a text book and far above the usual compendium for that purpose, because it is written by a scholar. The maps are convenient and the book is admirably printed.

F. G. B.

NAPOLEON, WARRIOR AND RULER; AND THE MILITARY SUPREMACY OF REVOLUTIONARY FRANCE. By William O'Connor Morris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 421. \$1.50.—This handsome volume

belongs to the series called "Heroes of the Nations," and is an interesting life of an interesting man. The author is a devoted admirer of Napoleon as man, general and statesman; it is on the whole pleasanter to hear of a man from his friends than from his enemies, but we could wish for and perhaps expect a more judicial temper at this distance of time from Napoleon's death. The volume is graced with a dozen or more portraits of the subject and with other interesting pictures and maps. F. G. B.

PAULA FERRIS: By Mary Farley Sanborn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 276. \$1.25.—Lowell described certain books as literature suited to desolate islands. The records of the love affairs of married women usually belong to that class of literary products. This theme can only be considered tolerable when treated by a really great writer. Since Anna Karenina has been written already, there does not seem to be any call for other writers to handle this unwholesome subject, even though they do it gingerly, as this writer evidently intends to do. She may even think she has written a moral story, but the effect of such writing will always be pernicious while so many young, foolish and romantic people are among the novel readers.

H. T. G.

IN THE ARENA for September Hon. W. H. Standish's "Seven Facts About Silver" and the extracts from Albert Brisbane on the currency question are both worthy of careful consideration. Dr. Van Denburg's "Inquiry into the Law of Cure" is noteworthy, as indicating the greater breadth of thought and freedom from dogmatism which is, of late, showing itself in the very honorable and useful but theory-ridden profession of the healing art. Last, but not least, we would commend the editor's admirable and timely presentation of the excellence of "The New Education."

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER. Edited by Melville Phillips. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. (12mo., 16 mo.), pp. 322. \$1.25.

THE KING AND THE KINGDOM: A STUDY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. London: Williams and Norgate. 3 volumes, cloth, 12mo., pp. 31 each. \$4.20.

DICCON THE BOLD: A STORY OF THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS. By John Russell Coryell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 290. \$1.25.

A NORSE ROMANCE. By Mrs. O. M. Spofford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth. \$2.50.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES. The autobiography of Mrs. Letitia Youmans; with introduction by Frances E. Willard. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 311.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT. By F. Max Mueller. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 28. 25 cents.

KORADINE LETTERS: A GIRL'S OWN BOOK. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D., and Lida Hood Talbot. Chicago: Alice B. Stockham & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 400. \$2.25.

A HANDBOOK OF RATIONAL PIETY. By Henry W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S. London: Philip Green. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 173. 2s 6d.

WHERE BROOKS GO SOFTLY. By Charles Eugene Banks. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 172. \$1.50.

BOOK OF PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Leather, 12mo., pp. 361.

A BOOK OF CHANTS. Edited by Arthur Foote. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Cloth, square 8vo., pp. 55.

A YEAR'S TRAGEDY. By Charles Quentin. New York: Cleveland Pub. Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 172. 35 cents.

Notes from the Field

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Plans have been accepted for the new Unitarian Church edifice, and work upon the building will begin next spring. It will be built upon the corner of Lovell and Park streets. The material will be of brick, with stone trimmings. C. A. Gombert, Milwaukee, is the architect. The auditorium will seat about 450, which capacity may be much increased by opening the spaces between it and the large parlors. There will be a large open fire-place in the auditorium, two in the parlors, two in the high basement, and one in the minister's study, thus insuring good ventilation and good cheer. Especial care has been bestowed upon the construction and lighting of the basement for club, school and other purposes, and no part of the edifice will be considered too good or too sacred for any use which may promote any good word or work. It is the declared wish and hope of Mr. Hubbard, who has given \$20,000 for the building, and of the church, to promote not a merely sectarian work, but to use this building and to allow others to use it for whatever is for the general good, without ever asking or caring whether the opinions of such workers harmonize or conflict with their own.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Rev. Dr. Palmer, of the (Universalist) Church of Our Savior, preached a strong sermon here at the reopening of the church Sept. 3, which was published in full in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*. One extract will indicate its spirit:

We do not join the church as a step towards obtaining happiness in some other world, nor do we think that by this act we lead God to love us any better, or care for us one whit more tenderly than he does for a man unchurched, or for a far-away pagan who has never heard of Christianity. We join a church to do good in it, and get good from it, here and now. We join a church that we may concert our efforts for good with others who desire to do good, that our little drop, instead of being lost, may become a part of the fountain of life. It is here that I feel, as the minister of this society, that we do not as yet fully appreciate the high calling that is ours. Our actual enrolled membership is too small in proportion to those who in this city sympathize with us. There is no good reason for it. We could double our strength in all proper lines of work, we should enlarge our own confidence, and feel the ground more certain beneath our feet, if we all stood together, a pledged band of brothers and sisters, to do the same work that now we find a pleasure and often an inspiration, while standing in a measure apart and independently.

Des Moines, Iowa.—IOWA CONFERENCE NOTICE.—The date of the Iowa Conference is changed from October 10 to 12 to November 14 to 16. This change has become necessary because the first date fixed upon followed too closely after the Parliament of Religions.—LEON A. HARVEY, Secretary.

The Minnesota Conference (Unitar-

ian) will hold its next session at Duluth, Oct. 17-19. Rev. S. M. Crothers will give the opening sermon. At the request of his parish Alex. Lundeborg will receive his ordination by the Conference. H. G. PUTNAM, Sec'y.

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- MON.—Linger not too long in the thought of thy shortcomings.
- TUES.—How much continually waits at our doors; but we forget to open.
- WED.—Evil is often merely force out of place or misdirected.
- THURS.—If trust cannot save a soul, nothing can.
- FRI.—The province of the personal is to make known the impersonal.
- SAT.—Thought is the child of the intellect and of the intuition.
—*Trinities and Sanctities.*

LITTLE MISS FIDGETTY FUME.

Would you know what we call this girl of ours,
Who keeps us awake through the wee sma' hours?
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!
When I want to rest, she wants to walk,
When a book I take, she wants to talk,
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!

To dig in the dirt is her delight,
Whatever she wants must needs be right,
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!
She throws her dolly down in the rain,
Then cries until she gets it again,
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!

She points with pride to the shining moon,
Would like to ride in an air balloon,
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!
Floating through yon fleecy clouds of blue
To distant shores of roseate hue,
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!

'Twould take too long to tell of her wiles,
Of her quirks and graces, airs and smiles,
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!
Of all that is, or can be to me,
This frolicsome fairy on my knee,
Little Miss Fidgetty Fume!

M. R. H.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

A young mother who was filled with the spirit of the kindergarten, and had wisely guided her own children by the insight obtained from her kindergarten study, was called upon one summer to take charge of a little niece for a few weeks. The first morning after her arrival at her sister's home she heard some angry words in the child's bedroom. On opening the door to inquire what was the matter, the nurse said, "Oh, it

is just the usual fuss Miss Anna makes each morning over having to be dressed. I am sometimes an hour at it." Further inquiry showed that various means—such as bribing, coaxing and threatening—had been used; but all to no avail. Even the last device used—that of depriving her of marmalade, her favorite dish, at each breakfast at which she was late—had proved ineffectual. The next morning the aunt went into the room and said quietly, "Anna, you can have Mary for twenty minutes to dress you; after that time I shall need her down stairs." The child looked at her for a moment in astonishment, then went on with her play. In vain poor Mary coaxed and urged. The twenty minutes elapsed; Anna was but half dressed. True to her word, the aunt sent for Mary to come down stairs. "But, Auntie," called the child, "I am not dressed yet." "Is that so?" said Auntie. "I am sorry; jump back into bed and wait till Mary comes again." In about fifteen minutes the child called out petulantly, "Auntie, I want to get dressed, I tell you. Send Mary up to me." "I cannot yet," replied the aunt from below; "she is busy just now. Get into bed again, and she will come as soon as she can." Breakfast was sent up to the child by another servant. At the end of an hour Mary came back, and it is needless to say that little Miss Anna was quickly dressed. The next morning the aunt again gave warning that Mary would be needed down stairs in just twenty minutes. This time the warning took effect, and when Mary was called the child was ready. The following morning the force of habit was too strong, and again came the capricious delay. Again Mary was called, and again the child was detained in her room for an hour. Two or three such experiences, however, were sufficient to break up entirely her habit of dallying. So quickly comes the lesson taught by retributive punishment. Many illustrations of the effectiveness of this method might be given, but surely are not needed by the thinking mind.
—*Elizabeth Harrison, in "A Study of Child Nature."*

THE GALLING YOKE.

A FABLE.

A sturdy young ox, impatient of his yoke, was in the habit of throwing up his head with a jerk and so galling the neck of his companion, who protested in no gentle way. Then there would be a retort, until each became hateful to the other.

One day as they were standing still by the sugar mill, waiting for the cane to be unloaded, the first began to complain of the bondage whereupon his companion replied that if he did not jerk his head so much he would find it easier.

"But," said the first, "it galls my

neck on top, just where I can't stand it!"

"And," returned the other, "when you throw up your head, it galls my neck below, just where I can't stand it."

"In future," said the first, "I will try and be more careful."

And, as time passed on, it came to be that, through forbearance, no pair of oxen worked better together than they. And even when the cane grinding was over and they were turned out with the other cattle they would often stand neck to neck in quiet and amicable rumination. Staunch old friends they were, who came to bless the galling yoke that bound them to a companionship so lasting, so harmonious and so satisfactory.
GERTRUDE R. COLBORN.

Homoassa, Fla.

Correspondence

JUSTICE.

TO THE EDITOR: It is stated that after the conclusion of the great address of Annie Besant in the Theosophical Congress on the 15th inst., in Chicago, a Christian visitor murmured: "The gospel of Jesus is easier than that!" The speaker had announced the only safe and logical doctrine—justice. Abraham seemed to hold to the same idea: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" The doctrine of the atonement has been the cause of the laxity of morals which prevails throughout Christendom, and as the listener to the address of Mrs. Besant observed, it is easier than the inexorable doctrine of unswerving justice. Paul seemed to rely on purity of life and not on the atonement, as he declared, "I keep my body under, lest after preaching to others I may be a castaway." Isaiah, the great Hebrew seer, announced as the declaration of the Almighty: "I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no savior." Also, "Put not your trust in princes, in the son of man in whom there is no salvation." That the doctrine announced by Mrs. Besant is to be the coming religion is evident. Even now nearly nine hundred million people are its adherents, including the great scientists and investigators of the world. It is the safe and salutary faith.
OBSERVER.

Wauseon, O.

The Genius of Galilee.

BY ANSON URIEL HANCOCK.

Quite gratifying has been the later reception of this book—a "Ben Hur" with a difference. We are about to issue a third and carefully revised edition in cloth and paper, 12mo. \$1.50, cloth: 50 cents, paper. Meanwhile we have twenty-five copies (paper) left of the second edition, which we will close out immediately at 40 cents. Visitors attending the Religious Congresses can obtain the book at our office.

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON IV.

THE CRISIS OF CONSECRATION.

*A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth,
He comes, to do thy will.*

Picture: The Baptism by John. Paul Gustave Dore (1833-1883).

This picture is the worst of the set, and perhaps should not be used at all. Who was John the Baptist?—A young Jew of priestly family, possibly also a relative of Jesus, who by his preaching brought Jesus out to his life work.

Very little dependence can be placed upon the narrative in Luke about the infancy of John: the statement that Elizabeth, mother of John, and Mary, mother of Jesus, were kinswomen, finds no corroboration elsewhere, but may be true, nevertheless. It is not unlikely that his father was a priest: in that case it is significant that of the three great heroes of early Christianity, John was son of a priest, Jesus was son of a peasant, and Paul was son of a Pharisee. Each of the three great divisions of the people contributed its man.

It may be that John went first to live among the Essenes in the wilderness, but when he first comes prominently to view it is not as an Essene but as prophet and preacher of righteousness. It is not easy for us to judge John's work justly, for we think of him only as the herald of Jesus. Yet Josephus, who has but a single casual reference to Jesus, speaks of John as a good man, whose great influence over the people caused Herod to fear him and finally to put him to death, and says that a great defeat, which Herod met with soon afterward, was regarded by the people as a divine judgment upon his cruel treatment of the Baptizer (Antiq. xviii. 5, 2). In the Acts of the Apostles, also, we learn that over twenty years after his death there were men in Ephesus of Asia Minor who called themselves John's disciples. Clearly, therefore, John's movement was very important and powerful: but, after all, its greatest result was the bringing of Jesus to the front.

What was the substance of John's preaching?—He taught the people not to rely upon being Jews for salvation, still less upon meaningless forms, but to do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

It is noteworthy that the gist of John's preaching as given by Luke falls under the three heads of the passage quoted from Micah vi. 8, and if the report were perfectly authentic we might infer that the passage had been emphasized in his mind because, like the prophet, he, a priest's son, had turned away from the burnt offerings and rivers of oil which were offered as sac-

rifices well pleasing to God. He bids the publicans and soldiers do justly, he commands the multitudes to show that they love mercy by giving food and raiment to the poor, he charges those who pride themselves upon being children of Abraham to be rid of their arrogance and walk humbly with God. His preaching was at once ethical and universal. It was ethical because he did not urge the people to offer sacrifices or seek out new scruples of conscience. It was universal because it virtually denied the popular belief that all Jews were to be saved just because they were Jews, children of Abraham. He did not demand that the Roman soldiers should become Jewish proselytes, but only that they should deal justly. And this universality of his preaching seems to be disclosed in the rite with which he was so closely identified that he became known as John the Baptist.

What was the meaning of his baptism?—It was the symbol of personal consecration to a new life of purity and service.

Of course in Eastern countries, where lustrations are of so great religious importance, baptism can have been no novel rite. John, however, employed it as a form pledging the recipient to righteousness of life and promising remission of past sins. There seemed to be, however, an even deeper meaning than this. When proselytes were received into the Jewish community three things were required of them: circumcision, baptism, and a sacrifice. In Jewish thought, therefore, baptism was associated with the reception of proselytes. Can it be, then, that by calling both Jews and Gentiles to his baptism John was placing them on the same level, as being both outside the true Israel whose distinguishing note was righteousness. It may be that Luke, with his Pauline leanings, has described the teaching of John as more universal than it really was; but if we trust the record the natural conclusion would be that John had come to a broader view than Jesus had, at the beginning of his ministry, of the relations between Jew and Gentile, and that his baptism was a symbol of his faith.

To Jesus the preaching of John must have been a glad revelation. He, too, had been thinking that the religious leaders of the people were all astray in their teachings, that God could not care for tithings of anise and cummin, for meats and washings and ordinances so much as for justice and mercy, but there was no one to sympathize with him in Nazareth. But he hears now from human lips the words that have been whispered in his own heart, and he, too, joins the new prophet and by baptism consecrates himself to the work that John is doing.

The spectacular features of the narrative, the visible and audible signs, which, indeed, Luke alone represents as done in sight and hearing of all the people, may be dismissed as unhistorical. Neither is there sufficient ground to warrant us in supposing that John refused to baptize Jesus, recognizing in him a holier than himself, or that he acknowledged the peasant of Nazareth to be the Messiah of whom he was but messenger. It is written that Jesus began his life work by preaching as John had done,—Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

By repentance is meant a change of

mind concerning the things that are pleasing to God and are worth striving for. The priest must see that justice is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices, and the Pharisee must postpone his interminable discussions till he has fulfilled plain, straight-away righteousness. The multitudes must believe that mercy is more precious than money, that true hearts are more than sacrifice, and simple faith than Jewish blood. This was what Jesus and John meant by repentance: a re-adjustment of the scale of moral and religious values.

And the motive for this repentance is that "the kingdom of heaven is at hand." With John that meant that the manifestation of God's hate of sin was imminent. In Amos the day of the Lord is represented as a day of darkness in which is no light, a day of wrath and vengeance, and John's figures of the ax lying at the root of the tree and the baptism of fire soon to come in which the chaff should be burned, prove that he urged the wrath to come as the motive for repentance. But from the very beginning of Jesus' ministry he discloses a nature totally unlike John's. He, too, urges repentance, but it is the blessedness of the kingdom of God which he emphasizes. With John, the motive is wrath and terror; with Jesus it is love and opportunity. Precisely what Jesus meant by the kingdom of heaven we shall have to study later on. It is enough now to see that he, as well as John, believes that the fulfillment of Jewish hopes is near, that the Messiah is soon to appear, and that it is his duty to prepare the people by rousing them to lives of justice and mercy and humble walking with God.

It is a grievous descent to speak of the manner of baptism, but since the question may be asked it ought to be said that there is pretty general agreement that the method used was that of total immersion.

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World's Fair Notes

I have said nothing heretofore of the art in those State buildings in which natural products of wood and field form the medium of expression. For years Sioux City has been famous for its corn palaces, and now Iowa, Illinois and several other States have shown that the artist can pick up many a thing and turn it into effects pleasing and surprising.

The immense landscape in the Illinois Building, composed of over 150 different cereals, which it is computed would have taken 400 days for its completion had one artist performed the entire work, gives a vivid picture of farm life, the grouping of the animals, human and dumb, showing good knowledge of the art of composing and not a little skill in the essentials of drawing. It gives a suggestion of that use beyond use which may add to farm life from out the wastes of field, aided by the unpromising weeds, touches of the beautiful providers of cheer and content. But that the farmer is always so very busy, or thinks he is, he might eke out his hard lot that brings him only cash returns (in good seasons) by many a sally in this direction—for the genius to do it is with him as with other people.

Kansas invites you into the newness of things in many ways; as in her exhibit of the animals that were once wild and numerous, but are for the most part now of the past, a few of their stuffed hides only remaining to speak of the game or terror that once was. This building has more of the frontier in it than any other. The Kansans in spite of the hard times throng thither, and keep up a pretty lively sort of picnic. Music and recitation and politics mingle, and every brow seems to carry boldly some weighty proposition for the bringing of the year of jubilee. It is the Kansas air you breathe, that has lost none of its vitality by being housed here in the White City. The old-fashioned abolition picnics once so numerous in Massachusetts, where everybody had a good time and "bated no jot of heart or hope" for the speedy and triumphant success of the cause, are revived with if anything an added vigor in this new Massachusetts of the West. In the old anti-slavery days you could raise no question but the *finale* would be "slavery." So to-day the conversation all tends to the new—something as yet not clearly made visible.

"Art? Yes, art in life, the art of living prosperously, harmoniously,—we'll get that first, and then all the adornments necessary after." His brow was high and shining, he tossed the long, golden locks, turning gray, back with his bronzed hand, as though he would say, "Little care I how they look, so I know something." He was a good specimen of nature's warriors who wield ideas rather than swords. He had scented the battle afar. Twenty years ago he "saw the

clans of freedom gathering for one last supreme effort to rid white men as well as black men of the rule of enslaving, oppressing monopolists." He would have explained the whole of the new program, I doubt not, but just then the fine band from Topeka played not "Annie Laurie," but far more inspiring strains. If you wish to wake up go to this one of the State buildings.

How many have seen the section of a road laid by a Roman emperor five years before Christ, which Germany exhibits in the Transportation Building? It is an interesting sight in itself, but the real interest lies in its being a starting point from which Germany leads the visitor along the entire evolution of roads to the present time. Gradually one gets impressed with the fact that all Germany does has been forecast with a view to some educational effect. She seems to be pre-eminently the great educational country; that is, there is where she puts her emphasis in this Fair. Much of her art is good, but the exhibit pales before the glow of the fires she lights at every turn, by which mankind may see its way into a broader education. She has caught completely the idea of evolution, and so all she brings is telling

the story of growth and perfection slowly attained.

One thinks this and says it, and then turn in whatever direction you will—north, south, east, west—and it seems as though the whole world was coming up to dispute the claim. The school exhibits in the Liberal Arts give a faint idea of the progress of the whole world in the knowledge that is power. And so it seems as though all would be well some day. Mind and heart and body are forging ahead, but Mind is sum and substance of it all. The world is evolving into Mind, and the expectation is that it will distribute all the goods and glories requisite to universal satisfaction.

The Parliament of Religions is conspicuous principally for illustrating the fact that mankind generally is preparing to shed all these old institutional inanities as a snake does its skin, and go forth once more with front movement to the wisdom and goodness that does not need to be "confessed" or housed for perfunctory prayer or praise. The universal and the private mind are coming to a better understanding. All that the Fair contains shows it; the whole world wittingly or unwittingly confesses it.

S. H. M.

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

Ethical Congress and Convention of Ethical Societies, Chicago, September 28th-October 1st.

Thursday, September 28th. 8 P. M.—Address by Chas. C. Bonney, Chairman of the World's Fair Congresses. Address of Welcome by M. M. Mangasarian, Lecturer of the Chicago Ethical Society. Report from the Fraternity of Ethical Lecturers by the Secretary, S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia. Reports from the American Ethical Societies. Reports from the English Ethical Societies. Papers on the Condition of the Ethical Movement in France, Germany, Belgium and Other Countries by Paul Desjardins, Paris; Geheimrath Professor Foerster, Berlin; A. Christophe, Ghent, and others.

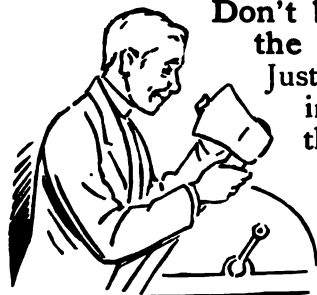
Friday, September 29th. 10 A. M.—*The Progress of the Ethical Movement.* Professor Felix Adler, New York. Short papers, followed by discussion, on *Qualification and Election of Members of Ethical Societies, Suspension of Members. Music at Sunday Services, Services at Funerals, Marriages, etc.* Reports from the School of Applied Ethics and the *International Journal of Ethics.*

3 P. M.—(1) **HELPS TO THE MORAL LIFE.** *Helps to Moral Life from Greek and Roman Literature.* Prof. Paul Shorey, University of Chicago. *Helps to Moral Life from English Literature.* W. L. Sheldon, St. Louis. (2) **PRACTICAL WORKS.** *The Neighborhood Guild.* Stanton Coit, London. *Self-Culture Clubs.* E. N. Plank, St. Louis. *Workingman's School.* Leo G. Rosenblatt, New York. *The Bureau of Justice.* Joseph W. Errant, Chicago. 8 P. M.—**THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT.** *The Moral Forces of the Day.* M. M. Mangasarian, Chicago. *Ethics and Religion.* W. M. Salter, Philadelphia. *The Ethical Movement and the Labor Question.* Felix Adler, New York.

Saturday, September 30th. 10 A. M.—*Discussion of the Labor Question.* To be opened by a paper by Stanton Coit. 3 P. M.—Papers by Frederic Harrison, London, and J. S. Mackenzie, Trinity College, Cambridge, on subjects to be announced later. Unfinished business. 8 P. M.—Social gathering.

Sunday, October 1st, Grand Opera House. 11 A. M.—**ETHICS, RELIGION, CHARACTER.** Addresses by M. M. Mangasarian, W. L. Sheldon, Wm. M. Salter, Stanton Coit and Felix Adler.

All the meetings except the one on Sunday are to be held in the Art Institute.



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Editorial

Nothing, resting in its own completeness,

*Can have worth or beauty, but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther
sweetness,*

*Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.
Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above.*

*Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.*

—Adelaide Proctor.

**

OUR readers will notice that our two longest articles this week, the sermon and the paper on the Quakers, are from the most divergent wings of non-Unitarian liberalism.

**

THE ADVANCE contains a hint which it would be well for our liberal churches to follow. In these days of Oklahomas and Cherokee

Strips would it not be well for us to send out a missionary to organize religious work in the new settlements at their very inception?

**

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMOND spoke high and helpful words last Monday night in his Convocation Address at the University of Chicago. His theme was evolution in its relation to human development, and he warned his hearers against the two false schools of evolution, to one of which so many belong: the first being that which carries evolution up to man and there stops, afraid to apply it to humanity and society; and the other being that which regards man as a product of evolution, but does not grasp the whole man, is content to consider only a part of his nature, and conceives of evolution only in terms of lower life, instead of seeking to interpret it in the light of its highest manifestations. By these errors, he declared, religion and science were unrightously divorced, —the one school giving us a religion that was not natural, and the other a science that was not moral or religious.

**

THE only popular successes in the way of attendant conferences held in connection with the great Parliament were the Theosophical and Christian Science congresses. These meetings were thronged. The crowds overflowed one hall after another. This seems to us to be indicative of the readiness of the human heart to ally itself to the Invisible; to believe in the Imponderable. It shows the pathetic and beautiful desire for communion with the Spirit of the universe, for alliance with the potency that lies back of all potentiality. We who find little place for the miraculous, and but little time to study the marvelous, either ancient or modern, are inclined to believe that these restless people, so anxious to escape the slow inductive methods of science, the hard but high condi-

tions of the flesh, are but half emancipated souls drunk with the exhilaration caused by their escape from ancient dogma; not yet sobered enough to appreciate and to trust the modest though sure foundation which science and experience offer to the spiritual life. But they at least prove this, that the soul can be trusted on its God-ward side if only it is developed on its man-ward side. Give the spirit its freedom, and it will fast enough use its wings. Teach the mind to think, and it will soon discover that it is thinking God's thoughts after Him.

**

THE moral sentiment cannot afford to be unfair. The one hiss of disapproval during the Parliament of Religions, and the dramatic retirement from the stage by Joseph Cook when Mr. Webb prefaced his address on Mohammedanism with some extemporary remarks concerning polygamy, were apparently based on a misunderstanding of what the gentleman was saying or what those people supposed he was about to say, and the newspaper reports have increased the misunderstanding. It now appears that Mr. Webb was drawn into this statement by a demand from Mr. Cook himself, made through Chairman Barrows; at least this is the claim of Mr. Cook. We are glad to give publicity to these sentences taken from a private letter of Mr. Webb himself:

"I regret very much to say that the newspapers have misrepresented the occurrences at my first speech before the Parliament of Religions. They declared that I attempted to defend polygamy, and that I was hissed and called down by the women of the audience. I had no intention of defending polygamy, and did not expect to say anything about it, because it is not a part of Islam and never has been. I do not see how anyone, reading a shorthand report of my remarks, can accuse me of defending polygamy."

Fair play is a jewel. The large deposit of polygamy in the Old Testament of our own Bible ought to make

its defenders sufficiently intelligent to discriminate between excrescences and essences, the transient element and the eternal elements, both of which are to be found in every religious system the world has ever known. Mohammedanism has come into closest contact and competition with Christianity, and consequently violent prejudices have been aroused. Now, let them be just to each other and they will soon find how much of inspiration and of duty they hold in common.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PARLIAMENT.

When at last the eventful eleventh day of September came, and the great spectacle was witnessed, when representatives of the great religions of the world did actually clasp hands, exchange greetings, and joined in confessions of love and good-will, it seemed too good to be true. The notes struck seemed too pure and high to continue. It was a beatific mount of transfiguration upon which the soul might not tarry long. The present writer, who has not been wanting in faith in the project, found himself almost wishing that some unpremeditated and legitimate cause might intervene and put an end to the proceedings at the close of the first day's exaltation, lest the perversity of the theological mind, the limitations of the human heart, might prove inadequate to the occasion and the sequel prove unworthy the glorious introduction. He felt after that first day's triumph like the venerable Simeon in the Gospel story, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." But when the program moved confidently and triumphantly along, accumulating strength and warmth as it proceeded; when, spite of the distraction within and without, the great throngs continued day after day, and at last the seventeenth day was reached and the closing hour proved a worthy climax in the great crescendo movement of the spirit—he was again quite content with a minimum estimate, and could say that at its smallest estimate this Parliament of Religions has been a momentous event in the religious history of the world. We believe that the sacramental season on

Wednesday night, Sept. 28, when six thousand souls were lifted into the Pentecostal heights from which they understood the message that seemed to be spoken by many and diverse faiths, is to pass into history as a white pillar, a millennial milestone, the first in the history of the world; the first of many more to come. It was an event which will inspire poetry, kindle eloquence, stimulate study, sustain the reformer, and stay the flagging faiths of prophetic souls. At its minimum, that Parliament has exceeded our fondest hopes, has out-reached our highest expectations. The least that can come out of it will subordinate the greatest ecclesiastical councils of the past. Compared with the far-reaching significance of this Parliament of Faiths in Chicago that lasted seventeen days and closed last Wednesday, the councils of Nice, of Dort, Trent, and all the rest of them are secondary; they were local, this universal; they resulted in schism, this made for unity; they inspired disputes, emphasized differences, this rose above disputes and invited harmony.

If nothing more was to come of all this, should we all settle back promptly into the narrowness, the meanness and the faithlessness in which we were imprisoned before this Parliament, still we could but rejoice that here, for once at least, were gathered representatives of all parts of the globe; Asia, Africa, Australia, as well as Europe and America, had their non-official delegates to this non-political conclave convened to estimate the spiritual wealth of the world and to confer as to how to increase that wealth. India, China, Japan, Ceylon, the islands of the sea, England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Brazil, Canada and several more countries were represented at this legislature of love. The geographical and political diversity, of course, necessitated the widest range of races. The black and the yellow, for once at least, locked arms with the white, and, judged by popular applause, the pale faces were at a discount. Ham, Shem, and Japheth sent their descendants here, and the arrogant and aggressive descendants of Japheth were scarcely able to hold the position of pre-eminence which they have won by military prowess and commercial sagacity. The di-

versity of races was matched with the variety of rank and social position. Princes and Salvation Army men, professors and priests, laymen and ministers, men and women, mingled without sense of incongruity. The theological diversity was more significant than any of these. The most awful wars of history have been religious wars. The antipathies of the centuries have been fostered by theologians. As the words testify, society has been dismembered, dissected by the sects in religion, but for once religion triumphed over theology, and there was a reasonably happy family to be seen any day on the platform. The Archbishop of Zante, in his silken brilliancy, and the plain Quaker were there enjoying each other. There bishops Greek, bishops Roman, bishops Methodist, bishops Pagan commingled without discord. Believers in one God, in three Gods, in many Gods, and in no God were held together by some subtle chord of sympathy, woven like so many threads into a tapestry of beauty and of strength. There was a variety of religions as well as of theology; Buddhism, Brahminism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Mohammedanism, Parseeism, not to name the complexities and the contradictions of Christendom, were all interpreted from the inside; they were measured by their friends, interpreted by their own devotees, and this is the only honest and honorable measure or interpretation possible to any religion.

Spite of diversities of climate, race, social position, creedal commitment, and ancestral faith, there was a real unity running through that Parliament. The fellowship was not feigned; the enthusiasm was not assumed; the applause was not conventional. There was little posturing in the Parliament; not much stage thunder. The divergence was manifest where divergence was felt. There were those who were uneasy in the atmosphere of the Parliament. Its air was not salubrious to some lungs. The something that was the unifying element in that Parliament was hardly acceptable to many. And still there was real unity there. And the bands that bound together that promiscuous crowd blended the colors in that variegated pageant. There the ties of human brotherhood, a common love for the prophetic souls of the race, and a common reverence for the unutterable mystery, the di-

vine reality in all lives, showed themselves the common grounds of universal religion, as good and adequate for a neighborhood as for the world, for a home church as for a Parliament of Religions. Let UNITY take heart and go and do likewise.

A "TOWN MINISTER" OF OLDEN TIME.*

In strong, vital families family letters should be kept, for the day may come when some one—perhaps the shy, unmarried sister—will read them through and write out for the branching grandchildren the story of the homestead. Such a dear, shy sister did this deed of love two years ago for the Allen home in Northborough, and she did it so simply well that others beside Allens may read with pride the story. For it is a typical chronicle—typical, not average—of some of the best things in New England character and life. Many a Westerner looking back across the States and years to an old, plain, white, two-storied homestead under the trees in a New England village may feel, in reading it, "This has a sort of family interest for me." And perhaps some young minister in the West, just lighting like a bird of passage for a year or two before he takes flight back to a comfortable Eastern parish, may like to know what ministry meant seventy years ago only thirty miles from Boston.

A deep-rooted family in place, vitality and character, these Allens. The Joseph of the story was born in 1790 on a farm in Medfield, bought from the Indians in 1649, and still occupied by the descendants. His grandfather at eighty could still "vault over a cow!" His father, "Deacon Phinny" (Phinehas), as the neighbors called him, was a boy-soldier of the Revolution and liked to tell the family traditions of "King Philip's war," a century before. Of his eight children seven reached the four-score mark. The little Joseph felt himself set apart for the pulpit from the day when he was lifted to the master's desk in school to speak his piece, and received, on getting down, the master's accolade and heard the sentence, "You must be a minister, my boy!" So Harvard College naturally followed, and in due time the ordination.

That due time came in 1816, and

* Memorial of Joseph and Lucy Clark Allen. By their children. Boston: George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street. Price, \$1.25.

the place was Northborough. One minister to a town was then the rule in Massachusetts, and his ministry was a life-tenure and a contract: the minister was nominated by the church members, but his appointment was talked over and decided in town meeting, and his salary paid by town appropriation,—in this case, \$600. Church-and-state in a nutshell! And a primitive era of both church and state. Over the hills still stretched in some directions unbroken forests, though Boston lay so close; the day's event on the village street was the rattle of the mail-coach on the way to Worcester; salaries were largely paid in cord wood and family supplies; it was eight years before a Sunday school, ten years before the first church stove; a half hour's intermission still sufficed to separate the two Sabbath services; and an ordination was so rare that when one came it made a day of jubilee for the whole country-side. The previous one in Northborough fell fifty years before, and there had been none in the adjoining towns for ten.

The next year saw the young minister building his house, planting his orchard, making the flower-beds,—the memorial tablet set up in the church just seventy years later named him among its other benedictions, "a lover of flowers and of little children,"—setting out the sweet brier and woodbine by the porch, getting all ready for the dark-eyed bride who was waiting for him down in Cambridge. That was the order then,—church, house, home, and then a large family, all with business promptitude. The bride was Lucy Ware, daughter of the honored professor of divinity at Harvard College and of Mary Clark, herself a famous parson's daughter, by whose young ears one of the Lexington bullets had whistled on the great April day in 1775. To make Lucy's title clearer, she was sister of the Henry Ware whom even Unitarians have canonized. This was the couple that drove up in the sleigh from Cambridge to that new porch one rainy February evening in 1818,—a seven hours' wedding journey.

From the outset it was a very busy home. "We gave three parties the week after we came here,—about twenty-five each time. First day the old folks, then the young folks, and then the young married folks;" and

within a month "a party of ministers to dine, with their wives; they sent word a week beforehand." Apparently this was the regular way of starting things. On the other side of the account there were teas to take about the parish, and—"people have sent us a great deal this winter; about 225 pounds of beef, besides more than 60 pounds of pork, and turkeys, and several cheeses. We had one day 55 pounds of beef in the house. Great helps. It is not probable that any other people are so remarkable for it as they are here."

What must the young parson do? He must write two solemn sermons for each Sunday, and sometimes add an evening lecture; he must start a Sunday school for "catechism" days were passing, and he must write "Allen's Questions" for it,—in how many old church closets linger still those famous little blue books, the worthy patriarchs of our great family of manuals? He must start libraries, and house some of them in the parsonage; and a Peace Society, and Temperance reform before the day of pledges; a new town cemetery, too; and the improvement of the public roads; and tree planting on the common and along the village streets. And he must know each child in the town schools; for forty-nine out of fifty-one years this man was chairman of the school committee. A "town minister," truly,—that is, the town's chief servant, the town's first citizen, the town's initiator of good works, and a responsible counsellor to every home in the parish bounds. In those simple days it was the minister's aim and his success to "interpenetrate the town with his spirit;" and many a New England village to this day still keeps in its tone and standards the thumb-mark, as it were, of some old minister whose stone was mossy in the burying ground fifty years ago. A town minister and a seven-days minister. In more than six and thirty years only twice did Mr. Allen take so much as a single month's vacation; and when celebrating his fiftieth anniversary of ordination he could say, "During all this time I have not been confined to bed by sickness for a single day."

The children soon began to come—in all "a seven-fold chord;" and as the house was yet to pay for, boys were taken in to fit for college, or a young man for the ministry, and, according to the common fashion then,

the country parsonage became the mild Siberia to which suspended Harvard students were sent for penal quiet. It was leisure to the mother when "only two or three young men" were under the father's care. To fill up vacant crannies of the time and space nephews and nieces came to stay for weeks together, orphan cousins were brought up, and some needy outside boy or girl was welcomed. All this besides the "guests for the night," who at any time might drive up to the hospitable door: "Last Saturday and Sunday nights we lodged ten besides ourselves." No wonder that the busy woman writes that her only reading was that which her husband read aloud to her, and that "sometimes it is weeks that Mr. Allen does not get time to read aloud at all." For a period of ten years the family was enlarged to a regular boarding-school; once to nineteen boys in a household of thirty-four. But the strong-hearted mother of "the little nation" could write, "Pray do not pity me for having so much care. * * * My exuberance of spirits has been one of the greatest blessings I could have had. I am at the head of a family of twenty children, and, when with them, I feel sometimes just like one of them." It must have been a home-school in best senses of the word,—one perhaps that gave few accomplishments, but much education. The boys published a paper, the first one in Northborough; they had a family postoffice with important mails; they sung the Sunday hymns together with such heartiness that at a family gathering in after-days sixty-four of the old songs were sung again from memory. In all, during the life-time of these two home-makers, "more than two hundred persons in many varieties of relations, and for periods of months or years," shared the happy life beneath their roof. The influence and protection of their home were all the pair were rich in, and this they gave with royal lack of count. How nobly public such a private home! To some extent it leavened the schools and all the town. The town has been remarkable for the number of teachers it has sent out. An investigation once showed that there is hardly a Western State where the children of Northborough have not carried as teachers the New England habits and principles they obtained in the village homes and schools. And the influence of the Allen homestead had much

to do with this wide crop of edelweiss. Conditions now have changed in many ways, but do latter-day ministers and their wives task themselves to do as much as these two did?

We cannot follow the record. Indeed there is none to follow. The book is but a group of sketches hinting at their life together. Common sense, duty, unselfishness, self-respect, and a growing reverence from others,—this sums all up: the years held a thousand details and no events. Mr. Allen, we suspect, had a mind emphatically prose and primness, but tender, just, brave, outspoken,—qualities which made him an early abolitionist. All his life he was an early Unitarian in theology, and this made him at first a radical, at last a conservative, among his pulpit brethren. A Unitarian himself, he "never permitted himself, or another, without protest, to call the Northborough society Unitarian—it was Congregational." The rise of two or three new parishes in the town about 1830, to supply the thirst for purer orthodoxy, hurt him; but he bowed to the inevitable, was open-minded on principle, and no man felt more confidently that the world grew better as the years went by. After forty years of service he deliberately resigned his salary to let in a younger man; and it shows the changes that have come over the ministry, that in his last fifteen years of life three colleagues came and went successively, and the old man, with fifty-six years of office, died still the sole pastor of the church. Not a man of the ten talents, but of the five making more than most men out of ten,—said one who knew him well. And as is common with good men who have done the best they could, he could say of the years from seventy to eighty, "they have been among the happiest of my life." He became "a man to all the country dear;" a quaint figure in the various Conferences, revered as a present past. The close was quiet and sweet and child-like: "Just as you please," "Just as you say," becoming his gentle refrains. She died before him. The long strain in mid-life, when she had that "little nation" to preside over, cost the mother dear at last: for nine years the stricken body inclosed a mind serene and an unerring memory, and then she died just two years too young for the Golden Wedding. "She feared nothing so much

as our being tempted to value what was not of intrinsic worth, and never spoke of people except for their personal qualities, not their position, wealth or name, unless incidentally." That is the daughter's tribute to the one,—and here a grandson's anecdote of the other: "The crowning characteristic picture of Grandfather—as real as if I had seen it yesterday—is of him going down town, bending over a stone, and throwing it from the road out of the way. That has been so indelibly impressed upon my memory that, whenever I see an obstruction, I remove it, thinking of him. It is a little thing, but I have done it hundreds of times, thinking of him."

Now, as is fitting, a tablet near the pulpit in the church bears an inscription for the two together, to tell what marble may of well-spent lives. We thank their children, and especially the gentle sister, for telling the inspiring story also in a book.

W. C. G.

Men and Things

PROF. EDWARD S. HOLDEN, Director of Lick Observatory, has prepared for the October *Forum* an absorbing account of the wonderful new star discovered in 1892. This star, which resembles our sun, blazed up to an astonishing brilliancy within a few days of its discovery, then gradually disappeared, and subsequently reappeared as a nebula. The changes of light and heat it developed, if repeated in the case of our own sun, would mean a quick end of the human race and the immediate extinction of all life upon this earth! This is the most uncomfortable suggestion with which astronomers have startled us since the spring comet was expected to hit the earth.

UNDER the heading "More Brains, Less Politics" an exchange tells us how Susan B. Anthony, recently appointed as one of the managers of the New York Industrial School for Girls, found these girls doing the washing of the Institution, leaning over washtubs after the manner of our grandmothers. She succeeded in convincing the authorities that it would be a great saving of time and labor for a few of the girls to take the clothes over to the boys' laundry, where all the modern machinery is. The washing was done there with ease and swiftness, to the great delight of the girls. Six days' work in the old style is easily done in two, and there will be leisure for learning other things.

THE Japanese school system is now one of the best in the world. It aims to provide an education for every child in the country. The Japanese will soon be able to supply all the teachers needed in all their schools and colleges and dispense with foreign teachers.

Friend: Is your subscription paid in advance? If not, won't you assist UNITY by now sending in your renewal?

Contributed and Selected

A PHILISTINE CONFESSION.

Fain would I sing in minor key of woe,
In modern fashion, could I only banish

The sunshine from my heart: 'tis quite
de trop;

But it won't vanish!

"Court pessimism," urge my cultured
friends:

"Think how brute-force the world
sets spinning blindly;
How to blank misery existence tends!"
(They mean it kindly.)

"Surely," they say, "at least you can
despair?"

Condemn to darkness all that once
seemed brightest!

Feel you no loathing for the fate you
share?"

No—not the slightest!

Yet Fortune, too, has mocked me with
her moods;

Her fickle wings, alack! she's lightly
shaken;

And left me Care for comrade; while
my goods

The jade has taken.

"Well then?"—well then, I smile (and
so 'twere vain

For poor contentment's slave to ape
the poet);

"You think God's balance tilts the loss
with gain?"

Nay, friend,—I know it!

R. K. H., in *Spectator*.

"THE SERVICE RENDERED BY THE QUAKERS TO MORAL ADVANCEMENT."*

The subject proposed is so comprehensive that but passing justice can be given to it in a limited time. A study of the history of the people called "Quakers" is fascinating even to a radical member of an Ethical Culture Society. In reviewing their struggles for existence as a society we find them worthy of the highest praise for their humility, their noble steadfastness in time of trial, and above all, for their consistency.

When nations or individuals have endured long years of bondage to religious superstition and creeds of formalism, a reaction to extremes of radicalism and simplicity in religion is very likely to follow. When the temporary *calm* set in, after the storm raised by the Reformation in England, many plain but rigid sects or religious societies came into life; one called the "Seekers," which, by the way, would be a good name for a more liberal organization, was probably a forerunner of the Quakers.

The Puritans were perhaps the most strict and uncompromising in their views, and while they endured persecution with fortitude, and gave up their homes in England, many of them, to find a greater religious freedom in the United States, they in their turn persecuted with fearful cruelty the Quakers, who made peaceful journeys to our country. One of their favorite methods of punishing a man or woman who was even suspected of being a Quaker was to cut off his or her ears and in many cases people were tortured to death for cherishing the plain and simple doctrines of the Friends.

George Fox, by whom the Society of Friends was founded, was possessed of a deeply religious nature, inheriting on his mother's side the spirit of the martyrs, from whom she was descended, and from his father, who was called "Righteous Christer," his high sense of moral duty. As both parents were members of the Church of England, they tried to influence George to become a good churchman, but he rebelled against the formal services of the church, and much preferred sitting quietly by himself on Sundays to think, and these thoughts of his brought forth much good for humanity. At first he was much troubled in mind, his convictions of duty were so entirely different from those around him. He visited many "priests," or ministers of the Church of England, hoping to get light on the questions which were troubling him. He found them but miserable comforters. One advised him to "take tobacco and sing psalms." As he was no lover of tobacco and not in a state to sing, he thought the priest a very poor adviser. As this was only an illustration of all the help he received from the ministers, he began to suspect that, as a class, they were no more worthy of respect than many other folks. He found them often intemperate in eating and drinking, and otherwise impure in their lives, their religion consisting largely of outward show. About this time he became convinced that intemperance was a great sin, although the drinking habit at that time was so common to all that a total abstainer was almost unheard of. This thoughtful young man of twenty years observed the evil effects of the habit on the lives of those around him, and determined to use his influence against it. He then turned his attention to the extravagance of the times, in dress, and to the servile homage rendered to those in authority. He began preaching these new ideas at meetings called "conferences of professors," where dissenters of different denominations discussed their various opinions. So plain and practical were his views, so entirely divested of the supernatural, he was reviled and imprisoned many times, but he soon gained converts, and a society of Friends was formed. The name "Quaker" was imposed on

them in derision. As Fox grew in years, his preaching gained great power. He never deviated from his belief that no other authority should be recognized than the spirit of God within the heart, sometimes called by his followers "the spirit of Love," or "the spirit of Truth." His persecutions were bravely endured, although they did not reach the death limit. His death was perhaps hastened by the dreadful torture and exposure he suffered. Many of his followers endured death rather than give up their honest convictions. These trials developed a people that are to this day noted for their clear sense of moral duty and integrity of character.

William Penn, a gay young courtier, wandered into a meeting of these despised Quakers one evening, to gratify a sense of curiosity, perhaps, or it may be he knew enough of their principles to wish to learn more. While the meeting was in progress, the zealous officers of the law raided the place and arrested William Penn with the rest. When they found he was the son of the great Admiral Penn they let him off, but so impressed was he with the injustice of disturbing such a peaceful meeting, he pursued his investigations as to their belief until he finally renounced his gay life and became a Quaker. This caused his father much distress, as he had high ambitions for his son; but although William suffered much persecution, and remained firm to his new faith, he was so brilliant and so diplomatic that he lived down the feeling of resentment his father bore him and retained also the favor of royalty. He continued to wear his gay uniform for some time after joining the Quakers. Asking George Fox's opinion about it at one time, he said, "Wear it as long as thou canst." Afterwards seeing him in a plain dress, Fox asked him why he had changed his gay apparel. He replied that the time had come when he *couldn't* wear it; he found his influence greater in a plain dress. He became a minister or speaker, and by his teachings did much toward helping George Fox and others extend the growth of the society. His father, before his death, became so concerned over the wickedness of England, he was heard to exclaim many times, "God will judge thee, O England; great plagues are at thy door, O England. We are infatuated; we will shut our eyes." This feeling no doubt softened him toward William's strict views, and just before his death he said to him, "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world." While he was on his dying bed he desired James, then Duke of York, to protect his son against his enemies. This he promised, and fulfilled so well that it was no doubt due to his influence that the king granted him the great tract of land

* Paper read before the Class Meeting of the Ethical Culture Society of Philadelphia, June 11, 1893.

in America, as payment for the services rendered by his father, the Admiral.

Just before this new land called Pennsylvania was granted to Penn, George Fox wrote a paper to all the rulers and magistrates in England, Scotland, and Ireland, to dissuade them from persecution for religion, which so influenced Parliament that early in the year 1681 the House of Commons resolved:

That it is the opinion of the House that persecution of Protestant dissenters upon the penal laws is at this time grievous to the subjects, a weakening of the Protestant interest, and encouragement to popery, and dangerous to the peace of this kingdom.

Although this resolution did not have its full effect, and persecution continued for about three years longer, things looked brighter for the Quakers, and this had its influence, no doubt, in causing a larger number to follow William Penn to this country. How much we in this community owe these two men, George Fox and William Penn, cannot be estimated. Bancroft, the eminent historian, pays an eloquent tribute to these early Friends which I cannot refrain from quoting as a fit summing up of what I have said about the early Quakers and their influence on humanity:

The rise of the people called Quakers is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright. To the masses in that age all reflection on politics and morals presented itself under a theological form. The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity and his doctrine, developed and rendered illustrious by Barclay and Penn, was distinguished by its simplicity and unity. The Quaker has but one word, "the inner light," the voice of God in the soul. That light is a reality, and therefore in its truth the highest revelation of truth; it is kindred with the spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as a guide to virtue. It shines in every man's breast and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement,—these three points include the whole of Quakerism as far as it belongs to civil history.—(History of United States, p. 337.)

The history of the separation of the Friends, which occurred during the year 1827, is full of interest to Liberals, as the influence of the so-called Hicksite branch, which came out from the Orthodox Society, has been felt in all progressive religious bodies. I have heard Unitarian ministers remark that one reason their congregational singing was not quite as good as some churches was because so many of the members had been brought up as Hicksite Friends and had not learned to sing. We find this society keeping pace with Unitarians in their denominational papers, and with few exceptions the articles and editorials would do cred-

it to any radical periodical. One writer in a recent number of the *Friends' Intelligencer* says:

Science and philosophy are being revised and re-revised to meet the demands of proven facts. Traditions are vanishing as a wreath of mist before the rising sun. Even old theologies are being discussed and modified just in proportion as human souls grow into broader and clearer conceptions of eternal truth. There is universal awakening, as it were, a new morning dawning. That "breath of morn" is felt among Friends as elsewhere. This is the spirit of the present. It means growth, unfoldment, evolution of thought and life, a larger expression of the divine indwelling in which we live and move and have our being. It is the "inner light" of George Fox lighting up the pathway of our future and gilding some of the mountain peaks of that eternal progress which lies before us in the eternity to come.

And still another, in closing a tribute to William Penn, writes:

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the Quakerism of to-day is not quite the same as the Quakerism of Fox and Penn, any more than the Presbyterianism of to-day is identical with that of Calvin and Knox. This is necessarily so, for religious systems, like political systems, either change to meet the changing needs of the passing years, or they wholly pass away and give place to something else.

I quote from these papers simply to emphasize the fact that the Friends are in the line of progress and all moral advancement to-day, just as they have been in the past.

The story of the separation reads strikingly like the story which is filling our papers to-day of a separation which is bound to come in the Presbyterian Church. Elias Hicks, who led the Friends into a larger religious liberty, thereby influencing the whole world, was a character worthy of more than passing notice. Acknowledged first as a minister during the American revolution, he kept up many meetings all through the excitement of war, and passed through the lines of both armies six times without being molested. An old writer describes him at eighty years:

His figure was tall, his proportions muscular and athletic; his face of the Roman cast, intellectual and commanding; his voice deep; his gesture dignified and graceful. He had perhaps as much of what is called *presence* as any man who could be named. The knowledge that he was to speak had drawn together a large assembly which was sitting, when he entered, in the most profound silence. Statuary could not have been more still. Not a limb stirred, not a garment rustled, not a breath was heard. At length this venerable figure rose like an apparition from another world, and poured forth a strain of natural eloquence that is not often surpassed.

With a clear vision this prophet of the future saw that many Friends were dwelling too much on outward signs, and losing the spirit of truth, which he loved to call the "inner light." He became convinced that radical treatment was needed, and delivered a series of sermons on his

travels and in Philadelphia, which, although always delivered in a sweet spirit of love for humanity, stirred the fossilized members of the society; and they roused from their petrified state to bitter and long-continued opposition to Elias Hicks and his teachings. So persistent was this opposition that the Progressive Society withdrew from the Philadelphia yearly meeting in 1827. Hicks died three years after, over eighty years of age. His last years were spent in perhaps the most arduous duties of his life, traveling through Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York, strengthening the new societies and spreading his doctrine of a reasonable religion.

To show more clearly his views on matters considered essential to Christianity, let me quote from his writings about the Bible:

It is my candid belief that those who hold and believe the Scriptures to be the only rule of faith and practice, to these it does much more hurt than good. And has anything tended more to divide Christendom into sects and parties than the Scriptures? and by which so many cruel and bloody wars have been promulgated? And yet at the same time may it not be one of the best books if rightly used under the guidance of the Holy Spirit? But if abused, like every other blessing, it becomes a curse. Therefore, to these it always does more hurt than good, and thou knowest that these comprehend by far the greatest part of Christendom.

And again, in one of his Philadelphia sermons, he said, still speaking of the Bible:

Some are led away to the worship of images by being deceived and turned aside by tradition and books; they worship other gods beside the true God. They have been so bound up in the letter that they think they must attend to it to the exclusion of everything else. Here is an abominable idol worship of a thing without any life at all,—a dead monument. Oh, that our minds might be enlightened; that our hearts might be opened, that we might know the difference between thing and thing. Most of the worship of Christendom is idolatry, dark and blind idolatry; for all *outward worship* is so; it is a mere worship of images, for if we make an image merely in imagination it is an idol.

Compare this with the "heresy" of Dr. Briggs as expressed in his inaugural address in taking the chair of Biblical theology at Union Theological Seminary, and we find Elias Hicks of 1827 and Dr. Briggs of 1893 thinking along the same lines and rendering the same service to moral advancement. In his Inaugural Address Dr. Briggs says:

There are few who are able to rise by reflection into the higher consciousness of God. These few are of the mystic type of religion; the men who have been the prophets of mankind, the founders of religions, the leaders of Revivals and Reformations, who, conscious of the divine presence within them, and certain of His guidance, lead on confidently in the paths of Divine Providence. Some of them have been the leaders of thought in modern

times in Great Britain, Germany and America. * * *

It may be that these modern thinkers have a divine calling to withdraw men from mere priestcraft, ceremonialism, dead orthodoxy and ecclesiasticism, and concentrate their attention on the essentials of the Christian religion.

Martineau could not find divine authority in the Church or the Bible, but he did find God enthroned in his own soul. There are those who would refuse these Rationalists a place in the company of the faithful. But they forget that the essential thing is to find God and divine certainty, and if these men have found God without the mediation of Church and Bible, Church and Bible are means and not ends; they are avenues to God, but are not God.

All this seems but mild heresy to us, but it serves to arouse humanity from the stagnation of superstition and tradition.

The discipline of the Quakers as a guide to a high moral life has almost never been surpassed by any other guide or creed. Their marriage contracts are carefully made under guidance of the society. Much care and thought is given to the education of children. Temperance and purity of life are insisted upon; not only in their discipline, but every year in their annual meetings each member is asked if he has faithfully adhered to the rules and lived a strictly moral life. They also, as a society, generally live up to the principles set down in the discipline, that debts of all kinds are disgraceful. They also declare strongly against gambling, against capital punishment, and war is looked upon by them as utterly wrong and unnecessary. Of course time has made much of the discipline obsolete, where moral principle is not involved; and it is being revised from year to year.

The attitude of the Quakers was from early times against human slavery; and while members of the society at one time held slaves, they were perhaps the first sect to realize the wrong and injustice of the system. Elias Hicks while a young man resented the labors of a committee sent by the Friends to reprove his father for keeping slaves,—as an interference with the rights of property,—but so successfully did the committee labor with him, that he changed his views on the subject so entirely as to become an earnest advocate for the freedom of the slaves, and, after he had influenced his father to liberate the family slaves, he became their guardian, looking after them in their old age and leaving them a bequest at his death. His influence upon the whole society in this direction was incalculable, as he traveled extensively and his persuasive eloquence was highly convincing. Although the society as a whole was a mighty power against this evil, our thoughts turn specially to a few names which have come to us as great leaders in the agitation which ac-

complished so much for the moral advancement of our country.

Lucretia Mott was always the noble, fearless and eloquent champion of the colored race. To read her life and letters by her granddaughter, Anna Hallowell, is a liberal education. It not only fills one's soul with admiration for such a symmetrical and powerful life, but it gives us an insight into the struggles of the early days of anti-slavery agitation, and also a glimpse of the courage of the Quakers who were standing firm for their convictions after the Separation, which we could perhaps get in no other way.

Isaac T. Hopper, the friend of the weak and oppressed, not only did valiant work against slavery, but in New York City he constantly sought out the poor and tempted, helping them to higher, purer lives. Lydia Maria Child tells many anecdotes in her letters from New York in 1844 of his work for prison reform. He interested himself in individual prisoners, assisting them to get work after leaving the prison, and in every case treating them with fatherly kindness. Hundreds of young men and women were thus led by him to a self-respecting life, and he told Mrs. Child that only two ever disappointed him by returning to unlawful ways. His daughter, Abby Hopper Gibbons, who recently died in New York, inherited his wonderful love for humanity, and her work for prison reform in the State of New York is noted all through our country.

Another Friend prominent in the annals of anti-slavery days was John Woolman, of whom Whittier writes in the introduction to Woolman's Journal, which he compiled:

Sin was not to him an isolated fact, the responsibility of which began and ended with the individual transgressor; he saw it as a part of a vast network and entanglement, and traced the lines of influence converging upon it in the under-world of causation. Hence the wrong and discord which pained him called out pity rather than indignation.

From this pure-souled reformer we turn to Whittier, the ideal Quaker, and with all his modesty the most widely known and altogether the greatest Quaker of the nineteenth century, whose ringing words for moral progress will never grow old, but will ring on, with their simple but telling power, all through the centuries to come. How inspiring to liberal reformers are these words of his:

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal
Right;

And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man,—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;

Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,

A light is breaking calm and clear.

These names we have specially noted are only a few taken from a host of other names of worthy souls in this large body of people called Quakers, who carry under their plain coats very large hearts, and under their hats brains teeming with progressive schemes for the uplifting of the human race. While we recognize their limitations, we cannot fail to realize, after a careful study of their past and present history, that their influence is and has been in the past on the side of moral advancement.

ELLA REEVE WARE.

Woodbury, N. J.

DID MOHAMMED DRAW THE SWORD?

It is, to our mind, a sound canon of criticism that every system of thought or religion should be interpreted by its friends. Its meaning can only be fully measured from within. The following letter, received by the editor of UNITY from the editor of the *Moslem World*, published in New York, is, to the average English student of Mohammedanism, somewhat startling, to say the least. As to the soundness of Mr. Webb's position we can only say his word carries much more weight than ours; he is in a far better condition to judge of this matter than the author of the little pamphlet in question. And if that pamphlet reaches its second edition we will see to it that the great light of the desert shall have the full benefit of the doubt in a supplementary note. Meanwhile, not for controversy but for truth's sake, we will be glad to publish in UNITY any communication, otherwise available, that may throw light upon this interesting subject.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones:

MY DEAR SIR—I have just finished your most excellent lecture entitled "Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia," and I assure you I am greatly pleased at the manner in which you have treated the subject. It is the fairest and most truthful composition I have seen in the English language not made by a Mohammedan. I can see plainly how your mind has risen above the prejudices that Christians usually entertain towards Islam and its teacher, and I congratulate you sincerely upon having made such a bold and effective stand in favor of truth. This refers to the lecture up to the second paragraph on page 18, and there you fall into the erroneous conception so common among Christians. Mohammed never headed nor countenanced a persecuting movement. If you will read Moulvi Cheragh Ali's excellent work entitled "A Critical Exposition of the Jihad," you will see clearly how unjust it was to accuse our prophet of an aggressive warfare. He was one of the mildest, gentlest and most perfectly non-aggressive men known to history, and always discouraged and condemned acts of violence. This whole idea of aggressiveness that pervades Christian literature relative to Islam is grossly erroneous, and it never developed at all until long after

the reign of the third Caliph. Even then it was grossly exaggerated, so far as the Koran is concerned. Let me assure you that there is no translation in English that fairly reflects the character of the original, and when we judge the Koran by the English translation we do an act of injustice. The Koran was not compiled until after Mohammed's death, and he never saw it in its present condition. My estimate of Islam is based upon the true teachings of the prophet, and not upon the theories and conclusions of the modern Mohammedan doctors. This I think is the only fair and just way. I think you will agree with me that the mass of what is known as Church Christianity to-day is not a reflection of the teachings of Jesus at all. When we compare the character of Jesus as we find it reflected in the church literature, we find an almost exact counterpart in characteristics to Mohammed. Renan declares "that Mohammed was timid almost to cowardice and presents a character thoroughly non-aggressive."

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

M'D ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB.
NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1893.

THE THEOLOGICAL EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN.

A SESSION OF THE UNITARIAN CONGRESS HELD FRIDAY, 2:30 P. M.

In spite of the great attractions at the hall of Columbus, a large audience assembled to hear the program presented at the women's meeting on Friday afternoon. Rev. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, in opening the meeting, said that the Unitarian household, with its basal principles of reason as applied to faith, broad fellowship, and recognition of good in all religions, had long been ready for this Parliament. The present is not only the day of liberty, but is pre-eminently Woman's day with a large W.

Miss Mary Cohen, of Philadelphia, presented the contribution of Judaism to the theological emancipation of women. The law of the Jews in this respect, she said, as recorded in the Pentateuch, contains all the essentials for woman's complete emancipation. In the Decalogue, and more notably in another passage in Leviticus, are injunctions to respect and honor both mother and father. Deborah, with her fine, poetic expression, and Hannah, with her religious devotion, are in their emancipation in striking contrast with Delilah. It is not generally known that the beautiful Magnificat of the Christian ritual owes its origin to the sublime prayer of Hannah. The fine portrait of woman in Proverbs is in many respects one of independence. Milton S. Terry thinks that probably a woman was the author of the Song of Songs, that poem which extols the virtue and changeless devotion of woman. Many examples of women in the Talmudic times were cited. In many of the bodies of Progressive Jews women are received as members entitled to vote on all subjects relating to the management of the society, and women are now entering

the ministry and proving themselves a power for good. Judaism allows its women absolute freedom to work with people of all creeds in matters of philanthropy and practical reform.

Mrs. Jane Patteison of Boston treated of Universalism as a profound philosophy of nature and life. It teaches the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. To the love of women's hearts more than to the preaching of the elders does Christianity owe its progress; and in nothing is their power more seen than in declaring that God is love. The Universalist Church has long stood for complete emancipation of women. Four of its colleges have from their foundation been coeducational, and now Tufts college has opened all its departments, even the theological, to women. The church has long ordained them, and has been the first denomination to confer, through one of its educational institutions, the degree of D. D. upon a woman. Rev. Marion Murdoch, of Cleveland, Ohio, presented the subject from a Unitarian standpoint, in a forcible and attractive paper. She showed the disastrous effect of a division of human interests in the home, the state and the church. For this division women are responsible as well as men; weakness as well as power must be called to account; timidity as well as temerity must receive condemnation. The kingdom of heaven as well as the kingdom of earth has been divided against itself. God to the early Hebrew was a magnified man in armor. But this idea was modified at a later time. Isaiah introduced the element of tenderness, and Jesus gave beautiful recognition to the Fatherhood of God. But it remained for the leaders of liberal thought in our own time,—Bartol, Parker, and the rest,—to declare that motherhood also must typify Divinity. "Release or enlarge God," said Diderot of France. Only with this releasing and enlarging thought of God was the theological emancipation of woman possible. The movement under Hosea Ballou had emphasized the love of God, reaching to the depths of hell and destroying it, and women were at once welcomed to its ministry. The movement under the leadership of Channing and Emerson emphasized the divinity of every soul without regard to place or race or sex; showed that we must acquaint ourselves at first hand with Deity; and declared the unity of the human as well as the Divine nature. Again, as was most fitting, women were gladly received and ordained. Emancipate theology and you emancipate woman. Women and men must work together along all the lines of life. Unity, co-operation, will alone redeem the world. The creators of life must combine to conserve life. Thus only can come spiritual blessedness to the race.

It was on this occasion, as always, a pleasure to hear the word of Mrs.

Ednah D. Cheney, who spoke for the Free Religious Association. She related an incident in which she had received recognition of her rights to preach in a remark made by Whittier: "If that woman had a Quaker bonnet on she would preach within six months." She said further: "I am glad to represent the Free Religious Association here to-day; glad to have it represented in this Parliament. For this meeting together of people of all faiths will free us, will show us the unity deep down in the heart of us. To be in the Free Religious Association is like going out of a stifling hall into the fresh air. Its fundamental principle is that every being has the same right of standing by his own thought, living his own life, determining the relation of self to God and man. Thus is woman completely emancipated in this organization. One of the men who are among us from India was questioned about the women of his country, and replied, 'They are educated enough for us men; we like them as they are.' But it will be well for us to ask of them, 'Are they educated enough for themselves?' You have read in the pretty story by Mary Wilkins, of the woman who looked all her life for a window which would give her an outlook on the main road and the passers-by. Many a woman is longing for a window in her life, to give her a broader outlook. The Free Religious Association gives this outlook; respects the individuality of women, and the integrity of the mind of children."

In a brief closing word, Mrs. Woolley most fittingly called attention to the fact that this meeting had discussed the theological, not the religious emancipation of women. It is well that we should remember the distinction between religion and theology. The former has its roots deep down in human nature; it is related to the ethical consciousness, related to our sense of mystery and aspiration. Theology is only one way of explaining and defining religion. We women must remember that we are not to be emancipated because of some sentiment or insight we have reached. We must think our way through the great problem as men have done. The time has long since come when we may use the same methods; it may be long before we shall reach the same great results. It is as thinkers alone that women may claim and obtain emancipation.

F. B.

THE CONGRESS OF EVOLUTIONISTS.

Last winter, when Prof. Drummond was delivering his course of lectures on evolution before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, listened to on account of his religious and literary reputation by all the Hub's respectability and best blood, a lady at the close of the one on the Evolution of Man was overheard to say to her daughter as they passed down the

stairs: "Oh, my dear, let us hope it isn't true; but, if it is, let us keep mum about it." It was no such feeling that animated the Congress of Evolutionists at their meetings last week in the rooms of the Art Palace. Instead of hoping that their descent from animals was not true, they came together in the certainty that it was, and instead of keeping "mum" about it they gloried in its truth and did all they could to have it believed by all the world.

It was a most appropriate thought in the minds of a few Brooklyn and Chicago gentlemen that, amid all the world's wonders of agriculture, industry, art, science, reform, and religion collected together in its great Fair, the crowning product of the age and the one which will make the nineteenth century forever memorable in history should not be left out; and though the effort to arrange for its exposition was begun at a late hour, too late to get papers and attendance from all its great advocates and friends, it did shape itself finally into a very considerable success. Three days, with three sessions a day, following immediately the close of the Parliament of Religions, were devoted to its gatherings; and the topics taken up included not only its Darwinian department of man's descent from an animal ancestry, but with this the larger ones of Biology, Psychology, Sociology, Political Economy, Ethics, Philosophy, and Religion. An evening, also, was devoted to the heroic discoverers and exponents of its truths. No new and startling discoveries were announced, and no strictly scientific investigations presented, for this was not the purpose of the congress, but its time was used in a general survey of the field, and it was thoroughly representative of what has been accomplished in the past, and of the various classes of mind, their caliber and character, which have come under its influence. Valuable papers were read from Spencer, Haeckel, Wallace, Fiske, and other of its great lights, expressing their sympathy with the gathering and contributing some words of their own to its discussions; and each day had its careful addresses, in which the presence and personality of its lesser advocates added a human interest and charm to their lines of thought. Some of the essays thus delivered were exceedingly brilliant, enchanting the audience alike with the grandeur of their views and the eloquence and picturesqueness of their presentation. Others,—as, for instance, that of Dr. Bayard Holmes on "Evolution as Applied to Disease,"—were listened to with hardly less attention than those by the more theoretical writers, because of their fresh and valuable practical suggestions; and others still awakened enthusiasm because they touched on the great themes in economics, ethics and reform with which the times are alive. Only a small percentage of them were

cranky and crude, and it was noticeable that even these were listened to with the same respectful, if not interested, attention as the more brilliant ones, the audience recognizing that, as believers in the origin of our wonderful universe from a nebulous mist, it was only proper that they should tolerate among themselves likewise a little nebulosity of mind. There was also one paper from "Gail Hamilton" on "The Beastliness of Modern Civilization," coming under all of these heads, which convulsed the audience with its wit, pathos, pungent satire, gilt-edged scolding, graphic descriptions, and gleams now of utter nonsense and anon of plain good sense; and an interesting, if not altogether valuable, part of the contributions were a hundred or more letters received from public men in various parts of the world, giving their opinion as to the practical efficacy of evolution in dealing with economic and social problems.

More significant, however, than any opinions were the emphasis and prominence which all of the papers gave, of themselves, unsolicited, to the great humanitarian, ethical and religious aspects of evolution, and the new and helpful light which they threw on the various problems with which our age has to deal. There was hardly a flippant or pessimistic word uttered in all the nine sessions. Very little was said that was merely speculative and metaphysical; and the "moral interregnum" once so loudly prophesied as the immediate result of the new philosophy, did not cast on the gatherings one faintest shadow. Not a professedly religious or ethical meeting held in Chicago this wonderfully be-meetinged autumn has been more profoundly ethical and religious than the Evolution Congress,—all, moreover, spontaneously so. Even Mr. Haeckel's paper was a statement largely of his religious faith. It was all, likewise, not along the old ruts, but in the strict new openings of the new philosophy. Of course the work is promise yet, rather than performance; but there is no mistaking its direction. Evolution is to be no *laissez faire* doctrine. It is going to work, going to work not against nature but with it and as a part of it, going to study its methods, laws and great onward-sweeping currents, so as to work with them wisely,—a study more needed to-day for success than anything else. The gathering of last week was the first, but it will not be the last of its congresses. It will aim not to build up an organization of its own, or to push aside any existing organization, but to show its new, better, living way to all everywhere who are now at work for human good. And so doing, it will not be strange if the stone rejected at first by the ethical and religious builders should be made at last the corner stone in the great temple of the world's coming civilization.

JOHN C. KIMBALL.

The Study Table

THE MAGAZINES.

IN THE FORUM for September Dr. McGlynn's article on the Vatican and the United States is especially interesting reading for those who doubt the willingness of the Roman Church to adapt itself to liberal institutions. The number has many interesting articles, but perhaps John G. Brooks' paper on Compulsory State Insurance in Germany and Edward M. Shepard's on the Brooklyn Idea in City Government (the idea of a *single responsible executive*) are the most attractive in these days of governmental reform. The former paper seems to us suggestive rather than instructive, and we feel that a little more pains (and possibly a little more space) would have made it both. But *The Forum* under its present editor is so good a magazine that it is almost unfair to mention certain articles to the exclusion of others. Helen Watterson's protest against "Women's Excitement over 'Woman'" (and we think the excitement is not confined to women) is timely.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for September is a World's Fair number, thirteen out of the sixteen prose articles treating of the Exposition, and the new scientific department being chiefly given to World's Fair exhibitions. Those who have not yet visited the fair would do well to read this number before doing so, that they might know what to look for. Howells' "Traveller from Altruria" seems to be near an end, and shows more and more distinctly how widely socialism has gained possession of the public mind.

THE UNITARIAN for September contains a particularly good sermon by the editor—an appeal to the young—and a helpful paper by Dr. Jas. T. Bixby, entitled, "What Can the More Prosperous Do for the Less Prosperous?" the second of a series of articles. The number also contains an interest-arousing notice of Hull House, by Mrs. Sunderland, whose admirable paper on the utility of comparative religion, recently delivered in the Parliament of Religions, received such general appreciation.

THE EVANGEL, Mr. Edgar Leavitt's little monthly, published at Santa Cruz, Cal., is an ably conducted Universalist paper. The criticisms it contains are especially bright and generally well taken,—witness the article "No Creed," in which the dogmatism of the Campbellite "Christian" is shown, and the criticism of certain forms of pantheism. The series in which this latter is found is not, however, as good throughout as it is in parts.

NEW OCCASIONS for September is especially noteworthy for the several discussions of profit-sharing. The editor's article on the Hill banking system is interesting and timely.

Church-Door Pulpit

A PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.*

BY REV. DAVID SWING.

"I am made all things to all men."—1 COR. ix. 22.

All modern Christianity is progressive. Consciously or unconsciously all the forms of Christian thought and conduct are progressive forms. Even those denominations which most glory in their immutability are the embodiments of great progress, and are not and never again will be what they once were in faith practice. This proposition, so general and so important, could be easily proven from church history were that my present purpose. It is my wish, however, to inquire what is meant by a progressive Christianity, and to inquire into its value and into the agencies which are giving religion new shapes and assigning it new duties.

By a progressive Christianity in the true sense of the words must be meant a religion that is gradually going forward in finding truth and bringing public happiness. There are persons who through ignorance or stubbornness or timidity do not distinguish between progress and novelty or eccentricity. They class the disciples of progress in Christianity along with those who have itching ears for news or for gossip, or with those who are seeking the elixir of life or who are founding colonies for the production of human perfection. They associate progress in Christianity with quackery in medicine, and think both a shameful parody of the grand old truth. And there are reasons why those should be well questioned and cross-questioned who announce themselves as disciples of "progress," for there really is in Christianity a mock progress, an assumed advance, which is as contemptible in religion as such an assumed progress is in medicine or in politics. But the fact of such a false reform does not affect the great proposition that we are all living amid a progressive faith; and that this spiritual advance possesses or may possess many forms of nobleness. The pretenders and the self-deceived in medicine do not prove that that large science and art is not moving constantly away from the first lessons and going on unto perfection. The true progress must be seen over and through all the medical falsehoods and weaknesses which are flamed forth in the prints or emblazoned on all dead-walls and on even Nature's uncomplaining rocks. In politics the mistaken and the false men come along calling Communism or Fourierism a progress, and contending for those ideas as though they were the best realities of all society. Thus on all sides men come with a novelty, and wish us to call it a reform; and to distinguish carefully

amid these many phases of life is a confessed duty.

But as there is a true progress in politics, not Socialism nor Communism but a reform called republicanism, or freedom, so in Christianity there may always be a higher advance which shall be far above a mere novelty or eccentricity. And when not an absolute advance this motion will at least be a valuable adaptation to the wants of mankind. That steamboat preaching, where the servant of the gospel makes his truth attractive by a trip down a bay, is not to be supposed any part, however small, of a Christian progress, but it is to be judged the eccentric movement of a single mind, just as there is here and there a mortal who wishes to get married in a mammoth cave or up in a balloon or on the crags of Mont Blanc. It is often difficult to distinguish between man's progress and his absurdity, because we are all lovers of the new and strange as well as of the good. It is possible that our great tabernacle services which have run through the large cities at such great cost of money were a novelty rather than a religious advance, for we are all such mere children that we cannot always distinguish between our wisdom and our amusement. We often think ourselves full of philosophy when we are simply happy over our food and drink.

But after we shall have made all allowance for false reforms and for the eccentricities of individuals, there yet remains to be considered the fact of a progressive Christianity, its nature and worth. Let us define such a religion.

It adapts itself to man. Not to one man, a Cummings or a Moody, or a Spurgeon or a Lorenzo Dow, to a man noble or odd, but to the wants of society, and shapes itself just as a government shapes itself to the advancing people. When the subjects are ignorant slaves, then the king is a despot and passes all laws, or without law or precedent puts to death whom he will; but as rapidly as intelligence rises in the people, power falls in the king. The community drains the man. Thus government adjusts itself to new conditions of the human mind and was one thing yesterday, is another thing to-day. So Christianity becomes all things to all men, and caring little for any one man or any one group of men, adjusts itself to the status of the numberless multitude. It will always be vain for the eccentric to say, "Follow me in my path," or for the hyper-orthodox to say, "Stay with me in my closet;" for unless that path be for all men, unless that closet be as large as the century, the Christianity sweeping by will disregard these voices. It will be all things to all men, and, equally, different things to the different ages. We should all hasten to read these adaptations, should attempt to distinguish between a valuable change and a mere freak of thought, and then to lend our hand and heart to the valuable new. It is

a hard lot when one is held as a slave. The beauty and impulse and possibilities and freshness of individualism are thus cut off and life is lived only for an old master. This same hardship may befall those who are only the slaves of a custom, for they may be held back by a form of old thought and thus denied the impulse and usefulness of their times. Their age may have for them a work their hands have not found, a music their ear has not detected.

The church was once the entertainment of the multitude. In this crisis we cannot again wake up a vast debate such as shook empires when Protestantism was being born and Romanism was being dethroned; we cannot find any Luthers or any Wesleys, or any call for them; we cannot infuse life into the inquiry about Jews or Quakers or Baptists or Puritans or witches; we can by no means thus make the people all seek again the church or meeting-house and, to reach it, walk miles in sun or snow. It would seem that the church in all its names must readapt itself, readjust itself, as government changes itself when it beholds the transformation of the people. It may be that it does not lie in human power to lead the multitude back into the church, for man can no more waken a spiritual flame than he can order an earthquake or a tempest, but changes and movements are always waiting the will of man, and he can greatly help the world even if he cannot convulse it. But to do this he must confess that an old custom is often a bondage, and that his Christianity is a religion of almost endless adaptability, and that it may do all things for all men. If, on account of the death of old commotions, the people do not come to the church, the church must go toward the people. The church, in the centers of education and wealth, must build its second house among the poorer masses, and the preacher who has for years spoken to only one group must henceforth speak half of his time to the so-called humbler multitude.

An old custom must pass away with the passing away of the accidents which made it, and a new custom must come with new accidents. A tabernacle built here and there and overloaded with service for a few weeks, or religious excursions in August, for the common people, is only a satire upon a great Christian age. To reach the people, it will be necessary for an iron custom to be changed. The multitude is too large to be left to the care of any spasmodic method, or to three or four men, be they great or only odd; it must pass to the care of the tens of thousands of pastors who can go forth each Sunday evening in the full force of their office. The best portion of their morning audience should go with them, and thus rapidly would they bring about a diffusion of truth and a cementing of friendships. Now, to do this, the

*Reprinted from *The Christian Leader*.

church must break the chains of an old custom which has been transformed by time from a friend to a harmful enemy. All other ways of reaching the people will fail, for good as they may be, they are utterly insignificant in the presence of the vast need of the world.

Education does not seek its ends by means of any tabernacle service, nor by any amazing effort of one man; but it plants its schoolhouse everywhere, builds it of logs or of stone, and sends forth thousands of teachers and gathers all the children—gathers them not one day only, but winter after winter and spring after spring; and at last an enlightened race moves where Indians once danced around tortured captives, or moved out like tigers for fresh blood. The old underground railway gave liberty to a few detached slaves. Here and there a lonely black man or a little family would steal over the Ohio and move northward. But how poor was this means to an end where there were four millions under the taskmaster's whip. It was only when the whole nation arose that the movement became large enough to wring out the word liberty from the reluctant master and to write it down upon the African soul.

A progressive Christianity will not only change its place of speech, shifting its pulpit about from avenue to common street, but it will change readily the subject matter of its sermons. Here, too, it will distinguish between a necessity and a custom. It will be confessed that the evangelical pulpit has for time almost immemorial preached what it calls "Christ," or the "Blood," or the "Saving Doctrines," but I do not hesitate to deny that it has done this to the world's advantage, and that it can continue so to preach without working society an injury. To omit the few leading doctrines would ruin church and public, but the moral wants of man are many and large, and the pulpit or church which shall meet these must widen out its domain of thought. Society can learn a Bible statement as easily as it can learn a historic or scientific statement, and hence as the story of Washington need not be proclaimed to the same persons once each week, so no one doctrine of religion need be repeated each Sunday for successive generations. The faithful church will lead the common people in thoughts over industry and economy and domestic kindness.

Once the millions loved philosophical abstractions. Men dinnerless and barefooted would discuss with delight the trinity, the decrees; and would hang over "eternity" and "immutability" with a delicious amazement. To such tastes Plotinus and Abelard and Calvin and Edwards addressed their powerful intellects. But that old taste for the abstract has perished and almost the whole living throng of Europe and America would rather have good food and good clothes and a good bed for self

and children than to hear from gifted lips the sweetest kind of metaphysical philosophy. When Pere Hyacinth drew after him the multitude of Paris and won his great Catholic fame he was preaching simple sermons about home and home duties and about the actual relations of religion and life. The Catholic world was amazed to find itself fed upon something else than incense and prayers and masses and vespers.

It is not to be doubted now that those identical clergymen who grew angry over pulpit politics before the fall of slavery, and who contended that the faithful preacher preached only Christ and left to statesmen political ideas, are now happy to attack communism and to find their gospel expanding until it can calmly reason with a disturbed populace. Thus the gospellers who could not mix up slavery and theology can, with perfect ease, mingle theology and a socialist. Thus even from an enemy we may learn that after all the pulpit possesses a breadth of theme, and may, as it is carried along by the ages, feed out the truths which the people most need. As our public men now bless the Catholic church for what words it has spoken against the theories and the acts of communism, so will the world thank, at last, all denominations for all the sermons they shall ever preach to the people upon the practical themes of common life. A new adaptation of themes must come because new wants and new weaknesses and new sorrows and new temptations have come.

A progressive Christianity cannot approach any forms of sensationalism. Progress always leads away from such resort. The Indians and the early Goths and the Negroes demanded colored flags and beads to lead them in worship, but Christianity cannot march through our century if it shall rely much upon a brass band and amazing subjects of discourse. The leader will seem to have a great success, but the multitude repelled will be infinitely larger and better than the multitude that seems charmed by the device. What we are seeking is a form of preaching that will attract not silly men and the children, but that will command the respect of the vast number which make up the republic or the empire. It is my own impression that the simpler and the more applicable to life the pulpit themes shall become the larger and better will be the number who shall on Sunday turn their steps toward the sanctuary. There must not indeed be any contempt for good speech and for a high order of music, but sensationalism is suitable only for the earlier forms of human life when it is emerging from the paint and ornaments of its barbarian epoch.

The themes of each age are in some mysterious manner selected by the age itself. Something has induced the men and women of the present to debate earnestly their temporal wel-

fare. Men and women do not starve or go naked as patiently as they once did. They do not bear well the sufferings of their little children. Hearts which once viewed with indifference the future of their own children now ache with solicitude over the fate of each little one, and hence all these demand of the sacred teachers lessons not in the art of growing rich, but in the noble art of finding the most true happiness in these years. They therefore will listen to the pulpit which shall come not only between them and poverty but between their children and intemperance and idleness and dishonor. New forms of human solicitude have come to demand of all public teachers a new line of argument and eloquence.

The advocates of the most rigid orthodoxy put themselves in the way of a wider moral instruction of the largest possible number by their peculiar repugnance to all changes of custom. They fear all changes and call them "opening wedges" to some dreadful departure from the right. In the change of field or labor they will find impending ill. But their most intense opposition has been, and for a time will be, directed against any modification of pulpit themes. They say to all preachers for a progressive Christianity, "You are forsaking Christ." But they must be met with these rejoinders: That the world is forsaking the church. It is finding elsewhere its entertainment, its education, its useful philosophy. That the Christ of the Gospels taught all useful forms of truth and placed no limit to his sympathy with the people. His light was for all their darkness, his strength for all their weakness, he was a universal, unlimited friend. They must be met with the declaration that the pulpit is not limited to the words of Christ, but possesses the broad warrant of his spirit. What Christ said and did were only a fragment of what he would have said and done had his life passed beyond those three years and with its love overflowed into the nineteenth century.

But the last reply to all those who are so quick to discover a "departure" from Christ must be found in this, that a monotonous repetition of a few principles is always a great injury to the system where they belong. Speaker and hearer alike die in such a treatment of a religion. The method is false as well as impolitic. Under the ideas of common life is the great Christ just as truly as beneath the cross and the final judgment. The Father, Son and the Spirit are beneath all moral truth, beneath all virtue and all charity, as the great earth lies beneath all our varied vegetation of wood or field. When a glass of water is given the thirsty one, the love of God is sparkling within the glass. There may be a class of Christian teachers who are limiting the vegetable kingdom to only one kind of tree. When our

artists paint, however great may be their canvas or ambitious their genius, they dare not despise the great primary colors of Nature. These, either in their purity or in combination, can never be absent. And in music, the heart neither of performer nor hearer dares ever break away from the eight notes. These are present perpetually in the great anthem and simple song. So the "progressive Christianity" is not one which is breaking away from Jesus and the Cross, but is one where those primary forms are ever present, the basis of each change, the sublime order for each onward step. The true Christ does not so much prescribe words as inspire the heart. He who lighted up the sun, said: "Shine on all sides, everywhere," and it obeys. So he who lighted up Christianity in the first century seems to have said: "Shine forth on all sides; where darkness and sorrow are, there send thy rays of hope." He who in the spirit of Christ shall ever stand near to mankind, will find that the "saving doctrines" are always in his speech—the great eight notes heard in his loud or gentle utterance. No danger of their being lost. God the Creator, Christ the

Mediator, the Holy Spirit, with his influence, instead of being absent, will be the fountains whence will flow this religion, which shall readjust itself to the new wants of the new nations and races of men.

Notes from the Field

Chicago, Ill.—Miss Stafford, of the Chicago Ethical Society, is making preparations to help the suffering poor during the coming winter. Her house, 97 Walton place, is headquarters for a number of workers, and contributions of all kinds of clothing are much desired.

Geneva, Ill.—Sunday mornings during the month of October, the pastor, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, will preach as follows: Oct. 1—Our Church; what we mean by it, and what we can do for it. Oct. 8—The World's Religious Debt to America (read before the Parliament of Religions). Oct. 15—Miracle in Religion. 7:30 p. m.—Madonna evening. An exhibition of pictures of the Madonna, in charge of J. D. Harvey. Oct. 22—Harvest Festival. The Sunday-school and congregation will unite in this service. Oct. 29—Caliban; a study from Shakspeare and Browning. 7:30 p. m.—Lecture on Tennyson, by the pastor. Sunday school at 12 m. The annual meeting of the

society will be held in the church Oct. 18. Supper will be served at 6:30, followed by reports and the election of officers for the ensuing year. All are cordially invited. Regular meetings of the teachers of the Sunday school are held at the parsonage Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. This is the Religious Study Class, and all interested are earnestly requested to attend. Subject—The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion: a study of the life of Jesus in the New Testament. Arrangements will be made during the month for the reorganization of the Unity Club, with classes for literary study, further information concerning which will be given later.

THE prevalence of crimson colors in certain fishes off our New England coast, on portions of which scarlet and crimson seaweeds abound, is explained by Prof. J. Brown Goode by the red pigment derived by the crustaceans from the seaweeds they devour, and which in turn form the food of the fishes. —The Independent.

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—Thomas K. Beecher.

TWO IDYLS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI GREVILLE.

I. Noon.

The sun is high in the sky, so high that the great hedges cast no shadow. The panting flocks are lying upon the grass in the midst of the field, and in the burning heat they doze in a dull, leaden sleep. The birds under the leaves wait the passing of the hot noon. As far as the eye can reach, the harvests sleep; hardly a breath of wind moves the surface of the dull, gold wheat.

It is the hour of rest for those who have worked from the early morning, the sweat mounting to their foreheads as the sun rose higher and higher in the sky. They are resting now, and everything seems to rest with them. Only the grasshoppers and the larks spread their indefatigable wings, and, the former in the furrows, the latter in the sky, during these close hours of life, of life which never sleeps. The sea is at rest below, soft, blue, without a wave; a sail is seen, but so far distant it seems hardly to move. The great white-winged seagulls sleep in the hollows of the rocks. The sandy cliffs, with here and there a tuft of wild grass, sparkle in the bright sunlight like an immense armor of gold studded with huge emeralds. A cry is heard, then the silence begins again, even the echoes are too listless to respond.

Wearied under the penetrating heat, the harvesters have fallen asleep in the shade of the high rick; their slow breathings lend a rhythmic movement to their great strong chests. Not far off, under the shelter of a young ash-tree, the women have gathered, and they are resting in a less heavy slumber. One of them, a little aside, her head thrown back and supported by a low, green mound, seems to dream, with closed eyes, of some impossible happiness which hovers

like a spirit in the gilded air, between the earth and the sky.

A sound, hardly a breath, is heard at the gate in the hedge near by. The dreamer half opens her eyes, without stirring, and looks about. She knows well the face which is turned towards her from the other side of the wild roses. She knows well those blue eyes which rule her heart, her soul, her will, herself; they are the eyes of her lover.

They look at each other without moving, and their whole being is stirred by an intensity of joy equal to the intensity of the light with which the earth is inundated; then slowly the woman rises and goes toward him, he opens the gate noiselessly, she passes through, he closes it; nothing has been troubled in the peaceful field and none of the sleepers have been awakened.

After the burning immensity of the wheat field, how narrow and somber seems the path which leads between the high overshadowing hedge-rows on either side! They pass down into a little valley where there is heard the sweet, cooling murmur of a silvery stream; and then they ascend the opposite slope. Going up or down, which matters to them? Are they not together? Will they not go thus together until the end of their lives? The roads will be sometimes smooth and overgrown with moss, sometimes rough and rocky like the path which they are now climbing; but they will always go on as now, hand in hand, exchanging glances which penetrate into their very souls. They have waited for a long time; the first flower of youth has passed for both; but love has remained with them through every struggle and defeat of hope. What does the memory of past sorrow matter to them to-day, in the presence of this happiness which holds them speechless!

"To-morrow!" he says, as he folds her hand, which does not tremble, more closely in his own.

"To-morrow!" she replies.

They have reached the top of the steep hillside, and they stand again in the bright sunshine. They are at the side of their own wheat field, where the sickle has not yet entered. The gilded plain extends almost out of sight; in the far distance is the limitless blue sea and above is the cloudless blue sky.

They look upon their possessions; henceforth, they will sow together, and together they will reap this field of their fathers, which is now their own; and from all this field the rich, pleasant odor of the ripe wheat goes up to heaven.

Life still is theirs. Without empty dreams and foolish hopes for the future, they turn away slowly, happy and thoughtful, under the midday sun.

ELMER JAMES BAILEY.

LOVE, which is the soul of friendship, is the fruit of religion.

—Rev. David Gregg, D. D.

AUTUMN.

Ripe, ripe, ripe, the crimson apples fall,
The yellow corn through dead, dry husk is thrust,
The ash-tree drops its early purpled leaves,
The beech grows sweet. The children through the grass
Drag bags of nuts; and squirrels fret, and haste,
With household cares, among the twisted roots.
The ripening grapes, o'er-surfeted with work,
Stop clambering through the friendly arms of elms.
'Tis play, 'tis prayer, 'tis joy, 'tis peace and love!
God shakes the nuts to hear His children shout.
He asks no worship but the happy heart,
The glad, sweet prayer of joyous hands and eyes,
Brimful of peace and love and of surprise.
—Selected.

TRUE HEROES.

Oh, seeker for some worthy deed to do,
Withdraw thy gaze from searching in the sky;
Recall thy hopes from out the by and by,
And heed the path thy feet are passing through.
Great deeds are not those men endow with grace—
A daring feat, a mighty game of skill—
True heroes find their chances, when they will,
Amid to-day's vexatious commonplace.
L. E. BROWN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUR little Louise, a five-year-old lassie, has thus early begun to put much trust and faith in God. Her brother Ralph, aged seven, also trusts in the Good Father. The children look upon Him as an intimate friend; they have none closer. At breakfast the children are seated vis-a-vis. Louise opens the conversation with the frequent theme: "I know who I love better than anybody else in the world. I love Monnie (mother) and God best of all." Little Ralph, at the opposite side of the table, somewhat frightened and ashamed of his own heresy: "Well, I love Monnie better than God." Louise, shocked at his temerity, and with a gesture of horror: "Walf! Walf! gone back on God!"

A LITTLE girl had some new shoes which were stiff and hard, after the manner of new shoes. When the little maiden drew them off at night, she exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "Oh, how good new shoes feel when they're off!"

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD IDA, in search of a book to read, attracted by its bright binding, selected Pope's "Essay on Man." After vainly trying to read and comprehend it she laid it aside, saying, with a sigh: "It may be easy on man, but it's hard on children."
—Housekeeper's Weekly.

* * * Since man first spoke
No thought has died; but through the centuries,
Augmented in a ratio grand,
It lives to-day and wanders through the world.
—Wm. H. Birchhead.

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LESSON V.

THE TEMPTATION.

(MATT. IV. 1-11)

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?
Mark viii. 36 (A. V.).

*He that feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares be true.*

Emerson.

Picture: The Temptation of Jesus by
Cornicellus (1825-?)

How are we to understand this story of the temptation?—It is a parable in which Jesus made known to his disciples the decisive struggles of his spiritual life.

There was a tradition in the church that immediately after the baptism Jesus fled into the wilderness and there passed through a critical spiritual experience, which is called a temptation by Satan. That after such a consecration of himself as is implied by the baptism he should have chosen solitude is not unlikely; both John the Baptist and Paul had it out with themselves in the wilderness, the Buddha won his battle alone, and Mahomet was called to be a prophet during his lonely meditations on Mt. Hira. Besides, the lack of sympathy among his own people had driven Jesus back upon himself, and, even in the Gospels, we learn that he was in the habit of spending whole nights in prayer alone, upon the mountains or on the lake shore, a habit which he must have formed in young manhood. In the words of Gibbon, solitude is the school of genius. It is probable, too, that toward the close of his stay in the wilderness, or uninhabited region, of Judea, there came a revulsion from the intense spiritual excitement into which he had been thrown by the scenes about Jordan. If Jesus was like other men, and of course he was, the clear certainties and high resolves of the "valley of decision" must have been succeeded by a period of depression and irresolution. That mental strain should have made him insensible to bodily needs is psychologically likely, and that, as relaxation came, the idea of proving his prophetic mission by turning the stones of the wilderness, whose very shape suggested loaves, into bread to satisfy his hunger, should have presented itself as a temptation of Satan, is not incredible. Yet mention of the pinnacle and the temple, of the exceeding high mountain from which all the kingdoms of the world are visible, and perhaps also of Satan (although Jesus evidently believed in a personal devil as stoutly as Luther, who even thought that he saw him at Wartburg), seems to lift the narrative incontestably out of the realm of actual fact. Shall we say, then, that this story is merely a fancy of the disciples of Jesus? Hardly that: for, in the first place, as the tendency was to exalt Jesus out of the ranks of manhood, there would be increasing dislike to the very idea that he could be tempted at all, and we see that in the Fourth Gospel every trace of hu-

man weakness and liability to error has been rubbed out of the picture given by the Synoptists; and, in the second place, the account itself has too much psychologic truth and corresponds too closely to what we know of the growing life-experience of Jesus to warrant us in regarding it as a pure creation of his disciples' fancy. It is better, therefore, to regard it as one of the parables of Jesus, a personal parable, in which he tried to tell his disciples something of the conflict of his inner life. There are other instances in the Gospel story where an unmistakable parable of Jesus has been translated by his followers into an event.

What is the meaning of the first temptation?—Jesus was tempted to give his physical needs the first place and to use his powers for his own advantage.

The life of Jesus has been sometimes divided into four periods: The early years of poverty in Nazareth, the year of obscurity as a preacher of righteousness, the year of popular favor, and, finally, the year of conflict ending on Calvary. *Singularly, the three temptations, as given by Matthew, correspond precisely to the first three of these life-periods.* What must have been his chief temptation during those years of poverty and toil in his village home? Times were hard in Galilee, there was a large family to support, Joseph was dead and Jesus, the oldest son, bore the heaviest responsibility for the support of all, and there can be no doubt that now and then even Mary was troubled because Jesus was such a dreamer and perhaps because his strict sense of honor would not allow him to do what other workmen did for larger gains. But Jesus knew that there is something in man which bread cannot satisfy, and was resolved that all his thought and energy should not be absorbed in bread-winning and money-making. The three Old Testament passages with which Jesus is related to have met the solicitations of the tempter represent three thoughts which dominated and saved him in three successive epochs of his life. From the peril of the workman who is tempted to make his physical needs of first concern and to lose himself in the absorbing routine of daily toil, using all his powers for himself alone, Jesus was delivered by a profound conviction of the truth that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

What is the meaning of the second temptation? Jesus was tempted to reassure himself and to hasten the success of his mission by an appeal to miracles.

The best illustration of this temptation is given by the following passage from Mark (viii. 11, 12):

An the Pharisees came forth, and began to question with him, seeking of him a sign from heaven, tempting him. And he sighed deeply in his spirit, and saith, Why doth this generation seek a sign? Verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation.

To be sure, according to the chronology of the evangelists, this incident must be placed in the period of popular favor, but the temptation which it describes must have been present to Jesus in even greater force during the period of obscurity. He had not the dramatic personality of John, his words were not ablaze with the terrors of imminent judgment, and he attracted at

first comparatively little attention. "The Jews require a sign," said Paul. What dost thou work? is the question put to Jesus himself, according to the Fourth Gospel. Jesus must have been sorely tempted—many preachers even nowadays know the same trial—to resort to spectacular methods, to win notice by recourse to the unusual, the unexpected. And it must be remembered, also, that Jesus, having no conception, as we have, of the orderliness of nature in natural law, actually believed that if God were with a prophet His presence would be manifested by wonderful, miraculous works. Why, then, should not he, who had no doubt that he was a servant of God preaching his truth, appeal to miracle as an effectual indorsement of his mission? And it may well be that in his darker hours he himself needed the reassurance which his inherited feelings might have found in a miracle. This is the purport of the second temptation: Cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple, if thou art the son of God. His angels will bear thee up, and then thou and the gaping crowd below shall be henceforth free from all doubt as to thy divine mission; for your own sake and for theirs, appeal to miracle and end this period of obscurity and occasional uncertainty. It is a signal mark of the greatness of Jesus that he positively refused to give a sign and even, with prophetic instinct for natural law, told his questioners that the only signs of God were in the regular, orderly processes of nature (Mt. xvi. 1-4).

"And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign;
Thy order and thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.
There are thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore;
These are our confidence and peace:
We cannot wish for more."

And yet in spite of this refusal, which its originality and difference from current opinion prove to be authentic, his disciples and the majority of the church to-day ascribe miracles to Jesus and even, falling in with the suggestion of the tempter, seek to prove by them that he was true son of God and preacher of truth.

What is the meaning of the third temptation?—Jesus was tempted to gain a position of great usefulness by the sacrifice of personal integrity.

The period of popular favor succeeded to that of obscurity; the multitudes were thronging about Jesus and hints of Messiahship were heard. It is reported that once the people were on the point of taking Jesus by force to make him king, but he hid himself from them (John vi. 15). It was easy just then in Palestine for any one to rouse the people to frenzied desperation by proclaiming himself the Messiah for whom all were looking. Towards every conspicuous man the people turned, eagerly questioning "Art thou he that should come?" What might not a great leader do with such a people! Why might not the triumphs of the Maccabean days be repeated? So the people thought, and Jesus must in some measure at least have shared their belief. Conscious that he was a man sent from God, anticipating the coming of some leader to organize victory, sensible of the popular hope and dawning confidence in him, realizing also the immense good that might be accomplished were he in a position of authority and influence, it

is only natural that Jesus should have been tempted to accept the Messiahship and avow himself king of the Jews. One thing stood in the way: beside the ordinary Jewish ideals he had higher conceptions of the kingdom of God and deep seated in his heart was the belief that the seed and not the sword was the emblem of its increase. He felt also that he was to be a teacher of truth and nothing else. To proclaim himself king of the Jews would do violence to his highest ideals and his most intimate convictions of duty. But how much more good he could do as king than as humble preacher!

This is the moment of temptation which, with deep insight into the story, our artist has chosen as the subject of his picture. The face shows that Jesus has put Satan behind his back. It is the face of a man who is tempted, not by evil but by goodness, on his highest, not his lowest levels. There are no temptations so subtle as the temptations of power and usefulness. Why keep your ideal so high as to be practically useless? Say "Thou art worthy" to some lower ideal, and then from the vantage ground which that worship will give you men may be helped to some purpose. That was the deep significance of this third temptation, and by conquering it Jesus both saved his own soul and served all men, because he dared to be true. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

In teaching this lesson the story of spiritual crises in the case of other heroes should be read, e. g., the temptation of the Buddha (most conveniently in "The Light of Asia") and the choice of Hercules in Xenophon's Memorabilia. See, also, Clarke's Legend of Thomas Didymus, pp. 209-220, and Martineau's sermon on Temptations of Power (Hours of Thought, 2d series, pp. 39-49).



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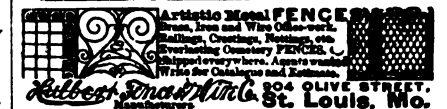
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Editorial

*For this is Love's nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.*

—Emerson.

**

A THRILL of anxiety has passed through the Baptist fellowship in this city and elsewhere because Prof. Henry Drummond, in a University Extension lecture course, under the auspices of the Chicago University, is teaching evolution and applying the same to the History and Development of Man. We expected this. There will be many Baptists who, sooner or later, will call the Uni-

versity to account for its teachings. But we believe that the University authorities will continue to reply in substance: "It is our mission to seek the truth, not to promulgate Baptist doctrines. Our object is to increase the intelligence of the world, not to propagate a sect or promulgate a dogma."

**

PROF. CARL VON BERGEN, of Stockholm, Sweden, who came to this country as a delegate to the Unitarian Congress and the Parliament, will be glad to lecture on a variety of themes,—philosophical, psychological, or literary. He is a distinguished lecturer in his own country, and during his previous visit to this country made many friends in the East. His address for the present is care of Dr. Stockham, Evanston, Ill., or he may be reached through UNITY office.

**

THIS week the Humane Congress is in session, and the cause of the mute sufferers who have no tongue to plead their own case is being pleaded by many representatives, among whom none speak with better right than the representatives of non-Christian religions, who, in this particular at least, shame the thought and practice of Christians. The higher Oriental religions have, with scarcely an exception, and with great emphasis, taught the sanctity of all life and the sacredness of the life principle wherever revealed; while Christianity in its attempt to magnify man has dug a great ditch between him and what it has called the brute creation. This has naturally brought mountainous abuse to the lower animals.

**

IN the recent death of Miss Anna Huidekoper, of Meadville, the Theological School and the Unitarian Church of that place, as well as the cause of education and philanthropy, have lost a faithful and efficient friend. It is not often that a woman so

young in years has risen into so large a place of trust and usefulness. As the daughter of the lamented Prof. Frederic Huidekoper, and one of his executors, she entered into his work as trustee of the Brooks Fund and a member of the Board of Directors of the Theological School with consecrated intelligence. She was carrying on most diligently and successfully the work her father so loved and honored. UNITY joins with the large circle of loving friends in sympathy to the bereaved family, and in affectionate remembrance of a gentle, loving soul.

**

ONE of the most pathetically interesting figures at the Parliament of Religions was that of Christophore Jibara, with his long hair and silken robe; a pilgrim from far off Damascus, once an active prelate of the Greek church, an author and scholar, an adept in French, Russian, Arabic, as well as the local tongue, but not familiar with the English. By a course of study he has come essentially to the conclusion occupied by our Unitarian fathers of fifty years ago, viz: for textual reasons he discards the dogma of the Trinity. By similar study he has come to recognize the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Koran as a trilogy of revelation fitting into each other, complementing each other, and forming together a body of revealed truth competent to save the world. These views he has set forth in a pamphlet entitled, "Unity in Faiths, and Harmony in Religions." This pamphlet, translated into English, was obtainable at the Parliament, and can now be ordered from UNITY office for 25 cents. This pamphlet will be noticed more at length in these columns. This lonely truth-seeker, a scholar still in exile for want of English speech, has issued an appeal for help which, coming as it does, as we believe, from a sincere heart and a mind single in the pursuit of truth,

deserves our notice, and we print it entire in our Correspondence column.

**

THERE is a well-justified desire on the part of many of our parishes to hear and see some of the Orientals who have been in attendance at the Parliament of Religions. To such we are very glad to say that the Rev. B. B. Nagarkar, of the Brahmo-Somaj of Bombay, and Rev. Kinza Riuga Hirai, representative of the Buddhist faith of Japan, are both willing to tarry a while if sufficient engagements can be made to justify their stay. Both these gentlemen have traveled far at their own expense, and it is but just that their further stay should bring some compensation. Mr. Nagarkar has already been heard at Moline, Davenport and Sioux City, greatly to the delight of these audiences. Concerning his stay at Sioux City Miss Gordon writes: "He has had four enthusiastic meetings. The strange face, the feeling of reverence that his voice and manner so clearly express, all tend to make his words impressive." This week this gentleman is giving a series of four Conversational Lectures on Religious and Social Life in India, at All Souls Church, Chicago, viz: 1. Our Social and Domestic Manners and Customs; 2. The Position of Women in India; 3. The Indian Schools of Philosophy; 4. The Development of Religious Thought. Questions will be solicited at the end of each lecture. We hope that many of our parishes will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing the same course of lectures. What Mr. Nagarkar can do for India, Mr. Hirai is prepared to do for Japan. His address on "The Attitude of Japan Towards Christianity" was one of the most manly and commanding deliverances of the whole Parliament. At home he has been a teacher of Philosophy and Political Economy. He talks good English, is an intelligent and loving student of Buddhism, and is in touch with modern thought. Both of these gentlemen are unacquainted with the country, and are unprepared, without help, to master the intricacies of the American railroad system. Will not the ministers in different localities take hold of this matter and arrange among themselves for itineraries, reducing the expense of travel to the minimum and thus bring these educative voices

within the reach of as many American ears as possible? We need the enlightenment that comes from these sources. The newly appointed Secretary of the W. U. C. will be glad to help in this work of making arrangements for these gentlemen. Address, Rev. A. W. Gould, 185 Dearborn street, Chicago.

THE NEW SECRETARY.

As will be seen from our news columns, Mr. Judy, from a creditable sense of loyalty to his parish at Davenport, declined the election to the secretaryship of the Western Unitarian Conference. The directors lost no time, but turned at once to the next unanimous choice, that of A. W. Gould, of Hinsdale, who has accepted. Mr. Gould has not the long experience and wide acquaintance with the field which made the choice of Mr. Judy so fitting, but he brings to the high and difficult task ripe culture, a clear mind, an attractive address, and an earnest purpose. His record as student and teacher in Harvard College, as a professor at Olivet College, and as pastor of the Unitarian societies at Manistee and Hinsdale, prove his ripeness for the position, and prophesy his usefulness. To our mind the field was never more in need of a shaping hand, and the opportunity of doing inaugurative and formulative work never so great. The Parliament of Religions and the thirst for unity, the search for the fundamental basis of union that will unite those actuated by like purposes and pressed by common need, that springs from this same Parliament, seem to be a fruition, to an unexpected extent, of the dreams of the Western Conference. To this end has it struggled, and it, more than any organization that we know of in the world, is best prepared to avail itself of this unexpected gift, to accept this contribution, to conserve this impulse. Just what the next thing to do is, may be difficult to ascertain. But to find this out is the privilege of the Western Conference, and, having found out, to do it is its duty. Mr. Gould was already honored with the office of the presidency of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society and of the Illinois State Conference. Fortunately the former position will not conflict with his new duties. The Conference has given him his time and *carte blanche* to do what he can, in any way he can, to ad-

vance the cause of fraternity in religion; to increase that piety that rests in an ethical purpose, that combines in cooperative work those who seek to advance Truth, Righteousness, and Love. Let our societies take heart and resolve to hold up the hands of our new secretary, await his deliberate judgments, and follow his kindly leading.

THE JAPANESE OUR TEACHERS.

We wonder if Americans and Europeans appreciate that there is in the far East a *great* people, who can not only teach us how to make curious lacquer work and other comparatively trivial things, but whose social life, according to the practically unanimous reports of competent observers, is such as to mark their ethical rank as distinctly higher than that of the American or any European people? The Occident does not seem to realize this, yet we trust the day will soon come when with sincere humility we shall turn to this people that we have so long been disposed to patronize, and seek to learn from them how to live the life of which Jesus dreamed when he bade us do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. The Japanese are a wonderful people. In material progress they have accomplished in a few years what it took the West centuries to attain. Why have they been able so rapidly to assimilate so much of what is best in our civilization? Is it philosophical to attribute their remarkable progress to non-moral causes, to an ape-like imitativeness? Should we not rather ask ourselves if its previous high moral character had not most to do with the success of this nation? The son of China is reported to be as apt at imitation as his island neighbor, but has China made the progress of Japan? How prone we are to regard those willing to give up their own way for another's as weak,—goody-goody individuals, to be sure, but lacking in the stamina, the force, that makes for sturdy manhood. Yet how unwise, how indiscriminating is such a thought! He who yields right to wrong, gives up the better for the worse, is weak. But he who has the courage to substitute for the old way he has learned to love the new and better way, whencesoever it comes, thereby shows both mental and moral strength. "Except ye become as one of these little ones ye shall not enter

into the kingdom." The willingness to give up is a high moral trait. Perhaps Jesus was right in regarding it as the highest. The Chinese is a moral people, but the morality of the Chinese is inferior to that of the Japanese—as is, we think, that of the Occident—in just this particular, that they have not the yielding disposition, the spirit of true humility, which characterizes the individual and national, the social and political life of the Japanese. Despite their many virtues, the Chinese are proud and stubborn. Their pride in themselves and their past prevents them from gaining the good they might from other peoples. The politeness of the Japanese springs from the heart, and so their social life is the sweetest known to civilization. Thanks to the child-like and God-like open-mindedness, which has its source in true humility, altruism, or love of others, they have learned and are learning the lessons of life far more rapidly than others. Great things may reasonably be expected from them in the future. Let us study the life of this people.

F. W. S.

Men and Things

THE *Examiner* tells of a colored preacher who saw in a vision the golden letters "G. P. C." in the sky, which he interpreted to mean "Go preach Christ." One of his brethren said that he had no doubt of the vision of his brother, but he thought it would be more correctly interpreted, "Go pick cotton." Probably a good many who are sure which way destiny calls them would do well to call in some impartial interpreter of their visions.

In a recent sermon Dr. Lyman Abbott said: "I am very glad the Woman's Temperance Union is fighting the temperance battle, but I do not think it is very creditable to us men that we leave it to be fought by the women. In the old legend, St. George fought the battle for the deliverance of the woman; in modern life, the woman fights the battle, and St. George sits on the fence to see how it is going on."

A REMARKABLE new Medusa, or jellyfish, has been found to occur in Lake Tanganyika, Africa, a "fresh-water" lake, though, we believe, the water is slightly brackish. It is entirely different from the jellyfish found living a few years ago in the Victoria Lily-tank of the Kew Gardens, at London, and represents a distinct family, whose exact position is unknown. —*Independent*.

It is said that Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Peary, Arctic explorers, have both excluded alcoholic drinks from their list of supplies, as not only unnecessary but harmful in the polar regions. Mr. F. C. Selous, for twenty years an African explorer, abstains not only from alcoholic drinks but tobacco.

Contributed and Selected

LAW AND LIBERTY.

If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—JOHN VIII. 31, 32.

Be sure Caprice could never make a bird,
And keep its wing aflight, its song
athrill;
Attempted so, confusion dire would
fill
Its wing, and discord for a song be
heard.
Deep, lawful purpose in creation
stirred,
And kept its path of duty firm and
true
Until at fullest flight where skies
are blue
There flies a free, a golden music-word;
And sings its lesson true in listening
ears,
Between its thrilling rondeaus mak-
ing pause,—
No freedom anywhere creation cheers,
But that the deep, the necessary
cause,
By which some happy being, it ap-
pears,
Is that it faithful keeps well-being's
holy laws.

The thought of liberty makes us glad, the realization of liberty makes us great. Amid all the mysteries of life, the penalties and imprisonments of nature and human nature, the wrongs and injustices prevailing, we have yet the fact of moral freedom,—realizing that there is a right and a wrong, that we should do the right avoiding the wrong, that we can fashion ourselves in our moral natures fair or foul, that we are a divinity that shapes our ends rough-hew them as Earth may. Freedom of moral choice is a dear liberty, but yet only the truth can make us free. Only righteousness is liberty. In true relationships with the universe is fullness of joy. Becoming true man, living a true man's life, this only is to be master of events and of life, making everything yield an everlasting richness unto being. Love of the evil is imprisonment. To do the wrong is to enter into bondage. Life expressing itself in a perfect body, obedient to all its will, is a liberty that sings. But life in a body disobedient, abused by excesses, dishonored by sin, is bondage that moans. Liberty is the right Thou hast given us to become and be a perfected being in which Thy life lives out in fullness its intent of blessing. Becoming and being less is bondage. For its full joy and service to the body the eye must be itself, fulfill perfectly the divine intent, keep all the laws of its well-being. Then by the perfect vision man knows the sweets of liberty. So in the moral nature, so in every part of man's being and life. Each thought true to itself, to all its relationships, is the joy of liberty. Each emotion pure, faithful to every affection in the righteousness of life, is freedom drinking from the streams of God's bliss. Truth

of thought, truth of affection, truth of purpose, truth of life, is freedom like that in which God has his eternal being. To grow into such liberty is life's whole meaning and worth. Falsehood invading any of these is tyranny inflicting hurt upon the man, cheating him out of his own. To invade the body with a wound is to enchain it. Crowding it with sickness is to destroy it. So any infringement upon the moral nature is moral bondage, is the awful reality of moral tyranny. Therefore from the invasion of others man must be free to think his thought. He must be free to live his life without any hindrance save only what is demanded by the general weal, by the rights of his brothers to every liberty needed for society fulfilling its obligations, living its life. We want in human life a liberty like Thy ample winds wherein the growing things of nature fulfill. We want a freedom like Thy large suns wherein every growing thing of nature may unfold its blossom and its fruit. We want a largeness of choice like Thy soils give, that in them each thing may feed and unfold after its kind. Help us for ourselves and others to achieve this and maintain it in all the ways of social and civic life. We need as well that other freedom in the truth of being, in which the rose keeping the laws of its well-being is a rose and nothing else; the oak an oak, and nothing else; the horse a horse, and nothing else; each thing itself becoming, and no confusion anywhere upon the growing fields. So may we learn and keep all the laws of our well-being that so we may be in life a true humanity, so that in being we become a true child of Thine own great heart; no confusion in all the life Thou art living in Thy race of men, that in Thee they may live out a high and holy destiny in the everlasting liberty of the truth.

I found a moment-living gnat; and
everything,
From microscopic foot to gauzy wing,
In perfect order placed; each atom
kept
The laws that through its tiny being
swept:
And so it lived its happy little day,
A note of law in Freedom's holy lay.
From wing of taniger a scarlet feather
came
To burn upon my hand its hurtless
flame;
Each bit of down in its own work and
place
Made possible the singer's flight of
grace:
So read I in this feather scarlet-bright,
That law is only Freedom at its flight.
I saw the clover and its bee in meadows
deep
Their life-essential trysting faithful
keep;
In perfect fitness each with each
agrees,
And so their races live such dear
eternities;
The clover's honey wells and bee that
drinks
But Freedom's thought, that law in
beauty thinks.

I found within the brook swift-swimming mountain trout,
Well fitted for their home, that sparkled all about ;
Each swiftest motion free from trampling or pain,
Because a life where law is at its perfect reign ;
Their swimming but the truth, how free are they
Who their well-being's laws do perfectly obey.
And not a thing I found in water or in air
But law had wrought it out a creature fair,
So working that each bit of being be
A freedom smiling out each lawless tyranny :
So everywhere beneath the changing skies
From lips of Law the hymns of Freedom rise.
O gnat and wing of bird, O clover, trout and bee,
And every bit of life that anywhere I see,
You live me out a lesson forever true,
Well-being is a deed that only law can do ;
My duties done becoming my being's voice
Wherethrough the hymns of Freedom eternally rejoice.

PASTOR QUIET.

ETHICAL CONGRESS AND CONVENTION OF ETHICAL SOCIETIES.

Like the other congresses of the summer, this was held in the Art Institute, and, because of this public place, it was more a congress than it was a convention.

Mr. Weston, of Philadelphia, formally opened it on the evening of September 28th, and was followed by Mr. Mangasarian, with his address of welcome from the Chicago Society. Owing to a necessary change of program, Prof. Adler continued, and closed the evening by a lecture upon "The Progress of the Ethical Movement," which had a practical and hopeful tone.

After Mr. Bonney's opening address, the following day was largely given to reports from the various societies, the most interesting part of which was that describing practical work, other than the lectures.

Mr. E. N. Plank, of St. Louis, told of the "Self-Culture Clubs," saying they were not the product of one mind, but of many. Their object is the elevation and enlightenment of working men and women. They observe strict neutrality in religious, political, and social questions, and their various branches do varying work. The Self-Culture Club has a building of its own, with free reading-rooms and a good library of 1,200 volumes,—which I understand is not

in one place, but in several. The Club has a lecture course for seven months in the year, and is in every way independent and self-supporting, although the "child" of the Ethical Society. The two clubs for young women have a membership of two hundred, and meet weekly.

Mr. Rosenblatt, of the New York society, told of the Workingman's School, which he said was "progressive, experimental, radical and rational; not impulsive." Its principle: "Learning by doing." He quoted Dr. Coit, who once said that the old motto, "Deed, not creed," should be replaced by "Deed, and a new creed: the creed of right deed."

Following him came Dr. Coit, with his account of the "Neighborhood Guild," so practical and interesting that I wish I could report it in full; but can only give his brief statement of its object,—"the moral training of the people of the neighborhood, and to be a center of moral life."

From the Chicago society came Mr. Errant's paper on "The Bureau of Justice," the great, good work that emanated from that society a few years ago and which is respected by all who know it.

In spite of the storm on Friday evening there was a goodly gathering to hear Miss Addams' simple, effective talk upon "Ethics and Philanthropy;" Mr. Salter's clear, high, inspiring lecture upon "Ethics and Religion;" and Prof. Adler's masterly address upon "The Ethical Movement and the Labor Question."

Saturday morning brought a discussion of this latter question, opened by Dr. Coit and participated in by the other lecturers, who held somewhat differing opinions as to the position which the ethical societies should take in regard to the labor movement, ending with Mr. Salter's, "A fair field and no favors in an ethical society, for all reform questions." Prof. Adler's final suggestion was for "a 'Union' of non-laborers who are interested in the labor question and will give it moral support, well organized and with dues."

Altogether, the Ethical Congress was practical, helpful, and hopeful; and those who attended went away ready to follow Mr. Sheldon's suggestion to "work for the stepping stones to ideal conditions."

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

CHRISTIAN LOVE vs. RACE PRIDE.

We indicated last week what are the troubles which a church must undergo in the South which desires moderately to do what is right to the Negro, but desires also to keep on good terms with its neighboring white churches. We told how Dr. Sherrill and the board of officers of the Church of the Redeemer, in Atlanta, the leading white Congregational church in Georgia, had repelled the slander that they were affiliating with Negroes. They denied that Dr.

Sherrill had ever exchanged with a Negro preacher, or invited one to his pulpit; or that Dr. Sherrill had in any way sought to annex the Negro church in Atlanta to the white district conference; and they positively declared, as to the treatment of the Negro:

It is not true that the policy of this church in these matters differs from that of other churches in the city or State.

We expressed the hope that this wide disclaimer would suffice to allay the public suspicion that this Church of the Redeemer desired to treat the neighboring colored churches of its denomination in a fraternal Christian way. But we are disappointed. The Rev. James A. Davis, apparently a member of the church (we do not find his name in the Congregational Year Book), writes to the Atlanta *Constitution* indignantly reaffirming the charges. He declares that some of the leading members of that church have actually had social intercourse with Negroes, and that, for this reason, several members have lately left the church. This he supports by instances. He says that it is true that Dr. Sherrill did not exchange with a Negro, but he did exchange with the white pastor of the neighboring Negro Congregational church, thus recognizing the Negro church, and giving respect to a man who has by his service of a Negro church put himself lower than a Negro. Mr. Davis states that this church and its pastor are parties to the State Convention of Georgia, which held a meeting in the edifice of the Church of the Redeemer, "at which time papers were read and a general discussion was entered upon participated in by both white and colored delegates." It is also true, he says, that a similar meeting was held the next year at Macon, in a colored church—but the statement is so serious that we must quote:

Another program was carried out, and another advance step made toward social equality, when the pastor of the Church of the Redeemer and the Rev. S. C. McDaniel and other white delegates repaired to the dining room of the church, and there sat down to a feast of good things at the same table with the colored delegates and their friends.

We believe these statements are true. They are greatly to the credit of the Christian character of Dr. Sherrill, and especially of Mr. McDaniel, who is a Southern man; and we are very sorry that, instead of owning up that they were a Christian church, they were frightened into publishing a manifesto which gave the lie to their name of "Church of the Redeemer." —*The Independent*.

NO MAN is free who must beg others for the privilege of working.

—*Philadelphia Justice*.

Friend: Is your subscription paid in advance? If not, won't you assist UNITY by now sending in your renewal?

THE ENLARGEMENT OF RELATIONS.

We are not strong by our power to penetrate, but by our relatedness. The world is enlarged for us, not by new objects, but by finding more affinities and potencies in those we have. . . . It is not talent, but sensibility, which is best; talent confines, but the central life puts us in relation to all. . . . Feel yourself and be not daunted by things. —EMERSON.

The enlargement of life does not depend on opportunity, but on sympathy. It depends to a very slight degree on travel, on sight-seeing, on the number of people, even, that one meets; but very largely on the power of coming into real relations with some of that number. Responsiveness, sympathy, receptivity, — these are the doors through which life enters to us and through which we go forth into life. On this power depends the conditions of success, and on it also depends conduct, which Matthew Arnold rightly designates three fourths of life. The enlargement of all that range of feeling and thought which we call life does not lie in its external scenery. It is not, necessarily, the larger life to have a more imposing house, or finer apparel, or more dainty and luxurious surroundings than our neighbor. These are accidental things that may, or may not, accompany it. They are no inherent factors of the perfection or the completeness of life. Enlargement is something more intimate, more permanent in its nature, more entirely dependent upon those qualities that make personality. In fact, if one comes to scrutinize it closely the enlargement of life is gained by living so in harmony with the divine will—so at one with it—that one is receptive and responsive to every sweet influence. When the wandering wind finds out an Eolian harp, it becomes musical; but

"Hornpipe and hurdy-gurdy both are dull
Unto the most musicianly of winds."

Now this state of harmony with the divine forces is not one of mere negation. It is not one of mere passivity. It is the very highest positive state. It is simply magnetic with vitality. It is the ideal condition of life, and therefore the condition of supreme success. It is the condition of recognition and of vision.

It is easy enough, however, for any of us to philosophize on what we should be; to discern the better conditions. The test is to realize them. And this is as practical a work as any labor of the hand. The initial step to be taken in any enterprise or endeavor is first to realize in one's self harmonious and receptive conditions.

Now the jars and discords come mostly from without; the harmony and sweetness must first be found within. If one is conscious of a fretful and discordant state let him seek entire solitude, if only for a moment. Then call up the spiritual forces. Take a strong stand in the affirmatives. "I and my Father are one." That is not merely a phrase of rhetoric or an assertion that Jesus alone can make. We may all make it, "I and my Father are one." He is the

vine, we the branches. Demand to be taken into the true life, into one's own life. Do not merely *desire* to be at peace with all, to love all, but affirm that you are so. The love of God and all His creatures will set toward you till you are upborne on the current of divine magnetism.

"His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure."

writes the poet of Sir Galahad. Therein lies the true philosophy. The latter line explains *why* he had the tenfold strength. All life is truly such only as it exists in harmony with its environment. We are now entering into the spiritual age—a fact that is just as true statistically as was that of the stone age or of the iron age. We have lived through the ages where the physical and then the intellectual powers were those most in harmony with the environment of the time. Now the environment is spiritual and the spiritual faculties must be those developed. It is the age of supernaturalism, one may say, if we may so call that law just higher than the ordinary and familiar one, and quite as natural on its own plane. The supernatural, after all, is merely that the higher has taken the place of the lower. Emerson said, fifty years ago: "Our painful labors are unnecessary; there is a better way." Now we are coming into the actual knowledge of that better way. The soul that can hold itself in direct and responsive relation to the Infinite Love will command undreamed of potency. It will at once enter on the true enlargement of life.

This command of new agencies will supersede the former need of practicing many of the old, economic virtues which were once held essential to thoughtful and elevated living. Among these that of spending the minimum and saving the maximum of one's financial gains was held to be one of the cardinal graces. Young people were to be taught to save, and the present was held to be of little account as compared with some far-away future. This saving, once entered upon, not unfrequently grew into a ruling motive of life, and the less that could be spent for living, dress, amusements, and incidentals in general, the more valuable time was supposed to be, with the result that with material wealth there ensued something not unlike spiritual pauperism. When the fortune was made—being largely made by the negative force of saving rather than the positive one of creating—it was ten chances to one if the man had sufficient resources within himself to enjoy the leisure it afforded. He had become accustomed to being bound on the wheel, and leisure was stagnation. Still, if there must be a choice of evils it was better to deny one's self—to postpone something of the larger life, rather than have the time come when one is a burden to others. But now life assumes a very different phase. In this spirit-

ual age, thought is the true creative power. It is the spiritual and not the physical powers which are to shape all external possessions. This is the age in which one can command the invisible powers. True economy is not now to earn and hoard, but to earn and use; to earn and transmute into force, whereby are conquered new and wider resources. Under this law, gains accumulate on the principle of compound interest.

The external scenery of life is an important factor in daily success. It is now a part of true economy to live in beautiful surroundings, for it tends to produce that elevation of spirit, that exhilaration, that "plus energy" which is the motor of successful achievement. Nothing is gained by diminishing expenses if one also diminishes his buoyancy of feeling. Instead, indeed, of enriching he is impoverishing himself and is on the direct road to bankruptcy. It is the same folly that it was for the Israelites to gather up the manna and save it for another time, rather than use it each day while fresh; thereby transmitting its nourishment into strength and courage, and trusting in the promise of the Lord that He would supply the future as he would the present.

The heavenly manna is given to us equally in these days, only in a different form. It is wise to command the best possible surroundings and social outlook. It is a good investment to pay ten or twenty dollars a week more than is exacted by bare necessity if thereby one buys fifty or a hundred dollars' worth of inspiration and energy. They are forces more immediately convertible than bank stock. On the invisible side of life is this infinite storage of force—a reservoir, so to speak, of infinite energy. Now to learn the secret of establishing an individual connection with this is to gain the secret of all financial and material success. Those who achieve great things are those who have come, consciously or unconsciously, into this secret, or, as Emerson said a half century ago, "avail themselves of a certain plus power in the universe which they know how to use."

On the material plane of life we see how the finer and subtler agencies have usurped the place of cruder ones. Steam superseded the stage-coach and the winds of sail; electricity is already superseding steam. Gas crowded out clumsy methods of illumination, and electricity is replacing gas. Nobler and finer inventions have made all contrivances and conveniences of finer adjustability. The analogy holds true on both the higher and the lower planes, on the visible and the invisible sides of life. It is not by cruder and coarser drudgery, and by scrimping and saving and denying ourselves all the beauty and loveliness of life that we are to "get on" in even a material sense; but, instead, by a wider and wiser range of expenditure, "by living high enough to catch the outlook,"

by dwelling in the regions of artistic charm and of spiritual exaltation.

It is good to cultivate large relations of social sympathies. It is good to enter into other people's lives—not to penetrate but to relate ourselves to their thought and action, and to feel that when we are most keenly sensitive and responsive and outgoing, we are most truly going about our Master's business.

—Lillian Whiting, in *Worthington's Magazine*.

"HEAR THE OTHER SIDE."

The proceedings of the Parliament of Religions on Saturday last showed very clearly the animus and tone of the mongrel gathering, and justify the condemnation of it in advance by our General Assembly and other evangelical bodies. Prof. Charles A. Briggs was the leading speaker,—"one of the principal figures,"—and "he was accorded a welcome that was as enthusiastic as it was evidently sincere." He spoke "amid prolonged applause." "Prolonged applause was accorded to him when he took his seat." Why all this? Because he attacked the Bible with a vehemence and a shamelessness that went far beyond anything he had hitherto uttered, if the laudatory telegrams in the dailies be reliable. In this connection we call attention to one significant fact which we think cannot be challenged: the destructive higher critics, to a man, favor the irreligious Parliament. Its opponents are found in the ranks of believers in the inerrant inspired word of God.

—*Presbyterian Journal*.

The gentle reproach which Saint Paul so delicately expressed to the Athenians from the rostrum of Mars Hill, that they were "too superstitious" (or "somewhat superstitious," as the Revised Version gives it), might almost be urged against the throngs of Christian people who crowd the great hall during the prolonged sessions of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. The interest, approaching enthusiasm, with which the vast audiences welcome the exponents of false religions is more phenomenal than the good-natured curiosity of the Greeks who gathered around Saint Paul to hear "some new thing." We imagine that the grand apostle to the Gentiles would greet more sternly these itching ears of nineteenth-century Christians. And what would he say to those who have gone through the world to seek out the most plausible, the most eloquent, the most entertaining representatives of every religion that man has invented, to show it off with hand-shaking and public congratulations to applauding assemblies of American people, while Christian nations are spending millions every year to convert the followers of these false prophets? . . . The Parliament seems to be, practically, a propaganda of Unitarianism, Old World and New World Theism, sanctioned

by authority of a national commission and countenanced by the presence of a few Roman, Greek, and Anglican prelates. As to the Roman, we do not believe that they have any sympathy with the whole business, but are "improving" the opportunity to popularize a faith and polity that has heretofore failed to harmonize with its environment in this country. As to the Anglican, the members of the Church of England who have appeared on this extraordinary program are apparently at home there. It must, indeed, be encouraging to the Hindus and Shintos and Parsees and Buddhists and Theosophists and Christian Scientists and Higher Criticismists to hear a clergyman of the Church of England assert on the platform of the World's Parliament that "all religions are fundamentally more or less true, and all religions are superficially more or less false." This treason to the faith to which the reverend speaker had bound himself by a solemn vow was greeted with "applause" by the vast audience. Thoughtful observers of this spectacular performance cannot fail to note that the sentiments which are most applauded are such as we have above quoted. We add another from the same speaker, which was enthusiastically received: "The religion of the future will be pretty much summed up in the words of Tennyson, 'The whole round world is everywhere bound by gold chains about the feet of God.' [Applause.]" So the words of Tennyson are to be the Bible of the future.

—*Living Church*.

Correspondence

AN EARNEST WORD FROM NEBRASKA.

EDITOR UNITY: I am a patron, reader and admirer of "our UNITY." I was going to say "your UNITY," but it belongs to me as much as any one, for it reflects my sentiments. It even does more than that, it reveals myself to myself. It tells my belief—it unfolds the germ of my religion better far than I can. I have been taking it about two years, and it has been a wonderful source of comfort and good to my soul. The Rev. Mr. Maan, of Omaha, called my attention to it.

I am placing liberal literature where I think it will be appreciated and bear fruit. It is kindly furnished me by the Post Office Mission of St. Louis and Boston. If I were not so bad off financially I would invest in several numbers of UNITY for friends.

If I can be at home this winter I think I shall undertake to organize a "Unity Club." There are legions of good people who are weary of the "orthodox views," but who do not understand the grand common-sense liberal religion advocated by UNITY. They think they are infidels, as the church people call them, and good-naturedly receive their doom,

and in many instances think they are such, when they are only skeptics in regard to the orthodox creed; and, in most instances, were the religion of common sense and reason unfolded to them they would see that they were far from being infidels or skeptics in regard to the religion of intelligence and reason.

UNITY is doing grandly. It is improving in appearance, size and matter. May it continue to flourish.

I believe in prayer, but in the prayer of honest, tireless effort—deeds more than words, and faith that demonstrates itself by works. "As much as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The only way to work for God is to work for humanity and the present life. The future life will take care of itself. H. N. W.

APPEAL FOR HELP.*

It has been well ascertained and decided upon that there is no power without union; and, therefore, we now find that all nations are trying to create means to produce union among them. Undoubtedly, religion is the most powerful means, the farthest reaching, the greatest, and the most valuable because of its validity; but, unfortunately, it has been as yet of different antagonistic and contentious sects; and the more these sects are augmented, the more disunion is produced, religious ties are loosened, and zeal is decreased, and, consequently, carelessness toward religion prevails, as is plainly evident in our present century.

I believe, after deep investigation throughout my life, that the only source of such dissensions and antagonisms is the misunderstanding of the ordinances of the three inspired books (the Bible, the Gospel, and the Koran), or the adoption of some of them and the rejection of the other or others. To prove that these books are inspired and from God, and that they are true and one, and to point out clearly the discrepant and ambiguous ordinances as existing among them which are supposed to contradict each other, I wrote, fifteen years ago, about eighty pamphlets on this subject, of which five only have been as yet published. If these principles become well known, and are fairly discussed, I believe more pamphlets, perhaps hundreds, will be published, which will tend to point out the facts as they really are and to remove all difficulties resulting from ambiguity and suspicion.

Two great reasons have prevented me from circulating such thoughts before the present time, viz: (1) The absence of freedom to expound religious thoughts; and (2) being unable to defray the expenses incurred by publishing what I have written on this subject.

It having been announced by me that I have these beliefs, I have lost

*See editorial note in this issue.

the fruits of my labor during these and several preceding years, and my money and all I possess. About \$15,000 were seized by the Patriarchal Authorities, without the least right, but by the presidential influence.

Thirty years ago I translated several theological books from the Greek language into the Arabic; and up to the present time they have not been published, because I am not able to afford the necessary expense. Not only that, but four years ago I translated the New Testament from the Greek into the Arabic, which translation was reviewed by some learned men of Russia and of Syria and was approved by them; but, unfortunately, it had the same fate as its predecessors.

It is also necessary to start a weekly paper in English and Arabic to explain the questions that are prominent at present, and to bring the ordinances of the Divine Books, the Bible, the Gospel, and the Koran, into perfect agreement; but how to secure its expense I do not know.

For the sake of what has been stated, I have devoted my time, my thoughts, my labors and all that I earned in all my life; and am now in debt for the publication of this small book in English and Arabic.

In the name of God the Truth, who loves charity and peace on earth, especially in religious and moral matters, I humbly beg you to help me in the way you may deem proper, whether spiritual, moral or material. God knows (He is my witness) that in all my life I have not spent a single dollar for anything except food, clothing and lodging. My special aim now is to publish these facts, which are more important than any other thing in this world, to remove all causes that tend to bring religious dissensions and antagonisms. God the Almighty will reward everyone according to his own deeds; and whatever help is graciously given to me is accepted with many heartfelt thanks. Your humble and obedient servant,—

ARCHIMANDRITE CHRISTOPHORE JIBARA,
27 Rector Street, New York, U. S. A.

World's Fair Notes

The days of the Fair are numbered. The "Congresses" have come and gone. Altogether it has been a great summer for Chicago—as it has been also for as much of the world as has been here. For some inexplicable reason the notion spread through the East and abroad over the seas that this Columbian undertaking had been, after all the roar and noise of it, but partially or poorly carried out. Only gradually, as those who came, saw, and were conquered, returned to their distant homes, did the reputation of failure begin to wear away. No one, so far as known, has arrived within Jackson Park so loaded down with prejudices but immediately he began shedding them, and before the first half day had worn away was able

to straighten up and go his way joyfully a free man. Such deliverances from bondage are a great blessing, first to the individual so delivered, and secondly to all people else with whom he shall come into social contact. Prejudices—pre-judgments—willfully toted about and paraded, are soul-wearing burthens—destructive to reason and human cheer. One of whom I have personal knowledge came this way from the State of New York "on business," and thought he would "just drop in on the Fair to kill a few hours of time." He did not stay two hours, but returned to his home by the first outgoing train, told his neighbors and brought back his "whole family instanter." It "made a new man" of him, he confessed, and his family echoed the sentiment with smiles and congratulations. The Fair has been a success in more ways than one, as it thus appears, for this lesson of *unloading* has gone far and been well learned and, I doubt not, inwardly digested.

In like manner the Congress of Religions operated for human well-being and elevation. There was a great scene to be witnessed for seventeen days. The surprise of the devout Christian who had never before even dreamed of an Oriental religion that could have aught to commend itself was ill concealed. Even the broad face of Joseph Cook at times seemed to relax in its rigidity of calmness and take on a sympathetic surprise. Shades of pre-judgment were evidently passing from before his mental vision as from before the eyes of all those vast Occidental congregations that daily crowded the Columbus Hall.

It was a goodly sight to see these Buddhists and "ists" of all descriptions standing there as zealous of their faiths as any Christian ever dared be. "How is it," asks one near, "that these fellows come here conducting themselves, not as heathen to be converted, but as if they were the missionaries of the one true Gospel and we were the heathen?"

And it was quite true that they seemed to speak from a lofty conviction and to be imbued with a religion that was deeply humanitarian. But they were not aggressive in the same manner as Christians. They appeared to have at least a *suspicion* that they might not know it all, and to be burdened with a degree of gentle courtesy that seemed to forbid entrance on the extreme work of the true Christian missionary. In plainer words, they did not so absolutely believe that theirs was the only religion "given among men whereby they could be saved." On the contrary, there appeared all the while in all their speech and action a certain striving away from the limitations of their several faiths toward some broader statement that would cover the whole of mankind—"with only the sky of truth above us," said one.

"The Chorus of Faith," which Mr. Jones is editing, will be interesting

reading. To his untiring energy and liberal mind is to be credited a very large measure of the success which the Congress scored, and it is fitting that he should sum up the hopeful and splendid utterances for the larger public—why shall I not say—of the world? While it will not, of course, contain all, the gist of all will be in the "Chorus of Faith."

The Ethical meetings were interesting, as were the Free Religious, each in its own way contributing its mite to the common weal.

The labor congress was often interesting, but more vital and searching were some of the impromptu discussions that went on outside the building, where knots of people gathered about some one of the "unwashed" who had thought his way through privation toward a vision at least of "peace and plenty." What was lacking in the Congress was, as is the case in so much of the so-called labor literature, an effort to find some practical ethical basis on which labor pretensions may rest as on a bed of rock impregnable. Instead, devices and schemes for ameliorating the condition of the poor; loud clamors for justice; but few statements that made it plain "so he that runneth might read" in what justice consists. However, much cropped out in the discussions not prearranged for that may be the seed lost from sight for a time, but to reappear with fruit in due season.

S. H. M.

WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

Those who desire a convenient and quiet resting place while visiting the Fair, may perfect arrangements in advance at prices suited to the times, by addressing

L. A. WHITE, No. 6427 Sheridan avenue.

His pleasant home, which he opens to visitors, is located in a delightful residence neighborhood at easy walking distance from the grounds. It is also convenient to the stations of three lines of public conveyance to the heart of the city. Circulars and information will be sent to parties desiring.

MRS. J. A. MCKINNEY, 4209 Ellis avenue, will be glad to entertain World's Fair visitors. House stone; rooms large and airy; 3 blocks from Illinois Central; five minutes' ride to grounds; fare, five cents. Terms, \$1.50 each per day for August.

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Do you want books? Send your order to Unity Publishing Company, and receive prompt attention.

Church-Door Pulpit

"THE POST-TRANSCENDENTAL PERIOD OF UNITARIANISM."*

BY REV. JOHN C. LEARNED, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

To begin with, there is no post-transcendental period in Unitarian history. Transcendentalism is still alive. The impulse given to our churches by Emerson and Parker has never died away. Ever since the "Divinity School Address" (1838), the "South Boston Sermon" (1841), and the chapters from "Ethical Scriptures," published in *The Dial* (1840-44), it has been evident that there was a strain in the Unitarian blood to issue some day in a parliament of religions. It seemed far off then. It seemed near when, twenty-five years later, the Free Religious Association predicted it and renewed the hope. Now it has come,—the great world religions and many sects joining in a national centenary, and uttering their notes together in a noble symphony of faith and fellowship.

No doubt it will be a long time yet before the music of this divine classic will seem sweet to ecclesiastical ears, or the strangeness of this event wear off for those educated in the schools of tradition. It is still but a prophecy. The Archbishop of Canterbury sees but *one religion*; and to subject that to any discussion or comparison with the other worships of the world seems to him a profanation of the Christian faith. This is the only safe position for the defenders of orthodoxy. We, too, see but one religion; yet it has come to men of all races and times under many names. It is as really the ground of obligation, fidelity and reverence in the Calmuck as in the Catholic, in Socrates and Spinoza as in Paul or Luther or Pope Leo.

If there has been no post-transcendental period of Unitarianism, there has been no lack of events and transactions standing over and against the transcendental spirit—new readings of philosophy and science also tending to modify the conclusions and practices of transcendentalists. Some one has said that up to the time of Parker's death (1860) transcendentalism was like a lump—a pretty hard lump—in the Unitarian mixture. Since then it had gradually dissolved, until now, though not conspicuous, it had given a flavor to the whole solution. Certain it is that by no official or public act has the Unitarian denomination ever recognized and welcomed the convictions of the transcendental school. It has never felt safe in uttering as its own the inevitable predictions of its greatest prophets. It could not honestly declare itself for

the intuitions of the free reasons, for the sufficiency of the inward light, so long as it clung to a special and miraculous dispensation, and laid the emphasis of its faith upon the Christian confession, or limited the terms of its fellowship by the Christian name.

At the time of Parker's death, the affairs of the Unitarians were at a low ebb. A few years before, James Freeman Clarke at the Berry Street Conference had spoken of them as "a discouraged denomination." Transcendentalism—renaissance, as it was, of the spiritual and intellectual life of New England, and offering something positive in place of the "pale negations" and disintegrating exegesis of Boston Unitarianism—had done nothing to fill or multiply or give hope to the churches. On the contrary there was a very uncomfortable feeling in the air. Recently, Parker had been refused the privilege of preaching the sermon before the graduating class of the Divinity School at Cambridge. Later, the alumni of the school had, with some bitterness, declined to pass a resolution of sympathy for him,—now sick and dying in Europe. The first and principal ground for this action was that Theodore Parker was not a Christian minister; that more than fifteen years before he disclaimed the Christian confession, saying that he took not the Bible, nor the church, "nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my Master." Dr. Furness, in criticising this action and other illiberal and ecclesiastical tendencies in the denomination, wrote: "In the true, living, invisible church every man of every religious name and of no religious name, who by working righteousness manifests the love of God in his heart, is an accepted worshiper in full communion with the saints on earth and in heaven."

There was distrust, inertia, and a vague dread of the future in those days. Organized Unitarianism was narrow and timid, with little to encourage effort. Dr. Bellows could characterize it as a provincial thing, "a Boston notion," and preached on "The Suspense of Faith."

The autumnal conventions then held were spoken of as "dreary pow-wows" on trite or trivial themes, such as "whether sin were not virtue undeveloped; or whether it were better to have four children or five in a Sunday-school class."

Graduates of the Divinity School were looked upon with suspicion as possible sympathizers with the great heresiarch. Their phraseology was watched in sermon and prayer and benediction. Some of the clergy refused to take part in ordination services where councils were declined, which usually occurred when the young candidate did not wish to be questioned on the subject of the miracles and the sacraments.

When Mr. Frothingham waited, with his venerable and blind father,

for his three colleagues in Brooklyn and New York to assist him in the dedication of the Third Unitarian church of the latter city, he waited in vain. Though invited, they mutually agreed to absent themselves. When asked for a reason, it was, that the church was not properly organized and did not administer the Lord's Supper.

Not far from the date of Parker's death, several important books—all of European authorship—were published, constituting a veritable epoch in theological thought. It is sufficient to mention Darwin's "Origin of Species," "Essays and Reviews," Colenso's "Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua," and Renan's "Life of Jesus." To many young men these new results of science and biblical criticism were welcome and vital. The older men for the most part, it must be said, damned them with faint praise, or declared them noxious.

But while these works were molding opinion in the religious world, a civil war taxed the energies and resources of the American people,—the question of slavery was being settled on the battle-fields of the South. When the Union was restored and freedom was assured, and the forces so recently called to deadly conflict were released to engage in the enterprises of peace, there seemed no limit to the outlook and possibilities of material and spiritual advancement. The term "national" took on a new and higher meaning. The Unitarian denomination shared in the new hopes, called for larger means to promote its cause, and invoked the spirit of organization. Up to this time the amount of money annually contributed by, perhaps, fifty churches to the American Unitarian Association, was described as "a sum too contemptible even for ridicule" (\$6,800 in 1864). Now, the surprising appeal was made to raise one hundred thousand dollars, followed by a proposition for a national convention of Unitarians to be held at an early date.

The genius of this undertaking was Rev. Dr. Bellows—already distinguished before the nation for his executive power in the work of the Sanitary Commission. The preliminaries of this meeting gave no serious difficulty, though it was apparent that there were two wings to the Unitarian body, and that the breach between them had not lessened since the death of Parker. Dr. Bellows, interpreting the present opportunity in a large way, was in favor of a broad church movement. He would even leave out the word Unitarian from the constitution or call—thus opening the door of our fellowship to any independent churches, and organizing under the name of the "Free Church of America." But this view aroused instant opposition, as an abandonment of our historic position, and as likely to let in societies that laid no claim to the Christian

* Read before the Unitarian Congress during the Parliament of Religions, September 19, 1893.

name. Some very influential conservatives were from the outset positively distrustful of results; the more experienced radicals of the Parker school were not very hopeful; but the main body, including the young radicals, entered into the hopes and enthusiasm of the gallant leader and his associates.

The call for the convention was calculated to allay all fears. It was as catholic as freedom itself. The address to the churches said the convention would not "force upon any parties to it any action which they do not heartily approve."

The delegates from 195 churches came together in April, 1865, in the city of New York. A resolution, preceding the presentation of a constitution, was unanimously passed, declaring that to secure "the widest co-operation of our body" all acts of this convention "are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them." In the light of later history this may be pronounced the first mistake that the convention made, leading into a labyrinth of difficulties. It may be replied that this utterance was necessary to quiet suspicions, as a peace measure, or as a relief to private consciences. It should not have been necessary. It was a delusion. It really foreshadowed a concerted action to ignore or override the wishes of the minority. For when the constitution was brought forward it was absolutely impossible that any clear-minded sympathizer with Parker could indorse it. Moreover, when adopted it did commit the members, by implication at least, to belief in the supernatural Lordship and messianic Sonship of Jesus Christ. Moreover, by the witness of those who had most to do with framing and advocating the preamble of that instrument, it was intended to make the Christian confession the test and condition of Unitarian fellowship. This statement was not made, as some supposed, for the outside world, but for the protection of the Unitarian denomination itself against the inroads of a radicalism now grown more outspoken and acutely feared.

It was estimated that in 1860 there were twenty-five ministers in full sympathy with Theodore Parker. This is probably too great a number. But in 1865 so many were suspected of sharing his views or of having lost all faith in the special claims or miraculous character of Christianity, that it was felt that some decisive steps must be taken to save the traditions, and even the "integrity" of the denomination. The matter was not suffered to rest here. Bitterly as the young radicals were disappointed at the terms of organization, they fell back on the generous invitation of the circular letter and on the fair-seeming of the preliminary resolution. They were too sincere and sanguine to believe that their overwhelming defeat could be more than

accidental or temporary. So in the autumn of the next year (October, 1866), at Syracuse, they mustered their now depleted forces, and under the leadership of Rev. Francis E. Abbot, urged, in the interest of honesty and growing thought and a united fellowship, that the phrasing of the preamble be changed. The appeal was in vain. The amendment was firmly rejected. And as already the phrases and implications of that preamble were often used as a test of denominational soundness, it is not strange that the twice defeated minority should now abandon the National Conference or seek to create a more congenial organization.

One of the consequences of what has been called "The Battle of Syracuse"—a very Waterloo of the Unitarian anti-supernaturalists—was the Free Religious Association. Ever since the death of Parker, fitly designated as "a kind of theological John Brown" (for he was abhorred by the conservatives as much as he was admired by the radicals), those who had ceased to ground religion in miracle had felt the need of the leadership of a clarifying or master mind, who in living words should give his interpretation of passing events and of the thinking of the religious world. Some turned to James Freeman Clarke. He had been a friend of Parker when friends were few. He had founded a church upon a secular basis. He had said, "All question in theology are to us open questions." He had translated and published Hase's "Life of Jesus." He had proposed that the National Conference take the name of "Unitarian and Other Independent Churches." But it was soon seen that he was really a Christian "rationalist," representing a phase of thought little in advance of what is now known as progressive orthodoxy. Some suggested Dr. Hedge as "Reason or Rome—there is no middle ground"; "No infallible oracle out of the breast,"—seemed very daring. These challenging sayings were quoted as half-battles then. But Dr. Hedge described his own attitude well when he said he was "intellectually radical but ecclesiastically conservative." And when he wrote that the Christian churches must stand or fall on "the confession of Christ as divinely human Master and Head;" and when, in "The Bible or the Mathematics as the Basis of Preaching," he branded an anti-supernaturalist, or one who preached "Christian morals" only, as a traitor to the Christian pulpit,—it was felt that not in him was the successor of Parker or Emerson. It might be said that here was pre-transcendentalism in the post-transcendental period.

Other names were hopefully mentioned—some dead, some living. But it was evident that Unitarianism had not seen the full import of transcendentalism, or had failed to incorporate it into its faith. When the Free

Religious Association, however, met and organized (May, 1867) its choice for president fell upon one who by gifts of scholarship, clearness of conviction, courage of utterance, and nobility of character was suited to represent and lead the new movement. This was Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham. Although the type of transcendentalism seen in Parker was now undergoing modification under the influence of the philosophy of evolution, Mr. Frothingham was his true successor. And when we look back twenty-five years, we see how that group of rare men gathered about him anticipated the growing faith of to-day. The formation of that association has no small significance in the history of religious thought. Its position had in it the vitality of universal and enduring truth. There can be no doubt that, in the words of its faithful secretary, "it advanced the problem of religious liberty to a new and more comprehensive issue."

As for the National Conference, it probably gained in numbers as it secured enlarged confidence in the rank and file of the denomination by this secession. Dr. Bellows still clung to his idea of the American Church (1868), which he believed it was the duty and privilege of Unitarians to construct and launch. But it is no longer a "Free Church," but "the Liberal Christian Church." It is to be offered as an undogmatic faith, but is to be "positive in its doctrine of God our Father and Christ our Savior." He suggests, however, that at a later date "a more definite theological statement of the Christian religion" may be welcome and necessary. The object of such a church is less "to do good" than "to make Christians." Naturally, more and more emphasis is laid upon the word Christian. The year before (1867), Dr. Noyes, too feeble to stand, sat in his chair before the alumni of the Harvard Divinity School to vindicate the right of the students to liberty of thought—it having been charged that certain trust funds had been diverted from their original purpose for the support of those who had no right in Christian pulpits or to the Christian name. Now we are told that if anything is decided it is that we stand on Christian ground "as disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In 1870 Dr. Eliot pleads for proper catechisms "to teach the distinctive doctrines of our Christian faith," and approvingly quotes Dr. Bellows in a saying that "there is no duty more urgent than the duty of furnishing our people with a definite statement of faith." Dr. Eliot deplors the state of the churches in the West. "Dispensing with the Christian ordinances, with prayer-meetings and Bible instruction, speaking of Jesus Christ as seldom as possible, and never by any chance calling him Lord and Master, the pulpit has sunk into insignificance and the pews into emptiness." He is heart-sick at the sight.

He thinks the whole denomination has been at fault for this. "We have been trying the experiment for thirty years past with how little belief Christian ministers, or ministers in Christian pulpits, can get along."

At this time Dr. Clarke, though not favoring it, thinks some kind of creed as a basis of union is inevitable. "This creed," he says, "will probably contain some articles affirming the supernatural character of Christianity and the superhuman nature of Jesus. The object will be to exclude radicals and unite together those who are sound on these points."

Although this tendency was arrested before its consummation, it is not to be wondered at that it brought on the "Year Book Controversy" as one of its legitimate fruits. Mr. Lowe, whose tolerant spirit was universally recognized, had written, when secretary of the American Association (1865-71), "I admit that we make a *belief in Christianity* a 'test of fellowship.'" Under his successor a direct and personal application of this test was deliberately carried into effect. Rev. William J. Potter, pastor of the Unitarian Church of New Bedford, declining to call himself a "Christian," his name was dropped from the annual list of Unitarian ministers. This official act, making creed rather than character, a word rather than worth, the condition of ministerial or religious fellowship, so glaringly contradicted the liberal traditions and ostentatious professions of Unitarianism, that, although revoked after ten years of tedious discussion, it gave a wrench to the denomination, and lent a prejudice to the Christian name, which has not been outgrown.

In the last ten or twelve years, the policy of the denomination has broadened with broadening thought. The influence of scientific studies and historical criticism has made necessary a revision of the fundamentals of faith. Some of the older churches have changed the phraseology of their covenants. Some, like that which once had Channing for its minister, have ceased to use them. The American Unitarian Association has published a volume of Parker's views of religion. It was edited by Dr. Clarke, who, twenty-five years before, found "not the smallest glimpse of Christian piety" in his writings, and thought him not entitled to the Christian name, because he "places Christ and Christianity with the other great historic religions of the world." But nothing could more strikingly indicate the advance of thought among us than the manuals published by our Sunday-school societies, when compared with those of a generation ago. They are topical rather than textual; ethical and historical, rather than evangelical and dogmatic.

In 1882, to stem the unallayed and rising discontent of the liberal party, a "conscience clause" was added to the constitution of the National Con-

ference. It was offered by Rev. M. J. Savage, and is known as the tenth article. In the spring before, the Western Conference, whose work had been gradually growing in importance, determined to become a legal institution. After long debate, it chose purely secular and business terms for the phraseology of its charter. The action was premature—some who voted for it afterwards repenting. For the relation of the Western Conference to the National Conference and to the American Unitarian Association was such that the distinctively Christian Unitarians, both of the East and of the West, regarded the measure as opening the door of fellowship to that Free-Religious and non-Christian element, which had already caused so much trouble to the larger organizations. Still, the number of "ethical" Unitarians, and of those whose scientific reading had led them to reject the supernatural claims of Christianity, had increased. This was recognized, as we have seen, in the renewed demand for a change of the National Conference preamble.

By degrees, as the breadth of tolerance grew, and the Western publications voiced more constantly the conclusions of the "higher criticism"; as from time to time Ethical Culture lecturers, Jewish rabbis, and social reformers spoke at the Western Conference, and found fraternal welcome in its assemblies,—men who laid no claims to being Unitarians or Christians, nor even theists,—it became a matter of grave concern to recall the wayward churches of the West to their historic allegiance, to remedy the mistake made at Cleveland, and in some way to commit the Conference to the Christian confession.

The opportunity for making this attempt occurred at Cincinnati in 1886. The abnormal and alarming state of the churches of the West had been assiduously and widely proclaimed by Mr. Sunderland, who for two years had been in the field as Secretary of the Western Conference. He had noticed that "the Christian name" was rare in use and feeble in utterance. There was a strong sympathy with the Free Religious and Ethical movements. Agnosticism, then the startling and master heresy, was prevalent. There could be no peace or health or safety but by the affirmation of a doctrinal basis. He implored the Conference to declare its Christian theism, and he caused a resolution to be introduced, saying that "the primary object of this Conference is to diffuse the knowledge and promote the interests of pure Christianity,"—words taken from the by-laws of the American Unitarian Association. When this proposition was rejected for a substitute presented by Rev. W. C. Gannett, which announced that "the Western Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to join it to help establish

truth, righteousness, and love in the world," a feeling as if chaos had come again ran through the Unitarian denomination. East and West shuddered with fear or grief or indignation. There was quick division, prolonged controversy, unfortunate misunderstandings. The conference was now described as only ethical, its aims being reduced to "mere morality," furnishing a refuge for atheism and irreligion. It did not say God or Christ or worship. Yet it was probably the first victory of pure transcendentalism in all ecclesiastical history,—the first cordial recognition and welcome ever extended to universal religion by an association of churches.

It hardly went beyond Emerson's address of fifty years before; which said that "the sentiment of virtue is the essence of religion—divine and deifying." When man is obedient to truth, right and love, "then is the end of creation answered," and he becomes a partaker of the supreme wisdom. For transcendentalism is subjective, obedient to motives and principles within; while ecclesiasticism is ever objective, is conformity to the externals of custom—to standards of doctrine and authority without. Transcendentalism believes more in the influence of spiritual heredity than in the shapings of material environment. Transcendentalism never yet helped win a sectarian triumph, and it never will.

Really, the struggle at Cincinnati had a double significance. Those who had done most to revive the Western Conference from its lethargy of fifteen years before and chiefly this was due to its ten-years Secretary, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, were prepared for the logical consequences of the Unitarian theory, "that religion is not in name, but in deed;" that by conduct, and not by claims and confessions, are men to be commended and saved. They wished therefore, to maintain the strictly undogmatic and hospitable attitude of the organization. This would be sure to give it means of influence far beyond its access of numbers. But in the second place, less consciously, perhaps, it was an effort for conference independence,—the privilege of managing its local affairs without interference from or dependence upon any other organization. This principle, which I believe to be as important as the congregational liberty of our churches, is yet to be wrought out and affirmed in the interest of freedom and of fellowship. Because both these issues were at stake, it was not possible, a year later, at Chicago, to accept "Christian theism" as a basis of compromise and co-operation from the committee of the American Unitarian Association.

Outwardly, without any extraordinary sacrifices or any drastic liberality of contributions, Unitarianism has made steady gains. New churches have sprung up in all parts of the land, especially of late, upon the Pa-

cific coast. New activities, like the Guilds and Unity Clubs, have been inaugurated within the churches. The Ministers' Institute was formed in 1877,—meeting every other year to hear papers on "scientific theology." The spirit of association has increased. The circulation of our literature, through the agency of the Postoffice Mission, has proved a most efficient means for the dissemination of liberal and Unitarian views. The demand for the sermons of Mr. Savage, Mr. Chadwick and others has been phenomenal, and well demonstrates the tendencies of Unitarian thought. Of periodicals, all are now dead that reported the state of our churches thirty years ago,—all except the *Christian Register*.

"The awful register goes on"—forever, we hope. But no, none have died; all have been translated,—giving another confirmation to the doctrine of immortality. For we have just as many now as ever: one quarterly (*The New World*), one monthly (*The Unitarian*), and two weeklies (*The Christian Register* and *UNITY*),—leaving out those that serve some local want. In this latter period women have been called to our pulpits. The two theological schools (at Cambridge and Meadville) have been more fully endowed and a handsome denominational building (the suggestion of Mr. Lowe in 1868) has been erected in Boston.

If sometimes, in this survey of a generation of Unitarianism, it has seemed that too much time has been taken up with those things which appear to many, and especially to outsiders, as trifles,—a mere war of words over phrases, over definitions which do not define, or with misunderstandings about minor matters,—it may be replied that trifles, so called, which become the themes of contention, may symbolize all the difference there is between stationariness and progress, or between action and reaction. As Prof. William James shrewdly says, "The obstinate insisting that tweedledum is *not* tweedledee is the bone and marrow of life. * * A thing is important if any one *think* it important. The process of history consists in certain folks becoming possessed of the mania that certain special things are important infinitely, whilst other folks cannot agree in the belief." Unless the "little things" are got over, are ground into powder, or subside into the non-essential, they remain as permanent obstacles to any advance. To those concerned, therefore, there is no "useless controversy." It is their pathway to the light. The disdain of trifles, whether in word or deed, is the very spirit of Mephistopheles, "the sovereign root of indifference," of falsehood and of evil.

A MISOGYNIST at Farmingdale, N. Y., has hanged himself in his house, which he never permitted a woman to enter. Under such circumstances it's a wonder that he didn't hang himself years and years ago. —*The Chicago Call*.

The Study Table

COLLEGE VERSE.*

If a comparison be sought between these two volumes, both we believe new departures, we find that Mr. Harrison's selections better represent the average of undergraduate verse, while for real poetry the meed of praise must be unhesitatingly given to the Western volume. But both will be welcomed by the man who still cherishes the joys, the loves, the friendships of his college days.

The honors of the Iowa volume are divided between Mary Bowen and Bertha May Booth, and we quote from both.

This by Miss Bowen:

TO SOME NEW BOOKS.

Books, with your lips yet dumb,
How strange to think you will be
Friends in the years to come,
An inseparable part of me.

And this clever conceit:

THE FAIRY TELEGRAPH.

A cobweb glistens in the sun;
Upon its airy circuits run
The telegrams of fays.

From clover-top to milk-weed pod,
Thence where the stalks of golden-rod
Their shining towers raise;

A spider at each place receives
The messages on yellow leaves,
Then sends them here and there.

His messenger, the loitering breeze,
That, idling with the beckoning trees,
Doth drop them everywhere.

From Miss Booth's several contributions we select, after much indecision, these lines, entitled:

TRUST.

Since cycles infinite have passed away,
And still God's merciful, almighty
hands

Have led the planets in their circling
away,

And checked the lightning by invisible
bands,

Have guided the aurora's shifting bars,
Quelled by a touch the thunder's
crashing strife,

And bound in changeless groups the
eternal stars—

May I not trust Him with my little
life?

In "Cap and Gown" we find small trace of the serious muse that seems to inspire the greater part of the other volume, but it perhaps better types the care-free life of the undergraduate. Mr. Harrison has made his selections from the publications of over twenty-five universities and colleges, and though the collection does not lack attempts at serious work, we find more like these lines to

* UNDER THE SCARLET AND BLACK: Poems Selected from the Undergraduate Publications of Iowa College. Grinnell, Iowa: Herald Publishing Co. Cloth, 82 pp. \$1.00.
CAP AND GOWN: Some College Verses. Chosen by Joseph La Roy Harrison. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. Satine, 192 pp.

A PICTURE.

There's a face that haunts me ever,
There are eyes mine always meet,
As I read the morning paper,
As I walk the crowded street.

Oh! She knows not how I suffer;
Hers is now a world-wide fame;
But till death that face shall greet me;
Lydia Pinkham is her name.

Examining the two books together we cannot but believe that Mr. Harrison might have done better in selecting from so wide a range. We cannot refrain from giving here one that he *might* have included, and which would have better represented the University from which it came than what Mr. Harrison saw fit to include from that source:

TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Sweet, modest flower, thy worth I
know.

Have I not sought thee in the wood,
Where only puffs of spring winds blow,
To break the solitude?

Have I not sought thee—yet for what?
To tear thee rudely from thy place?
No, not for that; I thank God, not!
I breathed thy fragrance, felt the
trace

Of the Great Artist's finest touch
In thy fair tint. It was not much—
I left thee in thy place.

Does not this beautifully suggest
Emerson's

"Hast thou named all the birds with-
out a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its
stalk?"

G. B. PENNEY.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THEOLOGY AS ILLUSTRATED IN ENGLISH POETRY FROM 1780 TO 1830. By Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., LL. D. London: Philip Green. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 55. 1s.—Daintily bound in green and gold, this first Essex Hall lecture comes to us from the press of Philip Green. As *UNITY* readers have already seen an abstract of it in our issue of June 29, it is unnecessary for us to commend it to them now.

THE following cordial notice of our new Sunday-school Manual, "BEGINNINGS," appeared in *Every Other Sunday* for October 8, 1893:

Rev. Allen W. Gould has prepared, and published through the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, twenty-two lessons entitled "Beginnings," being the first year's course in a six years' study of religion. One is struck at once, even in a rapid perusal of this manual, with the vast amount of knowledge which it contains concerning the origin of life, belief, and religious usages. The plan of the book is highly suggestive, and calculated to make the reader or the student think. For instance, the leading titles of the lessons are of this kind: "How the World Began," "How the Arts of Life Began," "How the Languages Began," "How the Thought of God Began," "How

Sacrifice Began," etc. The page is set in very clear type, the divisions of the subjects are exceedingly good, and questions and references are judiciously interspersed. This textbook is destined to serve most valuable needs in our Sunday schools. We have not gone into any criticism of the views set forth in the book. The author has the right to present his own ideas frankly and fully. Those views can be ascertained by any one who obtains a copy of the work. Price, in paper covers, 25 cents.

ONE of the handsomest of the many beautiful advertisements of the day is the sixty-page illustrated descriptive pamphlet issued by the New York Condensed Milk Company, manufacturers of the Gail Borden Eagle brand, so well known to housekeepers for a third of a century. We sometimes wonder whether the getting out of such expensive publications pays, from the advertising standpoint, but it certainly is a pleasure to look at the handsome pictures of the various places in New England, New York and Illinois in which this pioneer in packing good food has its manufacturing.

THE MAGAZINES.

ONE of the very best of our exchanges is the *Kindergarten Magazine*, a thing of beauty as well as of worth, a periodical that is of value to every teacher and parent,—not only to those who have the care of very young children. In an article on "The Whole Child," in the October number, Josephine Carson Locke says:

Every great educational movement has originated in the grown-up person laying aside his or her personal opinions, traditions, preferences, and honestly trying to look at things from the child's standpoint,—literally denying himself or herself, and becoming "as a little child."

This may not be the most perfect statement of truth, but it is a statement which contains a great truth, which is as worthy of consideration by the philosopher and the university professor as it is by the teacher of infants.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for September 30 contains an article from the *Contemporary Review*, by Leslie Stephen, entitled "Ethics and the Struggle for Existence," suggested by Professor Huxley's Romanes Lecture, in which he criticises that gentleman's recent utterance very ably. It will well repay perusal. While the terms in which Mr. Stephen expresses his conclusion, in the final paragraph of his article, do not seem to us well taken, the general purport of the article seems to us not only good and true but cheerful and suggestive. In this connection we are prompted to call our reader's attention to a very able paper bearing on the same question, Dr. Lewis G. Jones's "Professor Huxley's Surrender," read at the Congress of Evolutionists, which we hope to see published at an early day.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has of late been particularly interesting, noticeably the issues of Sept. 9 and 16, containing Dr. C. G. Davis' paper on Hypnotism, Rev. Minot J. Savage's paper on "Spiri-

tualistic Interpretation of Psychic Phenomena," Mrs. Sara A. Underwood's paper on "Automatic Writing—So Called," and several other papers read at the Psychical Congress. It would appear that the congress was a highly successful one.

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- WED.—Every life is a *new* life. Every day is a *new* day.
- THURS.—Faith ought ever to be a sanguine, cheerful thing.
- FRI.—The manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made out of them.
- SAT.—Forget mistakes: organize victory out of mistakes.

—F. W. Robertson.

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

In the heart of the busy city,
 In the scorching noontide heat,
 A sound of bubbling water
 Falls on the din of the street.
 It falls in a gray stone basin;
 And over the cool, wet brink
 The heads of thirsty horses
 Each moment are stretched to drink.
 And, peeping among the crowding
 heads,
 As the horses come and go,
 "The Gift of Three Little Sisters"
 Is read on the stone below.
 Ah! beasts are not taught letters,
 They know no alphabet;
 And never a horse in all these years
 Has read the words,—and yet
 I think that each toil-worn creature,
 Who stops to drink by the way,
 His thanks in his own dumb fashion
 To the sisters small must pay.
 Years have gone by since busy hands
 Wrought at the basin's stone;
 The kindly little sisters
 Are all to women grown.
 I do not know their home or fates,
 Or the name they bear to men;
 But the sweetness of their gracious
 deed
 Is just as fresh as then.
 And all life long, and after life,
 They must the happier be
 For this "Cup of Water" given by
 them
 When they were children three.

—Susan Coolidge.

Worshiping by Running.

In one of the great temples of Japan the devotion of the worshipers consists in running around the sacred building one hundred times, and

dropping a piece of wood into a box at each round, when, the wearisome exertion being ended, the worshiper goes home tired and very happy at the thought of having done his god such worthy service.

TWO IDYLS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI GREVILLE.

II. The Walnuts.

The straight, green path lengthened out under the overhanging branches of the trees, which stood on either side, and terminated in a yellow field where the ripe wheat glistened in the sunshine. Here and there, the sun, piercing the thick foliage, formed little islands of light on the turf, which moved fantastically about as a soft wind fitfully swayed the tops of the trees.

Two persons, a man and a woman, with slow steps were walking down the path, she supporting herself with her parasol in lieu of a cane; he upright and smart, his hands behind his back; her hair covered with a veil of rich lace under which her silver curls were plainly visible; he with a broad-brimmed straw hat on his gray head. They were evidently annoyed with each other, for they walked on without speaking and without an exchange of glances, save now and then to cast a furtive look of reproach at each other. At last, when they had traversed half the walk, she said to him in a voice which, though sweet, still shook slightly as if there remained a little anger in it:

"It is decided then; you are going to make those children unhappy?"

"On the contrary, I shall arrange that my granddaughter will never reproach me with having caused her unhappiness by permitting this imprudence."

She shrugged her shoulders, but very slightly, however, as was becoming a woman of good breeding.

"Because the boy, who loves her, is not quite so rich as she— How fine that is! They are always sure of having bread at least—"

"But not butter, perhaps!" observed the grandfather.

"When one is in love he can eat kisses on his bread," she responded, with a little laugh.

As he did not answer this she walked on a few steps, looking to the right and to the left, then stopped before a walnut tree.

"Look, my dear," said she; "are there not some nuts there?"

With chivalric politeness the grandfather approached, and, looking through his glasses, regarded the tree and replied:

"Yes, there are some nuts there."

"Will you get me a few, my dear?"

The grandfather looked at the grandmother with some surprise. It had been many years since either had found any pleasure in eating nuts. Nevertheless he pulled down a branch

within reach of his wife, and she broke off a little twig of nuts, as yet hardly ripe, and pinned it on her bosom.

"Do you not remember?" said she.

A ray of sunshine, breaking through the leaves, lighted up the old man's face—or was it a ray of memory? The gray eyes of his wife penetrated into his with a disquieting persistence. He remembered very well; but what had these walnuts to do in such a serious affair as his only granddaughter's marriage? He pretended to be occupied with a tree whose branches needed the attention of the pruner; but his wife went on:

"It is that very tree" (for it was an *old* walnut tree) "which had so many nuts the year that—"

"I know, I know," said he.

"I was here," she continued, "and I had just gathered the nuts on the lowest branches, when you came. It was you who helped me to finish filling my basket, and, as the pile of burs grew higher and higher, your eyes became more and more talkative; and it was you, I think, who put the last twig of nuts where I have pinned this one."

"My dear wife!" said the old man.

"And you said to me, 'Madeline, if your parents will not consent to our marriage, I shall be wild'—"

"And we were married and we have been happy together many years," concluded the grandfather.

"And we were not rich, we have become that—the children will do so—do you remember?"

They said no more, but they walked slowly on, arm in arm, until they reached the end of the lane. There they paused, and he said at last:

"Well, they must wait a little longer, so that we can help them more than we are able to do just now."

"Very well," she said; "they are young yet and their hearts are warm."

"You see, I must let them have enough to get some butter."

"And while they are young," said the grandmother, "I shall see that they always have enough walnuts."

ELMER JAMES BAILEY.

THE late Leopold de Meyer, of Dresden, a brilliant and popular pianist in his day, was once summoned to play before the Sultan at Constantinople. Going thither, he borrowed a grand piano from one of the Austrian secretaries of legation, and had it set up in a large reception room at the palace. There he awaited the coming of the Sultan; but when that intelligent monarch entered the room he started back in alarm and demanded of his attendants what that monster was standing there on three legs. Explanations followed, but were in vain. The legs had to be taken off and the body of the instrument laid flat on the floor, and Leopold de Meyer, squatting cross-legged on a mat, went through his program as best he could in that awkward attitude and without pedals. But the Sultan was delighted, and when the last piece was played gave the artist a handsome present as a reward for his labor.

—Exchange.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

LESSON VI.

THE SOWER.

Mt. xiii. 1-9.

*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing
forth the seed,
He shall come again with joy, bringing
his sheaves with him.*

Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

*Amidst a blinded world he saw
The oneness of the dual law.*

Whittier.

Picture: *The Sower*, Jean Francois Millet (1814-1875).

There are many reasons why this picture is peculiarly appropriate. According to the accounts, this is the first parable that Jesus spoke, the first time that he used the form of teaching which afterwards became his favorite mode of communicating thought. Similarly, this picture of *The Sower*, painted in 1849, stands just at the dividing line between the two stages of Millet's art. It was in 1850 that he announced in a letter to a friend his determination to abandon mythological subjects and devote himself entirely to portraying the humble peasant life of France. In the parables Jesus conveyed his thought as in the later pictures Millet conveyed his, by means of subjects found in the commonplace life with which each was familiar.

Again, there is very much in Millet's life that reminds us of Jesus. Each was lowly born, each knew the distress of actual want, each was ignored during his lifetime and honored after his death, each opposed the prevailing ideals of his time, Millet in art as Jesus in religion, and, finally, each was able to dignify the seemingly hard, uninteresting life of peasant communities by showing its rich significance in suggestions of religion and beauty. As one looks at this picture of *The Sower*, he is irresistibly reminded of the life of the man who painted it and also of the man whose parable we are to study. Both sowed in obscurity and tears, both have reaped in light and joy.

What is a parable?—A parable is a story in which natural occurrences are so related as to reveal spiritual truths.

In the parable, at its best, the events described are such as may have occurred in nature, although it is not essential that the story should be based on an actual historical occurrence. Some of the parables of Jesus undoubtedly portray scenes actually before his eyes at the time they were spoken; some contain incidents which had happened within the memory of those who listened and would be instantly recalled. To the latter class, for instance, belongs the parable in Luke xix. 12, seq., where no one can fail to recognize, in the nobleman who went to the far country to receive for himself a kingdom, Archelaus, who after the

death of his father, Herod, went to Rome that he might be established in his kingdom against the rebellious protests of the Jews. But it is not necessary to suppose that the parable of the Prodigal Son is drawn from an incident which Jesus had witnessed in actual life, or that the merchant seeking goodly pearls was an actual person whom Jesus might have named if he had chosen to do so. The parable need not be true to fact, it must be true to nature. A story in which trees talk and men do impossible things is a fable or an allegory, but not a parable. The essence of a parable is in its fidelity to nature, and therein lies its value also.

Why did Jesus teach in parables?—Because he had learned the truth which he taught by observation of nature.

The chronology of our gospels is so very uncertain that it is unsafe to assert, as some have done, that at a certain stage in his ministry Jesus altered his mode of teaching from pithy, sententious sayings, such as the rabbis used, to parables which gave light only to those who already had eyes to see and threw into even greater confusion and blindness those who had not. We know that Jesus learned truth from the great parable of Nature, which he knew to be a parable, and we cannot believe that he chose this form merely because he wished to put his thought in such a way that those who could not receive it would not be offended, while those whose spiritual sympathies were like his would discern the truth in the symbol. It may be that at first he modeled his teaching after the pattern of the rabbis, and afterwards changed his method for some reason not to be discovered now; but, however that may be, the parable was the natural mode of his expression, because it was in parables that truth came to him.

When a parable is true to nature it has a value beyond that attaching to a simple illustration. One of the hardest things to learn is that an illustration, as such, proves nothing; that because a speaker uses one so skillfully that we see his thought clearly, it by no means follows that his thought is true. But when the parable is based upon a natural law or universal principle and the analogy between the symbol and the thing symbolized is vital, then the parable is more than an illustration, it is proof, for what appears to be the dual law is really one. Perhaps the most important discovery of this century, important because it has been made the fundamental postulate of all study, is that man is part of the world, that nature does not cease to be nature when it becomes human. Hence a law of nature is a law of human nature also. Of course, Jesus did not formulate this idea, but his teaching is based on it nevertheless, and, therefore, his parables have a probative and not merely an illustrative value. The originality of Jesus' thought and its substantial truth are due, at bottom, to his belief, unconscious perhaps, but no less certain, that God was one, revealed in nature and in human nature alike, and hence that all nature is a parable of revelation.

*Amidst a blinded world he saw
The oneness of the dual law.*

What did Jesus mean to teach by the parable of the sower?—That the character of a man determines his reception of truth.

In the parable the four kinds of soil represent four conditions of soul.

(a) **The Wayside Hearers.**—It seems probable that the fields were separated not by fences but by beaten lanes, or driveways, and therefore as the farmer cast his seed near the edge of a field some of it might easily fall upon the compact earth, where the birds would pick it up. "It is still common in the East to see large flocks of birds following the husbandman as he sows his wheat, and eagerly picking up every grain that has not sunk out of sight." There are hearts and minds that are all roadway; the various ways in which they became so each can discover for himself. It was said once that, in the application of the parable, the hearts became hard (gospel-hardened was the phrase used) because there were so many trampling about to sow seed. One danger in these days is that by reading much and thinking little our minds may become quite incapable of taking in an idea, which lies in the mind, finding lodgment only till it is caught away by some new sensation.

(b) **The Shallow Hearers.**—Frequently in Palestine one will find places where the soil lies thin over a limestone ledge. When seed falls into such ground it is subjected to greater heat and quickly springs up, to wither away as quickly, because it has no depth of earth. There are persons whose hearts are as rock, but who have a shallow layer of sentimentality, in which truth thrives for a time but never comes to anything. It often happens that impenetrable feeling and sentimental emotion are found in the same character, and frequently the capacity for deep feeling is lost by over-exercise of emotion.

(c) **The Thorn-Sown Hearers.**—These are they in whom the sowing promises a fruitful harvest, but cheap ambitions, cravings after mean success, greediness for pleasures that are only sensuous, and lust for money or fame, check the growing grain and ruin the promising harvest.

(d) **The Deep-Soil Hearers.**—If a man's mind is open and receptive, if it be not over-crustured or under-ledged, and if he desires supremely to know truth and do right, then, said Jesus, into the mind of such a man truth enters, germinates and brings forth fruit, lifting the soul to greater beauty, as the life hidden within the lily "brings earth-born atoms to the glory of the air." But even in the good soil there are grades of depth and richness, as among equally good men there are differences of ability and genius, and as among the followers of Jesus there were Bartholomew and Peter, Thaddeus and John.

Jesus is reported to have said that there were many who *could not* receive his words. Modern psychology also teaches that since a new idea must be incorporated into the organism of thought already existing, it is physically impossible that new truth should find place in some minds. All nature is a constant parable, every event or fact is a seed of truth, and as we grow in depth of character, the parable is understood, the transforming truth is received. The lesson of the parable is summed up in Jesus' beatitude,—*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."*

Besides this main lesson of the parable there are a few side suggestions which deserve brief mention.

(1) The farmer, like God, sows broadcast, and does not pick his soil. Nor is

the seed that bears no fruit really wasted. If it falls by the wayside, God's birds are fed, and science has taught us that by the agency of birds seeds are often carried from hard to fruitful soils; if it falls on the soil-filmed ledge, where it springs up only to die, its shoot, that never came to maturity, adds to the depth of soil and gives the seed that shall come next a better chance; if it falls among the thorns, a nature with good grain in it, even though choked by thorns, is better than one that is nothing but a briar-patch. Moreover, the four kinds of soil are sometimes found in the same individual. Don't be too scrupulous about picking soils.

(2) The Faith of the Sower. When corn is scarce it seems foolhardy to cast away what is needed for food, but the sower does it, relying upon the natural laws of seed-time and harvest. The faith of the sower is in every one who, in like reliance, casts away a present good, hoping for something better in the future. Abraham, who went out from home, forfeiting its advantages and delights, not knowing whither he went, is called the "Father of the faithful."

(3) The slow growth of truth even (shall we say, particularly) in the best soils. It is one of the laws of nature that the higher in the scale an animal is the longer is the time required for it to reach maturity. Geology has taught us of stretches of time so vast that the imagination utterly fails to take them in,—all these ages has the truth to which we have now attained been climbing toward realization. We sometimes get discouraged because our work shows such poor results; the discouragement should come in reality when the results are immediate. The best work is done on long lines. One soweth and another reapeth.

Notes from the Field

Western Unitarian Conference.—At the meeting of the Board of Directors, held September 26, Rev. A. W. Gould, of Hinsdale, was unanimously elected to fill the position of Secretary. Mr. Gould was not present at the meeting, and when notified of the action decided, after some hesitation, to accept the position. At the meeting of the Directors, held October 4, his letter of acceptance was read, and the Board voted that his duties should begin October 1st. It was also voted to pay Mr. Hosmer the Secretary's salary for the month of September, but he declined to accept it, saying that his services had been only occasional and had been given as a labor of love. The following resolution was then moved and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The resignation of our secretary, the Rev. F. L. Hosmer, has made it necessary for this Board to elect a new secretary, and we happily have obtained at this date, October, 1893, Rev. A. W. Gould to be our secretary, therefore,

Resolved, That we cannot give up the services of our late secretary, Mr. Hosmer, without expressing our high and respectful sense of his wise, discerning, valuable and faithful administration of the office of secretary of the Conference since he assumed the same, and our sincere thanks for his considerate care and work after his term of office had expired by his resignation, while the Board was electing and obtaining a successor.

Mr. Gould's acceptance was expressed in the following letter to Mr. Hosmer: Your official notice of my election to the position of Secretary of the Western Conference reached me yesterday. When I first heard of the vote it took me completely by surprise, and my first impulse was to say, no. I had not

once thought of myself for the place, as I personally preferred my parish work, and I was so new to the faith that I had felt some scruples about taking so large a part in the work at headquarters as I have taken the past year or two. It seems as if someone longer identified with the movement ought to be its official representative.

But after talking with some who have an historic right to the name of Unitarian, and after thinking the matter over by myself, I have decided to accept the position as a place where I can work more widely and effectively for the cause I have at heart—the helping on of the grand movement which is lifting all Christendom out of the darkness of dogmas into the radiant light of religion. Though I have had no share in the past history of Unitarianism, I honor it most highly because it has been the denomination which has led all others in that upward movement. I am with it now only because it seems to me to be nearer the light than any other religious organization. But I do not bind myself to stay in it one moment after it stops advancing or allows any other denomination to get ahead of it. Yet as long as it keeps first, I shall be proud to bear its name and glad to serve it as faithfully and wisely as I can. And I thank you all for the confidence and esteem you have manifested in thus unanimously choosing me for a position of so much responsibility. Yours most sincerely,

A. W. GOULD.

Hinsdale, Ill., Sept. 29, 1893.

Chicago.—ALL SOULS CHURCH.—The Parliament of Religions, just closed, has left us still wanting to know more of India. Arrangements have been made with Rev. B. B. Nagarkar, of the Brahmo-Somaj of Bombay, who carries with us awhile, to give a series of four Conversational Lectures on Religions and Social Life in India, on successive Monday and Thursday nights, as follows: Monday, Oct. 9,—Our Social and Domestic Manners and Customs. Thursday, Oct. 12,—The Position of Women in India. Monday, Oct. 16,—The Indian Schools of Philosophy. Thursday, Oct. 19,—The Development of Religious Thought in India. Questions will be solicited at the end of each lecture. Tickets for the course (\$1) may be obtained of Mrs. J. H. Cooke, 4126 Drexel Boulevard, Chairman of Lecture Section of Unity Club. The pulpit of All Souls Church will probably be occupied each evening during the month by speakers from the Orient and other visitors in attendance at the various congresses that may be in session. The Sunday School is being reorganized under the direction of the following Committee of Superintendence: Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, Mrs. M. H. Perkins, Mrs. E. T. Leonard. The Pastor's Class in Religion and Teachers' Meeting will be held every Friday at 8 p. m. School meets at 9:30 a. m. The Kindergarten will open Monday,

the 9th, at 9 o'clock a. m., in the auditorium of the church; Miss Gertrude Sackett, director.

Hinsdale, Ill.—Last Sunday Mr. Gould presented his resignation, to date from October 1st, when his service as Secretary of the Western Conference began. The resignation was accepted, though with many regrets and some tears, and only because they felt that he could better serve the cause they loved in his new position than by remaining with them. They were willing to make the sacrifice for the sake of the Conference. The church is in a flourishing condition, having received over thirty adult members and some twenty new families during the past year. Steps will be taken immediately towards securing a new minister.

Moline, Ill.—Prince Serge Wolkonky, the Russian Imperial Commissioner of Education, whose utterances at the Parliament of Religions commanded so much interest and approbation, discoursed Sunday night, Oct. 1, in Rev. Ida C. Hultin's pulpit, at Moline, Ill., on "Brotherhood"; and his lecture was received with much favor. "We classify humanity in our school books," said he, "into three classes: civilized, half-civilized, and barbarous. The child in the primary grades has this firmly fixed in mind, and it is only after completing a university course and traveling extensively in other countries, mingling with great minds in many lands, that he arrives at the fact that all men are brothers."

Omaha, Neb.—Wednesday evening, September 20, there was an organ recital in celebration of the acquisition by Unity Church of a fine organ, which by dint of the courage and perseverance of the ladies of the society has been secured in the face of the hardest times. Mr. Thomas J. Kelly was the organist, and Miss Julia Taliaferro, contralto, sang the "Ave Maria" of Gounod and selections from Bellini and Tosti. There was a large gathering, and everything indicates that the Church is full of vigor for its fall campaign.

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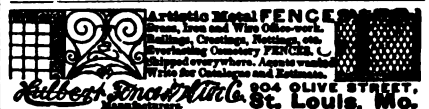
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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinamore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 66th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenium Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Jhonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Lavin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the pastor, will preach at 11 a. m. on "The World's Fair from Above."

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Editorial

*As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the
foundation*

*All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregone event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.*

—Longfellow.

MANY inquiries come to us as to the prospect of closer union between the various branches of the Liberal movement in religion, and a possible fusion of existing organs and organizations to this end. We can only say at the present time that we do not believe that the lesson of the Parliament of Religion is to be missed. Something is to come of it,

but it takes time to plan large things and still more time to execute large plans when they are made. So we bespeak patience. Wait until the opportunity is given you to act and then be prepared to lend a hand right loyally. UNITY is still in quest of its ideal and is trying to realize its name.

PRINCE WOLKONSKY, of whose "Addresses" we have already spoken, is soon to give under the auspices of the Congress Auxiliary of the World's Fair, at the Art Palace on the lake front, a lecture entitled "Pictures of American Life as Observed by a Russian." Those of our readers within reach will certainly make an effort to hear him. Those not within reach may well promptly order from UNITY office a printed copy of the lecture, a limited number of which will be published uniform with "Addresses" heretofore noticed,—the whole edition of which has been exhausted, no further copies being now obtainable.

THE Chicago day at the Columbian Exposition witnessed what in all probability was the greatest throng of humanity ever before seen on this planet. If no modern event, with the facilities of railroads and steamships, approached this great company in size, it is not probable that any of the famous crowds of antiquity reached anywhere near the throng, notwithstanding the reputed millions of Xerxes and other heroes in ancient history. It was easy to come by the millions before the days of turnstiles, tickets, and cash receipts. The lasting moral of this throng is that Chicago is one of the great centers of the modern world. It holds prophetic possibilities of as great significance to the moral and spiritual life of our globe as it does to the industrial and commercial interests of mankind. Let Chicago continue to believe in itself and rise to the

high obligations that rest upon it. And let the civilized world take heed of Chicago. Let there be high demands and great expectations laid at its feet. Chicago is yet to be heard from. There are other surprises in store.

IN answer to many inquiries we would say that Mr. Mozoomdar, owing to ill-health, was unable to accept any of the various invitations to speak in the West. He left immediately after the Parliament for the East, stopping only at Indianapolis and Buffalo. In Boston he speaks before the Unitarian Club, in New York he will address the Congregational Club, and after making a few other addresses he plans to sail about the middle of November for his home in the East. He will carry with him the cumulative benedictions of a land that he has helped to free from the tyranny of dogmatic Christianity. He has made many feel that Christianity has no right to claim a monopoly upon any of the virtues or the realities of spiritual religion.

THE course of lectures by Mr. B. B. Nagarkar, of Bombay, on the "Religion and Customs of the Hindus," spoken of in our last issue as being in process at All Souls Church, Chicago, has been given to a highly delighted audience, which, considering the distractions, has been large. Mr. Nagarkar speaks with logical clearness; and the spiritual sincerity and dignity of the man carry a conviction that mere logic could not bring. Engagements have already been made by which he speaks one or more times at Rockford, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Hillside, and is wanted again at Sioux City. The friends are urged to combine, as far as possible, with their neighbors, so as to reduce the traveling expenses to the minimum. Now that he is here, Mr. Nagarkar is willing to stay as long as engagements can be made for him

without much delay. Some friends are trying to plan an itinerary that will reach California. Those willing to co-operate with this or other schemes for either Mr. Nagarkar, of India, or Mr. Hiral, of Japan, can make arrangements through Secretary Gould, at the Unitarian headquarters, 175 Dearborn street.

HISTORY seems to justify the distrust with which the citizens of a free State regard the political power of ecclesiastics. Even in America, in the very neighborhood of that hall not unfairly styled "the cradle of American liberty," a union of Church and State long existed; and the persecution of Baptists and Quakers and the judicial murder of witches, which marked the period, have confirmed men in their jealousy of State ecclesiasticism, even though they may realize that such atrocities are not likely to occur at the present day. In view of this common sentiment it is not strange that men should seek especially to guard against the political ascendancy of the Roman Church, because its thorough organization, its hierarchical system, and its admirable discipline, give it a power and effectiveness far greater than that of any of the other churches, even when the latter are numerically stronger. And the fact that that church has for its head a foreigner, brought up under monarchical influences, and that within a dozen years it has attempted to nullify the right of free speech, by forbidding an American citizen to give public utterance to the political and economic truths of which he was convinced (we refer to the case of Dr. McGlynn), are not such as to incline men to the belief that the Roman Church has outgrown the capacity for mischief which history has led men to look for in the political ascendancy of the church. But while all this is true, it is no justification for the outrageous and scurrilous charges by which fanatical Protestants have sought to influence their ignorant fellows against their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Our language is strong, but not too strong for the facts. The place for the publishers of such scandalous libels as have appeared within the year in some of the publications alluded to by the editor of the *Catholic Citizen*, is a lunatic asylum or State's prison.

Our Roman Catholic brethren owe it to themselves and to society to see to it that the editors of these journals be prosecuted, and if sane, punished as they deserve. In the interest of fair play we gladly republish the protest which appears in another column.

THE GOSPEL SIDE OF COMEDY.

"My boy, don't bother about tragedy; stick to comedy and you'll succeed. After all, it's better to make people laugh than cry." This was the advice of Edwin Adams, of blessed memory, to young Felix Morris when he was struggling for a position on the American stage against what seemed to be insurmountable difficulties. This sentence is quoted from a delightful little book of "Reminiscences" which Mr. Morris has recently given to the public. The book itself, as well as the reading of it by the present writer, are occasioned by the appearance of Mr. Morris for the first time as a "star," at the head of a carefully organized comedy company. The book is delightful reading, showing not only the lights and shadows of the dramatist's life, but telling modestly, but very interestingly, of a manly struggle for an ideal,—a heroic persistence on the part of a soul not equipped with the aggressive self-assertion so easily mistaken for heroism. Mr. Morris chose for himself the career of a tragedian. Fate defeated his purposes, overruled his judgment, and has made of him instead a facile, delightfully sympathetic comedian; and the advice quoted above, given by a senior to his junior, is the consolation of the defeated tragedian, as it well may be the inspiration of the comedian who we hope is at last to win the golden success which his long apprenticeship, diligent toil, gentle and loving nature deserve.

Having for a long time held in high esteem the Old Musician, as played by Mr. Morris in the Rosina Vokes Comedy Company, we were interested in the debut of this star, and went to see his opening performance. He wisely chose for his opening piece the Old Musician, and we were confirmed in the opinion long held that it is one of the most searching, tenderly true, and pathetically beautiful little melodramatic fragments on the modern stage,—sympathetic, quaint, searching. The second piece of the opening evening was

entitled "Champagne," which, notwithstanding the versatile skill of Mr. Morris, was a disappointment. A society farce is necessarily stupid because, let the truth be confessed, "Society," with a capital S, is itself stupid; aye, more, the parade of elegant dresses and the attendant small talk and silly compliment is not only stupid but vulgar, whether on the stage, in the opera-box, at church, or in the drawing-room at home, and the sooner the earnest and the noble-minded men and women of America find this out the better it will be for all concerned. It was our good fortune to see the next venture, entitled "Evergreen," a sketch which should succeed, for it appeals to the permanent elements of the human heart. This was followed by a rollicking bit of humor entitled "Cousin Joe," which provoked the laugh that has no sting in it; all of which justified the Russian saying, quoted so effectively by Prince Wolkonsky in a recent address, "Humor is an invisible tear through a visible smile."

The upshot of this little editorial excursion into the drama is a fresh realization of the gospel side of comedy, the wholesomeness of laughter, which, if we may force the etymological suggestion, may be called also the holiness of laughter. We wish the pulpit were better acquainted with the comedian. We also wish with equal heartiness that the comedian might come into closer touch with the church that is undogmatic and consecrated to the betterment of this world. The church "that deems nothing foreign that is human" has much to give as well as much to receive in its dealings with the stage. Mr. Morris' Comedy Company is to go the rounds of our leading cities this winter. We commend it to our UNITY readers, and trust that the liberal ministers everywhere will recognize in Mr. Morris a gentleman of delicate sensibilities, of ethical insight and humane instincts. During a previous visit Mr. Morris gave a delightful afternoon reading in the parlors of All Souls Church, Chicago, and is to be heard again from that platform on his return. Perhaps other churches may be able to carry out this very practical method of bringing into closer relation the pulpit and the stage. Too long have they been estranged. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

A NEW LITURGY.

The committee selected by the Directors of the American Unitarian Association to prepare a liturgy has finished its task, and the result appears in the volume just issued by the Association,—“Book of Prayer and Praise for Congregational Worship.”* One’s first word should be a recognition of the labor involved, and which the committee has evidently given to the matter entrusted to it. No one unfamiliar with work of this sort can appreciate the study and care that must be more or less hidden in the finished result. He sees what is taken; he does not see all that has been examined and passed upon, the mass of material over which time and thought have been spent only to leave it aside at last.

With all due recognition of the painstaking labor bestowed upon this new service-book, however, the result is disappointing. It must be admitted that the committee had a difficult and delicate task. (1) In the first place our free congregational churches have been little trained in liturgical forms; and to launch a full-fledged liturgy, with “collects for the Christian year,” litanies, confessions, “the baptism of those who are of riper years,” an “ante-communion service,” not to speak of other features of this book, seems a rather visionary undertaking. And yet many of our free churches, and among them some that are accounted most “radical,” have in these last years shown a liking for a more congregational order of service, as indicated in the privately prepared programs for Christmas, Easter, Harvest Sunday, and other festivals of the year. This is a noticeable sign of our time. If instead of this attempt at a complete liturgy after the conventional type, with its supply of services for which in many of our churches there is no present occasion or probable future demand, and with its references to days never observed in any of them or likely to be observed, there had been prepared convenient leaflets through a considerable period, furnishing matter for a common service, these would not only have gradually trained our congregations in such use, but (what is of even more importance) would have

*BOOK OF PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Leather, 12mo., pp. 361.

revealed more clearly the prevailing atmosphere of thought and sentiment within them, and, by a natural sifting-process, have given us in time a service-book not “made to order,” but a genuine and wholesome growth. We could well have afforded to wait for the larger thing. (2) And in the second place the task of the committee was made difficult and delicate by reason of the already wide and fast growing disuse among us of once accepted phraseology,—a disuse, as it seems to us, in the interest of honest thought and the intelligent and intelligible communication of that thought. The English language is not so poor and scant that one is driven to words and phrases now grown vague and ambiguous, in order to express his reverence for Jesus among the sons of men, or to voice his sense of the high place which our Bible has justly held and still holds in the ethical and spiritual education of the world. In this respect the “Book of Prayer and Praise” is most disappointing. Its sins of commission seem to us to doom it to a very restricted use within that fellowship of churches for which it professedly has been prepared. Speaking for myself, we could about as easily use the Anglican liturgy as this mixed compilation now offered us; for that is well understood to be an inheritance from the past, with much that is matter of confessed dissent to-day, while the deliberate adoption of this book seems like a new and fresh subscription to implied doctrines and a general type of religious thought which we cannot think to characterize, to any wide extent, the Unitarian pulpit or pew to-day. If so, then the promise has departed from the fold that still loves to claim Channing and Parker and Emerson, and the flag they carried must pass to the hands of a bolder leadership, with convictions that are more than conventions. Bearing in mind the biblical criticism prevailing at Cambridge and Meadville, not to speak of that already gaining strong hold in theological schools classed as “orthodox,” what are we to make of such phrases, for example, as in the marriage service (p. 200): “For be ye well assured that so many as are joined together otherwise than God’s word doth allow,” etc.; or again (p. 178): “That those who do confess thy holy name may agree in the

truth of thy holy word.” And while we are upon the “marriage service,” it may be asked in all kindness if it be not now a little incongruous, not to say absurd, to apologize for the institution of marriage and to justify it by the “presence” of Jesus at Cana and the “commendation” of Paul,—both of whom themselves remained unmarried. We are glad, by the way, to see in this service the recognition of the civil law as the source of the minister’s authority to perform the marriage ceremony. Again, in the burial service, if the words of commitment (p. 230) and the prayer (p. 232) do not teach by implication the resurrection of the body, they come confusedly and confusingly near it. The collects and litanies we must pass with a general word. Of the former, some seventy in number, nearly one-half close with a mediatorial phrase, far enough away from our growing thought of the omnipresent Life “in whom we live and move and have our being”—our *Father*, with all that this name implies; and the repetitions in the litanies will suggest to many those which Jesus referred to in the Sermon on the Mount, and not with special approval.

But not only in respect of words and phrases carrying a doctrinal or dogmatic tradition and meaning does the committee seem to have clung over-fondly to the past. It has chosen archaic and obsolete English here and there, which will be “an unknown tongue” to not a few, and a matter of questionable taste to those who will not have to turn to their dictionaries. For instance: “that thy grace may always prevent and follow us,” (p. 129); “we are sore let and hindered,” (p. 112); and the groom and bride are to be told (p. 199) that marriage is not to be “enterprised” lightly.

If we have dwelt upon what seem to us the faults and the unsatisfactoriness of this new attempt at a liturgy for our free churches of the Unitarian fellowship, it has been from no captious spirit, but from a lifelong interest in that fellowship and all that makes for its growth, outwardly and within. Neither are we insensible to the beauty and worth of much that is incorporated in the volume, nor, as we have already said, are we unmindful of the care bestowed upon its compilation; though we like here no better

than we like in the English Prayer-book, from which it is taken, such wording of prayer as "that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way." We think that the committee made a fatal mistake when it adopted its plan "to provide for differences of feeling with regard to the use of certain phrases" by duplicate forms. It is not wise to emphasize differences in thought in a service intended to be devotional. Nor is this at all necessary. There is a large expression which all devout theism can use; an expression which might speak from all our pulpits and in large measure from the pews. Had the committee been more mindful of this fact, it might have given us a book of truly common prayer. The extemporaneous part (which seems to have had recognition in its first thought and plan) would allow free scope for individual pulpits to voice what for them was not contained in the common service. The failure of the committee in this respect will be fatal to any wide use of its work. The inserted "Calendar showing what Holy Day of the Church falls upon each Sunday for twenty-seven years, 1894-1920," belongs to those features of the book which have pleased us least, but it is in harmony with the prevailing atmosphere. It remains, in closing, to commend the publisher's part in the type, paper, and tasteful binding of the book.

F. L. H.

THE MORAL REVELATION IN THE WHITE CITY.

What moral story has the Exposition to tell?

If you wish to measure in any way the moral advance of the world, go to the Midway Plaisance, and study the conditions of the savages there. Study the rudeness, the ignorance, the animality. Study the poor shape of the head, and the indications, so slight, of thought, and then go to the White City and try to estimate the distance from one to the other. The world started animal, but the brute era for the main part of the world is gone by. The era of cunning, in the main, is being left behind. Even the era of the reign of intellect—intellect alone, conscienceless intellect—has gone by; and to-day the mightiest force in all the world, the force that controls the surging multitudes of men and moves

them, the mobs if you will, the insurrections if you will, the riots and the strikes if you will, the schemes of men on State street and on Wall street if you will,—the one thing that controls these, as the sun in the heavens controls the storms at sea, is the moral ideal. There are mobs, there are riots, there are thefts, in Wall street and in State street. We do not deny that. There are clouds and storms at sea, and upheavings and waves and wrecks; but the light of the sun folds them all in its arms, and is mightier than they. So the moral ideal of the world folds all these human disturbances in its arms and soothes them to rest. It is mightier than they.

As we contemplate this manifestation of what man has achieved, of what man has become, as we look at the White City and see it as the measure of the man and as the measure of the angel in the man, the grandeur of that spirit that is a little lower only than God,—as we see this, may we not say, as Shakspeare said:

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!

The White City is not merely a great display. Think of it rather as a revelation of what is in man. John's city was to come down from God out of heaven. Our White City springs from the heart of humanity, from the mud and the dust, and reaches toward heaven. We have changed our point of view. We do not look for God any more away off in the skies.

To illustrate that change of view, and the view I would have this White City suggest to you, let me offer to you a few verses which Dr. Momerie quotes in his book entitled "The Religion of the Future." I do not know who wrote them:

The parish priest
Of austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God,
So that he might hand
His word down to the people.

And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven;
And he dropped it down
On the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In his age God said,
"Come down and die,"
And he cried out from the steeple,

"Where art thou, Lord?"

And the Lord replied,

"Down here among my people."

Here is where our God is to-day. Think, then, of this White City as a revelation of what is in man, of a revelation of what is in God as manifested through man. So may you have a grander trust in man, a grander belief in the possibilities of this poor old stumbling, struggling race of ours, a grander faith in a present God, and the feeling that it is the business, the only business of religion, out of its prayers, out of its hymns, out of its aspirations, out of its search for truth, to reconstruct humanity, and create on earth a White City which shall be the present dwelling of God.

M. J. S.

Exchange Table

"WHY do we have books about celebrated women? If any woman has done anything which entitles her to distinction as a poet, a scientist, an artist, a philanthropist, let her be mentioned among poets, scientists, artists or philanthropists. If her work does not entitle her to such rank, there is no occasion to speak of her at all. Why a woman's building at the Columbian Exposition? If a woman has painted a picture, or invented a machine, or executed any other work which is worthy of exhibition, let it be exhibited in its proper place beside all other works of the kind. If it is not worth showing as work, but only as woman's work, it is not worth showing at all. The fact is that we are going too far in this matter. In seeking to honor woman by these emphatic distinctions we are dishonoring her. Let woman have a place, by all means. Let her have every place she wants; but let it not be a separate place. It is a disgrace, not an honor, to have one's work judged by a special standard." —*Critic.*

SO LONG as Christianity and other great religions rest upon the personalities of semi-divine men, just so long will there be that strong partisanship which cries out, "Ours is the only God-man, and we will have no other." But when, conceding to these personalities all that can properly be demanded, we yet look behind them to the nature of God, of man, and the universe, for the verification of what we believe to be true, then, and not till then, can there be grounds for a reasonable expectation that the day of universal religion is really at hand.

—*Rev. Ernest T. Allen, in the Arena.*

THERE must be no union of Church and State on American soil whatever that Church may be. No Church has a right to call itself the American Church; such a title is meaningless in America. For the separation of Church and State we must stoutly contend, or be unworthy of our honored sires and our native or adopted land. If the fundamental principles of any Church are opposed to those of the American Government, that Church becomes a danger in American life.

—*R. S. McArthur, D. D., in Independent.*

Contributed and Selected

AGE.

The wind-blown trees—at noon a tossing band—
 Are stilled with magic touch by gentle night.
 The birds fly past to nests in blossoms white,
 While stars their pale and mellow light expand.
 For falling twilight now with wizard hand
 Touche the face of nature with more tender light,
 Veiling rough furrows from the keenest sight,
 And peace spreads brooding wings o'er all the land.
 So on the face of Age, as life draws near Infinity,
 A beauty grows which youth will never know;
 A radiance from the past and sweet serenity
 Shine where the dimples chased each other long ago.
 And pain and sorrow have no power to mar
 The inner light of Soul which shines forever there.

FRANCES OVIATT LEWIS.

PARTICIPATION.

One of the fundamental principles in nature is participation. In some mysterious manner, the infinite and finite, the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human partake more or less of each other's nature. It is a familiar fact, that we participate in each other's joys and sorrows, that our physical, mental, and moral powers are interwoven, that all the sciences and arts have elements in common. The fact, however, that all human institutions are to be tested by this fundamental principle in nature is not so familiar, but is gaining recognition. We rejoice greatly in these days in the decline of despotism, aristocracy, pharisaism in church and state, in all social relations. There is nothing arbitrary or partial, exclusive or arrogant in the constitution and laws of nature. In their application to mankind, they exhibit a sacred and kind respect for man's freedom of choice and susceptibility to conviction. They are sovereign, it is true, but reverently solicit man's participation in their enforcement. They set us an example of patience and sympathy in our treatment of relatives, citizens, brain workers and manual workers, the innocent and the guilty, for are we not all alike in more ways than we are unlike?

This conception of the unity and copartnership in all of Nature's operations is working wonderful reforms in civil institutions. It has already made a beginning of democracy in the United States, aiming to be a

government of, for, and by the people in conjunction with the laws of Nature. It has modified our penal institutions and started here and there profit-sharing industries and more ecclesiastical fellowship. There is a growing solicitude and care for all sorts and conditions of men, a consciousness that life, not shared with others, is not worth living, a desire and effort to reach underlying causes of poverty, disease, and criminality, and lay the ax at the root, instead of confining our attention to the alleviation of effects. Though we have by no means emerged from the reign of competition, avarice and selfishness, yet even our greedy corporations put on the garb of participation, and assure their patrons of their desire to give them the advantage of sharing their phenomenal bargains with them!

With nature on the side of genuine participation, and with a growing popular sentiment in its favor, we predict its ultimate triumph; but thousands are now perishing because they are not properly remembered in love by their fellow-men, who ought to share their advantages with those who are deprived of them. A more general unfolding of the unselfish affections by various instrumentalities is the hope for the future, and it will not be disappointed.—W. G. B.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PROTESTANT CLERGY.

BRETHREN: In the confidence that your conception of the purpose of the Christian ministry is to promote peace and harmony, rather than distrust and rancor, among fellow citizens and neighbors, we address you upon the facts herein set forth:

This is a land of religious freedom and equality. If its cities and villages should witness the stealthy formation of a secret political association of Catholics organized as such, and plainly avowing its purpose to "knife" Protestant candidates at the polls, to blacken and impeach the loyalty of Protestants as citizens, and to carry its secret hostility so far as to boycott Protestants in business and to plot for the dismissal of Protestant workmen from their chance to earn bread for themselves and families,—using for these rancorous ends all means, both fair and foul,—your pulpits, your press and your rostrums would not for an instant remain silent.

You would rightly denounce this species of proscription and persecution as wrong in principle, outrageous in its purposes, and cowardly and reprehensible in its means.

But does the wrongfulness of the principle, the outrageousness of the purposes, or the cowardliness of the means differ in the slightest because of the circumstance that your neighbor's ox is gored and not yours? Or because of the circumstance that Catholics are the victims of such a movement and not Protestants? Or

that Protestants are the persecutors and assailers and not Catholics?

And as to the question of your duty in the premises: if a wrong or an outrage may be done upon your neighbor, does not your responsibility in the matter grow when the wrong and outrage proceed from your own household and the direct accountability placed at your door? And if piracy on the good name and property of your fellow-citizen is committed under your flag and with a proclamation of your sanction, how in all fairness must your silence be interpreted?

The facts that we subjoin have been common report for many months; and no intelligent American doubts their actuality: In many cities and villages of the West, a secret political organization now called the "American Protestant Association," now the "American Protective Association," but more inclusively, the "A. P. A.," has been formed for the avowed purpose of proscribing citizens who are Catholics, voting them down at the polls, boycotting them in business, and driving them out of employment in the shop and factory. This is a society composed of professing Protestants, and plainly avowing its aim "to down the Catholics." It proclaims that it "carries the flag and wears the colors of Protestantism." In some localities (as in Kansas) Protestant ministers are its active organizers, and in many instances Protestant churches are its places of meeting.

Its appeals are to Protestants as Protestants. To Protestants it addresses its attacks on Catholic charities and its prurient slanders on Catholic sisterhoods. It convokes Protestants to listen to the escaped nuns and the haphazard priests it picks up from the gutters of immorality to spatter the mire and filth of their records upon the community. It uses the pledge of Protestant veracity to authenticate its bogus Papal bulls—such as the recent one representing that Catholics were ordered to massacre all American Protestants on the feast of St. Ignatius (July 31); and the same seal of veracity is employed to give an appearance of genuineness to its bogus quotations from Catholic priests and papers. In the name of Protestantism it teaches ignorant people that arms are secreted under Catholic churches. In the name of Protestantism it makes the Catholic workingman apprehensive that his means of earning a livelihood are endangered. In the name of Protestantism it urges its members to betray labor organizations into the hands of capitalists in order that the workmen who are so largely Catholic shall be kept down to a dependent condition. To save Protestantism it makes a religious issue over every petty local election—inflaming the minds and passions of the ignorant with "the impending crisis" likely to ensue if a Catholic

is chosen county clerk, if a Catholic teaches the district school, or if a Catholic impounds the stray cattle of the village. In the name of Protestantism it protests against the religious equality guaranteed by our charters of liberty, it swears its dupes into lodges by oaths which make it perjury for them ever afterwards to swear fealty to any American constitution, and it conspires to enthrone the fell spirit of sectarianism in every school-room in the land, carrying its proscriptive animus to the extent of making even children its victims.

Upon this statement of facts we address you this letter to suggest, in a spirit of entire friendliness and good-will, that you consider whether you have not as teachers and guides of the Protestant community some responsibility for A. P. A.-ism in the premises and some moral accountability for all its acts. Does your general silence imply your general assent to these proceedings? Does the acquiescence, with which you seem to see the Protestant name used in the campaigns of A. P. A.-ism, imply your indorsement of its methods; and does the fact that you utter no demurrer to its proclaimed championship of your church mean that you are secretly glad of this masked ally?

It is not merely the Catholic public, but the American public, too, that wishes to know the extent of your responsibility and partnership in A. P. A.-ism. Is Protestantism for or against religious persecution? Is the Protestant ministry with the American principle of religious equality, or is your ministry tired of that principle?

It is becoming a question of the harmony of Protestantism with American institutions; just as surely so as it would become a question of the harmony of the Catholic Church with American liberty if it nurtured, without rebuke and without protest, a secret proscriptive society among its members aiming to draw sectarian lines in politics and business.

Will the Protestant clergy define their position?

Will they call in the pirates who are sailing under their flag? Will they make good the damage done by the bombs of religious hatred thrown from their meeting houses? If they are against A. P. A.-ism will they wrest from it the sanction of their name and denounce its claim of their indorsement?

Brethren: it is a matter of fairness, honesty, Christianity and patriotism with you to speak out at once. The annoyance of this thing is ours for the present only; but the responsibility and the reproach of it will be yours for years, if your silence continues. —*Catholic Citizen.*

A RELIGION OF PROGRESS.

We hold in our body a great variety of religious opinions. We are learners. We do not profess to have attained or to know all there is to

be known. We stand on the shore of an infinite sea where the polished stones and curious shells at our feet suggest the riches that are far out of sight, and where a voice louder than the storm-swept breakers, and softer than the gently murmuring surf, tells of an infinitude of truth waiting to be revealed to the waiting and receptive soul. We believe in the open eye, expecting ever new revealings of divine love, working and praying to weave the great ideas which have been made clear into daily life while we face the sunrise to catch the first beams of each new truth from the central orb.

—*The late Rev. W. P. Tilden; from the Southern Unitarian.*

COLD, OR HOT WATER?

I dreamed, the other night, that I had a contract of trying to thaw out a frozen world.

I had only a single match, a few splinters and a small tea-kettle with which to do the job.

Just as I had started a little blaze, and a faint puff of steam from the spout of the kettle encouraged me, along came some friends (?) gray with wisdom.

As soon as they saw what I was doing, they threw up their hands and exclaimed: "This will never do! This is dangerous! This has no precedent! This will get the church into hot water!"

While I reflected on what they said, they proceeded to take a little cup and begin to sprinkle cold water upon my fire.

It was nigh about extinguished, when along came a bright-faced angel who began to blow it with her breath and thus revive it again. When the flame waved and crackled, she turned to me and said:

"After this, when you have a work to do, never mind the man with the cold water sprinkler. The church would better be in hot water than in cold. Something is always better than negation. A lively mistake is better than dead stagnation. There is some hope of curing a raving lunatic, but none of a dignified corpse."

Then I looked at the bright-faced angel and saw that her name was "Progress." So, after that, when the fellows came with their little dipper of cold water to dash it on my plans and efforts, I said to myself:

"Angel of Progress, help me blow the flame, higher and hotter, until it drowns the voice of the critic, and its heat thaws latent life and force out the lethargy of the iceberg."

—*Rev. J. F. Cowan, in the Methodist Recorder.*

INDIAN EDUCATION.

The Indian Rights Association, under permission granted it by the Indian Department at Washington, is about to carry out a project which is likely to render good service to the cause of education among the Navajo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.

Last spring the present excellent agent, Lieut. Plummer, appealed to the association for aid to secure the authority of the Indian Department in sending a party of the Navajo Indians on a visit to the East, so that the gross ignorance of a certain number of them as to the power of the government and the advantages of civilization might be dispelled. The association promptly acted on Lieutenant Plummer's suggestion. The department expressed its entire sympathy with the project, but confessed its inability, through lack of funds, to meet the cost. The association then offered to raise the sum of \$700 if the department would grant its official sanction to the carrying out of the plan. This the authorities promptly granted. The sum of \$624.50 has been raised, and Lieut. Plummer expects to start with eight Navajo Indians for a visit to the World's Fair about Oct. 9.

The importance of this movement is greater than might be supposed. The Navajos are in the main a well-disposed and intelligent people, but a portion of them living in the more remote parts of the reservation, and comprising the rising generation, are more or less troublesome through their ignorance; and complications which have arisen between settlers and themselves owing to questions of land and water, largely arising through the uncertain boundaries of their reserve, are more or less threatening. It is the opinion of their agent that this irritation, which, if unattended to, threatens perhaps serious trouble in the future, can best be allayed by attacking what is the real root, the gross ignorance of the Indians themselves, and their consequent opposition to the education of their people. It is not only the most humane, but by far the least expensive method of dealing with the problem.

That the effort is a wise one would appear from the fact that a Navajo Indian woman, already at the Fair, wrote a few days ago to her little daughter in the Agency School, urging her to study hard; that she could see so much more of that wonderful Fair if she only could understand English.

It is hoped that the project may have the sympathy of all friends of education.

SOME writers think the process of turning white among arctic animals is in some way connected with a decrease of vital energy; and in his notes on recent science, in the *Nineteenth Century*, Prince Krapotkin brings forward as an example the alleged permanent white colors of domesticated animals in sub-arctic regions, such as the Yakutsk horse. —*The Independent.*

WOMAN'S work in India has made great progress. There are now 711 women—foreign and Eurasian—missionaries in India. These have access to 40,513 zenanas, and have 62,414 girl pupils in the mission schools. —*Exchange.*

CREEDS, THEIR ABUSES AND USES.*

BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER.

"Ye can can discern the face of the earth and of the sky; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?"—LUKE xii. 56.

The entire subject of creeds and their uses is again before us for discussion. One of the most distinguished members of a prominent communion has just been suspended from the church of his choice, of his life-long associations, because his views were not deemed in harmony with established standards. The discussion proceeded, not upon the inherent truthfulness or error of the opinions he advanced, but upon their relation to the Westminster Confession. The special question, therefore, that is agitating the minds of men is this: What is the value of that confession? The larger question inevitably follows: What is the value of creeds in general? But before proceeding to consider this question, it is only fair to say a word concerning the denomination now tossed and troubled with this unhappy controversy. The Presbyterian Church has an ancient and honorable history. Its founders helped to break the chains in which a corrupt mediæval church held the human soul. They lifted their arms in defense of civil as well as of religious rights, at a time when Liberty walked outcast among the nations. That church has produced a strong and sturdy type of character, has given to learning and literature many distinguished names, has sent her mission ships over every sea. If the great trumpet shall sound at last, that many believe will sound, it will rally the adherents of Calvin from the foot of a thousand martyr-stakes, from the cells of ruined dungeons, and from every island of the sea!

I. I do not propose this morning to launch thunderbolts indiscriminately against creeds in general. They have their uses; certainly they have served some purposes in the history of Christian thought.

A creed of some kind has formed the basis of every new religious movement in the world, and has served as the justification of that movement to all inquirers. When Luther heads his revolt, he must state his reasons. He must tell wherein he differs from the old body, and what he believes upon the points of difference. When he tells us this, he formulates a creed for his followers. When our Universalist fathers started out for themselves, it was necessary to state wherein they differed with the reigning theology. If a new denomination were to be started to-day, we should want to know why. The answer to that question would be the creed of the organization.

But creeds not only justify the existence of this or that religious community; they have served and do

serve to some extent even now as a bond of union for their adherents. They are battle-flags around which the zealous rally, and to whose support they unite others. They furnish aim and motive for activity. They contain ideas that, it is felt, must be pushed in the world; they awaken enthusiasm and lead to effort.

It is also claimed for them that they prevent loose and indefinite and indifferent thinking, and compel the mind to lay hold upon something clear-cut and positive. Surely there is never too much clear thinking done, and if creeds can give us any assistance, by all means let us gratefully accept their help. Whenever Mr. Bagnet, in "Bleak House," was asked his opinion, you remember his invariable answer: "Ask her, ask Mrs. Bagnet; she knows my opinion. Tell 'em, my dear, what I think." To be sure, if one cannot form opinions for himself, he may very well point to his creed and say, "Ask that!"

II. All this and more may be said on behalf of creeds. Upon the other hand, there are certain considerations that warn us not to trust too implicitly in creeds.

It is a mistake to suppose that any creed or standard can be final. The world moves very rapidly. New researches and investigations are constantly bringing in new truths or placing old truths in new lights. A standard formed one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago cannot meet the requirements of to-day. Right here is the grave difficulty. After a creed has once been adopted, it is well nigh impossible to change it. In spite of its inadequacy, it is very likely to hold the ground. There is no despotism on earth like that of a firmly fixed creed. The skeleton hands of extinct assemblies clutch the throat and strangle the life of every new-born child of light. Nearly every church to-day is dominated by the sepulcher. The ghosts of dead creed-makers are its rulers.

Even those who do not yield complete intellectual homage to the scepter of the past are often transformed into trimmers and apologists. "Oh," they say, "the words of the confession are not to be taken just as they read. The framers did not mean exactly what they seem to mean. We must give their words a very liberal construction."

One thing must be said about those old theologians who framed our creeds. They were not fools and they were not cowards. They were honest and straightforward men who were tremendously in earnest, and who said exactly what they meant. There is not one of them but would repudiate with scorn the attempt to soften, by milder interpretations, his stern and uncompromising thought. There is not one of them but would resist the attempt to twine honeysuckle vines around the iron frame-work of his logic. There is not one of them but

would be infinitely disgusted with the attempt to counteract the fumes of his brimstone theology by sprinkling it with rose water. When he said "gridiron" he meant "gridiron," and not flower-bed.

The business of the modern thinker is to be as fearless as the ancient. Let him say fairly and squarely, "The men who made this creed believed just what it says. I do not believe it. The world has grown away from it and it ought to be changed."

It is a mistake to look upon a creed as anything but a "report of progress." It shows nothing but the thought of the time in which it was framed. It shows how far men had advanced. That is all. In the church where the Council of Trent was held, a tablet was set up and inscribed, "Here spoke the Holy Spirit for the last time." What folly and presumption! And yet it is practically such an inscription that many churches would write over their creeds to-day. "Here spoke the Holy Spirit for the last time,"—then what? Did the spirit of truth and inspiration perish? Is this creed the last utterance from its death-bed? A creed is all very well as a landmark, but not as a goal. It is good as a stepping-stone, but not as the ultimate shore.

III. The thought of to-day has the same right to express itself as the thought of yesterday,—is under the same obligation to express itself.

The severest censures passed by Jesus were upon those who tithed mint, anise and cummin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law. The next in severity were upon those who failed to recognize the new light and life of the world. "Ye hypocrites: ye can discern the face of the earth and of the sky, but how is it that ye can not discern this time?"

It is for the leaders of every generation to discern their own time; to adjust themselves, their thoughts and their creeds to the conditions and intellectual needs of that time. Let us mention some of the forces that are at work to-day, making our age, in certain respects, different from any preceding one.

This is an age of *critical study* of the Bible,—a study which has overthrown the traditional views of its complete and universal infallibility.

It is an age of *scientific investigation*,—investigation that has changed our ideas of creation, of the antiquity of man, and the fall in Eden.

It is an age of *new political and social ideas*. The creeds which dominate the religious world to-day were made under ideas of government entirely different from our ideas. They were formed under monarchies; and the divine administration was supposed to be modeled upon the relationship existing between an earthly king and his subjects. The arbitrary will of the human sovereign was attributed to the sovereign of the skies.

*Sermon preached in the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, Minn., Sunday morning, June 4, 1893.

The human sovereign favored one class of subjects above another; hence, the doctrine of *election*, for God must also have *his favorites*. The arbitrary will of the ruler decreed life or death, the badge of honor or the dungeon. The despot of the heavens must also have *his dungeons*. Hence the doctrine of *hell and penalty*. Such ideas could not have grown up in a republican form of government, and are utterly foreign to the spirit of this age and nation. With the rise of the common people to a sense of their dignity and power, thrones are falling. With the fall of old systems of government will fall the systems of theology that are founded upon them.

It is an age of *growing humanity*. We see this in what is being done for the poor and unfortunate, and in the efforts to reform the vicious and criminal. In an age when man is becoming more merciful to man, you cannot successfully teach a doctrine of divine retaliation and vengeance.

These are some of the forces that are surely modifying the views of men upon religious subjects. There are those who draw back and fear the new light; but others boldly venture forth to greet it. I was interested once in what a gentleman related of his child's experience in the nursery. The blinds were closed, but through some chink or other there stole one long, bright ray, making a line of light across the floor. As the little fellow, in his play, reached this sunbeam on the floor, he paused in surprised perplexity. He forgot his toys in this new object. He looked across it to the comparative gloom beyond, and then looked back at his father. Finally gathering up all his courage and strength, he jumped—probably thinking it a chasm in the floor, or a bar across it. He did not quite clear it; but he found his feet on solid ground; and the sunlight flashed on his hair and cheeks, making a radiant picture of glad surprise and relief. In a moment he had forgot'en that he once thought of the sunbeam as something dangerous, and with perfect fearlessness ran back and forth and in and out of the light. In this larger nursery, a ray of God's light sometimes falls across the dusky floor. We shrink back from it. We dare not venture. We forget that our heavenly Father is in the room with us, and we turn away from the new sunbeam to the old gloom. But as soon as any one does have courage and faith to try it, he is transfigured with glory, the world follows him and finds there is nothing to fear!

IV. When we take the charges upon which Dr. Briggs has been suspended from the church in which he has lived and labored, we find that the opinions deemed heretical and dangerous are in entire harmony with the spirit of this age and land. He has discerned the signs of the times and heeded them.

He is charged with teaching that

reason and the church, as well as scripture, are fountains of divine authority; that errors may exist in the original texts of the scriptures as they came from their authors; that many of the Old Testament predictions have been reversed by history, and many of the Messianic prophecies have not been literally fulfilled; that Moses is not the author of the entire Pentateuch; that the book of Isaiah contains the work of two prophets instead of one; that the processes of redemption extend to the world to come, in the case of many who die in sin; and that sanctification is not completed at death.

These are the counts in the indictment. I want you to bear in mind that there is not one of these charges urged upon its intrinsic merits. It is not and has not been under discussion, whether these teachings were right or wrong in themselves. It has never been asked, *Are they true?* but, *Are they in accordance with the creed?* The evil side of creeds has been most clearly seen in this entire controversy. It has been assumed that the only business of the church to-day is to guard the statements of the past, not to find out anything more or anything different; not to utter a new word, but to mumble the old ones forever. The intelligence of the present age upholds Dr. Briggs in his making reason a fountain of religious authority; the scholarship of the age upholds his position on the scriptures; the humanity of the age sanctions his views of the future. But because these views do not coincide with the declarations of men who lived two centuries ago, he is branded "heretic," and sent forth in disgrace. There is no help for it. So long as the creed itself remains unchanged, I do not see how it could have been otherwise. Under the circumstances, I think the assembly were justified in taking just such action as they did. Dr. Briggs was not in harmony with the Westminster Confession, and the Westminster Confession is the recognized standard in his denomination. It is not to the point that the confession itself is out of harmony with the reason, learning, and humane spirit of to-day.

V. In view of such facts as these, I remark that so long as creeds are considered necessary, we have the right to ask:

1. That they express the actual belief of the great majority of the preachers and people who are supposed to adhere to them and be governed by them. We may ask that the creed actually represent what it ought to represent—the present position of its denomination.

There are some lessons that ought to be learned from the agitation that has kept the country on the tip-toe of expectancy for so many months. There is a lesson here for those who leave money to an institution, and for the institution that receives it, as in the case of Union Seminary. When a bequest is made its terms ought to

be rigorously and faithfully carried out. But it is to be hoped that the time will come when those who have money to leave will be animated by a broader spirit: when they will not bribe theological seminaries to teach obsolete dogmas; when they will not want to put a period to the world's thought.

I suppose most of us, when we were boys, used to cut our names or initials on the smooth bark of the birch tree. Perhaps we cut, right under them, somebody else's initials. If we looked at the tree a few years later we found that those letters could no longer be deciphered, and that they had become mere unsightly wounds on the tree. We who cut them did not immortalize ourselves; we only marred the birch tree. It is vain for anyone to think that he can put his mark upon the growing thought of the world, and that the mark will stay. He may mar the beauty, but he can not check the growth.

Our seminaries, too, ought to refuse bequests burdened with such conditions. They ought to guard against anything that might, in the future, turn them into mere theological curiosity shops.

I believe, too, that every ordaining council should demand of every candidate that comes before it, not only a declaration of his present belief, but a solemn pledge that he will keep his eyes open wide, so long as he lives and preaches, for any further truth that God may send into the world.

The time will come, too, I trust, when churches, in selecting their pastors, will say to them: "We place you in our pulpit, not only to show us what God has done in other times, not only to tell us about his mighty deeds in Palestine; but to watch for God's footsteps to-day, and to lead us into those paths where linger his latest glories."

2. If we are still to have creeds it is but fair to ask that they be such as can be preached in the pulpit, not such as the pulpit strenuously avoids. The best way to test a creed is to preach it. The fact is, most creeds remain as they are because they are not preached, and ministers dare not preach them. They are wrangled over in assemblies, they are used to club heretics, they are used to dominate theological schools, they are upheld in the denominational press; but they are not preached to the people, and the masses in the churches do not know what they are all about. If they did they would get out, or make the creed get out.

3. We have a right to ask that the central doctrine of every creed be that to which the most importance is attached, and then, perhaps, we can get along without the rest.

One of the strong pleas among our brethren who wanted their confession revised was that the love of God was not made prominent enough; and they asked that this doctrine be

placed in the fore-front. Can that ever be made too prominent? It should seem as if by one mighty impulse the leaders and teachers in that church would have rushed forward to write upon the somber theological crags of that confession, to write over its harsher and more repulsive features, to write upon its gloomy tablets, in letters of living light, "God is Love."

If you are hesitating and uncertain as to what you believe this morning, let me recommend that you write that sentence, and start your creed with those words, "God is Love." There is your first article. And if you never see your way clear to write anything more, do not worry over it. It will guide you home.

More and more will creeds cease to be barriers in the way of fellowship. Men will be drawn together in the future more than in the past by oneness of aim and spirit, and less by doctrinal uniformity. In a world where there is so much to be done, where there is so much evil to fight, where the kingdom of righteousness tarries,—the feeling of love to our fellow men will finally become so strong that all who are willing to work for them will stand shoulder to shoulder.

The Study Table

A NEW SHAKESPEARE.

In outward appearance this edition of Shakespeare is all that could be desired. It is a good, honest library book, and no fancy article, such as his soul hateth who knows what is what in the matter of books. True it is an octavo, and the Aldine size and shape is the ideal size and shape for comfort and convenience. But there is excuse for the octavo size in the sumptuousness of the letter-press, and there is mitigation in the fact that the paper, though perfectly opaque, is thin and light, so that the volumes do not begin to be so heavy as they look. These outward things, though not to be despised, are less important than the critical character of the work. We have here the best text of Shakespeare that is now available. It is the text which Dr. Horace H. Furness originally chose for the text of his Variorum Edition, except for such variations as have been made from the original edition of 1865. Dr. Furness afterward made up a text from the different editions of the highest rank, and finally settled down on the text of the First Folio (1623), following obsequiously its every word and letter and misprint. Such a text has great interest and critical value, but it is the last that we should care to read habitually, except that of the first quartos. The editors of the "Cambridge Edition," as that

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by William Aldis Wright. In nine volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, 8vo. \$27.00

of Clark & Wright is called, are not much behind Dr. Furness in their attachment to the First Folio, but they recognize the inequality of its various parts. It may be interesting and useful for us to indicate the difference between the method of Dr. Furness's Variorum Edition and that of the Cambridge Edition. No better description of the Cambridge Edition can be given than that of Dr. Furness in the preface to his first volume. It is as follows:

"In the Cambridge Edition, at the foot of every page, is given a thorough and minute collation of the quartos and folios and a majority of the *variae lectiones* of many modern editors, together with many conjectural emendations proposed, but not adopted into any text—the result on the part of the editors of very extensive reading."

"It is hardly possible," he adds, "to overestimate the critical and textual value of such an edition." If the edition of 1865 deserved such praise, the present edition, which will be known as that of 1891, when the first volume appeared, must much more deserve it. But while the Cambridge Edition gives the readings of the old editions, "it omits to note the adoption or rejection of them by the various editors, whereby an important element in estimating these readings is wanting." Dr. Furness's notes are much fuller than the Cambridge notes, and they contain the reasons given by this editor or that for his favorite reading. Moreover, Dr. Furness's edition contains appendices in which copious extracts are given from the various criticisms on the several plays that have been made by the most distinguished critics, together with reprints of those things which were used by Shakespeare as the raw material of his imagination.

Thus it will be seen that both Dr. Furness's Variorum Edition and the Cambridge Edition have their special traits commending them on different grounds for different uses. For the student of Shakespeare the Variorum of Dr. Furness is much the richer mine, so far as it extends; and that is to eight plays. At the rate of his production so far, it is hardly possible that his life-time will be long enough to complete the list. Meantime his text—that of the First Folio—is not a readable text, while that of the Cambridge Edition is eminently so, and as critical as readable; and the entire list of the thirty-seven plays is already at our command. Happy the lover of Shakespeare who can have both editions on his shelves!

J. W. C.

PICTURE AND TEXT. By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893. Cloth, 16mo, 75 cents. —With one exception, all the papers in this volume are concerned with artists and their productions, and more especially their productions in black and white. The exception is the last paper, which

discusses the future possibilities of the theatre with the subtlety that Mr. James has elsewhere brought to the same subject in a more elaborate form. In point of style the book is highly characteristic of its author. It has his usual charm and also his usual preference for indirect as compared with direct expression. He never shortens a straight line to come at its point, but rather lengthens it, conceiving that the longest way round is the shortest way home. Sometimes we wonder if there is not too much of this. We tire a little of reading his sentences over two or three times to get their meaning, and, if we generally discover that it is a meaning which could hardly have been expressed in any simpler way, we sometimes think that with more simplicity he might have been more effective. In one of the essays of this volume,—that upon Daumier,—we find Mr. James comparing him with Gavarni, another French caricaturist, and regretting Daumier's relative simplicity. It is easy enough in that regret to find what Emerson called "the little subjective twinkle." But too much must not be made of this. Generally Mr. James's style and thought present a "marriage of true minds" to which we would not "admit impediments." The style is subtle because the thought is so. But how richly it abounds in delicate turns and winning cadences, and what a felicity there is of particular phrases; so that we say, "How good that is!" and wish it might come back to us at the right moment to eke out the poverty of our own expression,—as where Thiers is set down as "this personage of few inches and many episodes," and Gavarni is called "the most acutely profane of all chartered mockers with the pencil."

The first paper, "Black and White," deals with Millet—our own Frank—and Abbey and Alfred Parsons, and has much to say of Broadway, a little place in Worcestershire, England, where these artists have lived and worked together. Having seen Broadway with our own eyes, we know that it was impossible for Mr. James to exaggerate its simple, homely, moss-grown loveliness. As for what he has written of the artists named and of their works, and also of Reinhart and Boughton and Du Maurier and their works, the reader's enjoyment of it will very greatly depend upon his knowledge of the men in their productions. Mr. James's criticism is not that of a painter or professional connoisseur. There is in it nothing about "values" or "facture," nothing of the slang of the studios, or next to nothing. Evidently he thinks he knows drawing when he sees it, and has his preferences in the way of color. But what he cares for in pictures is beauty and expression; in landscape-art, the suggestion of a remembered outdoor loveliness, not merely the management of the pigments and the qualities of the drawing. To say this, is not to say that

his criticism is exhaustive of the subjects which it treats. It is still less so because it is the criticism, in the main, of his friends' work. Abbey and Millet and Boughton and Reinhart are men whom he knows and likes, and the bias of his friendship is upon his pen, and here and there undoubtedly he lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would."

We are the more convinced of this when he comes to Daumier, the French caricaturist, whom he did not know in any personal way. At once the splint is off his arm; we have a freer stroke. We cannot help wondering whether the same freedom would not have found the manner of Abbey and Boughton and Du Maurier too infallibly subduing their matter to a uniformity that occasionally makes us tired. If Mr. James had known John Leech, would not his great variety and his immense humanity, even as casually mentioned, have suggested a contrast with the restricted range of Du Maurier, his monotony and acerbity, not altogether to the advantage of this gifted artist? But these doubts and questionings do not prevent Mr. James's "Picture and Text" from being a book that is most pleasing in itself and brings many things delightfully to mind.

J. W. C.

OTHER ESSAYS FROM THE EASY CHAIR. By George William Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, 75 cents.—The present selection from the immense variety of Mr. Curtis's Easy Chair papers is not less admirable than that made by himself about two years ago. Indeed, we believe that we are not mistaken in our persuasion that he selected these at the same time that he selected the others, and was only prevented by considerations of space from including them in his first volume. Here is the same unerring grace, the same genial humor, the same kindly satire, the same reprobation of pretense and sham, the same devotion to the loftiest social and personal ideals, as in the former selection. "Bryant's Country," though it deals more with Chesterfield than with Ashfield, is clothed with the atmosphere which was ambient to the writer's summer home. "The Game at Newport" is a delicious satire on the solemn function of the Newport aristocracy as it takes its daily drive. There are four personal essays, "Ralph Waldo Emerson," "Henry Ward Beecher," "General Sherman," and, last in the book but certainly not least in interest, "Francis George Shaw," a beautiful appreciation of a noble gentleman, Mr. Curtis's father-in-law and counsellor and friend. One of the loveliest essays in the book is "The Grand Tour," for Mr. Curtis was never happier than in his reminiscences of his foreign travels,—reminiscences which he never cared to dim by new adventures. In "Christendom vs. Christianity" there is an expression of his religious sentiment, and in "Tweed"

and "The Pharisee" our politics is touched with his Ithuriel spear. The least satisfactory, though one of the most charming essays in the volume, is "The Lecture Lyceum." It is unsatisfactory through its incompleteness, and it is incomplete because it does not name Curtis among the greatest on that memorable stage.

J. W. C.

THE COMING RELIGION. By Thomas Van Ness. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth 16mo., pp. 228. \$1.00.—This is a book that we have read with great pleasure, and which we regard as a valuable contribution to the popular study of ethics and religion,—though unfortunately it confuses the two. The author speaks of three religions,—Christianity, the Religion of Science, and the Religion of Humanity,—from which he believes the coming religion will be evolved. We cannot but feel that by this nomenclature he introduces an element of error which is twofold: first, in that he designates the several systems of ethics—Christian, Humanitarian, etc.—as religions; and secondly, in that he parallels the system based upon science, or the search for truth (which in so far as it is *scientific* must, by the terms of definition, be the *true* system) with certain other specific systems, and by thus setting them over against the scientific system necessarily implies that they cannot be true,—although apparently he has no intention of thus begging the question. Notwithstanding, however, that these errors would seem to indicate a lack of clearness in thought, the fact is that one of the chief charms of the book is its clearness; the other being its fairness. Nowhere have we seen in such brief space so clear and full and fair a statement of the three theories of conduct which he undertakes to describe. As the work is human, it is, of course, not perfect; for instance, in accordance with his inadequate conception of the scientific system, as one of several of equal rank, the author once or twice slips into the error of treating a scientific system as identical with a merely mechanical one. In the chapters on "Reconciliation," where it becomes necessary to emphasize the inadequacies of the several systems portrayed, this tendency shows itself most prominently; and on the whole it may be said that this last is the weakest part of the book,—our author's reconciliation being a verbal one and no more satisfactory than that of the many great and little philosophers who have previously undertaken such work. The real value of the book is in the author's remarkably clear conception of the Christian, the Humanitarian, and the Scientific ideal, and the lucidity and sympathetic power with which he sets forth each of these. Notwithstanding the one or two slips to which we have alluded, the description of the "Religion of Science" is especially powerful. There is great need of

such exposition, and we earnestly recommend the book to all who seek to understand their neighbors; to accomplish which it is necessary to comprehend the several ideals which, now and here, govern the lives of men.

F. W. S.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

CHINESE NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT: Forty stories told by almond-eyed folk, actors in the romance of "The Strayed Arrow." By Adele M. Fielde. Illustrated by Chinese artists. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, 194 pp. \$1.75.

SUB-CELUM: A Sky-built Human World. By A. P. Russell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 267. \$1.25.

TRINITIES AND SANCTITIES: LESSONS OF THE DAYS. Boston: T. W. Ripley. Card-board, 16mo., pp. 66.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE. [Religion of Science Library (bi-monthly) Vol. I, No. 1.] By Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 103. 25 cents.

THE NEW HUMANITY, or Essay on the Problem of Life. Part First. By A. Deist. St. Paul: Press of Rich & Clymer. Paper, 16mo, pp. 187.

FLAVIA. By Adair Weloker. Berkeley, Cal. Published in Autograph MS. by the Author. \$1.000.

SOULS. By Mary Alling Aber. Chicago: Press of R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 176. For gratuitous distribution.

THEOLOGY IN ENGLISH POETRY. (The Essex Hall Lecture, 1888.) By Stopford A. Brooke. London, Eng.: Philip Green. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 65. 1s.

A TRUE SON OF LIBERTY, OR THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE A PATRIOT. 2d ed. By E. P. Williams. New York: Saalfield & Fitch. Paper, 12mo, pp. 190. 50 cents.

PLEASURE AND PROGRESS. By Albert M. Lorenz. New York: The Truth Seeker Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 398. 50 cents.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DEVIL. By Henry Frank. Buffalo: H. L. Green. Paper, 8vo, pp. 66. 25 cents.

THE GODS. By Robert G. Ingersoll. Ditto. 40 pp. 20 cents.

CHARLES DARWIN: HIS LIFE, AND WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO HIM. By B. O. Flower and T. B. Wakeman. Ditto. 26 pp. 15 cents.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY: A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By J. Leon Benwell. Ditto.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION: WHAT IS TO BE ITS FINAL OUTCOME? By an Old Farmer. Ditto. 36 pp.

THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE. By James M. McCann. (4th edition.) Ditto. 32 pp.

CHURCH AND STATE: THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. THE NEW AMERICAN PARTY. A Criticism. By "Jefferson." (3d edition.) Ditto. 22 pp. 10 cents.

WHAT WOULD FOLLOW ON THE EFFACEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY. By George Jacob Holyoake. (2d edition.) Ditto. 16 pp.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION. By Robert G. Ingersoll. Ditto. 12 pp.

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS. By Daniel K. Tenney. Ditto. 20 pp.

NEVER ENDING LIFE ASSURED BY SCIENCE. By Daniel Kent Tenney. Ditto. 12 pp.

A JUDGE in Harrodsburg, Ky., is a veritable solon. A number of negro boys, caught burglarizing a house, were brought before him. They were all young, and he wisely decided not to send them to the penitentiary. Instead he sent out for the boys' mothers and a dozen rawhides, explained the case to the mothers, and, as the New York alderman remarked of the gondolas, "let nature take its course." Punishment to fit the crime was served up right in the court room and justice was satisfied. When there is a vacancy on the Supreme bench of Kentucky the Harrodsburg solon should be remembered.

—Chicago Times.

Friend: Is your subscription paid in advance? If not, won't you assist UNITY by now sending in your renewal?

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God whispers to the soul, that to be pure and true is to succeed in life.

MON.—Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in the hidden impulse to do our best.

TUES.—The true artist works ever with a touch of fear.

WED.—What I have and what I am is nothing if I have not love.

THURS.—We do not realize as we ought what ministries cluster round our life.

FRI.—The glass through which we see God is darkened by our own breath.

SAT.—When a man really loves a land and a cause, it piles great stores of life into his heart.

—Robert Collyer.

OCTOBER'S LAND.

The wind, that subtlest of courtiers, has changed its tone since the skies began to wrap themselves in shifting hazes through which the sun ploughs his way. It attended March with a roar and clash of trumpets, stirred the spring foliage with gentlest little breezes, and fanned through summer's burning halls singing a psalm of joy. But it blows from October's Land with a soft and melancholy rhythm, a note of condolence and retrospection. Gently it detaches the dead leaves from reluctant boughs, wafts them to earth, and sighs a requiem over their graves.

If, with closed eyes feeling the caressing warmth of the sun, we fancy in spite of the calendar that summer still lingers, the voice of the wind dispels the illusion and tells us that death and decay have replaced life and growth.

But the year dies royally. A great pageant is outspread every day, beginning with the first red shaft of dawn, piercing the purple mist and turning the dew-hung cobwebs spread over the withered grass into an iridescent radiance. As a faded beauty tries to cover wrinkles and gray hairs with beautifying cosmetics, so the fading earth envelopes herself in a soft spiritual brightness, lovely and pathetic as a smile on a dying face.

The birds that made the summer mornings tuneful have long since sought perpetual summer land beyond the southern horizon. October's Land is a songless country. The shrill cry of brilliant-plumaged bluejays, the chattering of chickadees hunting their breakfast among the ripe seeded weeds, and the lonesome chirp of a rheumatic locust trying to find warmth in the foggy sunbeams, are all that is left of the choir that filled with melody the summer skies.

Noon brings an Orient warmth. The forest dreams. A soft blue smoke fills the air as if the earth

were a great hearth on which the year's rubbish was burning. A fine dust covers the foliage and floats in the atmosphere, that might be the ashes of the fire.

Sometimes a glory gleams from the changeful haze, as if a secret were about to be revealed. Faces look out with the pale star halo they wore when we last saw them. Is not the spirit land just beyond that opaline mist? But only the wandering mind can pierce those cloudy ramparts, and it brings no answer back.

And now some still night the first frost falls from the clear heavens, laying its beautiful but blighting touch on grass and foliage. The sun rises on a sparkling white world. We drink in the new wine of life in the crystal clear air, and the call of the crow over the brown fields stirs the soul with a sense of the ever-renewed life and joy of nature.

And with the frost comes the first fire kindled on the hearth, where its glow shall light up months of cold and gloom to come. While the sunset lingers in the west and stars begin to glitter, while the frost flakes gather and gray-robed twilight glides across the hill, we draw around the open fireplace and renew the fairy land of our childhood, touched by the grave cares and memories of life. Mournful or happy recollections, visions fearful or serene, appear and vanish, till the flickering flame and soft falling of ashes lure the mind into a reverie, from which it glides insensibly into the central stronghold of October's Land, the castle of dreams.

ALICE GORDON.

Hamilton, Ill.

FABLES.

II. The Mockingbird and the Peacock.

In an orange tree, near the open window of a chamber where lay a sick man, sat a mockingbird singing his most ecstatic song—a song of the beautiful. Into the heart of the sick man it was borne with healing sweetness. And day by day, longing and attaining and longing still higher, singing of love and wisdom and goodness, but always and most of all of the beautiful, the bird found an interpreter in the man and knew it not.

Glancing up and down and all around, the mockingbird saw, for the first time, the glory of a peacock's tail. His song ceased. He gazed entranced. All that he had been striving to attain in his song seemed embodied before him. As the moth is drawn toward the lamp, so he was drawn toward the beauty he adored, till he was at its very feet. The peacock gave an angry scream, and, lifting his foot, struck the song bird.

Bruised in body and in spirit, his adoration spurned, misunderstood, the little songster hid himself in a leafy shade till time and the sweet air healed his wounds and he had strength to sing. The sick man had missed the song, but it came again; a little sad at first, but sweeter

than ever, and joyous, too—full of love and praise, never a note of complaint. He was a mockingbird, remember, and must needs sing his own sweet songs, however base others might be.

And the peacock never knew it was a mockingbird he struck—a singer of the beautiful—come to bring him the sweetest gift of his full love and devotion; thought it was a toad to spend his anger on; and so went on screaming and scolding, vain of his splendor, unlovely in his beauty.

GERTRUDE R. COLBORN.

Homosassa, Fla.

MR. BENNETT is a bright and well-preserved old gentleman; but to his little grand-daughter, Mabel, he seems very old indeed. She had been sitting on his knee and looking at him seriously for some moments one day, when she said: "Grandpa, were you in the ark?" "Why, no, my dear!" gasped her grandparent. Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment. "Then why weren't you drowned?" she asked.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A SWEET little four-year-old added this clause to her evening petition the other night: "And please help Grandma not to talk so much when the pies get burned."

—*Boston Traveller.*

A SCHOOLROOM IDYL.

How plainly I remember all!

The desks deep-scored and blackened,

The row of blackboards 'round the wall,

The hum that never slackened;
And, framed about by map and chart,
And casts of dusty plaster,
That wisest head and warmest heart,
The kindly old schoolmaster!

I see the sunny corner nook

His blue-eyed daughter sat in,
A rosy, fair-haired girl who took
With us her French and Latin.

How longingly I watched the hours

For Ollendorff and Cæsar!

And how I fought with Tommy Powers

The day he tried to tease her.

And when, one day, it took the "Next!"

To stay some Gallic slaughter,

Because I quite forgot the text

In smiling at his daughter,

And she and I were "kept till four

To study, after closing,"

We stopped the clock an hour or more

While he, poor man, was dozing!

And there he sits, with bended head,

O'er some old volume poring

(Or so he thinks; if truth be said,

He's fast asleep and snoring).

And where the shaded lamplight plays

Across the cradle's rocking,

My schoolmate of the olden days

Sits, mending baby's stocking.

—*Charles B. Going, in Educational Gazette.*

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON VII.

HOW JESUS TAUGHT.

*Across the sea, along the shore,
In numbers more and ever more,
From lonely hut and busy town,
The valley through, the mountain down,*

*What is it came ye here to note?
A young man preaching in a boat.*

Clough.

*His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
When mingled with his gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee.*

Whittier.

Picture: Christ Preaching from a Boat—Hofmann.

In the last lesson the figure of the sower reminded us of the period of obscurity in the life of Jesus when he was casting abroad the seed of his thought. To-day, we study the period of popular favor in which the people were drawn to him by the simplicity and beauty of his speech and before the Pharisees had taken serious alarm. The figure of Jesus is the least satisfactory part of the picture; his attitude is conventional, but quite unnatural; yet the listeners are good, and the picture as a whole helps us to understand the sort of people who cared most for Jesus' teaching, the way in which he taught, and the probable history of his words before they were put into the literary form in which we have them.

What was the pulpit of Jesus?—A fishing boat on the Sea of Galilee or a green spot on the hill-side.

Jesus is represented as preaching from a boat in the Sea of Galilee. This body of water, called also the Sea of Chinnereth and the Lake of Gennesaret, or Tiberias, is like a potato-shaped bulge of the River Jordan, about twelve and one-half miles long and seven and one-half miles wide at the northern end. It lies in a deep basin between six and seven hundred feet lower than the level of the Mediterranean, and is fed by copious springs. The shores are more abrupt and craggy than the picture would lead one to suppose, and Josephus speaks particularly of the abundance of trees in the neighboring country, mentioning walnut, fig, palm, and olive trees. (Can you tell from the picture what trees the artist intended to represent?) Fish were plentiful in the clear, sweet waters of the lake, and in the time of Jesus, though not now, fishing boats were numerous, supplying the populous towns near by with their catch. It is from one of these smaller craft that Jesus is speaking in the picture.

Who made up his audience?—Jesus spoke usually to a chance-gathered company, only a few of whom had come expressly to hear him.

Looking at the picture we see some familiar faces. The three in the boat

with Jesus seem to be Peter and James and John. In the little group of seven standing on the shore at the right of Jesus we distinguish at least two faces that are to be seen in other pictures by Hofmann. The rich young ruler is unmistakable, and the face of the old man beside him recalls one of the rabbis in the picture of Jesus in the Temple. Do you notice the two who can hardly see the figure of Jesus because of the lordly Pharisee who blocks their view? Do you think Hofmann meant to teach us anything by that? In the background at the extreme left is an aged man (how could you guess that he is blind?) whose expression suggests old Simeon in one of the birth-legends of Jesus (Luke ii. 25-35). In the group of women it seems to me that, besides the aged woman at the rear and the two mothers with their children, we can see girls, unmarried women, and a young widow—could you pick them out by their faces alone, even if there were no other sign? The boy at the left of the picture, with water-bottle slung at his side, musical instrument in his hand, and dog lying with head on his lap, has more of a Greek than a Jewish look. (Is there anything to indicate that he was a shepherd-boy?) It will refresh the memory of last week's lesson, if we try to find in this picture the four classes of hearers. It appears clearly from this picture that the preaching of Jesus was entirely informal: he had no fixed times for preaching or prepared discourses to deliver. We cannot imagine him racking his brains for a subject or preaching in a church behind a pulpit with a carefully prepared manuscript under his eyes. And therefore, befitting the character of his audience and his manner of teaching, his talk was mainly in parables and pithy sayings which could be quickly comprehended and easily remembered.

How were the words of Jesus preserved?—His sayings were carried in memory for a long time, then they were gathered together, written down and translated into Greek.

It is important that we should have some knowledge, clear and accurate so far as it goes, of the way in which what Jesus said has come down to us, for this "young man preaching from a boat" has proved one of the most potent influences in the history of the world and his words are still appealed to by many religious people as final authority. And the first thing to notice is that Jesus was a Jew and spoke to Jews, consequently he must have spoken in the language ordinarily used by Jews in Palestine at his time. That language was not Greek, but a dialect of Hebrew known as Aramaic. Do you see in the picture any one who seems to be taking down what he is saying? Reporters were not known in those days, and even if they had been, Jewish prejudice was so strongly against preserving the words of a teacher in any way except by memory that none would have attended Jesus. That supercilious Pharisee will go away and tell his friends what he has heard the new teacher say. Do you think he will report Jesus accurately, or will he pick out things he does not like and make them appear by his telling even worse than they really were? The young mother nursing her baby will go home and tell her husband what she

has heard, but her report will not be like the Pharisee's. He in turn will report to the man who works beside him what his wife had told him about the sermon of Jesus, and he will tell some one else, and so on. Read over the sixth chapter of Matthew and try to see what various persons in the picture would have carried away if they had heard Jesus speak all these words. We have a clear idea now of the way in which the teachings of Jesus would be listened to and told, by those who heard him, to their friends. Not till years after Jesus died did any one think of putting down in black and white what he had heard him say. Do you think that the memory even of one who actually heard him speak could be trusted to carry his teachings word for word all these years? And how much less dependence could we place on the report if it came from one who knew nothing about Jesus except what had been told him. No one could remember all that Jesus said, some one would remember one saying or parable, some one else another: by and by people would begin to write down what they had remembered or heard, and so besides the Oral Tradition there would be a good many written records—but all in Aramaic, the language which Jesus spoke. In this language, according to an ancient tradition, the apostle Matthew some forty years after Jesus died wrote down what he remembered of the sayings of Jesus. If we had that document, precisely as Matthew wrote it, we should still have to hesitate about putting implicit confidence in it, for forty years is a long time and the human memory is very treacherous; but that document has disappeared. Scholars think it can be traced in our Gospels of Matthew and Luke, but a great deal has been added to it from sources that we know nothing about, and, what is worse, we have at the very best only a Greek translation, made by some unknown person, of the original Aramaic writing. Something like this, then, has been the history of the words of Jesus: spoken informally to audiences like that shown in the picture, they were handed down by word of mouth for nearly a generation; then one of the immediate followers of Jesus wrote down what he remembered of the sayings of Jesus as he remembered them; some unknown man translated this document from Aramaic into Greek, and this Greek translation, together with other records and memories also translated, was worked up by other hands into the Gospels as we have them. Does it not seem strange that after eighteen centuries the words which this young man is saying in this perfectly informal way should be regarded as the infallible utterances of God himself? Does it not seem stranger that people should imagine that his words, even if infallible when he spoke them, have been transmitted to us with anything like accuracy? The marvel is that people remembered so well and that, in spite of the perils of transmission and translation, the report of his teaching must be in the main substantially correct, since it bears so clearly the stamp of one unique personality.

NOTE.—For the sake of clearness, only the "words" of Jesus have been referred to and no mention has been made of the (traditional) original Mark document.

THE thief used to be branded upon his back, but the drunkard is branded on his nose.

Questions on Lesson VII.

That we may see how accurately the words of Jesus have come down to us, let us ask the teacher to read us a few verses from the book of Proverbs. Now let each in the class repeat what he remembers: have we all remembered the same things? Has any one remembered everything that was read? How accurately can we repeat the words? Now let us ask the teacher to read us a short story, perhaps one of Hans Christian Andersen's, and we will try to tell it over again. Can any one remember all the points in the story? Did we get all the details right? Do we all see what Andersen meant to teach by the story?

This helps us to understand how the sayings in the parables of Jesus were understood by those who heard them first. Have we any records by first hearers? Let us play the game of "Scandal": The teacher will whisper a sentence—only one, and it must not be repeated—to one scholar in the class; he will whisper it to another, and so on through the class. Now let the last boy write down the sentence as he heard it and read it aloud. Is it exactly as the teacher whispered it first? During how many years were the words of Jesus passed on in this way? Have we any words that Jesus actually spoke? In what language did he teach? In what language do we read his teachings? Have we any means of discriminating in our gospel between what Jesus actually said and what his followers only believed that he said?

ONE SUNDAY SCHOOL'S METHOD.

The following letter seemed to Mr. Fenn to suggest so good a method of using the Sunday-school lessons that he has given UNITY the privilege of publishing it:

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I want specially to let you know how we are using the material. I have copied all the photographs, a sample of one of which I send you. The negatives are taken by different members of the school, who print enough copies for each child to have one. Then we furnish each child a little blank book in which the pictures are pasted in order, and on the opposite page the main points of the lesson are noted down. We have just made a beginning, but the school is *very much* interested. It promises to be the best work we have ever done, and the little books will be invaluable to our scholars. Of course this means a deal of work, but by dividing it up (we have a number of amateur photographers among our scholars) the burden is not heavy upon any one except the minister. The cost is trifling, done in this way, being a little over one cent for each picture, like the one I inclose.

It seems to us so good a thing that we wonder if other schools would not like to try it.

We think we may extend your list of pictures somewhat.

Very truly yours,
AUSTIN S. GARVER.
Worcester, Mass.

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Notes from the Field

American Unitarian Association.—

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association held its monthly meeting at its rooms, 25 Beacon street, Tuesday, Sept. 12. There were present Messrs. Ames, Batchelor, Brown, Crothers, Dole, Fenn, Fox, Gaffield, Hoamer, Lyman, Reynolds, and Mrs. Bullard. The records of the last meeting were read and approved.

The business of the Central West had the precedence; and Rev. T. B. Forbush, superintendent of the Western work, was present. The following appropriations were recommended by the Western States Committee, the necessity for them explained by Mr. Forbush, and adopted by the board: \$200 to the Free Congregational Society, Baraboo, Wis., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893, provided the society has a minister; \$400 to Unity Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$1,500 to the First Unitarian Society, Ann Arbor, Mich., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$250 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Moline, Ill.; \$400 in aid of the Liberal Christian Church, Shelbyville, Ill., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893, provided that \$400 additional toward the salary of the minister be raised by the parishes in Shelbyville and Jordan; \$450 in aid of the First Unitarian Church, Winona, Minn., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$600 to pay for the missionary services of Rev. Bjorn Peterson, at Winnipeg, Manitoba, for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$300 to pay for the missionary services of Rev. M. J. Skaptason for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$400 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Des Moines, Iowa, for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$200 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Beatrice, Neb.; \$200 in aid of Unity Church, Eau Claire, Wis., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$500 in aid of the Swedish Unitarian Society, Minneapolis, Minn., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$300 in payment of the services of Rev. F. E. Matlock in South Dakota, for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$60 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Helena, Mont., for the month of October, 1893; \$600 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Duluth, Minn., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$200 in aid of the Unity Church, Decorah, Ia., for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$100 to pay for missionary services of the Wisconsin Conference for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$100 to pay for missionary services of Rev. E. A. Coit in Harrison for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$200 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Grand Rapids, Mich., for the year beginning April 1, 1893; \$600 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Oklahoma, for the year beginning Oct. 1, 1893; \$1,000 in aid of the First Unitarian Society, Salt Lake City, Utah, for the year beginning April 1, 1893.

Upon the recommendation of the Committee on the Middle and Southern States, it was voted that the sum of \$1,370, the interest of the Frothingham fund for the education of the colored people, be appropriated to the Tuskegee Normal School, Tuskegee, Ala.

The Secretary presented a communication from the society in Tacoma, Wash., which was referred to the Executive Committee.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, the superin-

dent of work on the Pacific coast, being present upon invitation, made some very interesting remarks upon the subject of the present condition and needs of the Unitarian societies on the Pacific coast.

Adjourned. —*Christian Register.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—ETHICAL SOCIETY. *The Section meetings since our last report have discussed:* (Aug. 23) Mr. Danie's book, "Ai." "Love" (Aug. 30) through a paper by Mrs. Crompton; "The Ethics of Vegetarianism" (Sept. 16) through a paper by Joseph Parvin. Mr. Dalmás, who was to have given a piano recital on the 23d, was prevented by sickness from keeping his engagement. Mrs. Crompton's paper excited considerable opposition. She was rather disposed to deny the strength and efficacy of race love or even national love when compared with the intensity of the love of one individual for another, and she further argued that love could not exist without jealousy. But there were others who contended that love was not to be narrowed to the ordinary conceptions. Perhaps in the end the love of the race would be regarded as highest of all. Certainly, he who so loved was least capable of injustice. It is necessary that we should transcend purely physical considerations. The physical is holy and right, but there is another side equally high and enduring. The world will grow in the measure of its increase of love. Let the love of person for person have all the pure passion it may. Then let the husband love the world—let the child know its relationship with all the children of earth—let a noble spirit destroy state lines, and let not even the sea weaken the ties between nations. No man can know a surfeit of love. All the future of our civilization will hang upon the capacity of the race for loving.

The argument of Mr. Parvin for vegetarianism was mainly along physical lines. He showed by figures the properties of different foods, animal and vegetable, as demonstrated in physical substance, muscular and other, and dwelt upon the superiority of the contributions of the vegetable world. Mr. Wayland Smith, who spoke after Mr. Parvin, took up the ethical argument, which to him was far more searching and conclusive than that presented by Mr. Parvin on physical grounds, which yet were important enough.

Dr. Coit's Lectures.—Dr. Coit will speak for eight Sundays in Mr. Salter's absence. He sends me the following list of subjects as covering the entire period of his lectureship: October 8th, "John Morley on Compromise;" October 15th, "The Philosophy of Wagner's 'Parsifal'"; October 22d, "Bjornson, the Ethical Prophet of Norway;" October 29th, "Abraham Lincoln; or, Moral Opportunism in Politics;" November 5th, "The Valuable Outside of Ethics;" November 12th, "The Relation of Creed to Deed;" November 19th, "Robert Browning's Philosophy of Life;" November 26th, "After the Ethical Movement, What?"

August 13th, the *Class* had an informal discussion upon the question, "In What Degree Does Asceticism Belong with the Moral Life?" Asceticism may mean self-denial for the mere purpose of self-denial, or it may have for its purpose the doing of good. In the latter case it has an elevating tendency and is to be commended.

August 20th, Morris Lychenheim presented a paper on "Capital Punishment." In many parts of Europe and in some States of America the repeal of the death-penalty has been enacted. With mild and humane laws the Roman Republic flourished and prospered, but fell when the Government became cruel and severe. Tuscany, after abolishing capital punishment, found no increase of crime, but, on the contrary, a beneficial effect was experienced. During the reign of Henry VIII. seventy thousand executions for various crimes took place, and during Elizabeth's reign nineteen thousand persons were executed, and yet crime was not checked. Prison chaplains have declared that witnessing an execution increases crime instead of acting as a deterrent. The hanging of innocent persons is possible, one hundred such cases being known to English jurisprudence. Experience in Australia has shown that capital punishment has not acted as a deterrent. On the contrary, there has been a decided increase in crimes of murder. Homicidal mania is now considered by specialists as a disease, and should be so treated. As long as other means of punishment for murder are available, we are not justified in hanging.

August 27th, "The Moral Element in Howells' Fiction" was the subject of a paper read before the class by Miss Florence Briggs. The treatment and points suggested by the paper evoked considerable and vigorous discussion, which was, in the main, favorable to Howells. Howells' own opinion of the moral element in literature is shown where he speaks of literary art as "never noble, but always trivial and base, when it is sundered from the service of truth and humanity." Howells does not simply use his power to create characters, but he also directs it so as to help and uplift us. In Howells' earlier works the moral element is not so obvious; they are all in a lighter and less serious vein. They stand as a protest against melodramatic fiction, and aim to create a wholesome interest in the normal and commonplace. In his later works he shows moral growth and development. We get our strongest moral impetus from contact with people that are morally developed, and so Howells, by means of his art, creates for our association characters that inspire and uplift.

The points brought out by the discussion were as follows: These writers in whose work the moral element is strongly shown will survive and hold a place in the literature of the future. Howells seems to see the whole truth of a matter by a slight suggestion—and he shows the bad and the good in their true light. A writer is not judged by a code of rules, but by the effect produced. If he expands the intellect of the reader he has moral worth. Howells depicts actuality, but does not create ideal characters. Literature should not aim only at beauty, but be distinctively human. Many persons lack education, but are desirous of knowing and hearing the truth. In this respect, as a teacher, Howells supplies the need just as Shakespeare did in his day.

September 3d, Mr. Joseph Bicknell was to give the class a criticism of Aaron Burr, but he was unavoidably absent. Mr. Morris Lychenheim gave a brief sketch of Burr's life and career, and a discussion followed as to Burr's moral rank.

The class decided, a short time ago, to take up for the coming season's work a course of study upon "The Value of the Great Religious Systems." With a few exceptions the subjects heretofore treated have had little if any connection with one another, although, as a rule, they have been considered from an ethical standpoint; but the course proposed will be, from its nature, continuous in character, and cannot fail, if taken up in the right spirit, to have an important educational value. Mr. David S. Chrystal opened the course on Sunday, September 11, by a paper on "The Egyptian Religions." Mr. Salter, who has devoted much time to the study of comparative religions, has indorsed the proposed course heartily, and has taken the trouble to send the class a list of books bearing upon the first five subjects, and has promised to give a list of the best books treating of the remaining subjects. The first ten subjects are as follows: "The Egyptian Religions," "Teachings of Zoroaster," "The Babylonians," "Brahminism," "Teachings of Buddha," "The Buddhist Religion in History," "Esoteric Buddhism," "Philosophy of Confucius," "The Old Greek Religion," "Religion of Socrates." It is proposed to have these subjects on two alternate Sundays in each month until completed, and wherever possible efforts will be made to have two members open each discussion.

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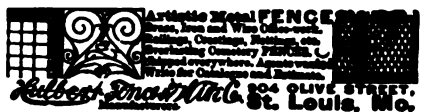
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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

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CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 2nd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. E. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 19 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 8d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laffin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

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UNITY

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ASS'T EDITOR, FREDERIC W. SANDERS.

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UNITY

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Character in Religion

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VOLUME XXXII.

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Editorial

Intolerant to none.

*Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
Even the poor pagan's homage to the sun
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
I spurned some elements of Christian
prayer,—*

*An aim, though erring, at a "world
ayont";*

*Acknowledgment of good,—of man's fu-
tility;*

*A sense of need, and weakness, and in-
deed*

*That very thing so many Christians
want,—*

Humility!

—Thomas Hood.

WE would call our readers' atten-
tion to the beautiful and appropriate
responsive service used at the dedica-
tion of the Unitarian Church at Du-
luth, which will be found in our
Notes from the Field.

**

It is pleasing to find the longing
for a broader fellowship of liberals
finding expression all over the land;
and in this connection we would call
our readers' attention to the resolu-
tion adopted by the Essex Confer-
ence, which will be found in our Notes
from the Field column.

**

SUBSCRIBERS are warned to send
money by post-office or exp ess money
order or by draft or check on *Chicago*.
When checks drawn on banks in other
places are sent, we have to pay "ex-
change" on them. When bills or postal
notes are sent, it is done at the sender's
risk; and if the letter miscarries the
money is hopelessly lost.

**

THE following sentiment, which
the *Kindly Light*, the ever winning
little sheet sent forth every week
by the Unitarian Church of Ithaca,
offers in its motto of current issue, is
worthy a place in every church and
in every heart.

The fraternity of churches is as in
music, notes different, distinct, yet
blending in those psalms of righteous-
ness by which the world is ennobled.

**

"TO BE good and to do good, to love
the good and to labor for it as the
proper business and work of life, is
the whole duty of man." This is a
sentence taken from a sermon
preached by Dr. Salter, of Dubuque,
Iowa, in memory of his lamented
wife. Dr. Salter is the Mentor of
the Congregationalist ministers of
Iowa, and is the father of our asso-
ciate, William Salter, of the Ethical
Culture Society. Here we find the
common creed of father and son.
This is the growing creed upon which
all intelligent and progressive souls
are learning to unite more and more
clearly.

UNITY has a proposition to make
to the editors of all parish papers.
We cannot afford to "exchange" on
an equal basis, as the cost of pub-
lishing UNITY is so much greater
than is the cost of publishing these
little sheets, and they are so very
numerous. But the publishers will
send UNITY to the editor of any
parish paper, however small, as long
as he carries a two-inch advertisement
of UNITY. To all who express a de-
sire to avail themselves of this offer
"copy" for our advertisement will
be sent, and their names will be
placed on our exchange list.

**

WE have received from Mr. Albert
A. L'ope, the indefatigable worker
for good roads, a circular letter sug-
gesting a graduated succession tax as
a means of raising the funds neces-
sary to properly equip our high-
ways,—no tax to be levied on estates
under \$10,000, 1 per cent. on all es-
tates under \$1,000,000, 2 per cent. on
the excess thereof up to \$5,000,-
000, 3 per cent. on the ex-
cess thereof up to \$10,000,000,
etc. The plan seems to us a good
one; but we see no reason for lim-
iting this principle to road taxes,
and we are inclined to think the rate
of increase might advantageously be
more rapid.

**

THE following from the columns of
The Outlook we commend to the con-
sideration of the men and women who
are too busy with the problems of life,
philanthropic or otherwise, to find
time to go to church. It is the be-
ginning of the church-going season,
and we know of no higher gift, within
the power of environment to give, to
man and woman, than a church home
that, to a reasonable extent, repre-
sents the ideals of that soul, and then
a church-going habit, rooted in con-
viction and developed by regularity
so that it becomes not a weekly dis-
traction but the normal weekly rest
time and reverent renewal of the soul:

Men who never go to church are nat-
ural pessimists; men who go to church,

and breathe its atmosphere of reverence, of fellowship, of love, go out from church with a better thought of their fellow-men and a better expectation for themselves and for their fellows.

**

IN the *Christian Register* for Sept. 28 Rev. C. W. Wendte, Superintendent of the Unitarian churches on the Pacific coast, publishes an article in which he says:

Liberalism affirms that all thought is free and to attempt to cramp it is a crime. The true liberal believes in sincerity in matters of faith. No mind is truly free which entertains a hateful, scornful spirit against another mind. The true liberal not only tolerates but loves. He is charitable and sympathetic; the only unpardonable sin in his eyes is uncharity and a loveless heart.

Every thoughtful, earnest man must necessarily indorse these ideas as set forth by the alert, unresting pastor of the Oakland Unitarian Society. But this is a high standard which few of us live up to. The irritation manifested in the presence of those who do not use *our* names and wear *our* sect badge is still manifested by those who affect as well as those who discard the word "Liberalism."

**

"PHASES OF RELIGION IN AMERICA" is the title of a neat little volume put forth by Rev. W. S. Crowe, editor of the *Universalist Monthly*, in the columns of which these lectures first appeared. We know of no other single book in which the reader will find so much latter-day information concerning Methodism, Episcopalianism, Universalism, Unitarianism, Theism, Spiritualism, Ethical Culture, and the general considerations that would gather around such a study. Mr. Crowe, with the frankness of a free lance and the sympathy of an earnest soul, has tried to bring these various phases of religious life in America down to date; and to the student of the religious situation at the present time the book offers great attraction. Our UNITY readers will be particularly interested in this work, as they always are in the word and work of this earnest preacher and editor. Copies can be secured by addressing the author at Newark, New Jersey, and inclosing a dollar.

**

ONE of our women ministers objects to the prefix "Rev. Mrs.," saying, "One of these is enough, and I much prefer the last." We shall of course respect her wishes. Certainly there is no very strong reason for distinguishing a religious teacher as

ipso facto entitled to special reverence, although it is to be hoped that the men and women who enter upon the duties of that high office will have characters worthy of reverence. But until all adopt the sweet and simple custom of the Friends, we believe that it will be found convenient to continue to use the prefix "Rev.," in addition to Mr., Mrs. and Miss, as a convenient way of indicating that the person thus designated is a public teacher of religion. As to the propriety of using "Rev." and "Mrs." together, we must differ from our correspondent. The justification of such a usage as this is the usage itself and its practical convenience. It is awkward and provoking not to know, before meeting a person of whom you may have read for years, whether she is to be addressed as "Mrs." or "Miss." The mere fact that in the case of male ministers, where no such question can arise, it is permissible to omit the "Mr." when the given name or the initials are used (it is still a barbarism—or, at best, newspaper English—to speak of Rev. Mr. Smith as "Rev. Smith"), is no reason why it should be considered an impropriety to speak of the Rev. Mrs. Smith and the Rev. Miss Mary Smith. On the contrary, we regard this as the better usage.

**

SAYS *The Advance*, speaking of the Oriental religions:

There were men and women on the platform and in the audience, large numbers of them, day by day, who understood these faiths, and the grounds on which they are supported, just as well before the papers were read and the addresses were delivered as after.

Not an atom was added by what these men said to the stock of common knowledge concerning the Oriental religions. That people in India and China have some right ideas of God, is no surprise. That God is no respecter of persons, and that He has never left himself without witness, are facts which all intelligent Christians have held and cherished ever since the New Testament was written.

We fear that the first part of this is too true; that there were many persons present whose prejudices were too strong to allow them to understand the meaning of much that was said on that platform, and who therefore knew no more after the addresses were made than before,—which is another way of saying that they knew as much before as after. As for the latter part of the statement, we cannot say what the number of "intelligent Christians" is; but certainly the realization that in

India and China the natives "have some right ideas of God," is not very widespread among Occidental Christians even to-day, and the history of missions and of missionary methods indicates that even so far as it is possessed it is of recent acquisition. However this may be, let us be thankful that *The Advance* is on record as holding to these ideas,—indeed, asserting them with a vigor that brings to mind the witty description of the three stages in the advance of new ideas. First, we ignore them; next, we denounce them; finally, *we always thought so!*

We are glad to print the following editorial note from the *Non-Sectarian* for October, and we cordially adopt the sentiments as our own. When the intoxicating excitements of the Fair are over we propose to lend ourselves more earnestly than ever before to the bringing about of such a possible fusion. Meanwhile we reiterate, with our contemporary, the manifest truth that the great Parliament of Religions will fail to bring forth the most obvious fruitage if some time during the year 1894 the most Free elements in America do not at least come together for once to ask of each other, eye to eye, and hand to hand, "Why should we stand apart when our work is one? What is our common work, and how can we best accomplish it?"

We have been long impressed—and have given voice to the impression—with the necessity of an organization of the Liberal societies with a common name and for a common purpose; we have felt that the time is ripe for it, but never have we felt so sure of it as we are to-day. The Parliament of Religions, if it has proved anything, has proved that the people are ready for it—longing for it; as some one has said, "it is the clergy who stand in the way;" but the time is coming—and that very soon—when, if the clergy fail to lead the way, the laity will inaugurate the movement and carry it forward to success. A conference must be held as an initiatory movement, and the sooner it is done the better. If the Liberal societies will not, or do not, do it, the Independent societies must; their need of such organization is too imperative to admit of long delay, and if only they have the courage of their convictions, and undertake it, they will not fail to form an organization which the Liberal societies of the various denominations will gladly join. We have already given our views of the necessity and general character of such organization, and we are confident—more so than ever before—both of its possibility and its certainty, but we would again urge it upon the serious consideration of our societies—the Independent societies especially—and shall continue to do so until it becomes an accomplished fact.

A MARTYR OF EDUCATION.

The Christian religion holds no monopoly of that self-sacrifice that reaches to martyrdom. Religion, even, is not the only inspiration that leads to the heights of disinterestedness unless, indeed, religion be interpreted, as well it might, to include all disinterestedness. Science, political reform and education have their white lives whose stories in spire nobleness and lead to greatness. Such a life was celebrated by an unique and impressive service at All Souls Church, Chicago, last Sunday evening. On the desk, resting on a bed of flowers, was an urn of Benares brass, carved with Hindoo symbols. On the platform sat Mr. Nagarkar, of Bombay; Miss Sorabji, of Poona; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Carpenter, of Roselle, New Jersey; the pastor of the church and others. The urn contained the ashes of Dr. Ananda Bai Joshi, who six years ago yielded up her young life in Poona, with the request that her ashes might rest in America, where her soul found enlargement through the hospitality of sympathetic friends and the opportunities of intellectual advancement. The husband, sympathetic and appreciative in all her struggles, found in the coming of Mr. Nagarkar, to attend the Parliament of Religions in America, the first opportunity of carrying out the sacred wish. All Souls Church was selected as the place where the memorial word and sacred welcome were to be said, before the ashes found their final interment in the family burying ground of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter at Poughkeepsie, New York.

Many of our readers will remember that Dr. Joshi was the first high-caste Brahmin woman who ever crossed the seas. She took in this country a course of study, received the degree of M. D. with honors at Philadelphia, and returned to her native land with high purposes. She intended to ameliorate the condition of her sisters physically and intellectually. But she went back to find her work through the gate of death rather than the gate of life; and at twenty-one this brave little woman, master of seven languages, beloved and honored in two continents, died a martyr of education, a gentle woman-Winklereid who took into her own breast the shafts of ridicule, opposition and neglect, that thereby she might make way for lib-

erty. Dr. Joshi came to this country a Hindu, and she went back a Hindu and died in the higher faiths of her fathers, with an unflinching trust in the universal father of souls, but without what the representatives of prevalent Christianity would call a "saving faith." Jesus she loved and honored, but she asked for no mediatorial service of him.

Our readers must imagine the nature of the service for the present. We trust that some Memorial notice will be put into permanent shape. Mr. Nagarkar spoke of her early life; Mrs. Carpenter told of the strangely romantic and beautiful manner in which the way was opened for this little girl of eighteen to come and find shelter in her home while she took her course of medical studies in Philadelphia; and Miss Sorabji, a fellow-townswoman, told of the last days and her final triumph at home. The pastor of the church conducted the preliminary Memorial service and spoke the final word on behalf of America, on behalf of the American women, and on behalf of that international religion, the cosmopolitan faith, that finds in this incident a beautiful interpretation. Truly the ashes of the Hindu saint resting in American soil will bring a benediction of peace to both continents beyond our powers of computation.

A SONG OR A SUPPER.

The following item from a leading paper tells of one more new departure for women:

Mrs. Dixon, wife of the Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York, is with her husband, "hunting robins" down on Cobb's Island in Virginia. Mrs. Dixon is, if anything, a better shot than her husband. She accompanies him in all of his hunts, carries her own gun, and shoots the birds on the wing.

It is a departure, however, into a path in which I hope she will be followed by no other woman. The atrocity of going deliberately forth to shoot robins ought to be confined to the sterner sex, surely; and I am happy to say that I think few even of the sternest of them delight in this precious pastime. I wonder if this couple are acquainted with the robins? Have they ever had them for neighbors summer after summer in their lindens or their larches? Have they ever fed them in the very early spring, or helped them to replace their little ones who had fallen from the nest? Have they listened with rapture to their first spring

songs, or bade them a sad adieu in late autumn? They evidently are not of the same mind as Ruskin, who would rather hear a bird sing than eat it, and says that is one of the reasons why he has been called mad. Would there were more mad people like the gentle-minded Ruskin. Then we should not be in danger of destroying whole species of our singing birds, as we are to-day, and have to look forward, as does Kipling, to the time "when the birds will all have died." Then

"The dawn will come as still as death,
With ne'er a single lark,
And joyless as one stricken dumb
The day will turn to dark.
And we shall clasp our hands and cry:
Ah, God! Ah, how I long
For one sweet-throated bird to sing
Even a foolish song." H. T. G.

FAIR PLAY.

Now that the Parliament is over, and the "Heathen" are presumably where they cannot retort, we find the following statement, originally made in *The Interior*, going the rounds of the Christian papers, and apparently having the hearty approval of most them:

Among the results of the Parliament of Religions these may be noted: No anti-Christian faith has offered to lay its sacred Scriptures beside the Bible for comparison; no contrasted creed, however it may boast of righteousness, has proposed a single new ethical conception not found in Christianity; no philosophy has offered to us a nobler conception of God than that we have obtained from the Old and New Testaments; no hope richer and more consoling has been suggested than the hope of an immortality of holiness; and no religion has presented to us a record of such continuous and tender self-sacrifice as that of the Christian believer. And it is especially noticeable that most of the men who eulogized alien faiths were those who personally owed their intellectual quickening and their morals both to contact with Christianity.

We cannot but protest against the narrow, unfair and boastful spirit here exhibited. In the first place, the religions represented—the great majority of them, certainly—were not *anti-* but *non-*Christian, which is a very different thing; and further than this, while it may be *literally* true that no non-Christian faith "offered to lay its sacred Scriptures by the Bible for comparison,"—no such offer of comparison *from, any religion* having been a feature of the Parliament,—the implication that other faiths were unwilling to risk such a comparison is false. And right here it may be noted that when in the

Parliament Dr. George F. Post made his improper attack upon the Koran and said that it contained passages unfit to be read in public, he wisely refrained from offering to lay his sacred Scriptures beside it for comparison,—the fact being that there is much more indecency in the Old Testament than in the *Koran*.

Let us take the next statement. One would hardly expect from older faiths than Christianity—and most of those presented were older—"new ethical conceptions not found in Christianity"; to suggest such a thing is but a poor compliment to Christianity, it being more in order to ask whether *Christianity* "has proposed a single new ethical conception" peculiar to itself. But more than this, it may be suggested that the Buddhistic doctrine of Karma and Reincarnation, though not *new*, is a high ethical conception not found in Christianity.

The statement about philosophy is out of place, because the Parliament was religious not philosophical; yet we venture to assert that true philosophy *does* offer a nobler conception of God than that contained in the Old and New Testaments; and so, for that matter, does the religion of the Brahmo Somaj.

As the hope of immortality entertained by Christians is not peculiar to them, the next statement has little or no comparative value; and the one which follows it we are compelled to question, if not to deny. Is the true Christian's life more tender and self-sacrificing than the faithful Buddhist's? In view of the regard of the latter for the lower animals, as well as for man, the contrary would seem to be true.

And finally we must say that the last statement is pure assumption, resting, so far as it has *any* foundation, upon the undying fallacy, *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

Let it be understood that we make this protest merely in the interest of fairness, not because we prefer to Christianity Buddhism or Mohammedanism. As between the three, our preference is for Christianity, although we regard it, not as the fullness of truth, but as one of several approximations to a goal not yet attained by man.

F. W. S.

WHAT women by nature cannot do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them from doing. What they can do, but not so well as the men who are their competitors, competition will suffice to exclude them from.

—J. S. Mill.

Contributed and Selected

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

O night of many voices! how they call,
When gentle sleep her magic touch withholds!
From out the deeps their grieving accents fall,
And past the visions troop from years grown cold.

They come in faintest sighing of the winds,
Which like the measures of a crooning lay,
Brings back the tender touch of long lost friends,
And sweet sad memories of a vanished day.

And when the mourning heart of midnight yearns,
And in wild gusts our thoughts are tossed at sea,

We hear again the step that ne'er returns
From that blest summer land of melody.

O deep-voiced night to thee alone belongs
The mystic hour which links us to our dead,
Day dims our vision, sweet tho' be its song
Of light and love and joys that have not fled.

For dawn with sweetest breath blows out the stars,

Beyond which lie the blossoming radiant hills
Where those we love have wandered from us far,

And blest be night that calls them to us still.

FRANCES OVIATT LEWIS.

THE PREACHER AS A MEDIATOR

The present, while a deeply interesting, is unquestionably a difficult age for the preacher. The audiences he addresses, especially in the great centers of population, are divided by gulfs of intellectual difference of a width and depth entirely unknown in earlier days. Amid a thousand diversities on minor points there are, however, in nearly every modern congregation, two broadly marked divisions whose character and relative significance it will be fatal to the success of a religious teacher to ignore. They may be roughly defined as the old school and the new. Every section of the modern church presents us with this position. Various methods exist of dealing with it. There is that of obscurantism, which sees nothing but evil in modern tendencies, and will hold no parley with them. Another method is that of the revolutionary, iconoclastic preacher who revels in the newest ideas, and who treats with scant courtesy any religious theories not as advanced as his own. A man of this type, if he has ability and sincerity, will gather about him a good many of the minds that the other has failed to touch. But to a number of people whose steadfast piety makes them the salt of churches, he has nothing to say which their spiritual nature can assimilate.

The situation calls for a new pulpit function. The modern preacher needs to be a mediator. A mediator is a go-between, who brings two different and, perhaps, opposing interests into living and harmonious relations. To do this he must, in the first place, understand intimately and thoroughly the two parties he is dealing with. A translator is in this sense a mediator, and no man can be

a good translator who has not caught the innermost spirit, not only of the language and the piece he is interpreting, but of the people into whose thought forms he is about to render it. The preacher who would preserve unity and brotherliness of feeling amid the mental dissimilarities of his flock must in this way be a translator—that is, a sympathetic interpreter of the old to the new, and of the new to the old. As an indispensable condition for that service he must know both and live in both. On the one hand no man will do effective work on the hearts and lives of men who has not assimilated and realized in his inmost nature the principles, and still more the spiritual experiences, which underlie the old theology. The most devout of his congregation will feel that in him they have a brother soul who has borne, as they have, the burden of evil, who has been in the Slough of Despond, knocked at the Wicket Gate, trodden the Valley of Humiliation, and seen, from the Delectable Mountains, the Celestial City. With this rich experience in common they will trust him when he brings before them, as it will be his duty to do, the newer outlooks which it has been reserved for this age to open up.

An operation of a converse character will go on between him and that portion of his hearers who have been smitten with the modern spirit, and taught to look askance at old views in religion. His knowledge of modern science, philosophy and economics will be sufficient to cause him to give fullest weight to the considerations coming from those quarters. But the trust he thus inspires will in its turn be used to lead this portion of his hearers to complete what is lacking in their inward culture by the statement to them, in terms such as befit their intellectual status, of the claims of that spiritual side of things which the old theology was framed to present.

The modern need of mediators is indeed an urgent one over a very wide era. The relations between science and religion show the want of them very forcibly. The scoffs in some recent scientific works against theology would certainly have been spared had their utterers known more about the subject they were discussing. Theologians on their side show quite as badly in their dealings with science. What is wanted in the world of ideas is that which biology shows to be so valuable in organic life—namely, the crossing of breed. A theology or a science shut up to itself is in the condition of a cluster of families secluded for generations in some Alpine valley, where want of outside communication has led to a close intermarrying, the result of which has been *cretinisme*, or idiocy. Confinement to one class of ideas brings about intellectual *cretinisme*. Fresh blood must be introduced if vigor is to be maintained. The same thing holds between religion and

political economy. We might have illustrated our subject entirely from the relation of these two interests. The treatment of economical questions, entirely apart from ethical considerations, brought the science some years ago into profound disrepute. On the other hand, pulpit utterances on these questions full of moral enthusiasm, but without any scientific knowledge of economics, are of little real value. Let the two elements mingle and the result will be a transformed world.

It may be, that in coming forms of social and spiritual evolution, the role of preacher as mediator may be exhibited in even more concrete ways. He may learn to mediate between the ideal and the practical by leading the church in the carrying out of great industrial and civilizing schemes. The Jesuit missionaries in South America with their extended and successful agricultural operations showed the way here, as did, on the other side of the reformation line, the Protestant pastor Oberlin, who, in addition to his wonderfully successful spiritual teaching, by his practical energy and sagacity transformed the once barren valley of the Vosges, in which his lot was cast, into a paradise of fertility, of rural comfort and prosperity. It will be a wonderful thing if the church, as the next phase of its progress, should give up the greater part of its talking and take instead to doing! The translation of its ethical and spiritual ideas into facts instead of into words is, nevertheless, perhaps the next experiment to be tried. The preacher of that day will have to learn a new kind of eloquence.

—Condensed from *The Christian World*.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth of philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. —BACON.

Things in the concrete are palpable to the untutored mind. The ancients, becoming conversant with this psychological fact, represented abstract metaphysical truths by concrete personalities.

The vulgar, or ignorant people, losing sight of the eternal verities which these form-crystallizations were calculated to represent, worshipped the images instead of God in spirit and truth.

This was fetishism. There is extant a form of this kind of worship, which in its incipency led men into grave errors and cruel persecutions.

No farther back than the fifteenth century John Calvin, a bigoted fanatic, was instrumental in the burning of Servetus, a physician and naturalist of Geneva, a man of great learning and integrity, who could not entertain Calvin's belief. The *odium theologium* assumed a most horrible form in the terrible torture of this good man. Let us endeavor to discover the springs and seed of this awful deed: A concept, or noumenon, in the mind of Calvin,

represented God to him as an anthropomorphic being,—that is, a being with the passions of a man,—a being whose wrath must be appeased by sacrifice.

This horrible superstition still remains in the sentient mind, and the idea must be supplanted by one more salutary before the votaries of fetishism will cease to persecute their fellow-beings. Reason, man's beacon-light, shows the absurdity of the idea of an anthropomorphic God. If God is infinite he is beyond the ken of the finite mind. If he is all-wise, he can learn no more; if he is all-powerful, he cannot be made more powerful. Again, if he is infinite, he is conditionless; and the conditioned can in no wise affect the conditionless. We can sin against a sentient being, because such an one has atomic conditions, and by being kind or cruel we bring about a change in these conditions; and good or bad acts are the precursors of pain or peace. We should allow this moral seed to penetrate our hearts, take root and grow. This eternal truth can never be dethroned or denuded of its sanctity. Let those who clothe pride, ignorance, folly and sloth in the sanctity which belongs only to the everlasting truth bestir themselves, and, instead of persecuting their fellow-beings in expectation of pleasing an imaginary God of relentless anger, go about doing good. Superstition is an insidious enemy of humanity, born of ignorance and nourished by ecclesiastics. Religion is a *bona fide* friend of mankind, born of reason and nourished by honest men.

God is immanent in nature. He touches the seed, and it miraculously blossoms into a beautiful flower. God is the spontaneity of living substances; he is the origin of protoplasm. He is an inherent, immutable, ubiquitous spirit. God procreates protoplasm, freighted with energy. He is the origin of psychic life. God is feeling, form, matter, force, and motion—the All; and of this wondrous whole we are a part. I have personified God; but God is not a person. A person must have idiosyncrasies. God is not mutable.

Let us not vilify the ideas of our ancestors, who conceived a transcendental God, with passion and parts; but rather let us indicate moral laws that govern the universe, and endeavor to work in harmony with them.

T. D. EFNER.

Albany, Ill.

LIVE TO-DAY!

The wise man is he who knows the value of to-day: he who can estimate to-day rightly may leave the future to take care of itself. For the value of the future depends entirely upon the value attached to to-day; there is no magic in the years to come; nothing can bloom in those fairer fields save that which is sown to-day. The great aim of Christianity is not

to teach men the glory of the life to come, but the sacredness of the life that now is; not to make men imagine the beauty of heaven, but to make them realize the divinity of earth; not to unveil the splendor of the Almighty, enthroned among angels, but to reveal deity in the Man of Nazareth. He has mastered the secret of life who has learned the value of the present moment, who sees the beauty of present surroundings, and who recognizes the possibilities of sainthood in his neighbors. To make the most and the best out of to-day is to command the highest resources of the future. For there is no future outside of us; it lies within us, and we make it for ourselves. The heaven of the future, and the hell also, are in the germ in every human soul; and no man is appointed to one or the other, for each appoints himself. To value to-day, to honor this life, to glorify humanity, is to prepare for eternity, to seek the eternal life, and to worship God. The harvest of the future is but the golden ripening of to-day's sowing.

—*The Outlook*.

THE RESULT OF THE RELIGIOUS CONGRESS.

The World's Congress of Religions, in connection with the Columbian Exposition, is destined to be the greatest enemy that traditional orthodox theories can encounter. Of course, there will be no direct assault. The effectiveness will be its ignoring of those old theories as matters too small and too stale for consideration. Orthodoxy rests upon four doctrinal theories—I. The corruption of the human race in Adam. II. The vicarious atonement of Christ's death. III. Salvation by faith. IV. Endless punishment. Just as modern literature and science and philosophy ignore these out-worn theories, the World's Religious Congress advertises to ignore them. These are not world themes any longer. They are sectarian themes—urged in obscure places. The time is past when they can even be considered in a representative body of the world's thinkers. You might as well try to hold a world's congress of sciences, in which alchemy and phlogiston and the philosopher's stone and perpetual motion were the themes to be discussed.

The circulars sent out by the Advisory Council declare the great purposes of the Congress as follows: "To deepen the spirit of human brotherhood among religious men of diverse faiths; to indicate the impregnable foundation of theism and the reasons for man's faith in immortality; to strengthen the forces adverse to materialism; to throw all possible light on the solemn problems of the present age; and to bring the nations of the earth into more friendly fellowship."

That circular begins with *brotherhood* and ends with *fellowship*. What

a peculiar brotherhood and what a grim fellowship it would be for the Christian of that congress to tell the good and learned representatives of Mohammedanism and Confucianism and Judaism and Buddhism and Parseeism and Brahminism—men who will represent the oldest civilizations of the earth, and who will represent three-quarters of the inhabitants of the earth—what fellowship and what brotherhood it would be to tell those men that they and their nations and their ancestors are all to be turned into everlasting hell because they have not renounced their own faith and believed in the vicarious atonement of Christ's death! The old dogmas are too small, too narrow, too thoroughly devoid of human fellowship, too replete with the spirit of selfishness and bigotry, too long the cause of hatred and war and persecution,—they will not be put forward in the congress, except to be apologized for and smiled at as the weaknesses of our fathers. Higher criticism, modern literature, and the evolution of moral sense have retired them forever.

The themes to be discussed are Theism, Immortality, Worship, Practical Ethics and Human Brotherhood. The world's future good and man's eternal destiny are not supposed to hang on any such thread as the record of Daniel's escape from the lions, or Jesus' miracle at Cana, or the re-appearance of his own body after death. Whether the fourth Gospel was written by the disciple John before the fall of Jerusalem, or by some Greek convert of the second century, is not a question on which the fate of nations can any longer be hinged. That congress proposes a genuine universalism of religion—a serious consideration of the religious elements which are universal. When will the assumed leaders of our denomination, who "squatted on so great a word," wake up to its magnificent meaning!

—*The Universalist Monthly.*

NAGARKAR AT ROCKFORD, ILLS.

Perhaps no visitor has ever left with the people of Rockford so deep and affectionate an impression as this brother from the far East. His lecture conveyed a succession of the most interesting information; told in a manner that held the large audience in the closest attention. The pleasure and instruction the lecture afforded was shown by the many who, at the close of the lecture, came to Nagarkar with their warmest greetings. On Sunday he preached for Dr. Kerr. The crowded church expressed the universal desire to see and hear him again. The sermon was of surpassing interest. That service will remain for many a year in the memory of those who heard and were so illuminated and blessed by it. The ability of the discourse, its scholarly discrimination, its quality of tenderness and earnestness,

the beauty and force of its language, the genius of its devoutness, and the charm of the preacher's personality,—carried in spirit the great company to whom he spoke to a high pitch of intelligent, sympathetic, and religious fervor.

In a fine address, which Mr. Nagarkar gave to the Sunday school of Dr. Kerr's society, he left in the glad hearts of the children and youth a gracious and reverent feeling they can never forget. K.

Correspondence

"GREAT TRUTHS."

TO THE EDITOR:

A correspondent writing in a prominent Chicago journal concerning the addresses of the representatives of the religions at the Parliament of Religions, states that Rev. Joseph Cook and others brought out prominently "the great truths which separate Christianity from all other religions." Is this statement true? Has Christianity "great truths" possessed by no other faith? When the Son of man was asked by the young man what he should do to inherit eternal life, he was told to "keep the commandments." Religion is defined, by the apostle James, as "visiting the fatherless and widows and keeping unspotted from the world." The directions of Christ to the inquirer are taken from Judaism, and the rules given are taught by other religions. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is as good a test to apply to religions now as when Christ uttered the words. Let us consider some of those religions which, according to Rev. Mr. Cook's eulogist, have none of those "great truths." Consider Buddhism. Its founder was born in the seventh century before Christ, its adherents number nearly five hundred millions, and it has never persecuted. What a beneficent record! During 2,400 years of existence, with adherents far outnumbering any other religion, it has never applied the rack, the fire and fagot to the adherents of other faiths.

"One who does me wrong I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil goes from him, the more good shall go from me." Such was the noble dictum of the founder of Buddhism. Not to partake of anything intoxicating is the fifth Buddhist commandment. The adherents of this great religion do not find it necessary, as do the Rev. Mr. Cook and his school, to invent an untenable theory—the two kinds of wine myth—in order to conform to the modern conception of temperance. Narrow-minded bigots may not discover "great truths" in Judaism or Buddhism, but all sincere lovers of truth will concede that these religions are civilizing, humanizing, elevating, and regenerating, and that the founder of Buddhism was the true brother of all

those aspiring and bright reformers who sought to make humanity wiser and better—worthy children of the Eternal Spirit. JEFFERSON.

"A JESUS GALLERY."

EDITOR UNITY:

Some of our Sunday schools are using the lessons on the Life of Jesus, which Mr. Fenn is writing week by week in UNITY. They are admirably fitted for the older scholars,—I know at least one gray-over-the-ears minister who finds that they teach him. Each lesson is based upon a picture. The papers cost but 11 cents a set to schools, but the set of twenty-two pictures (Soule's photographs) costs \$2.75. The lessons, then, are both grown-up and costly, yet so very good that it is worth while to know how easily both objections can be got around. Buy, to go with them in the homes, Mrs. Jaynes's little leaflet, *Life of Jesus*, with pictures, published by the Unitarian S. S. Society, 25 Beacon street, Boston, and noticed in UNITY of Aug. 24. Being the *Life* told for little ones, her text contains just the sort of details which Mr. Fenn has no room for in his lesson-papers, but which all are young enough to enjoy and most of us to need. So ignorant are our children usually, the children in the homes of the liberal faith, of the common Gospel facts, that for half our classes there could hardly be a better supplement to Mr. Fenn's help. Using the two texts together, a school is well equipped. But that is not all. Mrs. Jaynes's leaflets contain the best little *Jesus Gallery* there is within easy reach, the pictures one to each lesson being mostly reproduced from Durand's spirited woodcuts made for Renan's *Life of Jesus*; they are not idealizations, but give as near to the real facts and scenes as may be guessed; and are the better for that, some of us would say. There are thirty-six of these pictures, and they cover, not all, but most of Mr. Fenn's lesson-subjects, often with more than one illustration. Almost all the children in our schools can afford to buy these, as the set costs but 15 cents. In our own school forty sets are in use,—which means that as many homes have furnished themselves in this way with the little *Gallery* for home-study in connection with the older lessons.

W. C. G.

If you will look in your garden for cobwebs, you will find them; if you look for buds and blossoms, you may find those.
—*Emerson.*

*Ah! for the boyish days!
For the apple blossoms lost!
Ere a summer's heat and autumn haze
Foretold the wintry frost.*

*But mine are the fuller years;
There is fruit on the bended bough;
Let the joy of harvest banish tears!
Why mourn the blossoms now?*

—Walter Storrs Bigelow.

Church-Door Pulpit

THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND CONDUCT.*

BY PROF. CRAWFORD HOWELL TOY.

At the present time the external relation between conduct and religion is an intimate one. All religious ministers and manuals are also instructors in ethics; our sacred books and our pulpits alike emphasize conduct. This has been the case in human history a long time, but not always. In the very early times, in the childhood of the race, if we may judge from existing savage life and from the earliest records of civilized peoples, religion and morality occupied quite separate spheres, which rarely or never touched each other.

The god was approached and propitiated by methods known to the priest, by magic formulas which had no more to do with conduct than the word by which Aladdin controlled the slaves of the lamp. But the intermingling of moral and religious ideas has been parallel with the growth of society. One test of the elevation of a religion, in some respects the best test, is the closeness of its alliance with morality. This is equivalent to saying that religion and morality stand hand in hand on the same stratum of civilization; it is in general the highest culture that has the purest religion. The union between the two elements of life is further strengthened by the fact that religion has given powerful sanctions to morality. By a natural process of thought men have always identified their moral conceptions with the will of the deity, and ethical rules have been supported by theories of divine rewards and punishments.

The object of our inquiry is to discover, if possible, the precise relation between the religious and the ethical sides of our nature in order that each may have due recognition and best perform its functions in human development. The necessary harmonious co-operation of the two can be secured only by doing justice to both, by allowing neither to usurp the place of the other.

Our thesis, then, may be expressed as follows: Morality is complementary to religion, or it is the independent establishment of the laws of conduct which help to furnish the content of the undefined religious ideal. Religion, properly speaking, has no thought-content: it is merely a sentiment, an attitude of soul toward an idea, the idea of an extra-human power. The religious sentiment does not know what is the ethical character of its object till it has learned it from human life. Morality is the human reflection of divine goodness, produced by the same human endowments whence springs

the sentiment of relation to God. Or, to state the case more fully, the content of the conception of God as the perfect ideal in truth, beauty and goodness, is given by science, aesthetics and ethics. Let us look at certain facts in man's moral-religious history which appear to illustrate one part of this thesis.

First, it may be noted that, in the ancient world, about the same grade of morality, theoretical and practical, was attained by all the great nations. The great teachers in Egypt, China, India, Persia, Palestine and Greece show remarkable unanimity in the rules of conduct which they lay down. The common life of the people was about the same in all lands. Whatever the status, a member of a given class in one country is not to be distinguished on the ethical side from his conferees elsewhere. Judean and Persian prophets, Chinese and Greek sages, when they are called on to act, show the same virtues and the same weaknesses. The higher family life, as far as we can trace it, was the same everywhere.

The moral principles regulating commerce and general social relations were scarcely different throughout the ancient civilized world, if we compare similar periods and circles. David acts toward his enemies very much as does one of the Homeric chieftains or one of the heroes of the Mahabharata. The internal politics and court-life of Judea remind us of the parallel history of China, India and Egypt. The prevarication of Jeremiah and the trickery of Jacob may be compared with the wiles of Odysseus and with double-dealing the world over. Instances of beautiful friendship between men like those of Jonathan and David, and Damon and Pythias are found everywhere. We find charming pictures of home-life in Plato, in Confucius, in the Old Testament.

Social laws were the same throughout the world. Slavery, polygamy and child-slaughter were universal, yet everywhere yielded gradually in part or in whole to the increasing refinement and the increasing recognition of the value of the individual. The position of woman was not materially different in the different peoples. Notwithstanding certain restrictions she played a great role, not only as wife and mother, but also in literature and statesmanship, among Egyptians, Chinese, Hindus, Hebrews, Greeks and Romans.

From this ethical uniformity we must infer that the moral development was independent of the particular form of religion. Under monotheism, dualism and polytheism, whether human or zoomorphic images of the deity were fashioned or no images at all, with varying methods of sacrifice and widely different conceptions of the future life, the moral life of man went its way and was practically the same everywhere.

Another fact of the ancient world is that the ethical life stands in no

direct ratio to the religiousness of a people or a circle. While ancient life was in general deeply religious, full of recognition of the deity, there were several great moral movements which were characterized by an almost complete ignoring of the divine element in human thought. These are Confucianism, Buddhism, Stoicism and Epicureanism. Whatever we may think of the philosophic soundness of these systems, it is undisputed that their moral codes were pure and that they exerted a deep and lasting influence on ancient life. They all arose in the midst of polytheistic systems, against which they were a protest, and they attained a moral height and created a type of life to the level of which society has not yet reached. We may set this phenomenon over against the picture of kindness and honesty which sometimes presents itself in savage tribes, every act of whose lives is regulated by religion.

Turning to modern Europe, it is evident that progress in morality has been in proportion to the growth rather of general culture than of religious fervor. If religion alone could have produced morality, the crusades ought to have converted Europe into an ethically pure community; instead of which they often fostered barbarity and vice. The Knights Templars, the guardians of what was esteemed the most sacred spot in the world, came to be, if report does not belie them, shining examples of all the vices. Mediæval Rome was a hotbed of corruption. Protestants and Catholics alike burned heretics.

The English Puritans of the seventeenth century were among the most religious and the most barbarous and unscrupulous of men. In our day the same evil spirit which sometimes disfigures our political assemblies appears sometimes in our religious bodies. Trades and professions are characterized by certain virtues and vices without respect to the religious relations of their members. In a word, religion has, as a rule, not been able to maintain a high moral standard against adverse circumstances and has not exerted its proper influence.

In order to understand the relation between religion and morality we must note their origins. Morality, in the first place, is simply the product of our social relations. It is unnecessary to go into an examination of the origin of man's moral and social nature. Assuming this nature as a generally recognized fact, we may illustrate the growth of moral codes by examining some typical cases of moral rule. The idea of honesty assumes the existence of property, and of property belonging to another. In an unorganized communism or in the case where I alone am owner, there can be no such thing as dishonesty. Thus, in a family, a father cannot be dishonest toward the children absolutely dependent upon him. Further, the idea of property is at first phys-

* A paper read at the Parliament of Religions.

ical, non-moral, involving the mere notion of possession.

A dog or a savage has a bone. He thinks of it merely as something good, as the means of supplying a want. Another dog or savage snatches it. What is the feeling of the original possessor? Simply that he has lost a good thing and that he desires to get it back. If he fails to recover it, his judgment of the situation is two-fold; he says to himself that he has suffered loss and that the invader is an enemy of his well-being. In all this there is nothing ethical; but the successful marauder in his turn suffers similar loss and makes similar reflection. When this has happened a number of times the difference between the brute and the man begins to show itself. The former keeps up the struggle from one generation to another without ceasing; the latter reflects on the situation.

The savage after a while acquires permanent property, a bow and arrow, the loss of which involves not merely a momentary but a permanent failure of resources. He perceives that he secures the greatest good for himself by an understanding with his fellows which assures to each the use of his own possessions. As social relations become more numerous the advantage of such an arrangement becomes more and more evident and respect for the property of others becomes an established rule of the community. The moral sentiment now makes its appearance, at first dim and untrustworthy, but gathering strength with every advance in reflection and intelligence, until finally the rule of life is embodied in the law, "Thou shalt not steal."

From this point the progress is steady. With the growing estimate of the worth of the individual, and the increasing dependence of members of the community on one another, the rights of property are more clearly defined, and there is a greater disposition to punish the invasion of these rights. Recognition of property-rights becomes a duty, but always under the condition that gave it birth, namely, the well-being of the community. So soon as it appears that this right stands in the way of general prosperity, it ceases to exist. Society, for example, does not hesitate to seize the property of an enemy in war, or to confiscate the property of its own citizens by fines or taxes. Or, in another direction, we do not hesitate to take what is not our own if we have reason to believe that it will not injure the possessor, and if there is a general presumption of his consent, as when, in passing by a field, we pluck an apple from a tree whose owner is unknown to us.

In the same way the duties of truthfulness and of respect for human life have arisen, and these are limited by the same condition. The right to slay a criminal by legal process, to slay an enemy in war, to slay a midnight burglar or would-be as-

sassin is recognized by all codes as necessary to the existence of society. Men everywhere claim the right to state what is contrary to fact in certain cases, as, to enemies in war, to maniacs, in fiction and in jest. The statement of the novelist that a knight called Ivanhoe followed King Richard to Palestine, the declaration of the poet that the waves ran mountain-high, the assertion of Talleyrand that language is meant to conceal thought, though all contrary to fact, are not injurious, for they deceive nobody, and the obligation of truthfulness results from its bearing on our well-being. Under certain circumstances a man may conceal his opinion without offense to his conscience, namely, when he is convinced that such concealment will work no harm.

But there are two situations in which concealment is violation of truthfulness: when a man from his position is expected to speak and his silence will be misleading, and when, being a public teacher in science, art, or religion, he uses phrases which he knows to be understood by his audience in one sense while he employs them in another sense. There is a still more subtle form of untruthfulness, in which a man deliberately turns his mind away from certain evidence for fear it will change his opinion. This procedure is fatal to the intellect and to the soul; it obscures thought and perverts conscience, and is therefore a wrong to one's self. This is an illustration of how the clearer recognition of the dignity of the individual refines our conceptions of duty.

The same law of growth governs the history of the more general ethical conceptions. Love in its earliest form is nonmoral—it is mere desire or instinct. The affection of the untrained man for his child, or his family, or tribe, is not controlled by considerations of right. It must be ethically ineffective till experience and culture have determined its proper objects. Two conditions must be fulfilled before love can rise to the ethical plane. First, it must be transformed from selfish desire into a single-minded wish to secure the well-being of its object, and then it must know what is well-being. Both these conditions are attained through social intercourse.

The standard of good is determined, as we have seen above, by the observation of what is needed in society for the perfecting of each and all. The devotion to the interest of the individual is likewise a generalization from the facts of experience. The consciousness of one's own personality and its needs leads to the recognition of other personalities and their claims. Thus the best ethical thinkers of the world have in different lands come to the identification of one's self with others as the leading principle of moral life—the golden rule. Only it is to be observed that this rule is valueless unless a moral standard has been previously established. To do to others as I wish

them to do to me is morally inefficacious in conduct unless I wish what is right. In a word, love is an impulse without moral content. Its proper objects must be determined in part by ethical experience and its method of procedure must be learned in the same way.

It is no less true that it is from social intercourse that we gain the final and fundamental standard of conduct, the idea of justice. The recognition of individual rights is a product of reflection on social experience out of which two conceptions inevitably flow—namely, the absolute right of the individual to perfection and the absolute right of society to perfection. These two conceptions, which appear on the surface to be mutually antagonistic, are reconciled by the fact that the individual finds his perfection only in society.

A fundamentally wrong theory of life is involved in the statement that the individual surrenders certain rights for the sake of living in society. The proper statement is that he comes to self-consciousness, to individuality, and therefore to rights and perfection only in society. At the same time, the content of justice is determined by social relations. It is only by experience that we can say that we owe just so much to each person. When we have determined this we have determined everything. There is nothing higher than this. Love can do no more than recognize the rights of every being, for to do more would be wrong. Mercy is only a name for a higher sort of justice; it is the recognition of the fact that under the circumstances the delinquent deserves something different from that which rough justice, or what passes for justice, has meted out to him.

Finally a great motive for right living is supplied by experience; namely, the hope of worldly well-being or salvation. Enlightened observation more and more shows that happiness attends virtue. This is not to be set aside as merely refined selfishness. It may take that shape in its cruder forms in what is called the "Poor Richard" system of morality. But it is properly that regard for self-development which all the highest schemes of life recognize as a fundamental and necessary principle. It is contained in the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount and in the ethical systems of Plato, Zeno and Kant, and it is not inconsistent with the purest unselfishness. What is more, from it the mind passes naturally to the broader ideal of the well-being of the world as the aim of life and the basis of happiness.

Turning, now, to religion, we find that it is simply man's recognition of an extra-human power in the world and the conviction that he stands in some relation to that power. It thus introduces us to a new social complex. In morality the parties are man and man: in religion, man and God. In our moral relations with a

person or government there are two classes of influence to be considered—the moral power of the personality and the restraining or impelling power of his or its physical control over us. The second of these is what we call sanctions, rewards and punishments. These, again, are of two sorts, internal, or organic, and external, or inorganic, and it is only the first sort that can be called moral.

Thus let us suppose that it is better for a college student, physically and intellectually, not to study after midnight, and that he does stop work at that hour. Whether this is a moral process depends on the consideration which has formed his habit. If he has himself, through observation of his life and that of others, reached the conclusion that late study is injurious, and has therefore avoided it, or if he has on reflection followed the advice of others as probably wise, he has acted as a moral being; but if his conduct has been determined solely by his fear of incurring penalties, or by his hope of securing rewards held out by college rules, it is nonmoral.

In the sphere of religion the two sorts of sanctions are what we call natural and supernatural. The laws of nature may be considered to be the laws of God, and the natural penalties and rewards of life to be divine sanctions. Obedience to these laws is a moral act, because it involves control of self in the interest of organic development. But supernatural sanctions are inorganic and nonmoral, since they do not appeal to a rational self-control. He who is honest merely to escape punishment or receive reward fixed by external law is not honest at all. But he who observes the laws of health or of honesty because he perceives that they are necessary to the well-being of the world is also religious if he recognizes these laws as the ordination of God.

When religious sanctions are spoken of it is commonly the supernatural sort that is meant. It is an interesting question how far the belief in these is now morally effective. That it has at various times been influential cannot be doubted. In the ancient world and in mediæval Europe the deity was believed to intervene supernaturally in this life for the protection of innocence and the punishment of wickedness; but this belief appears to be vanishing and cannot be called an effective moral force at the present day. Men think of reward and punishment as belonging to the future, and this connection is probably of some weight. Yet its practical importance is much diminished by the distance and the dimness of the day of reckoning. The average man has too little imagination to realize the remote future. At the critical moment it is usually passion or the present advantage that controls action.

It is also true that the supernatural side of the belief in future retri-

bution is passing away; it is becoming more and more the conviction of the religious world that the future life must be morally the continuation and consequence of the present. This must be esteemed a great gain—it tends to banish the mechanical and emphasize the ethical element in life and to raise religion to the plane of rationality. Rational religious morality is obedience to the laws of nature as laws of God.

We are thus led to the other side of religion, communion with God, as the effective source of religious influence on conduct. It is this, in the first place, that gives eternal validity to the laws of right. Resting on conscience and the constitution of society, these laws may be in themselves obligatory on the world of men, but they acquire a universal character only when we remember that human nature itself is an effluence of the divine, and that human experience is the divine self-revelation.

Further, the consciousness of the divine presence should be the most potent factor in man's moral life. The thought of the ultimate basis of life, incomprehensible in his essence, yet known through his self-outputting in the world as the ideal of right, as a comrade of man in moral life, should be, if received into the soul as a living, everyday fact, such a purifying and uplifting influence as no merely human relationship has ever engendered.

Religion, then, in itself furnishes us with no rules of conduct; it accepts the rules worked out by human experience. There is no moral precept, high or low, in any ethical manual or sacred book which has not been experienced, discovered, created, tested, approved by man himself, living his life in sympathetic relationship with his fellow creatures. The deepest, the ultimate source of our ethical codes, as actual phenomena, is social unity. It is this that cultivates sympathy, evokes the recognition of the right of the individual man to perfection, defines that perfection and creates the moral ideal. The building up of this unity is the highest moral duty of us all, and offense against it is the blackest sin of which man is capable. He who perpetuates distinction of caste and class, who by any social or religious code rears artificial barriers between man and man, and thus hinders the free interplay of social forces and the free communion and co-operation of individual men, commits a crime of far deeper import than the ordinary offenses which excite our indignation.

Here we see the moral function of love. It has no code, but it is an impulse which tends to foster unity. Nowhere is this fact more clearly recognized than in the Sermon on the Mount, which denounces all selfish antagonism and involves, though it does not explicitly state, the conception of social unity as the basis of moral life.

It involves a grave misapprehension of the subject to charge religion with the crimes which have been committed in its name. These crimes are the result of moral ignorance and weakness. Religion, the sentiment of relation to the extra human power, has no ethical code, but, like art and philosophy, adopts the code that it finds in the social organism of its time. It is not to be held responsible for what belongs to a different sphere. It is not a law-giver, but an inspirer; does not tell man what to do, but encourages him to do what he thinks to be right.

Religion, accepting the ethical code established by man, identifies it with the will and nature of Deity, a procedure to which no exception can be taken. The impetus which thus comes to the moral life is obvious. There is the enthusiasm which springs from the consciousness of being a part of a vast scheme, buoyancy given by hopefulness or certainty of final victory, and the exaltation of loyalty to a great aim and a transcendent person.

The true power of religion lies in the contact between the divine soul and the soul of man. It must be admitted that to attain this is no easy thing. To feel the reality of a divine personality in the universe, to value this personality as the ideal of justice and love, to keep the image of it fresh and living in the mind day by day in the midst of the throng of petty and serious cares of life, demands an imaginative power and a force of will rarely found among men. It is in this power that the great creative religious minds have excelled. The mass of religious people are controlled by lower considerations and never reach the plane of pure religious feeling. Most men look to God as their helper in physical things or as an outside law-giver rather than as their comrade in moral struggle.

Thus, religion has not come to its rights in the world; it still occupies, as a rule, the low plane of early, nonmoral thought; but is there any reason why it should continue in this nascent shape? Is there anything to prevent our living in moral contact with the soul of the world, and thence deriving the inspiration and strength we need? What has been done by some may be done in a measure by all. Inadequate conceptions of God and of the moral life must be swept away, the free activity of the human soul must be recognized and relied on, the habit of contemplation of the ideal must be cultivated; we must feel ourselves to be literally and truly co-workers with God. In the presence of such a communion would not moral evil be powerless over man?

Finally, we here have a conception of religion in which almost all, perhaps all, the systems of the world may agree. It is our hope of unity.

THE best way to become an orator is to have something to say and then say it.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Let us have no thought or care but how to be God's devoted instruments.

MON.—All wants are satisfied in the sweet, gentle element of Love.

TUES.—A thankful spirit turns all that touches it into happiness.

WED.—When once thou art well grounded in inward worship thou wilt have learned to live unto God above time and place.

THURS.—Let every creature have your love.

FRI.—The Spirit of Love is the truth and reality of God in the soul.

SAT.—To meet everything that every day brings forth, as something that comes from God is an attainable degree of perfection.

—William Law.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

A FEW years ago, there lived a famous woman. A little boy sent her twenty-five cents and asked her for all of her books. He was too young to know their value. She wrote him that twenty-five cents would not begin to pay for all her books, but that she would make him a present of one of them and so she sent him "Little Men," and returned his twenty-five cents, wishing that she might gratify him to the full extent of his request. As she lay sick week after week before she died she made little garments for babies belonging to poor people who could not half take care of their children, and the last work she did was on a tiny night-robe which she could not finish. There it is with one sleeve left out. And her hands are folded across her peaceful breast in eternal sleep. There stands a peach basket covered with pink, curly tissue paper. It is full of papers and it is pretty and useful. She did that too. And she wrote on a sheet of paper "Little Women," "Little Women," over and over, all down the paper, so that it could be cut in strips; for hundreds of children wanted her autograph, or some least word from her own pen. Such simple things were the works of a famous writer who loved to be plain and commonplace because she lived in The World Beautiful. —Exchange.

PUT something by every week, in some shape or other, for a rainy day. Can a young man with only a dollar a day do it? Yes, and he can increase the pile as his income and years grow. He can do it from the very start. This is a world of many splendid opportunities. We want you all to know that with religion and common sense (keep them together) the problem can be worked out comfortably.

—American Youth.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.

The great Tree to his children :

"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red ;

It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,

"Let us a little longer stay ;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief ;

'Tis such a very pleasant day,

We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day

To the great Tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,

Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,

And let us stay until the spring,

If we all beg and coax and fret."

But the great Tree did no such thing :

He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried ;

And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,

He shook his head, and far and wide,

Fluttering and rustling everywhere,

Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them : on the ground they lay,

Golden and red, a huddled swarm,

Waiting till one from far away,

White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,

Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.

"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said ;

And from below each sleepy child

Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,

"It is so nice to go to bed."

—Susan Coolidge.

FABLES.

III.—Caged Birds.

The happy-family cage in a certain bird-store was not a very happy place on account of a blue jay who had been making a fuss generally among the others. He picked particularly at a little wren, whose meek and gentle behavior under oppression only excited him to more cruelty, till the owner removed the quarrelsome fellow, who, when he found himself in another cage, suddenly came to the conclusion that the little wren was his true heart's mate; and all day long he beat his head against the bars, sighing of his love and lamenting his fate. Nor was the little wren happy. She sat dejectedly in a corner, letting herself be made very miserable by her gay lover's woe-be-gone accents.

When the owner of the store came and found the blue jay lying panting on the bottom of his cage, sighing that his soul would leave his body if he were kept away from her whom he loved, he opened the cage door and let the blue jay out. Off he flew, out of the window, across the city roofs, across fields of sweet potatoes and of pinders to his own native wood and a certain sweet gum tree, never looking once toward the little wren, never giving her one thought. And was he to blame that in the sweetness of his liberty he followed his purer, truer instincts to his really own? Or was he to blame that in the unnatural atmosphere of the bird-store he made a mistake which nearly cost him his life, and which made others too very wretched? A designing spider whose web was made up of the threads of scandal he spun would have it so, and the tainted odor of the thing he made attracted many insects for him to feed upon.

But over the heart of the keeper came a wave of justice and he opened the cage door to the little wren and she, too, flew away. Not the faintest shadow of the memory of the bluejay crossed her mind as she nestled into the heart of a pomegranate tree in a neighboring garden.

Life in the bird-store was but as a horrid dream to the wren and the jay, now so far away from each other, and so happy in the separation. But to others it was still an oppressive reality, yet all they knew of life, for they were society born and bred, and this was society!

GERTRUDE R. COLBORN
Homosassa, Fla.

Cruelty to a Boy.

Little Boy—Sister isn't sisterly a bit. She doesn't care how much she makes me suffer.

Auntie—Why what has she done?

Little Boy—I was awful hungry at breakfast, and enjoyin' my oatmeal like everything, and she went and told me it was scorched, and after that it tasted horrid. If she'd go to Sunday school reg'lar, maybe she'd get kind enough to not tell me till I was through. —Good News.

AN extravagant man is always talking to his wife about the necessity of economy.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE tells a curious story of Tennyson's appointment to the laureateship. The honor was first offered to Samuel Rogers by Prince Albert, and the banker-poet in declining it because of age recommended Tennyson for the place. The Prime Minister wrote in reply: "We are not acquainted with the works of this gentleman, and will you be good enough to let me know whether he has ever written anything which would make it improper for a woman to name him for this post?" Mr. Hale says that this story is as true as it is funny, for he saw the original correspondence with his own eyes. —Exchange.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY EV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON VIII.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke x. 29-38.

To worship rightly is to love each other.
Whittier.

To give peace to a single heart by a single kindly act is worth more than a thousand head-bowings in prayer.

Sadi.

Picture: The Good Samaritan. By J. J. Henner.

Our picture does not quite tell its own story. We see a young man whose relaxed muscles and parted lips show that he is badly hurt and probably at the point of death. We might guess perhaps that his condition was not due to accident or disease, since on neither hypothesis could his nakedness be satisfactorily accounted for. An old man whose face, hidden though it is, makes upon us the impression of anxious kindness, is holding his hand over the young man's heart to see whether it still beats. But who these persons are and what is the story of which this scene is clearly only an episode, we must read the parable to discover.

From the story, then, as Jesus told it, we learn that the scene of the picture is on the mountain road leading from Jerusalem down to Jericho, about twenty miles distant. The accounts of travelers assure us that the painter has not exaggerated the desolateness of the way: one describes it as "leading through a wild and dreadful solitude, a veritable rocky pass, with rocky walls right and left and rough stones scattered confusedly under foot;" and it is said (though on doubtful authority) that it was known as the Way of Blood, because frequented by highwaymen. This young man, then, must have been set upon by some of these robbers, who, after stealing all that he had, have left him naked and half dead by the roadside. The parable tells us further that while he lay there helpless and dying, three men saw him, only one of whom had humanity enough to give him assistance. The first of the three was a priest, a man whose sole business in life was to conduct the worship of God in the temple at Jerusalem; but this cannot be the priest, for the parable says that so far from helping the sufferer he actually crossed to the other side of the road and hurried by. Perhaps he thought the man was dead, and in that case to touch him would be to spoil his priestly purity and incur ceremonial defilement. The next to come along was a Levite, also a holy man and employed in the service of the temple, although in a subordinate position. All priests were Levites, but only one family of the Levites could be priests. But the Levite had too much to do in the service of God to turn aside for the service of man, and he was so busy caring for the temple of God in Jerusalem that he could give no heed to the temple of God in man. So he also, like the

priest before him, passed by on the other side. Then a Samaritan approached, but there are many reasons why we should not expect him to stop and look after the dying man. He was a Samaritan and the victim of the robbery was probably a Jew, and "Jews had no dealings with Samaritans." There was bitter race-hatred between the two. If the priest and the Levite had met the Samaritan they would have scorned him as a heretic who did not know how to worship God aright; and the young man, had he been well and traveling with them, might have echoed the taunts with contemptuous railings, which the Samaritan would have returned with defiance. It would have been no more than would have been expected, then, if the Samaritan, seeing the helpless and possibly murdered Jew, had said with a grim smile: "Let his own people care for him; why should a 'dog of a Samaritan' look after a Jew?" Besides he was on a business trip and had valuables with him. The priest and the Levite were tolerably safe on the road, for they were not supposed to have much money with them and were respected as holy men of God besides; but this was a man whom it would be worth while to waylay, and he was a Samaritan, too. Quite the most prudent course therefore would have been for him to put spurs to his beast and get out of the dangerous locality with all speed, since this might possibly be a decoy, and at any rate the band could not be very far off, perhaps were even lurking close by waiting for a second victim. Moreover if he, a Samaritan, were found near a wounded Jew he might incur the suspicion of having been the assailant. Considerations of race prejudice and personal safety combined to urge him on; nevertheless, "moved with compassion," he bound up his wounds, using the best and most expensive healing lotion known in those days, and, supporting him on the beast while he walked alongside, brought him to a neighboring inn,—whose ruins may still be seen, it is said, on the Bloody Way,—and there stayed with him over night. In the morning, unable to delay his journey any longer, he left with the landlord a sum equivalent to two days' wages of an ordinary laborer, ordering him not to stint his care or look to the wounded man for recompense, but to spend all that was needful, and—"when I come again I will repay thee." So runs the story which interprets our picture, and now let us see why Jesus told it.

What was the intent of this parable?—It was spoken to teach a questioning scribe that obligation to love and helpfulness could not be defined by lines of race.

The occasion of the parable was this: A man learned in the law asked Jesus what he must do to inherit eternal life, that is, to have a place in the kingdom of the Messiah, which, as he believed, was soon to appear on the earth. The question was not an unusual one, and the "lawyer" doubtless supposed that Jesus would bring forth some new wire-drawn refinement or infinitesimal scruple which he would command him to observe. Instead of that, however, Jesus referred him directly to the law, and, accepting his own broad comprehensive summary of it in the two requirements of love to God and love to

man, bade him obey these two commands if he would be saved. Then the lawyer, determined to prove that his question was less simple than it had been made to appear, asked, Who is my neighbor? In reply Jesus told him the story we have just related, and at the close asked him which of them—priest, Levite, or Samaritan—proved himself neighbor to the unfortunate man. It was a hard question for one to answer who believed religiously that no good thing could come out of Samaria, and to avoid pronouncing the hated name, he answered: He that showed mercy on him. *Thus Jesus had made him confess that a Samaritan was neighbor to a Jew.* Hence to love one's neighbor meant more than to love your fellow-Jews, for neighbors included Samaritans also.

How did this teaching agree with Jewish ideas?—It was in harmony with some of the noblest prophetic utterances, but it was in opposition to Jewish belief and practice at the time of Jesus.

It is remarkable that the high-water mark of Jewish thought prior to Jesus and Paul was reached in the eighth century B. C. by the very first of the writing prophets, Amos. To him Yahwe was god of the whole earth and not of Israel alone; he had brought the Jews out of Egypt, but he had also led the Philistines from Caphtor and the Syrians from Kir. But to this magnificent universalism popular Jewish thought never attained, and when Jesus lived it is probable that no ordinary Jew would have supposed, even for an instant, that a Samaritan was his neighbor whom he must love even as he loved himself. Then, under the influence of legalism, a neighbor was interpreted to mean only a member of the Hebrew race and commonwealth." In this as in other respects Jesus was one of the prophets opposing Phariseism as his predecessors had opposed sacerdotalism. He widened the term neighbor, and with it the whole conception of Law and of Israel's relation to God, by including under it Samaritans as well as Jews. Such teaching gave a death-blow to national and religious Particularism.

It has been questioned whether Jesus can have taught as he is here reported. Judging from other passages in the Gospels we should conclude that Jesus felt toward the Samaritans about as the rest of his nation did, and this story occurs in a section peculiar to Luke and containing an account of a Samaritan missionary tour which is almost certainly not authentic. It may be taken for granted that Jesus had no such large views of humanity and its teaching as Paul afterward preached, for Jesus was not a philosophic thinker. It is not apparent, either, that he had any enthusiasm for Humanity, in the present use of that phrase,—the idea of Humanity as an entity was quite beyond him,—but his practical sympathies were unbounded. He may have told his disciples not to enter into any city of the Samaritans, and still have been touched and taught by the story of the Good Samaritan, which he may have heard from some one else. In real life we may be perfectly sure that Jesus would have helped a Samaritan in need, and rejoiced over a Samari-

tan's act of kindness. Moreover, the story is put at a comparatively late period in his life, when his sympathies may have been broader than they were at first. At any rate, whether Jesus spoke this parable or not, and probably he did, it represents the thought of Christianity, if not of Christ, and its idea is the idea which afterward governed the church.

What is the implication of the parable?—The true worship of God is shown in the service of man.

It has been well said that in this parable is taught "the sanctity of charity." The priest and the Levite were holy men by profession, the Samaritan was holy by character and kindness, but no one who heard the story can have doubted which holiness Jesus preferred. To the lawyer he said, "Go and do thou likewise." This is in keeping with Jesus' invariable habit of laying all stress upon the simple, honest virtues and ignoring completely the concerns of greatest moment to the Pharisees. In this, too, Jesus deserted his age for the age of the prophets. In protest against sacrifice and ritual the prophets had taught that God cares supremely only for justice and mercy and truth, and Jesus repeats the same declaration in an age of narrowing casuistry. It is so hard for us to realize the world in which Jesus lived that we fail to understand how revolutionary his teaching was. No more daring radical ever breathed than this carpenter of Nazareth. To tell men that what God required of them was conduct like that of the Samaritan was strange doctrine then, and in some quarters it is heresy now. Here, if ever, in reply to a direct question, was the occasion for Jesus to set forth explicitly his scheme of salvation, if he had one. Was his answer like the one that would be given in a revival meeting to-day? Did he say anything about belief in himself, in the Trinity or the atonement? In place of that, he tells the story of one man who helped another in distress and urges his questioner to follow the example. The true worshiper of God and lover of men was the Samaritan who showed mercy.

What brought Jesus into disfavor with the people, particularly with the Pharisees?—His opposition to their race prejudice and ethical, social and religious convictions.

We have followed Jesus through the periods of obscurity and popular favor, we are very soon to follow him into the cloud of opposition and ultimate murder. Therefore we have to consider in a few lessons what that teaching was which finally brought Jesus to the cross. This parable shows two reasons why his own people grew to hate him. The first was his direct condemnation of race prejudice. The Jews hated the godless Samaritans. Jesus showed a typical Jew that a Samaritan knew who his neighbor was far better than he did, and actually held up a Samaritan as a model for a Jew. Lines of race were no longer to separate those whom human feeling united. Human feeling makes the neighbor; all who suffer as we suffer, and may be succored as we in their place would like to be helped, are neighbors in the meaning of the commandment. It filled a Jew with wrath to be told that God required him to

love a Samaritan as himself. Then again, Jesus offended the religious convictions of his epoch. He taught that goodness was the principal thing, not fussy piety; and that was unbearable, for it is often much easier to be pious than to be good, to tithe worthless garden-herbs than to tell the truth. When we see how such simple preaching is received nowadays even by the church which worships Jesus as very God we cannot be surprised that it was distasteful eighteen centuries ago. Even yet what is called mere morality is deemed inimical to religion.

Questions.

THE INTERPRETATION OF THE PICTURE.—What should you guess about the picture if you had not the story upon which it is based? Was the painter at fault in leaving a cloth spread over the rock? Does the Samaritan seem to have any fear for his own safety?

THE PARABLE.—Put yourself in the priest's place, and see what excuse he may have had for not stopping. Did his religious character make it easier for him to stop or to pass by? What does that show, then, about the value of his religion? Can you find any excuse for the Levite? If you had been the Samaritan, would you have had any excuse for going by?

THE IDEA OF NEIGHBOR.—How do you suppose the lawyer would have answered his own question? How would the priest, the Levite, the Samaritan, have answered it? Do you suppose that the man who was robbed would have answered it in the same way before and after his misfortune? Do we always know who our neighbors are? (The question is meant to be ambiguous.)

THE PRIEST AND THE SAMARITAN.—What would the priest have said if he had seen the Samaritan taking care of the wounded Jew? Is there any hint in the parable that he was a Jew? Why have we assumed that he was? Which of the three proved himself a true worshiper of God?

CAUSES OF OPPOSITION.—What does this parable teach about the reasons why Jesus came to be disliked? What other men can you think of who dared

to defy race prejudice and deny current religious convictions? Have they suffered as Jesus did?

THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN for October, in noticing Rev. A. W. Gould's book on "Beginnings," published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, concludes as follows:

After a preliminary chapter on Legend and Myth, it proceeds to consider the beginnings of the world, of man, of arts, of language, of laws, of the thought of God, of priests and of temples, presenting first the earlier conceptions as embodied in legend and myth, and then giving the latest deductions of science and scholarship on the same themes.

It is exceedingly well done, and in the hands of a capable teacher cannot fail to arouse interest and ground the pupil in an orderly and intelligent conception of both primitive thought and present conclusions.

To old members or new friends of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, the society desires to make the following offer: To members renewing their annual subscription of one dollar or to new subscribers, the society will send a copy of this new publication when requested.

This book has already met a larger need than simply the Sunday-school work for which it was planned, as it has been adopted in a "Religious and Moral Study Class" of adults in a neighboring city to the satisfaction of those who have examined it. A teacher in an Ethical Culture Society in Chicago has also adopted it for a text book in her class.

The society has incurred considerable expense in publishing the work, and those who feel like helping it with their annual subscriptions can thus receive a valuable return in addition to the satisfaction of having promoted a worthy cause.

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The Study Table

BEGINNINGS.

ACCORDING TO THE LEGENDS AND ACCORDING TO THE TRUER STORY. First year in a Six Years' Study of Religion. Unity Sunday School Lessons, No. XXIII. By Allen Walton Gould. Chicago: Western Unitarian Society. Paper, 12mo, pp. 150. 25 cents.

Mr. Gould has prepared an admirable manual of 150 pages for the first year of the "Six Years' Study of Religion." It is entitled "Beginnings," and is a careful, systematic presentation, in a manner as simple as the subject will allow, of what myth and legend on the one hand, and science on the other, have to tell us of the beginning of the world, of man, of communities, languages, laws, arts, and various religious institutions and ideas. The division is into twenty-two general topics, some of which will naturally occupy a Sunday school more than one Sunday. Such fullness of statement has been aimed at as to preclude the necessity of extended reference to other books in the study of the lessons, though each is followed by a list of the sources of information. This is a good feature, for in preparation for a "recitation" occupying an hour once a week, where the discipline is necessarily weak and the requirements lax, children will not generally search authorities. But the school that takes in and digests what there is in this book in a year will really have accomplished something considerable.

The question suggests itself whether the Six Years' Course might not be more advantageously accomplished by commencing with what is arranged for the fourth year (the study of Christianity), and so coming later to these far-off, more or less vague and indeterminate questions of "The Beginnings." Would not a rational interpretation of the New Testament story and a knowledge of the historical development of the Church be for the child the natural stepping-stone to these more erudite matters of the Origins? N. M. M.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH. By Edward King. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 12mo., pp. 365. 50 cents.—We have in this volume of 365 pages a tale of suffering and of resistance to wrong, though not the resistance of

anarchy, that seems too awful for credence; and yet who shall say, from what is already known of "sweat shops" and "sweaters," that the picture is overdrawn? The scene is laid among the Jewish refugees from Poland and Russia, and depicts with startling realism the struggles of the poor exiles against starvation, presenting a view of the avarice of contractors and of their employers, the large manufacturing firms or merchant princes, that brings the bush of shame at the thought that such things can be in our "free America." Joseph Zalmonah, himself a refugee, as here portrayed, is "a hero," but not one of the ordinary type; his heroism is marked by self-denials almost to death, and his struggles are not for self, but for the sweater's victims. The author has a vigorous pen, and shows a familiarity with Jewish customs and the strange ways (strange to us) of the down-trodden people of Israel who, by the oppressive edicts of the Czar, have been driven into an exile where deepest poverty is their companion. The book is well worth reading, for it presents in vivid colors the sight that our own eyes may see if we will but visit for ourselves the homes, if we may call them such, of the thousands of toilers whose music is but the "click" of the sewing machine and whose life is but a living death. J. O. M. H.

THE MAGAZINES.

IN LEND A HAND for September there is a greater variety than in the numbers immediately preceding. Mr. Arthur Macdonald's "Fundamental Principles of Criminology" is of interest to a much wider circle than its title would indicate; the extracts from Mr. Wood's report of Andover House is instructive and encouraging; and we have no doubt that the article entitled "Why Help People Who Have Failed?" is good reading for those who are disposed to put this query, but, not being of the number, we confess that we have not read it.

THE TRUTH SEEKER for Oct. 7 contains an able sermon by Dr. M. W. Chunn, on Agnosticism in Unitarian pulpits, written in response to a recent editorial in *The Christian Register*, upon which sermon the editor comments with unwonted temperance and agnosticism.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY for October 12 contains two earnest essays to meet the money problem,—one by Mr. C. F. Keller and the other by Mr. Mr. W. E. Brokaw,—both of them having value, but both, we fear, leaving out of consideration some of the necessary conditions.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

JESUS AND MODERN LIFE. By M. J. Savage. With an introduction by Professor Crawford H. Toy. Boston: George H. Ellis. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 229. \$1.

OUTLINE OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT. By C. D. Higby. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 133. 30 cents.

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. First Series. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Linen, 12mo, pp. 302. \$1.50.

WOODIE THORPE'S PILGRIMAGE. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 12mo, pp. 289. \$1.25.

A VICTORIOUS UNION. The Blue and the Gray Series. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 361. \$1. 0.

AMERICAN BOYS AFLOAT. All Over the World Afloat Library; Second Series. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 343. \$1.25.

THE SELF: WHAT IS IT? By J. S. Malone. Second Edition. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 262.

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Notes from the Field

St. Louis, Mo.—THE SELF-CULTURE CLUBS OF ST. LOUIS have entered upon their seventh year this fall.

A course of ten lectures on English history, from the earliest times to the present, will be given by Mr. Plank. The course will be illustrated by stereopticon views of some of the leading events and characters of English history. They will be given at the North Side Club on Friday evening, and at the South Side Club on Thursday evening.

Before the Young Women's Self-Culture Club, at 1730 Wash street, Mr. W. L. Sheldon will give a course of seven lectures on "The Story of Italian Paintings, Told in Biography, with Stereopticon Illustrations from the Works of the Great Italian Masters." These lectures will be given fortnightly. On the alternate evenings two lectures will be given on Italian history, by Mr. Plank, and two on Italian literature, by Mrs. E. D. Lee. The members of the club will give an entertainment once a month. The subjects will be the literature of and relating to Venice, Florence, and Rome, respectively. These entertainments will be given entirely by the members of the club, and will consist of essays, readings, recitations, and music. A class for the study of English literature will meet every Tuesday evening. They will study English literature from its origin, tracing its development to the present time.

The Young Women's South Side Club will devote its season's lecture course to American history and literature. Mr. N. O. Nelson will give a course of seven lectures on American history, from the period of discovery to the present time. These will be given every other week. The alternate evenings will be devoted to American literature. "American Novelists" will be the subject of an entertainment by Miss Laura E. Toms, and "American Humorists" of an evening's lecture by Rev. John Snyder. Four entertainments will be given by the club: The subject of the first, "Colonial Literature;" of the second, "Literature of the Revolution;" and of the third, "Contemporary Literature." A fourth will be a dramatic representation of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." A class for the study of elocution will meet on Monday evening, with Miss Sarah L. Tower as instructor. A literary and musical class will meet on Wednesday evening under the leadership of Miss Bella G. Waters.

The opening lectures of these courses were given under very favorable circumstances. The lecture hall was crowded each night, and the listeners manifested great interest.

There is a small membership fee for each club, but the lectures and meetings are open, without charge, to all wage-earners. E. N. P.

Minnesota State Conference met at Duluth on October 17, 18 and 19. The Conference really began Sunday evening with the dedication of the Duluth church, which has been removed to a more central location and tastefully renovated during the past summer. Mr. Crothers, Mr. Forbush and Rev. C. C. Salter, a Congregationalist of the city, joined with the minister and the people in the service. The society seem prosperous and harmonious, and

well pleased with their admirable young minister, Mr. Southworth.

The first regular session of the Conference was on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Gould, Mr. Davis of Winona, and Mr. Crothers spoke at a platform meeting on "The Forward Movement in Religion." Wednesday morning, after an uplifting devotional meeting, led by Mr. Staples, of St. Cloud, the reports from the various churches were presented and proved very encouraging upon the whole, though a few of the churches were temporarily closed on account of the hard times. Nearly all of the ministers had been doing missionary work, and found in most places that the people were very eager for a larger faith. Miss Putnam gave a brief account of her itinerant ministry in North Dakota, unconsciously revealing how close she came to the hearts of the people. One of her posts—Detroit, Minn.—has so far organized as to give her a call for regular services, which she will begin after the first of January. Mr. Forbush reported the sad death of Mr. Petersen, of Winnipeg, and the Conference voted to send a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Petersen.

Wednesday afternoon there was an interesting discussion of "The Relation of the Church to Its Young People," followed by a close and attractive presentation of Spencer's ethics, by Mr. Hopkins, of Duluth, which called out a lively debate among the ministers. After a social meal in the church dining rooms, Rev. Axel Lundeberg, of Minneapolis, was ordained, at the request of the Swedish Church over which he presides in that city. Mr. Forbush preached the sermon, Mr. Gould gave the charge, and Mr. Davis the right hand of fellowship. Thursday morning there was an informal ministers' meeting at which a bright paper was given on "The Minister in His Study," by Mr. Ballou, of Fargo. The final paper of the conference was by Miss Putnam, on "The World's Parliament," catching the spirit of that historic occasion admirably. The officers for the coming year are: President, Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul; Vice President, Rev. F. C. Davis, of Winona; Secretary, Rev. H. G. Putnam, of Fargo; Treasurer, Mr. Chapin, of St. Paul.

Duluth, Minn.—Sunday evening, October 15, the dedication service of the First Unitarian Church of Duluth was held, an occasion which may be considered the second milestone marking the progress of this sturdy young society, the first being the settlement, about a year ago, of a permanent pastor, Rev. F. C. Southworth, who has recently added to his own effectiveness and that of the society by taking to his new home a helpmate and home-maker. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. S. M. Crothers, the dedicatory prayer offered by Rev. C. C. Salter, and an address made by Rev. T. B. Forbush. The "Dedication by the People" appeared to your reporter so admirably arranged that he has ventured to set it forth in full for UNITY's readers. It was as follows:

DEDICATION BY THE PEOPLE.

Minister: With gratitude for the blessings which have been given us, and with hearts made joyful by the ever enlarging opportunities for the worship of God and the service of man, we have gathered here to consecrate this building.

People: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up into the house of the Lord. Enter his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

Minister: To the earnest seeking for the highest and communion with the best, to the belief that right and truth will triumph, however lowly may be their guise, we, the people who worship here, do dedicate this church.

People: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Minister: To the recognition of unchanging laws in the universe, to the free investigation of these in nature and in man, to a reverent, unfettered and impartial search for truth, we dedicate this church.

People: "And the spirit of truth shall guide you into all truth. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Minister: To the recognition of a law in ourselves which speaks with a commanding voice, and to a willing obedience to the dictates of conscience as to the command of God, we dedicate this church.

People: "Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne."

Minister: To that charity which suffereth long and is kind, to a love for humanity which shall lift up the fallen and speak words of comfort to the distressed, we dedicate this church.

People: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

Minister: To the recognition that our neighbor's life is our life, that service is the true watchword of the age, and that helpfulness and brotherly kindness are better than devotion to self, we dedicate this church.

People: "For the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Minister: To the open-eyed faith which sees in man and nature the working of an unseen power and the revelation of an infinite love, to the reverent worship of the All-true and to the humble service of the All-good, we dedicate this church.

People: "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Tacoma.—We are glad to hear that notwithstanding the pinch of hard times which caught our fellow-workers in the Free Church with peculiar severity, it was never so alive, alert and enthusiastic as it is to-day. Its very adversities serve as incentive to sustain an interest in its activities, which grow in number and in patronage from month to month. This church has a cause to represent which gives its life a value far beyond the reach of Tacoma. With others it is called upon to prove the vitality of the ethical basis, and to show that there is a place for a church outside the outermost ring of a denominational name, even though the name be that of Unitarian, which is worn by so many who are trying to make the word synonymous with the freest Free church possible.

Seattle, Wash.—On the evening of Friday, Oct. 6, the semi-annual meeting of the Unitarian Society of this city was held,—and proved a very interesting and instructive occasion. A delightful feature of the evening was a fine musical program, ending with the reading of Sir John Bowring's "Erl King," which was followed by Schubert's musical rendition of the same poem. The proposition was made to change the name (without in any way

altering the methods) of the Young People's Fraternity to the Unity Club, and allusion was made to the gratification felt by the parish at the approaching marriage of Rev. Walter G. Eliot, Jr., their pastor. In the course of his address Mr. Joseph Shippen, the president, happily expressed the aims of the progressive church as follows: First, to show religion to be reasonable. Secondly, to increase spiritual life in the community. Thirdly, to uplift humanity and prompt social progress. "We accept," said he, "the trenchant sentence of Charles Kingsley—'God's kingdom is not a kingdom of fanatics, yelling for a doctrine, but of willing, loving, obedient hearts.' On these lines we believe in the progressive church of the future."

The Fall Conference of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association was held at Manchester, N. H., Oct. 10 and 11. A very interesting feature of the meeting was the address by Rev. E. L. Rexford, of Boston, on "The Relation Between the Unitarian and the Universalist Churches: What They Have Been and What They Ought to Be." The address was a strong plea for closer union between the Unitarian and Universalist wings of the Liberal Church of America. Dr. Rexford expressed his sincere pleasure in responding to the invitation to address the conference on the topic assigned to him, showing, as it did, that the desire for union and co-operation was not all from one side, as some would have us believe. The address was followed by a general discussion of the subject, led by Rev. C. B. Elder, of Keene, N. H.

Superior, Minn.—An evening meeting was held in the beautiful little church here Thursday, Oct. 19, at which Miss Putnam gave an address on "The World's Parliament." Mr. Gould on "The Future of Religion," and Mr. Staples on "Conscious and Unconscious Religion." The church is temporarily without a minister, but its life is still vigorous. A large and sympathetic audience gathered at the evening meeting, and lay services are kept up, assisted by an occasional visit from Mr. Southworth, of Duluth, or Mr. Crothers, of St. Paul.

Peabody, Mass.—At the seventy-third session of the ESSEX CONFERENCE, held at Peabody, Mass., Oct. 19th, the following resolution was introduced by the President, Hon. E. P. Dodge, and unanimously adopted by a rising vote, at the close of an exceptionally interesting address by Dr. E. L. Rexford upon "The Relations of Unitarians and Universalists:"

Resolved, That the Essex Conference of Unitarian churches is heartily in favor of the union of all denominations who hold what is termed a liberal faith, and is ready to co-operate in a practical way to accomplish a purpose so fully in accordance with the clearly defined tendency of the religious thought of the present time.

Winona, Minn.—The financial depression has not been felt seriously at Winona, both the income and the membership having increased the last year. A Unity Guild has been organized and is doing practical missionary work as well as discussing social questions. A unique feature of the Sunday services is a series of lectures by laymen of all denominations, given immediately after the close of the morning services.

St. Anthony Park, Minn.—The people here have temporarily suspended their regular Sunday services, but they are keeping up all their other church work, and have one of the best Sunday schools in the State. And their pulpit is filled quite frequently from St. Paul or Minneapolis.

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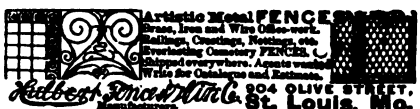
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Announcements

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UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinamore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 38d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johnnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

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THE SOUTHERN UNITARIAN. Official Organ of the Southern Conference. A monthly magazine, published at Atlanta, Ga. **REV. GEO. L. CHANKY, Editor.** WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

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Asst EDITOR, FREDERIC W. SANDERS.

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THE BROOKLYN ETHICAL ASSOCIATION has just arranged with Charles H. Kerr & Company for the publication of its lectures for the ensuing year. The new course will be on the subject "Life and the Conditions of Survival: the Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology and Religion." The successive lectures will be published in Charles H. Kerr & Company's new magazine, *New Occasions*, beginning with the December number. The November number now just issued closes the first volume. With the second volume the size of page will be slightly changed and the number of pages increased to sixty-four, the subscription price remaining at \$1. A few sets of the first six numbers are still on hand and will be furnished to new subscribers who wish to obtain the magazine from the start. Its editor, Mr. Underwood, will be remembered as the editor for many years of the *Boston Index* and of the *Open Court* during its first year. Single copies, 10 cents. Address Charles H. Kerr & Company, 175 Monroe street, Chicago.

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These sermons, dedicated to the Parliament of Religions and published through the energy of his parish, have already given the author, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a wide hearing in that Parliament. Several thousand copies of these sermons were sold during the sessions of the Parliament at the Art Institute. Besides the sermon thought, these little books give in a small space a comprehensive idea of the life and teachings of each of the great prophets.

MR. H. DEARMAPALA, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of Ceylon, writes to the committee in reference to the Buddha sermon: "Jenkin Lloyd Jones deserves the thanks of the followers of the gentle teacher of Asia for bringing out in pamphlet form the *Life and Teachings of that Savior of humanity to suit the minds of the American student of religion. I recommend it heartily.*"

M'D ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB, Editor of the *Moslem World*, published in New York, writes: "I have just finished your most excellent lecture entitled *Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia*, and I assure you I am greatly pleased at the manner in which you have treated the subject. It is the fairest and most truthful composition I have seen in the English language not made by a Mohammedan. I can plainly see how your mind has risen above the prejudices that Christians usually entertain toward Islam and its teacher. I congratulate you sincerely on having made a bold and effective stand in favor of truth. * * * I will be very glad to have some of these lectures to sell, and will place it on our book list."

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Editorial

*"No great deed is done
 By falterers who ask for certainty.
 No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
 The undivided will to seek the good;
 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
 A human music from the indifferent air.
 The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
 Is to have been a hero."*
 —George Elliot.

OUR esteemed brother, the editor of the *Christian Register*, seems to have become so elated in consequence of America's victory over England in the recent yacht race that he was unable to distinguish between the hull and the stern of the victorious "Vigilant." It is to be hoped for our E. C.'s equanimity that these races will not be held oftener than once a year.

WE call attention to the selected article entitled "A Remedy for Mob Violence." Something should certainly be done to check these horrible and disgraceful outrages on order, justice, and humanity; and the method here proposed is one which may prove effective when others fail.

THE "Addresses" of Prince Wolkonsky, for which there were so many applications that the edition was soon exhausted, are being reprinted. His recent lecture, entitled "Impressions," has also been put in print. Friends of UNITY who desire either of these books may obtain it through this office. Price, fifty cents each.

HOWEVER the yacht race may have affected him, it must be admitted that the *Christian Register's* editor had his wits about him when he prepared his lines of greeting to the foreign guests of the Boston Unitarian Club. We quote one of the stanzas addressed to Mozoomdar, which is both wise and witty:

Sweet heathen of another race.
 Our fathers damned thy sires:
 A gentler flood of Christian grace
 Has quenched those hellish fires.
 Too good to damn, but not to burn
 With Pentecostal flame,
 No more thy message we shall spurn,
 But kindle at thy name.

WE are sorry to have to announce that the thing against which we have several times warned our patrons has happened. It has now become evident from the letters we have since received that quite an amount of money sent us during the month of September and early in October has gone astray—has been lost or stolen. Where care was taken to send by money orders or checks payable to our order, the senders have of course lost nothing; but where they have disregarded our warnings and sent bills and postal notes, they have suffered loss as well as we. In order that we may obtain as accurate a knowledge as possible of the extent

of this evil we earnestly request all our subscribers to send us word at once if (by change of date on the address slips or in some other form) we have not acknowledged money sent us.

LUCY STONE, another of the brave band that struggled for the freedom of the slave and continued the struggle for freedom in contending for the rights of woman, is gone. Gentle, but stalwart; quiet, but irrepresible; a soldier spirit in feminine form; a valiant champion of unpopular truths. It cannot be that she has left no successor. We would despair of the world were we persuaded that such spirit as was hers is dying out in the world. Certainly they are not of her household who think, but dare not say; who feel, but do not confess it; who believe, but are waiting for an opportune time in which to confess the belief.

THE UNITARIAN for October is largely given to the Parliament of Religions. Aside from this perhaps the most interesting article is an account of the "Labor Church," started at Manchester, England. While we feel the most hearty sympathy with the admirable work of this organization, we cannot but regret that the religious reforms of our day show such a tendency to adopt exclusive names and to start a new church all by themselves. The Labor Church, the Church of Our Father, etc., have substantially the same aim, and are practically identical with that of many Unitarian, Universalist and other liberal churches; yet each starts a propaganda of its own, seeking to rally all under its particular name; a name which not infrequently, as in the case of the "Labor" Church, savors strongly of sectarianism and particularism. We should never allow ourselves to forget that true religion is catholic, and that in so far as we are faithful to that religion we are all members of one church. Let

us by all means have a number of different conferences, if thereby the work of ethics and religion may be expedited, but let us not in instituting reforms form ourselves into sects, but remain sons and daughters of the one church of reverence, love and faith.

Two distinguished Englishmen passed away last month, both liberals in religion, though one was a churchman and the other a Unitarian leader. Some of our readers may have heard the paper which the latter, Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., contributed to the Parliament of Religions last month. Besides being an eloquent preacher and a geologist of repute, he was the earnest and active friend of primary education. Professor Jowett, the late Master of Balliol College, was probably better known to Americans at large than Dr. Crosskey, his translations and his long connection with the great English University having served to make known to the world his scholarship and to set off his marked personality. It was at his expense that the at one time much quoted couplet was made:

"I hold with Arminians, Turks, Jews
and Socinians,
And call the result Jowett's liberal
opinions."

JOHN PRESTON MANN, M. D., one of the oldest physicians in New York City, and an eminent surgeon there, died recently in Syracuse, N. Y., where formerly for many years he resided. He passed away in fullness of years, being at the time of his death seventy-two. He was from the beginning ardently devoted to his profession, an enthusiast in all that belongs to improvement and advance in his chosen art. It is believed that he was the first practitioner to undertake the cure of club-feet in adults without the operation of cutting the cords. Ever he was the fast friend of intellectual and spiritual liberty, interested deeply in all that pertains to the growth and uplifting of man. In the old years he stood dauntless and untiring, hopeful and faithful to the end, in the band of the abolitionists, co-operating with and sustaining Gerrit Smith, Beriah Green and their associates in the fierce and deadly struggle against slavery. Later he was in New York among the most

cordial and steadfast supporters in the religious and philanthropic work of Mr. O. B. Frothingham and Professor Felix Adler. The life throughout was luminous with the qualities of high character and noble doing and sacrifice in behalf of others. Brief words, a partial report of which has been furnished for UNITY, were spoken at the funeral, by an old and life-long friend of the deceased, Mr. C. DeB. Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Two valiant missionaries of the open faith, heroic witnesses to the power of a liberal gospel, have recently passed to the larger home. One the indefatigable missionary, Rev. Bjorn Peterson, the Icelandic missionary of the real Northwest, the great wheat-bearing stretches of Winnipeg and North Dakota. The other and younger brother, Rev. S. A. Dyberg, who laid down his life at Santa Barbara, California, whither he had gone in search of release from the disease that finally claimed him. Mr. Dyberg was a Swede, a graduate of Meadville, one who began a promising work in New England which failing health compelled him to abandon, and who in the far West turned his invalid days into working days, and endeared himself to the little missionary band at Phoenix, Arizona, and elsewhere. Both these missionaries belong to the Scandinavian race,—the people that perhaps more than any other people in Europe to-day are being stirred with the growing gospel that is to domesticate free thought in reverent lives, the people of Bjornson and Ibsen. The voice of Pastor Peterson will be missed in the homes of the isolated pioneers from Iceland in the settlements of Manitoba. Some of our readers will recall the winning picture of the "Lay Preacher," by Jacob Soemme, in the Norwegian collection in the Art Palace at the World's Fair, where the man of the spirit expounds the gospel of life to his audience of three simple peasants. Such was the work of Peterson. The message of the valiant Dyberg may well be illustrated by that larger canvas of Christian Skredsvig in the same collection, entitled "The Son of Man," where the Jesus story is fitted into Norwegian landscape, and the Son of Man comes to lighten the life of the toiler and the sufferer of the nineteenth century. UNITY extends its sympathy to the homes made desolate

by these deaths, but would accompany the sympathy with the congratulation to the homes and the lives that have been illumined by these lives.

The real question involved in the Van Alen case is so admirably stated by *The Outlook* that we quote it almost in full:

The case of Mr. Van Alen has been needlessly obscured by surmises and suspicions which seem to be groundless. The facts appear to be these: Mr. Van Alen, who is a wealthy citizen of Rhode Island, made a large contribution to the Democratic election fund, unauthoritatively stated at \$50,000. There was no bargain, expressed or implied, that he was to have any appointment, or influence, in return for this contribution. After the election Mr. Van Alen desired an appointment to the Italian Mission, and Mr. Whitney wrote to the President, warmly recommending him for various reasons, among others because of "his patriotic, generous and cordial support in the canvass, when friends are few and calls are great." There is no question that Mr. Van Alen is a gentleman, possessed of the character and accomplishments which would fit him for the mission, though without diplomatic training. Fifty thousand dollars is a large contribution, but probably, for a man of Mr. Van Alen's means, not proportionately greater than contributions made by a very large number of public-spirited citizens in both the political parties. One of the chief dangers to America is that offices will be disguisedly purchased by the wealthy. The history of Rome and of France afford warnings which America should heed. The mere fact that Mr. Van Alen contributed to the canvass is not an adequate reason why he should not be appointed Minister to Italy, but, on the other hand, "his patriotic, generous and cordial support in the canvass" is no reason why he should be appointed, and the fact that it was cited by Mr. Whitney as a reason for his appointment has raised the not unnatural suspicion that this, rather than Mr. Van Alen's competence for the post, was the chief reason for his appointment. In our judgment, the Senate should discard Mr. Whitney's recommendation and consider simply the question whether Mr. Van Alen possesses those qualities which make him a desirable representative of America in Rome.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE HOUR.

In the tragic death of Mayor Harrison it is fitting to note that now people of all political opinions see what it would have been well for them to have seen always: that spite of political differences, partisan prejudices and sad partisan mistakes, spite of public errors, misunderstandings and misinterpretations, beneath the Mayor and the politician there was always the man, human and humane, loving and beloved, susceptible to the beauties of nature, the

higher persuasions of art and literature. This man who made so large a place for himself in this world must have a place, beneficent, progressive and sublime, in whatever world awaits him. And this awaits him by virtue of his humanity,—to which his creed, religious or political, was an incident, an accident, perhaps a heavy misfortune, while the graces of the inquiring mind, the loving heart and the conquering will were essential and fundamental elements in the soul. These form the imperishable part. It becomes us also not to exaggerate the place of the poor disordered mind that did the lamentable deed. Chicago is not represented on any of its levels by that unbalanced soul. The excitements of politics, the vicissitudes of poverty, the distractions of the great throngs that have frequented our streets this summer, none of these produced the gory deed. It was a solitary canker spot, some private grievance, some disordered atom in an ill-balanced brain, that did it. And even this was an exceptional moment in the exceptional life; a moment that was the result, doubtless, of months of struggle between the man and the beast in that nature, between the normal and the abnormal; and that mad hour in which the beast asserted itself will be the lifelong regret, and perchance it will be the chosen task of eternity to expiate and atone for the same. In the hour of Chicago's great triumph it comes to this humiliation and grief, but it is still well with the city and well with human life. These painful exceptions prove the high rule that teaches the essential integrity of human nature, the vascular quality of human society, and the ultimate triumph of the good in man.

HOW SHALL THE RECORD BE PUBLISHED?

The Columbian Exposition is a thing of the past. The World's Congress Auxiliary, which organized and carried to successful issue two hundred and ten different congresses, has closed its records, and the remaining anxiety is to know how and where these records are to be preserved. Americans have much to answer for in the way of sins against the Angel of History. We have been criminally careless of our records; and when the coming historian shall search for the

material necessary to give the true history of the nineteenth century he will find much of it missing. Upon Chicago, and that part of Chicago most responsible for the Exposition, rests the responsibility of giving to the world an adequate record of this six months' life. Valuable indeed will be the volumes that will give, so far as possible, in cyclopedic form, the triumphs at Jackson Park. The photographer and the engraver should make common cause with the printer in preparing such records. But far more valuable to the future historian, and more instructive to the present student, would be the volumes that would contain the unabridged record of all the congresses held in the Art Palace on the lake front. These records reproduced with photographic accuracy would bring humanity a story of its civilization down to date. It would be a mine in which the specialist would delve for generations to come. It would be the material which the historian of any department of thought could not ignore. Those papers published *in extenso*, revealing as they would the crudities, sophistries, superstitions, and bigotries of humanity at the present time, as well as its ideals, its reverences, poetry, and power, would be not only the noblest monument of the great Exposition, but the most valuable record of the world's progress and achievement to be found in any one source throughout the world. But the publication of such a record is in itself an undertaking of World's Fair proportions, a typographical venture perhaps twice as extensive as that which puts forth the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, a publication greater in extent than anything that we know of yet undertaken by any American publisher: an undertaking far beyond the capacity of any publishing house in America; an undertaking which will require all the love and enthusiasm, local pride and business energy represented by the men and women of the Columbian directory, to carry it to a successful completion. The favorite plan now in vogue among those in authority is to secure its publication by the United States Government. But any one acquainted with the leisurely procedure of our government printing houses will realize that if the job is put into the paternal hands of the government printing department the grand-children of the present board

of directors will be far along in spectacles before they can read the report of the Agricultural and Real Estate congresses which were in session last week. We have no objection to the government making generous contributions to the Publication Fund. It ought to purchase four or five thousand sets complete and place them in the diplomatic libraries of the world. These books ought to be presented to the State Department of every nation with the compliments of the United States. This and much more the government might and probably would do; but the work should bear the imprint of the World's Columbian Exposition. And back of that imprint must be the same business vigilance and energy that made the Columbian Exposition a success. If these records are ever to see the light, Chicago energy, Chicago money, Chicago love, and Chicago idealty must see to their publication. This greatest social triumph of the race, the noblest co-operative achievement of man, the beginning of a new era in education, state-craft and religion will be shorn of half its power if it misses the monumental publication it deserves; and this means at least a cold million dollars of Chicago money which will be hazarded in this venture. But if invested with the sagacity of Chicago capitalists it would all come back from the legitimate sales of the work, bringing with it another million of profits. We venture these figures as a guess: a minimum of fifty volumes at five dollars a volume, to be sold in separate congresses or as a whole; the aggregate sale would reach at least a hundred thousand copies; gross receipts, \$25,000,000; net profits, \$1,000,000. Where are the capitalists, in Chicago or elsewhere, to stand behind this great missionary venture, an educational and civilization mission? Surely some man or men, or, if not that, some woman or women, will see this through in some one way or another.

THE great sinner against society is the cynic, the scoffer, the disbeliever, the man in whose spirit negation sits enthroned. "We are saved by hope." The man who awakens hope, aspiration, confidence in the spirit of men contributes something to the social welfare. He is a builder rather than a destroyer. He helps to save men, because he awakens in men the dispositions and the spiritual energies by which their lives are enriched and made useful to themselves and others.

—Methodist Recorder.

Contributed and Selected

UNWEEPING OR UNWEPT.

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung"
 Were not the worst of Fortune's
 bringing;
 Dread, rather, thine own eyes and
 tongue
 Unweeping and unsinging.
 Unweeping for thy brother, bound
 But struggling in the somber Night,
 Unsingings from thy vantage ground
 The happy tidings of the Light.
 Weep and be sure thou shalt be wept.
 Sing gladly, and the joy-sounds ring-
 ing
 May wake some soul, which long hath
 slept,
 To echo back thy singing.
 Let fall thy tears! Let rise thy strain!
 So canst thou never be among
 Those heritors of man's disdain,
 Th' "unwept, unhonored and un-
 sung."
 —J. Edmund V. Cooke, in the *Inde-
 pendent*.

THE FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.

If Jesus taught anything, he taught the brotherhood of man. If he asks loyalty to him in anything, it is loyalty to him in this truth that he asks. The parable of the Good Samaritan can mean nothing else than but just that men should love one another and help one another. The parable of the last judgment means this,—Jesus making destiny turn upon the fact of men's having been brotherly or not. If Jesus is any truth, he is this truth of brotherhood. It was his life. It is his spirit. It is his sway over the hearts and lives of men. His love for men, strong, passionate, tender, is the essence of his religion. His is a religion of love, or else it is a religion of nothing. Through love he would find truth; through conduct, the will of God. His test of discipleship is love, and the test of that love, obedience. I take it that systems of faith, the creeds and the rituals, elevated into a test of discipleship, is in reality disloyalty to Jesus, tending to defeat that work of brotherhood which he came to do in the world. If churches were gathered about the sympathies of their loves, and not about their intellectual faiths: about their needs of organization for doing the works of brotherhood in the world, rather than about their speculative theologies, there would be a holier, more helpful church in the world than there is, and truth would lie clearer in the understanding, and faith take the unseen with sunnier, certainer confidence. But as it is we have divided on the intellectual part of our religion, making the faith-part, not the love-part, the great test of fellowship. While that re-

mains a fact, men must stay apart on those intellectual propositions and assertions of dogma; for no one can say credo to what is pseudo.
 —From a sermon by Rev. J. M. Scott.

A REMEDY FOR MOB MURDER.

We copy the following from the *Baraboo Republic*:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Some time ago Judge Tourgee and others commenced proceedings looking towards a suit in the interest of the widow of Sey J. Miller, who had been cruelly hung by a mob in the western part of Kentucky. These contemplated proceedings, while being in the interest of the widow, were more especially intended to obtain a decision in the United States Court against these lawless and cruel proceedings common in many parts of the country and more especially against the negro. It will be remembered I made an effort through the *Republic* some short time since to raise some funds in this city towards paying the expenses of such a suit, resulting in but few contributors and a very small amount subscribed.

Since then near the city of New Orleans, where a justice of the peace had been murdered by a negro—the murderer having escaped to the swamps, being still at large—the inhabitants of the vicinity under great excitement and presumably for the purpose of intimidating the negroes, hung the three brothers of the murderer, who were entirely innocent of any connection with the crime, flogging with great severity all the female relatives of the murderer, among them his mother.

Since then the Roanoke tragedy has taken place and without doubt many other negroes have been executed by mob violence, the report of which has not yet become public.

Because of these things I again call attention to the proceedings in the interest of the widow of Miller, for the purpose of urging that funds be raised to assist Judge Tourgee and others in their efforts for a United States Court decision making the several counties or States liable for all damages caused by mob violence. Will not some of our citizens who are interested in the welfare of all of our people take up this question actively in the general interest?

CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

FRIENDSHIP IN THE CHURCH.

ALL depends in church on the friendship, just as all depends on the love in the home. A church without that is an egg without either yolk or albumen,—it is nothing but an air passage through which words may be spoken, there is nothing in it out of which live things can come. One of the most radical sentences that Jesus ever uttered was that in which he bids men stop their praying and go their way if they remember that their brother has aught against them.

It is akin to that deep insight of his with which he saw that God will not—which means God cannot, for it is a moral law—cannot forgive us unless we first forgive others. When two or three persons meet together, there God is not in the midst of them. They are rather between each other and God. And this again is an ideal to which I do not think our churches yet have practically reached. The word is still *worship*, not *friendship*. How many of us, I wonder, go to church with the sunny feeling of at-oneness with everybody and a wish to be blessing for everybody, uppermost, rather than the thought, "I wonder who is going to preach, and whether it will be interesting." In the East people often go to church from a kind of settled ecclesiasticism; in the West I think there is very little of this among the more liberal sects, but that here they go to hear a man. And what I am trying to thank you for, so far as I personally am concerned, is that church has become to me a place where a motive better than either brings me gladly. I come to meet friends, and to meet them on the upper hill-sides of our nature. The worship comes as consequence of the friendly meeting. It is first you and then God, and that I guess is one of the shortest paths to God—through human hearts.—From W. C. Gannett's farewell sermon to the Milwaukee Unitarian Parish, published in the "Milwaukee number" of the *Liberal Co-Worker*.

IN order to do justice to the International Conference on aerial navigation held in connection with the Columbian Exposition, the editor of the *American Engineer and Railroad Journal*, instead of trying to crowd the papers there read into that periodical, has decided to issue them in a special supplement, published monthly, entitled "*Aeronautics*, Published by the American Engineer and Railroad Journal," each number to contain not less than eight pages, and to be sold for 10 cents; annual subscription, \$1. The first (October) number, of sixteen pages, is now out; and, judging from it, the series promises to be an interesting one for those interested in this branch of science. So rapid is the scientific progress in our day, that we should not be surprised to find this develop into a permanent magazine, affording valuable assistance to those laboring at aeronautic problems.

MEMORY.

The summers are not dead:
 Their seeds the winter holds
 And while the snow we tread
 Its warmth their life unfolds,
 And when the Spring returns
 They rise in beauty bright:
 So memory the past inurns,
 So Love brings it to light!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Church-Door Pulpit

A FAREWELL.

ABSTRACT OF THE REMARKS MADE BY C. DE B. MILLS AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. JOHN PRESTON MANN, AT CROLY FARM, SYRACUSE, JULY 15, 1893

I once heard Wendell Phillips say,—it was at the funeral of William Lloyd Garrison,—no life closes without sadness. Death, after all, no matter what memories surround it, is terrible and a mystery. We never part hands that have been clasped life-long, in loving tenderness, but the hour is sad.

So it is in the common feeling of us all; so, in the universal testimony of the experience of human kind. It is the mixture of dear and sacred ties, the extinction to outward eye of a near and cherished presence; the light is gone out, the soul in manifestation—it was here, it is departed; we see, we know it no more. The curtain drops; we have reached in relation to that life—so far as sense and sight may know—the end. Birth is the beginning; death, to all outward seeming, is the end. Afloat upon the sea of time, buffeting as best we may its billows, we drop one after another into the silent gulf of the deep, and the generations and the ages know us no more forever.

I speak of it, as it is to the outward seeming. Such is the report to the fine senses. Happily, however, these senses do not furnish the full inventory of the man. They are not the sole source, in the larger meaning, of his knowledge. Within his nature are impressions, insights, perceptions, that are paramount in their clearness and commanding force to all that is borne in upon him from without. When Locke and his school, in the closing years of the seventeenth century, were so strenuous in affirming their primal postulate—"Nothing in the mind but what was first in the sense," Leibnitz, one of Germany's great thinkers, responded, "Tis nothing except the mind itself."

The mind sees change; it has within it a consciousness so deep as to be inextinguishable, of a somewhat that is unchanging—eternal. It sees death; it posits, it affirms life. It sees end; it affirms continuance. There are things we cannot do. It is impossible to suspend breathing by an act of will. There are things that are unthinkable; truths whose existence we cannot disimagine. Let one think, if he can, of annihilation, in the full meaning of that term; his intellect will recoil, it cannot grapple with such a concept, cannot believe in such a possibility.

So Science, which often vaunts itself upon finding its ground and sole warrant in observation, in what may be ascertained and verified by the senses,—Science affirms certain eternal elements in the world, the in-

destructibility of force, etc. It thus lays its appeal to an inner perception. For the indestructibility was never submitted to observation. Tyndall, in language that holds of true poetry, describing the changes that go on continually, working constant mutation of form and structure, speaks also of the law of conservation of this persistent energy. "Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves; magnitude may be substituted for numbers, and numbers for magnitude; asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into fauna and flora, and fauna and flora all melt in air;—the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy—the manifestation of life as well as the display of phenomena—are but modulations of its rhythm."

The thought declares this in the realm of morals and religion—declares the pervading presence of Supreme Power that is moral, that is beneficent, that is ruling all things well, making the bad good, the good better, evolving light from darkness, life from death, growth and beauty from the very bosom of ugliness and decay.

In witnessing death, we do not see the whole fact. There has been a living impression wrought by that soul that dwelt enshrined in flesh: an impression which transcends the changes that overtake the seen and temporary, which abides beyond death, and fixes the image ineffaceably on memory's page, on the tablet of the heart. And this all the more, if the soul was a royal, a loving, a fraternal soul, one in whom the great virtues and affections shone forth. Such a soul writes an indelible impress upon us. Its presence beam in the memory, lives in our freshest thoughts, is a companion, a mentor, a beckoning guide, an inspiration and uplift continually. Thus this mortal is putting on immortality. Everything passes, yet nothing dies. The seen perishes, but it is transfigured and glorified in a quenchless life. The royal spirits we have known, being dead they yet speak; absent they are here; silent, unseen, they beam upon us and fill us with a high companionship. Death, separation, bereavement are extinguished in the presence of the immortal real. There—in that world—

"everlasting spring abides."

It is pleasant to me to stand here to-day, and say that such a soul was the dear friend and brother whose visible presence is henceforth withdrawn. A true son of the highest, he has left a memory that it shall be a delight to cherish. I knew him in the early forenoon of his career. He came to this city when the hard battle against slavery was on, when Jacob's friends were few. Loyally he stood with the little band that witnessed for justice and uttered rebuke against the crime of the nation. In

this allegiance he never faltered; he hoped on, hoped against hope. He knew in sure perception that

"God is just

And every wrong must die."

How enthusiastically I have heard him speak of his old teacher, Beriah Green! Of that powerful mind he had felt the force. He had been thrilled and lifted by that magical voice of eloquence. To have known such a man—one so opulent in gift, so charged with life-enlarging, quickening power—was rare fortune to any. Sir Joshua Reynolds said: "I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as Michael Angelo intended to excite." So our friend might well have felt a self-congratulation in knowing himself capable of such enlargement and high resolves as Beriah Green had the power to awaken. John Preston Mann was one of the men who had these divine susceptibilities, and they were awakened in him never to sleep henceforth any more.

He was devoted to science in the province of the healing art. The human frame, with its delicate and vastly complex organization, its hundreds of millions of cells and fibers so built as to make a whole of symmetrical order of exquisite firmness and perfection; the 7,000,000 pores making twenty-eight miles of human drainage—all this wonderful temple of man's body fascinated and enchanted him, and he gave the emphasis of his life to study of that stupendous theme. His success corresponded to his enthusiasm and devotion. Many the ones he has delivered and cured, the deformed or malformed and crippled he has restored. Children with club feet or distorted and disabled limbs, he made sound and whole. The pursuit of this work was a passion with him. He inscribed his name and personality in the memory of multitudes whom he treated and cured.

He was free in his thought; large, catholic and progressive in his faith. He felt that he could afford the luxury of a religion that did not degrade, but rather gave continual uplift and growth. A religion that sought the Supreme One in his image revealed here on earth in humanity: holding that he best worships God who best serves man. That the invisible Presence is fittest known in his laws, and obeyed in honoring them. Truth was his divinity, righteousness his ritual, a noble human life the incense he offered day by day. He belonged to no one of the churches of earth, finding their inclosures too limiting for his broad, expanding faith, but he was a member, as I believe, of the general assembly and church of the first born.

He was an advancing spirit. He never believed that the final word of the divine wisdom had been spoken. Religion to him was a growth in thought, in inward power, without end. Truth is perpetually being revealed, and the scripture of God's

word grows age by age, the final apocalypse waiting even the periods of time for its discovery and utterance. He never built a localized heaven; he realized the infinite Presence is everywhere, that the heaven of heavens is here and now as truly as anywhere in the universe of space. The soul carries its heaven within it, and finds bliss in its very abode without. Salvation he knew as a present attainment. He had already in his activity and in his repose entered upon the life eternal.

For what need I of book or priest,
Or sibyl from the mummied East,
When every star is Bethlehem's star?
I count as many as there are
Cinque-foils or violets in the grass,
So many saints and saviors,
So many high behaviors,
Salute the bard who is alive
And only sees what he doth give.

Fare thee well, thou loving, faithful,
worthy brother! The open career
is open before thee, we doubt not,
for ardent pursuit of thy loves
in science, in thought, in high service
to all. In the immensities of God
are the mansions where may abide
thy progressive spirit. Fare thee
well, and may the benediction of thy
pure, loving soul rest upon us all to
cheer and incite, to teach new lessons
of duty and lift to new heights
of possession and spiritual joy.

Correspondence

ROMANIST INTOLERANCE.

EDITOR UNITY:

Did it ever occur to you that some of your articles are pure nonsense? In your paper of 19th you publish "An Open Letter to the Protestant Clergy," in which the writer speaks of Protestant boycotts. Why, my dear sir, I myself and my brothers have been for years the subjects of Catholic boycottism, and this simply for throwing off the yoke of Catholic doctrine and *thinking for ourselves*. Not a Catholic will enter one of our places of business except when they can't procure the article wanted in any other store; and even on the street, when meeting, will not recognize us if they can possibly avoid it. Pah! I know too much of Catholic intolerance. I have been there and know of what I speak. J.

Marietta, Ohio.

[We fully realize that Roman Catholics are often blindly and cruelly intolerant, and we sympathize with our correspondent in his indignation at the treatment he has received. But "two wrongs do not make a right," and we must not refrain from protesting against Protestant intolerance merely because Romanists are also intolerant, nor even if Romanists be the more intolerant of the two. Having seen some of the rabid publications to which *The Catholic Citizen* refers, we know that the charges it makes are in the main true. It is our duty to protest against injustice wherever it is found. When we have denounced the injustice of non-Romanists to Romanists, we may with better grace protest against Romanist intolerance.—ED.]

The Study Table

THE GOSPEL AND ITS EARLIEST INTERPRETATIONS.*

The object of this work, as stated by the author, is to "elucidate the teaching of Jesus and to present, both in their relation to it and to one another, the principal types of religious doctrines contained in the New Testament" (p. iii.); and its critical premises must be given also in Dr. Cone's own words:

The discussion in this work proceeds upon the judgment that the synoptic Gospels are the sole historical records of Jesus' teaching; that the fourth gospel contains a transformation of it effected under the influence of Hellenistic thought; that the doctrine of Paul must be gathered from Romans, I. and II. Corinthians, I. Thessalonians, Galatians and Philippians; that Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians and I. Peter are to be classed as deutero-Pauline writings composed toward the end of the first century; and that II. Peter, Jude, the Pastoral epistles and the so-called epistles of John are to be regarded as anti-Gnostic writings of the early years of the second century. [P. 34.]

The very description puts an edge on the reader's appetite, for it gives assurance that the discussion will be based on critical scholarship and proceed after the comparative method. It is gratifying to find one author who not only accepts the results of criticism and adopts the historical method, but does so avowedly, without apology or weak extenuation. The fiber of the book is admirable. The self-possession, dignity and candor of the author are so fine and pervasive that one shrinks even from mentioning them. And they are amply justified by scholarship and unusual power of discrimination. Dr. Cone is familiar with the best authorities, but he is the mouthpiece of no man or school. Sometimes, indeed, one wishes his references were more available to the average reader, for he refers again and again to German books of which there is a perfectly good English translation (it is hardly just to refer to Grimm-Wilke's *Clavis*, now that Prof. Thayer's translation is at hand), and in not a few instances he ignores such English authorities as Lightfoot, who have written ably on the subject under discussion. Occasionally, also, the author's independence even of the ordinary translation of the Greek text is irritating: there is no reason why the imperfect tense in Luke xxiv. 21, rightly translated *we hoped* in the Revised Version, should be set aside for the positively incorrect rendering *we are hoping* (p. 57); on p. 135 we have a paraphrase of Mark iii. 29, which reads, "an indefinite continuance in sinning;" but the Greek, which the author quotes,

*THE GOSPEL AND ITS EARLIEST INTERPRETATIONS. A study of the teaching of Jesus and its Doctrinal Transformations in the New Testament. By Orville Cone, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 415. \$1.75.

can hardly mean anything but an eternal sin, as it is in the Revised Version: not to mention several other instances of the same character, it is questionable whether the author's silent correction of the use of shall and will in the usual versions is not more provoking than instructive, especially when it results in such a sentence as this,—“Unless your righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees ye will not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” A very bad mistranslation is that of Rom. v. 12, “all have sinned” (p. 181), which vitiates the entire discussion as to the first and the second Adam. A strict following of the original, where the aorist tense—“so that all sinned”—seems to shut off absolutely the idea that death is the result of personal sin, would have led to considerable modification in the treatment of the Pauline transformation. It must be said that the treatment of Paul and his thought is the least satisfactory part of the book. Dr. Cone makes a process of reasoning concerning righteousness and the law the psychological antecedent of Paul's conversion, and deems it impossible that he could “devote himself with enthusiastic ardor to a cause without reliant conviction of its truth.” But the starting point with Paul was clearly a conviction of the resurrection of Jesus, however it may have been obtained, and it is not likely that his reasonings about the law arose until he was thrown into controversy with the Jewish Christians. Paul was one of those men with whom feeling, impulse, is first, and logic second. This misconception of the character of Paul and of the psychology of his conversion vitally affects the story of the development of his thought. Yet the contrasts between the Synoptists and the Pauline Epistles, in respect to Christology, righteousness, sin and the future, are drawn with exceptional skill and clearness. Only one cannot help feeling that the facts might have been marshaled into platoons to advantage. The mass of details is often confusing, and it would have been helpful to have smaller subdivisions with concise headings.

It would take more room than UNITY can well allow to write of this masterly book as fully as it deserves. And since the greater part of the book is so thoroughly good, it seems not only ungracious but unfair to dwell upon points where the author appears to us to have erred. Yet in the most important section of the book, that on “The Teaching of Jesus,” he has not entirely escaped from that rationalism which he so justly condemns in the introduction. Rationalism is that method of criticism which assumes that an author or a hero was thoroughly sound, consistent and truthful, and therefore feels quite at liberty to correct the record into conformity with the supposed character of its writer or the man of whom it

treats. Rationalism is to the higher criticism what the fancied infallibility of the original document is to the lower criticism. This method Dr. Cone explicitly rejects in favor of the historical method, but its ghost is not yet fully laid. It is freely admitted that Jesus shared the ignorance and superstition of his time in regard to demonology, but where greater things are at stake no such concession can be made. It kindles expectation to read on page 48 that "in respect to the temporal character and theater of his kingdom his teaching was a continuation of that of the prophecies and apocalypses which preceded him," but we are doomed to disappointment, this remarkable admission being tacitly taken back as the author goes on, for we find on page 86 that "Jesus completely transformed the Messiah idea of the prophets." After saying that the kingdom of God in the thought of Jesus was "the realization in human society of the highest ethical and spiritual ideals, its perfection would be attained when the will of God should be done by men on the earth" (p. 49), we are amazed to read on page 127 that Jesus did not conceive of the life to come as an earthly state under the Messianic reign, that he "cannot have entertained a popular Jewish belief that the Messianic future was a temporal condition," etc. The difficulty lies in the author's belief that Jesus' ethical conception of the kingdom of God must have excluded apocalyptic ideas and had no "unrealized and unrealizable hopes." But upon what does that belief rest except upon a rationalistic assumption of the self-consistency of Jesus? That he did hold to a spiritual conception of the kingdom is quite unquestionable, but he taught his disciples to pray "Thy kingdom come," while he also believed that the kingdom of God was already in the world. Our records represent him as holding both the popular idea and his own spiritual idea of the kingdom. It is easy to say that since the popular idea would naturally have been attributed to him by tradition it has forced its way thus into the records, but the only justification for such a plea is an assumption that Jesus himself cannot have entertained both views, and such an assumption should not be made except as a last resort. Is it necessary? Jesus was not a logical reasoner; he did hold beliefs, as our author allows, which were inconsistent with his chief constructive ideas: precisely these two conceptions which it is said Jesus could not have held together have been held by some of the rarest spirits in the Christian Church from that day to this, who, believing in the presence of the kingdom of God in this world, have at the same time expected this age to have a catastrophic termination; why then must we not say that Jesus held both, inconsistent as they may appear to us?

In every other school of thought represented in this book and in every other New Testament thinker our author admits grave and flagrant self-contradictions; he accepts the influence of the legal righteousness in the last verse of the 51st Psalm, from which he says the author was unable to free himself, notwithstanding the spirituality of the rest of the composition, although that verse has often been deemed an interpolation; but from admitting serious self-contradiction in Jesus he draws back in defiance of the historical method and with a too evident leaning toward rationalism.

This volume is a great acquisition to Biblical scholarship. No more worthy book on its subject is to be found in English, and it deserves thorough, patient study from every New Testament student. Adult classes in the Sunday school or study classes in the Unity clubs can do no better work this year than to spend the entire winter over this book.

W. W. F.

THE BIBLE, ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND CHARACTER.*

The modest profession of this book is not to make an original contribution to scholarship, but only to popularize the most firmly established results of Biblical study. The author is a critic not of the Bible but of the critics of the Bible, and brings to his task not only wide, industrious reading but also what is of superior value, abundant "grace of saving common sense." The chapters appear to have seen service originally as lectures or sermons, for the style is loose and flowing, and colloquial forms of speech are preserved which detract occasionally from dignity and elevation. Here and there, too, we notice faults due to rapid preparation. Surely, the sacrificial idea did not "come into Judaism from heathenism" (p. 18), unless by heathenism is meant the inheritance of primitive Semitism, and so, indeed, we are told, later on, that in an early stage of Jewish development "bloody sacrifices formed the chief part of their worship" (p. 30), and also that at the beginning of the Hebrew national career "vast numbers of cruel and bloody animal sacrifices were offered to Jehovah" (p. 20). Again, on p. 76 it is stated that the book of the Law read by Ezra to the great assembly of 444 B. C. was "doubtless the Priestly Document;" and yet on p. 174 we are told that "the book was almost beyond question essentially our Pentateuch, or the five so-called Books of Moses." But such slips are of comparatively little importance. Even Martineau is not free from them. It may be that the characteristics of the Fourth Gospel are "anything but those betraying senility," yet Dr. Peabody, no mean judge of such a ques-

tion, was very firm in the contrary opinion.

For the reader who wishes to know how the case stands with the Bible at the present stage of criticism, this book will prove of great service. It sets forth with perfect clearness what is virtually the "consensus of the competent" in Biblical criticism, and its copious references, with the appended list of books, enable any who choose to pursue the subject more elaborately. It is no pioneer in scholarship, but it puts one in the accepted highway of which modern investigators have so far made sure. Our feet are never off the asphalt.

W. W. F.

A GENERAL OUTLINE OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT. By Clinton D. Higby. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 134. 30 cents.—The object of this little book is stated to be to bring the subject of civil government (in the United States, the States, the counties, the townships, the cities and the towns) within the reach of those whose time is short and who would complete the course in a single term. When the size of the book is considered, and the further fact that it is in large print and doubly leaded, it must be evident that the treatment is very brief. The best feature of the treatise is the series of excellent references to books in which the topics mentioned may be followed out at length. Were it not for this feature we should regard the treatise as a failure. Dr. Higby has undertaken too much. Where so little is given, what is should be unquestionable. But it is not. There are positive errors in the book, such as the statement that in Tennessee the County Superintendent is appointed by the County Judge (the fact being, unless there has been a very recent and sweeping change in the Tennessee laws, that in Tennessee the County Superintendent is elected by the justices of the peace of the county, there being no county judge except in such counties as have obtained a special act from the legislature creating one). Such an error is, however, in itself trivial; but such misleading statements as that on page 24 are serious. "The President appoints only Secretaries, Assistant Secretaries and Commissioners; the remaining officers are either appointed under the recommendation of Congressmen or are under the control of the Civil Service Commission." Here we are not told who *does* make the appointments, but are given to understand that the Congressmen have a *legal right* in the premises, like that of the Senate, by whose advice and consent the Constitution provides the President shall make appointments. It is just such practical matters as this that should be explained in a work designed to acquaint one with the *modus operandi* of government. The distribution of federal powers, limitations, etc., may be learned directly from the Constitution; but the

*THE BIBLE, ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH AND CHARACTER, and its Place among the Sacred Books of the World. Together with a List of Books for study and reference, with critical comments. By James Thomas Sunderland. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 300. \$1.50.

details of the administration of the government under the Constitution cannot be so learned. Dr. Higby might have spared some of his statements as to the former matters to make room for some account of the latter. Or, if he did not intend to explain, he should at least have avoided misleading. On the whole the book cannot be recommended.

F. W. S.

PHILLIPS BROOKS YEAR BOOK. Selections from the writings of the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. By H. L. S. and L. H. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1893. Cloth 16mo., \$1.—Phillips Brooks was neither a sententious writer nor one who put forth his strength completely in the paragraphs of his sermons. His power was in the stream of his discourse, in his sermons taken as wholes, and the whole was always greater than the sum of all its parts. The reader who is mindful of these things will not be disappointed in the selection from his writings which has been put into that form of which the "Daily Food" of fifty years since was one of the first examples. Very innutritious and unpalatable food it was for the most part. This is very different from that. It does not tell the whole story; no one could guess from these passages alone the power of Phillips Brooks: and still the wonder is that they are so fine and good; so little formal or ecclesiastical; so human in their tone and touch. Besides a selection from Phillips Brooks there is, on almost every page, a selection from one or another of the poets. These selections are most admirable, and when we discover that Clough and Arnold are drawn upon more freely than the other poets we cannot help wondering whether we have here a sign of Brooks's catholicity or that of his editors merely. However this may be, it is very certain that we have here a sign that these poets of skepticism had in them an element of faith; that in their honest doubt there was more faith than in the dogmatism of the creeds. We have often been surprised at the appositeness of the calendars and year books to particular circumstances and needs. We have no doubt that a great many persons will find here the very thing they need to help them in some doubt or difficulty or distress; in their joy a'so, where, possibly, there is greater need of help.

J. W. C.

A JAPANESE INTERIOR. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12 mo., pp. 267. \$1.25.—We can best give our readers an idea of the scope and value of this handsome product of the Riverside Press by quoting from the author's preface:

The letters presented to the public in this book were written during an experience of life in Japan somewhat different from that of the average foreign resident in Japan. The author's call to the Orient came to her from one of the most conservative and anti-for-

eign of the Tokyo schools, a school for noble girls, under the management of the Imperial Household Department. The invitation was sent to her through a Japanese friend who had been the teacher of English in the school since its foundation, for no foreign recommendation would have had much weight with the conservative and cultivated Japanese in charge of the institution. Work in such a school naturally brings a teacher into close contact with the most refined and cultivated of Japanese women, and cannot fail to give to those who perform it a new sympathy with a class usually but little understood. * * * In all that great city I had no acquaintance of my own race and language, but my Japanese friends so cared for me and surrounded me by their kindness that instead of missing the society of my own people, I found its absence a positive advantage, in that it threw me entirely upon congenial and interesting Japanese friends for that social intercourse necessary for all civilized beings. * * * The letters do not lay claim to deep research or wide knowledge of all subjects touched upon by them. * * * Whatever theories are advanced are put forward as the material from which thought may be made, and not as the result of mature deliberation.

Because the book is what the author modestly states it to be, we recommend it to those who would look out at the world with the child's freshness and freedom from prejudice, that they may learn what it can tell them. We are convinced that Japan has something to teach the West, because, however superior we may be to the Japanese in many respects, the sweetness of their social life puts them on what we should not hesitate to recognize as a distinctly higher moral plane than that of average Western civilization.—F. W. S.

TASKS BY TWILIGHT. By Abbot Kinney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 211.—This ambiguous title belongs to a book on education in the broad sense, or the conduct of life. The four divisions are Education, Education of Girls, Thoughts, and Diet, and the first part is subdivided thus: Physique, Boys, Manual Labor, Practice Makes Perfect, Observation. It is interesting as the work of a strong, virile, self-reliant and apparently successful man. His views are what might be expected from such an individual, and they are clearly and forcibly expressed. The characteristic feature of the book is the author's belief that procreation is the great function of life, that in our children we attain immortality, and that our chief purpose should be to produce sound, healthy children and to properly care for them. The book will not be highly satisfactory to the advocates of "woman's rights," because, although the author approves of the higher education of woman, he would not have her engage to any extent in callings which take her out of the home, and it never occurs to him to doubt that man is the head of the family.

F. W. S.

PRATT PORTRAITS: SKETCHED IN A NEW ENGLAND SUBURB. By Anna Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 325. 50 cents.—Nothing that has come to us for years has given more pleasure than these charming sketches of New England life. Several of them have previously appeared in *Harper's Bazar*. Old and new alike are marked by freshness, simple humor and an eminently healthful tone. All lovers of New England would rejoice in this book, and all who are not should read it. We do not know where there is to be found a more representative picture of middle-class American life in the present century. In saying this we do not wish to convey the impression that the story is subordinated to some ulterior purpose. Nothing of the kind appears. The charm is primarily a literary one. The studies are not profound, but so far as they go they are true, and we especially recommend them to those of our readers who take up a book for rest and refreshment.

F. W. S.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES: The Autobiography of M's Letitia Youmans. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 12mo., 311 pp.—This sketch of the life of the pioneer of the white-ribbon movement in Canada has an introduction by Frances Willard, who was a participator in much of the life this book commemorates. It is a simple, earnest record of the ways by which this great-hearted woman was led by the "inner light" out of domestic and home duties to the larger work of the world. The education of both children and parents in the duties we all owe to society is the foundation thought of her life, and her work, which has been rich in helpfulness to others, has been devoted to the temperance problem. That she has been a power for good in Canada and elsewhere is evident from the story.

M. H. P.

HISTORY AND LITERATURE IN GRAMMAR GRADES (Monographs on Education). By J. H. Phillips, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 17. 15 cents.—An essay valuable for its direct counsel, and still more for the educational reforms it suggests. If we apprehend the author rightly, he would have the child begin the study—that is to say, the *reading*—of literature (not the reading *about* it) at a very early age, and would teach history in the natural order, remembering that young children are interested in persons and events before they are in places, and are interested to locate a story before they care to know just when, in the course of time and events, it took place. These considerations suggest the true order in which literature, geography and history should be taken up and combined, and the way in which the teaching of these subjects should be adapted to the minds of children of different ages.

F. W. S.

THE "SHIN SHIU CATECHISM," which is now being distributed in Chicago by a representative from Japan of the above-named sect of Buddhism, is admirably adapted to awaken the contempt of thinking men for Buddhism. It is a striking caricature of some of the worst forms of degraded Christianity, in which salvation by faith and the doctrine of vicarious atonement play the principal role. Morality is not absent from such religious teachings, but it has no vital connection with them. To those who do not realize how utterly unreasonable and immoral the teachings of certain Christian sects are, we commend this little book as a tract. Fortunately for Buddhism, the doctrine this book teaches is as remote from the higher and more authentic forms of that faith, as the form of Christianity it so unintentionally caricatures is from the true teaching of the loving Nazarene.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for October is one of the best if not the best number that has yet appeared. The principal original articles are Wm. E. Smythe's exposition of the magnificent promise of irrigation in the far West, in which he warns the public against allowing its chief benefits to be monopolized by a few capitalist speculators; Edward B. Howell's "Evils of an Appreciating Currency," in which he makes a very telling use of charts to enforce his view of the subject; and Mr. Stead, the editor's, paper on "The Civic Church," read at our recent Parliament of Religions. All of these are interesting in themselves, and what is more, are thought-inspiring.

IN THE ALTRUISTIC REVIEW for October the principal feature is a reliable, though all too brief, description of Hull House and its activities. The editor's sketch of the late John Crerar will have an interest for the many who knew no more of this man than that he devised a large sum for the support of a public library in Chicago. He seems to have been an earnest, conscientious, but rather narrow man. "The Idol of German Spectacles," by Dr. Cuppy, republished from the London *Journal of Education*, is perhaps a needed protest against exaggerated notions; but it should be noted that in the author's estimate no recognition is made of the fact that it is customary in Germany to go from one university to another in the pursuit of education, and that, therefore, the number presenting themselves for a degree at a given university will naturally be far less than the number taking lectures. Herr A., before taking his degree at the last university he attends, may be a faithful student at several others. Yet, according to Dr. Cuppy's method of judging, he would be counted among the non-studious at these universities.

THE best things in *Worthington's Magazine* are generally to be found in the departments, "The World Beautiful" and "Between You and Me." Lillian Whiting, Charlotte Perkins Stetson and Mrs. Wells keep these departments interesting and helpful. The October number is no exception to the rule.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

TWO SOLDIERS AND A POLITICIAN. By Clinton Ross. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 32mo, pp. 139. 75 cents.

AN HISTORICAL INTERPRETATION OF PHILOSOPHY. By John Bascom. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 518. \$2.

PARTHIA. (THE STORY OF THE NATIONS Series.) By George Rawlinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 432. \$1.50.

THE HOME, or Life in Sweden. 2 vols. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 12mo, pp. 329 and 335. \$2.50.

RACHEL STANWOOD: A Story of the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. By Lucy Gibson Moree. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 441. \$1.25.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE and Other Poems of the Home. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891. Cloth, gilt top, 16mo, pp. 53. \$1.50.

LITERARY GEMS. Fifth Series. IDEAS OF TRUTH. By John Ruskin. CONVERSATION. By Thomas De Quincey. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. By Oliver Goldsmith. THE EVE OF ST. AGNES. By John Keats. THE STUDY OF POETRY. By Matthew Arnold. THE HOUSE OF LIFE. A SONNET-SEQUENCE. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Gilt-morocco, 32mo. 75 cents each.

PARABLES FROM NATURE. First and Second Series. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Illustrated by Paul de Longpre. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 279 and 280. \$1.75 each.

SCUDIES OF TRAVEL. GREECE. By Edward A. Freeman. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 286. 75 cents. DITTO. ITALY. Pp. 321.

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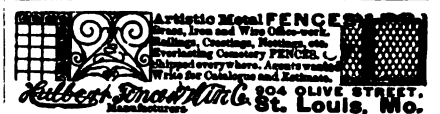
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- THURS.—Scream as we may at the bad, the good prevails.
- FRI.—Nice work asks sharp tools.
- SAT.—God is not only Being, but better Becoming.

—C. A. Bartol.

A GARDEN SECRET.

I.

I heard a whisper of roses
And light white lilies laugh out,
"Ah, sweet, when the evening closes
And stars come looking about,
How cool and good it is to stand
Nor fear at all the gathering hand!"

II.

"Would I were red!" cried a white rose;
"Would I were white!" cried a red one,
"No longer the light wind blows,
He went with the dear dead sun,
Here we forever seem to stay,
And yet a sun dies every day."

III.

A LILY.

"The sun is not dead, but sleeping,
And each day the same sun wakes;
When stars their watch are keeping
A season of rest he takes."

MANY ROSES TOGETHER.

"How very wise these lilies are!
They must have heard star talk with star!"

IV.

FIRST ROSE.

"Pray, then, can you tell us, lilies,
Where slumbers the wind at night,
When the garden all 'round so still is,
And brimmed with the moon's pale light?"

A LILY.

"In branches of great trees he rests."

SECOND ROSE.

"Not so. They are too full of nests."

V.

FIRST ROSE.

"I think he sleeps where the grass is;
He there would have room to lie:
The white moon over him passes;
He wakes with the dawning sky."

MANY LILIES TOGETHER.

"How very wise these roses seem,
Who think they know and only dream."

VI.

FIRST ROSE.

"What haps to a gathered flower?"

SECOND ROSE.

"Nay, sister; now, who can tell?
One comes not back for an hour
To say it is ill or well.
I would with such a one confer,
To know what strange things chanced
to her."

VII.

FIRST ROSE.

"Hush! hush! Now the wind is waking;
Or is it the wind I hear?
My leaves are thrilling and shaking.
Good-by! I am gathered, dear!
Now, whether for my bliss or woe,
I shall know what the plucked flowers
know!"

—TRANSLATED.

STUDENT LIFE IN RUSSIA.

Nowhere in the world is the student subject to such a strict, searching and rigorous discipline as is the student in a Russian university. From his entrance into school the boy of ten or eleven years of age has to go through a long and tedious process of training, the nature of which, according to the *New York World*, tends more to fit him for army service than to fill the professor's chair. In the preparatory class the boys are taught the names of the royal family in order, and the names of the entire dynasty in their ranks and order. These he must know by heart. Next comes the way to render honor and salute all military officers should he meet them or speak about them. Here also he must learn by heart the Russian national anthem, "God Save the Czar." Next come marching and various military commands. An account is kept of the physical developments of each boy, so when he is sixteen years old it can be seen by his physical progress if he is fit for the army service. At this time the scholar receives a passport of "identification" and a book containing the rules and regulations which are to govern his life in the institution. The discipline the Russian student has to undergo may produce one or two results. The student may be obedient or abjectly slavish, or the rules and laws by which he is governed may give him food for reflection and create a natural aversion to the authorities.

Here are some of the requirements: Each student must wear a military uniform with brass and nickel-plated buttons, which have to be polished every day; each student must also clean his own shoes; mustache and beard are not allowed; hair must be clipped close; smoking and carrying a cane are forbidden, as well as the use of intoxicants whatsoever. While walking to and from school the student must carry on his back his knapsack filled with books, weighing in all about twenty-five or thirty pounds. This he must do in all kinds of weather. The student cannot at-

tend any social or public gathering or entertainment, neither can he go to the theater or concert hall. He must not be on the street after 7 p. m. He must not read any newspaper whatsoever, or any books but those written by Russian authors and approved of by the censor. Anyone observing the violation of any of these rules may demand the student's passport and return the same to the authorities, for which the informer receives a reward, while the student is punished by being locked up for twelve hours in a dark room.

Secret societies or organizations among the students are not to be dreamed of; neither are students permitted to gather in groups. Two may converse or speak with one another, but three together are not allowed. A young Russian who says he attended one of these institutions is authority for the statement that there is always among the students one spy in ten. The same person declares that when a spy makes an unfavorable report the student reported against suddenly disappears. In the year 1885, he affirms, there were twenty-one disappearances in St. Petersburg University and double that number in Moscow. If inquiry is made for the missing student, the inquirer will be told that the young man was considered a dangerous subject to the community and was therefore removed out of harm's way. The teachers, professors, and directors of universities are appointed by a body selected for that special purpose by the Czar himself. Many parents, knowing the risks and the dangers their boys are subject to while in a Russian university, educate them abroad. The young man sent abroad for education is looked upon by the authorities as a dangerous subject, full of liberal ideas and opinions concerning public problems.

—Exchange.

TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

The mother, more than the teacher, has opportunities to quietly let a deed impress its nature upon the child's mind. Little children are naturally logical and quickly perceive justice or injustice. The child who is rightly treated will accept the right kind of punishment as a matter of course. A friend of mine who had been given this idea of punishment, upon returning home one day found that her six-year-old boy had taken his younger brother over to the wagon-shop across the street, a forbidden spot, and they had smeared their aprons with the wagon-grease. In telling the story afterwards, she said: "My first impulse was to whip the boy, because he knew better than to go; but I thought I would try the other way of punishing him, and see if it would do any good. So I said, 'Why that's too bad. It will be rather hard for you to get the grease off, but I think I can help you, if you will get some turpentine. Run to the drug store on the corner and

buy a small bottle of it." On his return she took the two aprons and spread them upon the floor of the back porch; then, giving him a little sponge and the bottle of turpentine, she showed him how to begin his cleaning. In a few minutes he said: "Oh, mamma, this stuff smells horrid!" "Yes," she replied, serenely, "I know it does; I dislike the smell of turpentine very much, but I think you will get through soon." So Willie kept on scrubbing until he had cleaned the aprons as well as he could. "Well," said his mother, as she helped him put away the cleaning material, "I think my boy will be more careful about going to the wagon-shop, will he not?" "You bet I will!" was his emphatic reply.

—Elizabeth Harrison.

THE smallest living organisms, and those most to be feared by man in his battle for existence with the rest of nature, are bacteria, or microbes. They have an average diameter of but one twenty-five thousandth of an inch, and a length from one to ten times as great. The smallest of them are, however, much more minute than this; large numbers are only just visible under the highest powers of our best microscopes, and there is no doubt that still more powerful instruments would reveal multitudes of new forms. Two thousand microbes could swim side by side through the eye of a needle, and one could hold fifty millions of millions in the hollow of one's hand. An ordinary microbe will divide and become two every hour, or in even less time, and if it and its descendants were given an unlimited food supply so that they could continue their divisions without interruption, in a day they would number forty million individuals. Some kinds have the property of producing poisonous secretions which cause disease. When a person becomes infected with some of these microbes, it may be only a small number, their great fertility will soon cause their number to be so increased that illness and perhaps death may result.

—The Weekly Review.

AN advocate of sanitary reform holds that fruits and berries, intelligently selected and properly used, might take the place of less harmless and much more expensive drugs. Under the category of laxatives he includes oranges, plums, figs, tamarinds, and mulberries. Pomegranates, cranberries, blackberries, and quinces are astringent (blackberry jelly having proved a specific for the cure of dysentery in cases where even laudanum failed); grapes, black currants, and cactus figs ("prickly pears") are diuretics; lemons, limes, and white currants are refrigerants. Apples counteract seasickness and relieve the nausea caused by tobacco smoke. A kind of blue grapes, resembling our Concord, are used in Switzerland for the cure of dyspepsia. The patient is kept on a low diet of bread and skim-milk, sometimes bread and water, but twice a day is permitted to turn himself loose upon a large vineyard, and eat away to the limit of his physical capacity. The combined diuretic and laxative effect of the grape juice purifies the blood, and marvelously restores the vigor of a disordered stomach.

—Exchange.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

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BY EV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON IX.

JESUS AND THE SINNER.

Luke vii. 36-50.

This man receiveth sinners.—Luke xv. 2.
Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift.

That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here the parts shift?

Here the creature surpass the creator,—the end, what began?

Picture: Jesus and the Sinner. Hofmann.

In the last lesson we saw how Jesus offended prejudices of race and religion and so turned the tide against him. To-day we are to study the chief among his ethical judgments, which would still be a ground of reproach in many quarters were it thoroughly understood. The picture shows us three Pharisees amazed and indignant at the way Jesus is treating a woman who is pouring ointment from an alabaster flask upon his feet and wiping them with her hair. The picture is inaccurate in detail, for Jesus was reclining, not sitting upright at the table, and there is a patronizing lordliness in the hand outstretched over the woman's head that we cannot like, but the faces of the Pharisees are good and instructive. One is looking at Jesus in horror that he should allow this woman, who in the narrative is vaguely but significantly styled "a sinner," to come so near him. Another Pharisee who has recognized the woman is whispering into his neighbor's ear that Jesus cannot be a prophet, for if he were he would know her character and, of course, would condemn her. The third, regardless of Jesus, is almost rising from his chair as if fearing that the woman at whom he looks with scorn and disgust may attempt to perform a like service for him.

Which of the company did Jesus think the best?—Jesus taught that the sinful woman was morally better than the complacent Pharisees.

This is certainly a startling judgment. Of the woman we know absolutely nothing. Matthew, Mark and John speak of an anointing in Bethany by Mary, the sister of Lazarus and Martha; and therefore many have supposed that the same incident is related by Luke, who is silent as to the woman's name and lays the scene in the home of Simon indeed, although in Luke he is a Galilean Pharisee, while the Simon of the other account is a leper of Bethany. But it is incredible from all we know of Mary that she was a woman who could be called "sinful" and of whom Jesus would say "Her sins which are many." There may have been two anointings of Jesus, or the reluctance of Jesus' disciples to believe that their Master could have treated an abandoned

woman so kindly may have led them to twist the story which Luke has preserved in its original form. Fortunately the representation which this story gives, as found in Luke, of Jesus' ethical judgment, is so thoroughly substantiated by all other accounts that we may dismiss merely critical questions and regard the narrative in Luke, and this picture which is based upon it, as true to the feeling of Jesus if not to historic fact.

But are we willing to agree that the woman at the feet of Jesus is really better, morally, than the Pharisees who sit at his side? Look at their faces: with perhaps the exception of the whisperer, all of these men have pure, clean faces. That Pharisee with hands crossed on his breast is not one who would "devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers"; he is obviously no hypocrite, but an honest, upright, pure-minded man. The Pharisee who is ready to rise shows a face that tells of long fastings if not of prayer; he also is a man of integrity and purity. Why, then, does Jesus contrast them unfavorably with the sinful woman? Their faces show: for while there is no trace of evil passion there is not a single hint of gentleness or tender sympathy. They despise the woman, and cannot see why Jesus allows her in his presence. Therefore were they in the opinion of Jesus in worse case morally than the woman at his feet. He thought that coldness was worse than passion, that unsympathetic righteousness ranked lower in the moral scale than erring tenderness. Sins of the flesh were less heinous than sins of the spirit. In Dante the same verdict is rendered; sins of incontinence are punished in the circles next below the unbaptized, while sins of treachery have their retribution in the belt just above the lowest depth of hell. Yet, does not this shock our moral sense? Is it really true that a perfectly respectable but hard-hearted, unfeeling man is farther from the kingdom of heaven than another who, though warm and sympathetic, is guilty of incontinence? That is a fair question for discussion. There is no doubt, however, how Jesus felt about it; his associations were often with social outcasts—the publicans and sinners. He believed in them, and trusted them most of all, finding them most responsive to his word. We judge instinctively the same way. We love reckless, loving Rip Van Winkle, but we turn away from a bloodless, heartless man. To the religious teachers of the day Jesus said: "The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you."

What did Jesus say about forgiveness?—Jesus said that the presence of love in a man or woman always meant forgiveness.

Jesus held forth no low standard of life. It was he who taught that it were better to cast eye or foot away than to be led into sin; he took judgment upon evil in heart or even in look as well as in actual deed; his ideal of morality was extraordinarily high, he shared the divine hatred of sin. And yet with all rigor of the moral code he had also a tender yearning over the lost sheep of Israel whom he had come to call to repentance. Jesus declared to Simon that the woman's sins were forgiven, but the ground of forgiveness is obscure in the narrative. Judging from the parable of the two

debtors, which Luke assigns to this occasion, we should conclude that this act of reverent, grateful homage was prompted by words of forgiveness which Jesus had previously spoken to her. She loved much because much had been forgiven to her. But in the story as we have it there is a hint of a very much more surprising doctrine, namely, that sin which is prompted by love is forgiven because of that love. It may be that the latter thought represents the real teaching of Jesus, which his disciples either misunderstood or modified because of its possible dangerous consequences. It is beyond doubt, however, that Jesus taught that in a loving temper was the only forgiveness for sin. In contrast to Paul, who ordinarily conceived of forgiveness as something external and forensic, Jesus always thought of it as inward and ethical. The man who forgives his brother is himself forgiven by God, since forgiveness of sin can be only the removal of sin, which is selfishness, from the heart. If love be within, sin is not there, and did not Jesus always put evil in the heart-motive and not in the outward act of transgression? We see, therefore, that this idea of forgiveness to love which, perhaps, shocks us at first standing, is really in harmony with a great deal of the thought peculiar to Jesus, it falls in with his general way of thinking, and may therefore have been his teaching in this particular case. If one do wrong from love does the love redeem the fault? In any event, there is no forgiveness while the heart remains hard and selfish. A great deal is said in current religious teaching about forgiveness of sins, but it is usually in the line of Paul's thought. Indeed, in this very narration, as Luke gives it, the closing verses have an unmistakably Pauline ring. "Thy faith hath saved thee"—but the real Jesus is heard in the other saying: "For she loved much." Sin is in the heart: if the heart be cold and unsympathetic the man is sinful, though the conduct may be blameless in its obedience to the "Thou shalt not" of law: sin is forgiven only when the heart is restored to sympathetic, tender, unselfish love. Only in the spirit of willingness to forgive others is a man's own forgiveness found.

How could Jesus speak for God in forgiving sins?—Because he knew that God could not be more harsh and severe than man, and he found in his own heart only pity and forgiveness for penitent sinners.

We have come upon another application of what in an earlier lesson we found to be the distinctive and peculiar method of Jesus—he reasoned from man to God and from God to man. His ethical principle is, "Treat men as God treats them—Be ye perfect even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." Beyond this law we can hardly go, for the moral law which is to govern the relations of man to man must be revealed in nature: by that law God deals with man and by that same law man must ultimately treat his brother. As Dr. Cone has admirably said: "The peculiar, the original contribution which Jesus made to this department of ethics consists in the setting in which he placed the duty of universal love, or perhaps, better, in the foundation on which he established it, when

he gave it a religious significance and sanction by enjoining it as a duty for men on the ground of the divine love toward them." And matching this thought of the duty of man to man is another of the feeling of God toward man. Jesus regarded his thoughts and feelings as revelations of God. Hence when he felt pity for the wayward and fallen he knew that God pitied them too. When he found no condemnation in his own heart he declared the forgiveness of God. To say that Jesus could not have pronounced forgiveness in the name of God unless he were himself God is to miss utterly the very central idea of Jesus. So men did see in Jesus a fresh revelation of God. The expression of the Pharisees in the picture shows how they felt toward sinful men and women; in them is the revelation of the wrath of God against all unrighteousness; but Jesus was a purer, better man than any one of his table-companions, and in his compassion was a revelation of the love and pity of God. It was rare then—is it not rare now?—to see purity combined with pity for the impure, and to find that union of qualities in a man is a revelation of their existence in God. In Jesus men saw that purity could be tender and that tenderness could be pure.

How did this teaching turn the people against Jesus?—It offended their ethical traditions and made them question his purity and prophetic character.

Is it strange that men should have drawn back from such teaching as we have studied to-day? Are we quite sure of its truth ourselves? Does it not still arouse suspicion when a man "receiveth sinners"? Are we ready to agree that sins of the spirit are actually worse than sins of the flesh? Is it clear to us that love maketh an atonement for sins? We have been taught for so many years that Jesus was truly God, and the relics of that belief still color our feeling so deeply, that we fail to realize the sublime audacity which led him to affirm that God felt as he, the obscure carpenter of an obscure Galilean town, felt toward sinners. Among the Jews, who abhorred uncleanness, who had got into the way of thinking of God as a judge and his relation to men as legal, and who had a written revelation of God which they deemed supreme and final, is it any wonder that there arose a revolt against the teaching of Jesus?

In teaching this lesson the greatest care must be taken not to minimize the guilt of sins of the flesh, but to show in their true heinousness the more subtle sins of the spirit. Hawthorne has much that bears on the subject—see, for instance, the character of Hilda in "The Marble Faun" (cf. especially chaps. xxiii. and xlii.), the stories of "Egotism," "The Christmas Banquet," "Ethan Brand" and "The Man of Adamant." Dante also should be studied.

Questions.

The Picture.—Its inaccuracies of detail,—could you discover any from reading the account in Luke even without any other knowledge of Eastern customs? What sort of men should you judge the Pharisees to be from their faces, from the direction in which each

is looking? Do you like the attitude of Jesus?

The Ethical Discrimination of Jesus.—Do you really think that Jesus was right in his ethical judgment upon heartless Pharisees and passionate sinners? Whom would Jesus call "the perishing classes"? Can you think of other sayings attributed to him or stories told of him which have the same idea? Do you think of other great teachers in literature and religion who have taught similarly? What is forgiveness? What revelation of God did men find in Jesus?

The Ethical Law of Jesus.—What was it? How sound do you think it is? Can we find out how God treats men? Has society adopted that principle? In an article on The Psychological Laboratory at Harvard, Dr. Nichols says: "Every ethical problem is a psychological problem." Has that any bearing upon this principle of Jesus?

The Ethical Sanction of Jesus.—What was it? What has ethics to do with religion from the point of view of Jesus? The method of Jesus and how he applied it to moral problems.

And now, two questions, the most important of all: Have we truly represented the ethical thought of Jesus? Do you believe that thought to be true?

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Notes from the Field

Chicago.—The Annual Conference of the Unitarian and other Independent Societies of Illinois will be held at All Souls Church from the 7th to the 9th of November. The following is the program: Tuesday, Nov. 7, 8 p. m., Annual Sermon, by Rev. H. W. Thomas of Chicago; 9 p. m., Social Reunion. Wednesday, Nov. 8, 10 a. m., Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. J. V. Blake, Chicago; 11 a. m., Reports of State Work by the Secretary and the ministers of the different churches; 3 p. m., Paper on "The Liberal Church and the People," by Rev. R. A. White, Chicago; Discussion opened by Rev. R. B. Marsh, Peoria; 4 p. m., Paper on Method of Missionary Work in Liberal Churches, by Rev. A. N. Alcott, Elgin; Discussion opened by Rev. A. H. Laing, Joliet; 8 p. m., Platform Meeting on "The Larger Religious Horizon,"—The Larger Horizon of the Universalist Church, by Rev. A. J. Canfield, Chicago; The Larger Horizon of the Unitarian Church, by Rev. Ida Hultin, Moline; The Larger Horizon of the Independent Church, by Rev. J. H. Acton, Aurora; The Larger Horizon of the Jewish Church, by Rabbi Hirsch; The Larger Horizon of the Ethical Movement, by Mr. M. M. Mangasarian, Chicago; The Possibilities of Liberal Organization, by Rev. J. L. Jones, Chicago. Thursday, 10 a. m., Devotional Meeting; 11 a. m., Business.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The pulpit at Hinsdale was filled Oct. 15 and 22 by the Rev. Messrs. Vivekananda and Nagarkar, who preached with much acceptance to overflowing houses. A course of lectures by Messrs. Vivekananda and Hirai are also being given and attended to the full capacity of the church. Next Sunday the pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. J. C. Allen, a recent graduate of Meadville and a former parishioner of Mr. Gannett in Rochester, who writes very cordially in commendation of him.

Geneva, Ill.—The Unitarian Society held its annual meeting in the church Wednesday, Oct. 18. After supper the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Harvey, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, to listen to reports and elect officers for the coming year. Mrs. Harvey, Mr. B. W. Dodson and Mrs. Blackman were elected trustees, Mr. T. H. Eddowes secretary, and Miss Lizzie Long treasurer. The principal work of the past year was the building of the parsonage, funds for which were largely contributed by outside friends, who personally or by report were familiar with the early history of the church, especially in connection with the labors of Mr. Conant more than fifty years ago. The society desires to express in this way its sincere thanks to all friends, East and West, who have aided in this work. A small indebtedness of about \$200 remaining, it was voted to raise that among ourselves, and Mr. Dodson and Mr. Harvey were appointed a committee for that purpose. On the following Sunday, Harvest Sunday, the full amount was raised, and the society is now out of debt.

St. Paul, Minn.—During the four Sundays in November and the first two of December, Rev. S. M. Crothers will deliver a series of evening sermons on "Texts from the Poets." The first text is from Keats,—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—
and the last from Browning :

To trace love's first beginning in mankind,
To know even hate is but a masque of love's
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill success.

The other texts are, in order, from Shelley, Wordsworth, Emerson and Matthew Arnold.

New Paynesville, Minn.—The Rev. Helen G. Putnam, of Fargo, N. D., did some good work here this week. On Sunday, the 22d ult., she held a service in I. O. O. F. Hall, kindly donated by the large-hearted members of that order. Fifty persons attended, and gave the closest attention to her fine discourse on character. In the evening she addressed a house-full in the Congregational Church on the Parliament of Religions. She spent the next three days visiting unorthodox families, and found more than a dozen who belonged to no fold, and were glad to hear the free word. Besides these families she found about twenty individuals who were equally glad to hear her. If friends of the liberal faith were to travel about among the people awhile they would be surprised at the endless field for work. Thousands of hearts are waiting to be warmed to life and love by the sunny rays of reason in religion. G. R. S.

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.—The Michigan Conference of Unitarian and Independent Churches will be held at Mt. Pleasant, from the 7th to the 9th of November. The following is the program: Nov. 7, 1893, Opening Sermon, 7:30 p. m., by Rev. W. D. Simmonds; Nov. 8, Devotional Meeting, 9 to 10 a. m., led by Rev. H. Digby Johnston; Reports of officers, Reports from Churches in the State, Appointment of committee, 10 to 11; Paper by Rev. T. B. Forbush, followed by discussion, 11 to 12; Paper by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholz, followed by discussion, 2 to 3 p. m.; Paper by Rev. J. T. Sunderland and discussion, 3 to 4 p. m.; Platform Meeting, 7 p. m., subject, "The Aids to the Advancement of Liberal Religion"—1st, "Science, Giving Juster Views of God and Man." Rev. H. Digby Johnston; 2d, "Historic Criticism, Giving Juster Views of Revelation and the Bible;" 3d, "Growth of Human Sympathy." Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett; Nov. 9, Devotional Meeting, 9 to 10 a. m., led by Rev. C. J. Bartlett; Paper by Rev. Reed Stuart and discussion, 10 to 11; Paper by Hon. S. U. Hopkin; and discussion, 11 to 12; Closing Business of the Conference and Election of Officers, 12 m.

Manistee, Mich.—The Secretary of the Western Conference preached at Manistee, Oct. 22, and was greeted by a large and sympathetic audience. The church is still without a minister, but is ready for the right person when he or she comes. That they were still alive was shown by their purchasing fifty copies of "Beginnings" within ten minutes of the close of the services.

Ames, Iowa.—Rev. Miss Safford, of Sioux City, who with her colleague, Miss Gordon, has also for some time been caring for the religious needs of Cherokee, preaching there every other week, and contributing to the organization of a promising Unity club, has now turned her attention to the State Agricultural College at this place, in the chapel of which she preached to the students Oct. 15, and in the afternoon held a largely attended

inquiry meeting, at which the students kept her busy several hours answering questions. In reference to this occasion *The Student*, the college paper, spoke as follows:

The talk given by Miss Safford in Morrill Hall Sunday afternoon was appreciated by all, whether agreeing with her belief or not. We have a very able class of ministers to address us on Sundays, and students would enjoy more talks from them after the manner of this one. We are here for education of the broadest kind, for information on all questions and on all sides of the question; and this can only come from the most perfect liberty of discussion and access to all sources of information. It is a violation of the non-sectarian spirit of a State institution to suppress the expression of opinion on one side of a religious question on the supposition that "our side" contains all the truth that has been unearthed and doubtless the truth will perish with us. Let "non-sectarianism" be true non-sectarianism.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—The Cincinnati Branch of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women, of which Mary P. Wells Smith is President, has sent us the following interesting program for 1893-94: October 16th.—Extra-Biblical Religions. Rev. Geo. A. Thayer. A paper written for the International Congress of Unitarians, at Chicago. November 13th.—What I Learned at Chicago. Five-minute talks by Mesdames Brotherton, Corre, Champion, Stanwood, Stone, Sykes, Owens, Goepfer, Ives, and other ladies. December 11th.—Early Unitarianism in Cincinnati. Mrs. Lucy E. A. Keeler. January 8th.—Religious News Committee's Report. February 12th.—Unitarian Hymns and Hymn Writers. Mrs. Davis James. March 12th.—The Religious and Ethical Influence of Poetry. Mrs. E. M. Brown. April 9th.—The Unity of Religions. Miss Anna Laws. May 14th.—Philanthropic News Committee's Report.

Marietta, Ohio.—Services have been held here throughout the summer, and the various activities of the church are already organizing for new work. The Sunday school has started, using "Beginnings" as its text book, with a regular teachers' meeting and the prospect of a Children's Church later. The Unity Club is soon to take up the study of politics; and the Young Ladies' Lecture Committee has just had a lecture by Mrs. Jenness-Miller, the proceeds of which are to go to start a Boys' Club. The indefatigable young minister, Mr. Penney, is giving a course of Monday evening readings from Living American Poets. The following is the list of the authors and the dates: Sept. 25, Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Oct. 9, Edgar Fawcett; Oct. 23, Bert Harte; Nov. 6, Edward Rowland Sill; Nov. 20, Anne Reeve Aldrich; Dec. 4, Walter Learned; Dec. 18, College Verse; Jan. 8, Jas. Whitcomb Riley; Jan. 22, William Watson; Feb. 5, John Henry Brown; Feb. 19, William Dean Howells; March 5, Clinton Scollard; March 19, Hamlin Garland.

Baltimore, Md.—The historic church at Baltimore, which during the twenty years of Mr. Charles R. Weld's pastorate has paid a debt of \$30,000 and built a chapel house with many conveniences for the work of the parish, has just completed extensive interior alterations of the church-building, and on the 29th of October commemorated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the original building and consecrated the remodeled church to its large religious and humanitarian work. Rev. James De Normandie, of Boston, and the pastor were to conduct

the service at 11 a. m. and Rev. Grindall Reynolds was to preach in the evening.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Ethical Association will give for the year 1893-1894, a series of lectures, or essays, Sunday evenings, on LIFE, AND THE CONDITIONS OF SURVIVAL, as follows: I. Oct. 29, 1893. "Cosmic Evolution as related to Ethics," by Dr. Lewis G. Janes, President of the Association. II. Nov. 12. "Solar Energy," by Mr. A. Emerson Palmer. III. Nov. 26. "The Atmosphere," by Dr. Robert G. Eccles, 1st Vice President. IV. Dec. 10. "Water," by Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond. V. Dec. 24. "Food," by Prof. W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University. VI. Jan. 14, 1894. "Structural Variation," by Prof. E. D. Cope, of the University of Pennsylvania. VII. Jan. 28. "Locomotion," by Dr. L. M. Holbrook, editor of the *Journal of Hygiene*. VIII. Feb. 11. "Work," by Dr. David A. Gorton. IX. Feb. 25. "Protective Covering," by Mrs. Lizzie Cheney Ward. X. March 11. "Shelter," by Mr. Z. Sidney Sampson. XI. March 25. "Habit," by Rev. John W. Chadwick. XII. April 8. "Sanitation," by Mr. James A. Skilton, Corresponding Secretary of the Association. XIII. April 22. "Philanthropy," by Rev. John C. Kimball, Corresponding Member of the Association. XIV. April 29. "Religion," by Rev. Edward P. Powell, Corresponding Member of the Association. (These essays will be published monthly at 10 cents a copy, by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., and may be obtained at that price from the Unity Publishing Company.)

Olympia, Wash.—Rev. W. G. Eliot, of Seattle, is ministering to the society at this place by coming over Sunday evenings and holding services here. Rev. Napoleon Hoagland, who has labored with the society for three years, is now visiting with his family at his old home in Shelby County, Ill. He tarried three weeks in Chicago to attend the Fair, and he announces his readiness to take work in a new field by the 1st of November.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, who during Mr. Thacher's absence in the East is supplying the pulpit of Unity Church, on October 10 conducted the funeral exercises held over the remains of Rev. Samuel A. Dyberg, who died there at Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital October 8.

Early in the month Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant addressed a large audience on "The Modern Woman."

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M'D ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB, Editor of the *Moslem World*, published in New York, writes: "I have just finished your most excellent lecture entitled 'Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia,' and I assure you I am greatly pleased at the manner in which you have treated the subject. It is the fairest and most truthful composition I have seen in the English language not made by a Mohammedan. I can plainly see how your mind has risen above the prejudices that Christians usually entertain toward Islam and its teacher. I congratulate you sincerely on having made a bold and effective stand in favor of truth. I will be very glad to have some of these lectures to sell, and will place it on our book list."

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ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Atheneum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 38d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

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Editorial

"Love! blessed Love! if we could hang
our walls with
The splendors of a thousand rosy Mays,
Surely they would not shine so well as thou
dost,
Lighting our dusty days.
Without thee, what a dim and woeful story
Our years would be, oh, excellence sub-
lime!
Slip of the life eternal, brightly glowing
In the low soil of time!"

—Alice Cary.

WE are pleased to learn that we of the West, who have been listening to Mozoomdar and the other prophets of India, have, in turn, been able to make an acceptable offering to their countrymen. The Calcutta *Indian Messenger* has recently repub-

lished in full from UNITY Mr. Gannett's sermon on "Culture Without College;" which at the time of its publication called forth so many expressions of appreciation.

THE Appletons, who have done so much towards popularizing science, have projected a series of books to be known as the "Anthropological Series." The books are to be edited by Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago. The first book will be by Prof. O. R. Mason, on "Woman's Place in Primitive Culture." Others will follow on Prehistoric Archaeology, Ethnology, etc. Anthropology is perhaps the newest of the sciences. It certainly must prove not only one of the most interesting but the most important science that can engage the attention of the student. We must improve our anthropology before we can ever ameliorate to any great extent the atrocious theology that still obtains. Let us know more of man; then we may more wisely infer the nature and purpose of the Power that gave him being.

THE following tribute to President Bonney, from *The Independent*, we quote with much pleasure. The great felicity displayed by Mr. Bonney in saying just the right thing in welcoming each one of the many congresses, could not fail to command the admiration of all.

Of the various people brought into prominence in connection with the World's Fair, there are few who are more interesting in their personality than Mr. C. C. Bonney, the originator, manager and President of the World's Fair Auxiliary, with its multitude of congresses touching upon almost every phase of intellectual development. Mr. Bonney is a man of slight build who would never attract particular attention. He has been known by a limited circle for many years as a quiet, unassuming lawyer, noted for nothing in particular unless it be a broad catholicity which kept his interest alive in the most diverse men and opinions. A Swedenborgian in religious profession, he did not mingle greatly with men of other denominations, so that he was by no means widely known: and when it

appeared that it was through his persistence, tact and indomitable energy that such a unique enterprise had not only been conceived but actually carried through, his neighbors in Chicago were not less surprised than those from other parts of the land. His addresses of welcome and introduction have been singularly appropriate, seeming to catch the central thought of all, whether missions or evolution, education, labor or socialism. He has been most ably seconded by those in charge of the different departments, and all have worked together to accomplish what will be far more enduring in its results than the Fair itself, beautiful and wonderful as that is.

The Parish Outlook is the name of the monthly bulletin issued by the Follen Church, East Lexington, Mass., of which our old fellow-worker in the West, George W. Cooke, is pastor. In the November issue it sets forth the non-sectarian attitude of the Follen Church in words which will doubtless express the attitude of a large and increasing number of churches to whom circumstances have given the name "Unitarian," but which are ready to abandon the name promptly the moment it is pushed to any doctrinal limitation or denominational definiteness that will differentiate them from the non-dogmatic work and workers who are now laboring under many sect names or under no denominational name whatever. How long such churches will wear the Unitarian name will be determined by the temper of those who have the name most in keeping. It is acceptable only when it is held loosely, and easily convertible into its literary and spiritual synonyms.

This church is not Unitarian in the sense of requiring that its members shall accept the belief of that denomination; and it is not Unitarian in the sense that the doctrines of that body are specially inculcated from its pulpit. In fact, as in name, Follen church is independent and non-sectarian. Under Dr. Follen it was so organized, and it has continued such to the present time. But in being independent it does not wish to withdraw itself from the sympathy and co-operation of other churches. It is sectarian only in so far as it is necessary to be so, in order to secure fellowship. In so far as its own special work is concerned, it is the distinct aim of Fol-

len church to be a village, and not a denominational organization. That is, in all its work its purpose is to serve the interests of East Lexington and its people, rather than the interests of any denomination. It does not keep before it, as its main purpose, that of making its members Unitarians. Its aim is to serve the moral and religious, social and intellectual, interests of the people of East Lexington. In its religious teaching the aim is to inculcate what is important, positive, and universal. It has no time for debating sectarian differences. It wishes to help individuals, to elevate the community, to make life sweeter and better. In trying to make a non-sectarian church, it is not our aim to make a church that has no religion. We wish to stand for something that is sure and great, that inspires men with hope and faith. What all religious people hold in common seems to answer to this idea. That we try to teach: that the church stands for.

* * *

WHAT to do with Prendergast is now a painful question which the Chicago court must decide. We are threatened with a long, learned, wearisome investigation as to the scientific nature of insanity. However difficult it may be to fit his case into exact scientific terms, there is no question but that the strong Saxon word, "fool," fits his case, and fools are dangerous persons to have around always. They are ever liable to do foolish things as this man has, and foolish deeds have always an element of wickedness in them. It will be a ghastly thing to hang a man who in a few years will doubtless die of dementia or some cognate imbecility; a man who is already old before he is thirty, a man whose antecedents on the paternal side helped populate the mad-houses of Ireland. But if there be any intimidating power in punishment it is right that he should be used as a warning to other fools who are being tempted by such short cuts to notoriety and revenge, and it is certainly true that this man has already had too much freedom. The community needs protection from such. It will be hard to find a jury who will hang such an imbecile. It would be a plain and clear and quick task to commit him for life within the walls of Joliet. If the relic of barbarism known as capital punishment were off of the statute books of Illinois it would be a much easier matter to do the wise and the right thing with Prendergast.

* * *

WE have quoted in another note the words of George W. Cooks, concerning the name "Unitarian." We desire also to commend his words in

the same issue of the *Outlook* concerning Christianity. Both these notes show how many of our ministers are growing into clearness of utterance concerning these matters. We look for no "changes of front," no startling "revolutions," but there is now taking place a phenomenal change of emphasis. "Pure Christianity," like "genuine Unitarianism," are words that mean nothing when pressed to any doctrinal equivalent. Like the skylark, they sing only when allowed the freedom of the air, the indefiniteness of life. Seize them in the hand and there is no song and not much beauty. Press them close in order to preserve them and the live thing is dead and worthless.

The study of origins and historic relations has shown a common root in the past, and that no sect has a monopoly of good or evil. The tendency of the age towards unity and harmony in other directions,—in politics, in social life, in intellectual ideals,—has led to the same result in religion. The men who honor and trust each other in business during the week cannot hate each other on Sunday because they attend churches that have not the same name and creed. The men who encounter the same high intellectual ideals in the literatures of Pagan, Catholic, and Protestant ages are not likely to give over-much weight to petty divisions caused by religious controversy. Such studies as these have led men to see that the Christianity of controversy and of sect is not the real one which ought to appeal to them.

WANTED A CIVIC CATHEDRAL.

For years we have been urging the need of a free hall, or a nest of halls, in Chicago and other cities. Such a building to be erected not for gain but for humanity; a building around which the educational and the humane interests of the community will gather; a building into which everything that makes for the betterment of the world will be admitted free, subject only to the conditions of good behavior, courtesy, and the necessary rotation, and where nothing coarse, selfish, or speculative would be admitted for any price. Our plea in this direction has been regarded as Utopian by many friends who are disposed to regard UNITY as sane on most subjects. But the practicality of such a scheme has been demonstrated in a large way by the Art Institute Building on the Lake Front during the last six months. Notwithstanding certain remediable annoyances the building itself has been a revelation, a direct contribution to practical sociology. It has shown what a People's Palace under

wise direction might do for any and every town. Now that Chicago has it no more for such uses, we begin to realize how helpless this great city is in its struggle with evil of every kind. The friends of culture, refinement and reform are impotent for want of any adequate place in which to exhibit their spiritual wares, and where they may meet for mutual co-operation and consultation. Chicago is again, spite of all its boasted might and hospitality, without a single place at the center of its life where the friends of the city or of any interests of the city may meet to advance such interests without first satisfying the demands of financial, theological, or private courtesies. All the available halls in the city are built with private means by those who have a right to expect in return some private gain. It costs a thousand dollars to control the great Auditorium Hall for a single night, one hundred dollars to secure Music Hall; fifty dollars is the price of Recital Hall, which seats but four hundred and fifty people; and it takes twenty-five dollars to secure the First M. E. Church, the next most available hall in the center of the city. The churches of the city are guarded with the exclusiveness of dogma and of pride. There is a disposition to forbid anything that trespasses upon the creeds or soils the carpets. But if these barriers were removed, it would remain true that the churches of Chicago have escaped from the throbbing heart of the metropolis. They have practically abandoned nine or more square miles at the very core of the city to the minions of darkness; while they have taken themselves to the more luxurious quarters of the favored. They have concentrated their energies to save Michigan Boulevard and associate avenues where the perishing rich are, where the upholstered pews will rent higher and the salaries of the soprano and the preacher be more abundant and secure. If the noble Columbus and Washington halls could be put into iron and glass, certain remediable defects obviated, and the attendant side halls retained as adjuncts, they would become permanent rendezvous for the humanities, a meeting place for souls on the same broad and hospitable basis as the Congress Auxiliary. They would become a winter and summer park for mind. Chicago would gain thereby a School in

Sociology, a People's College, a Civic Church, superior in power and municipal influence, we believe, to any school or university within the corporate limits. But this building is already committed to the high uses of art. Let us then have another building more wisely planned. It should be a building none the less commodious and ample, one that will contain a nest of halls ranging in capacity from three thousand to thirty. Let these halls bear the memorial names of Columbus, Washington, Bonney, John Barrows, Bertha Palmer, Ellen Henrotin and others, that the memorable congresses of the world may forever stimulate, direct and check the deliberations therein. Let such a building be intrusted to a body of men and women who have been trained to the work in the Columbian year, and they will show to Chicago and the world what high uses such a building may be put to.

Potter Palmer has recently made the generous offer of \$200,000 with which to erect a Woman's Memorial Building. This is a noble gift, but woman deserves a more noble memorial than a building circumscribed by sex. Let the women lead, pool their resources with men, have their upper rooms, with their industrial and other exhibits, but let them help give to Chicago a permanent Congress Hall. Surely there is wealth enough—and conscience enough back of the wealth—to secure for Chicago such a temple of the humanities, a secular cathedral that will give to the citizens of the nineteenth century just what the communities of the middle ages had in their cathedrals. Then the cathedral was the focus of the intellectual, social and ethical interests of the community. In it all the arts then known found their center and their inspiration. Poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and architecture were there enthroned. All these will be welcome to this new civic cathedral, but most of all, the new arts that seek to combine the above for the betterment of life,—the liberal arts that embellish and ennoble human life. Let Chicago have such a building.

Chicago's needs are probably the needs of every city in America. The condition of things here described is practically the condition of all towns. Probably the little cities of from five to twenty thousand are the greatest

sufferers in this matter. Where will the first Liberty Hall be built?

TO THINK OR NOT TO THINK.

The increasing frequency of frightful crimes throughout the country impels every thoughtful person to a search for causes for that increase.

These are doubtless many and varied, but among them must certainly be counted the defective or diseased nervous organizations of the criminals, more especially the youthful ones. There is something unnatural about this youthful mania for crime. There is apparently a whole class of young boys, and even girls, growing up in the midst of us, with a criminal tendency, on whom the usual restraints of conscience exert little or no influence; who apparently care nothing for the dividing line between what is right and what is wrong, if they are able to see any such line. In many instances their comprehension of such a line is very much blurred, and the moral law the vaguest possible conception. The causes of this state of things are worthy of the most serious thought and should be diligently sought for. Perhaps the recent utterance of M. Charles Fere, a well-known authority at Paris on nervous and mental diseases, may throw some light on the subject. He says these diseases are frightfully on the increase in France. And he thinks this due to the increase of beer and absinthe drinking, since the establishment of bars about twenty-three years ago. He especially observes the increase of spine and brain diseases in young children, and traces these largely to the drunkenness of the parents, especially of the mothers. The children of such parents, he claims, are often deformed, or idiotic, or violently impulsive and destined to swell the ranks of criminals. In the north of France, where there is a large class of drunken women, things are at the worst in this respect. Children with these defective organizations of course need the wisest and most careful training, but get, as a rule, no moral training whatever. They follow the example of those with whom they live, and begin to crave and to use tobacco and alcohol at an early age,—which hastens the breakdown of their nervous organizations. Of course the accompanying vices of drunkenness are in part responsible for the ruin which is wrought. The

crimes of violence against women, so alarmingly frequent now, can be traced largely to that sex-mania induced by debauchery in parents. The papers are crowded, day by day, with accounts of the murder of young girls who refuse to marry men who seek them, and of wives who refuse to live with drunken and depraved husbands, and with even more frightful crimes than these. Is it not time that we seek seriously for the fountain of these evils? And does it not behoove us to search diligently for some remedy? Opinions will differ as to both cause and remedy, but we can scarcely be wrong in disseminating knowledge of the physical and mental and moral ruin which is wrought by the use of stimulants and narcotics, especially by the young and by mothers. H. T. G.

Men and Things

IN the death of Dr. Philip Schaff, for so many years professor in the Union Theological Seminary, American Ecclesiastical Scholarship has lost one of its brightest lights. Since his coming to his adopted country nearly fifty years ago, this industrious German-Swiss scholar has made so many useful contributions to ecclesiastical and theological literature that his is probably the best known name in America to the younger theologians.

It is said that Mr. Tom Mann, the English labor leader who did so much for the Dockers by organizing them and thus making their strike possible, is seriously contemplating entering into deacon's orders in the Church of England.

A LETTER to *Our Animal Friends* from the President of the Society for the Protection of Animals in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, sends the cheering intelligence that bull fighting and cock fighting have become a misdemeanor in that State, punishable by fine, imprisonment, and confiscation. An arduous campaign will probably be needed to enforce the law, but its adoption is as great an achievement as all the rest which remains to be done is likely to be.

THE thing for us to remember is that mere censorship by itself, though it may well be the precursor of reform, is not itself reform. The time may easily come to a nation or a community when it is so charmed and satisfied with the swift discernment, the keen sarcasm, the biting rebuke with which the task of censorship is performed, that it will lay down its morning or evening journal, having done no more than read it, with as much complacency as if it had gone to a primary meeting, or had risen up and gone to work to "turn the rascals out."

—*Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D.*

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Contributed and Selected

BREATH IS FOR PRAISE.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord!

—PSALM cl. 6.

Thou art a perfect harmony;
Thy universe doth sing;
Creation beats its journey out
Upon a happy wing.

But I a discord seem to be
In all the dear refrain:
Instead of answering with joy
I answer only pain.

O, fashion me such tuneless reed
Unto Thy blowing breath;
Then play on me Thy spirit airs,
Enchanting even death.

Then all my friends shall hear in joy
And each one better be;
And every throbbing of my heart
Be gladness unto Thee.

Music is of Thee, O Lord, and unto Thee it should lift across Thy children's gratitude. With Thy thought that sings Thou touchest discordant sounds and they are shaped into wondrous melodies; and, that we might be raptured of their glory, Thou hast given us the gracious hearing by which we enter into music's dear delights. Thou givest us the music without and the appreciation of it within. Thou makest us its blessed fulfillment. In us it turns into joy. Thou art in such perfect accord with Thyself that Thy being sings in a perfect gladness; and that gladness comes out in the fluting of Thy streams fulfilling themselves in our listening ear; in Thy winds that blow a mighty diapason, or sigh out in blossom-tinted melodies as gentle as a baby's kiss; in the birds that fill the day with their unweary gladness; in all these charming nature sounds that always sing for any man that hath the ears to hear. And in these human voices all are motions of great song that do not yet lift up into Thy conscious praise. And when I think on Thee and all Thy goodness to Thy children here, my heart is moved to concord of sweet sounds, and I would put that heart into these countless sounds, and make the whole round earth an anthem, sung to bless and gladden Him whose life is given to all, whose love, a tender mother-breast, broods over all. When birds I hear, or streams, or lowing kine, when children's voice; and the sounds of busy trade, I'd lift my heart on wings of these until I knew how perfect is Thy kindness and Thy love to all, until somehow I might teach men to pause in self's too busy service, and think upon Thy goodness so, until they take all things of earth and lift them unto Thee in hymns of brother-ministry. While raptured with Thy nature singing everywhere, it came to me that man makes finer music on his instruments than Thou dost breathe through Nature's many pipes; that human voices have diviner melodies than all the throats of happy birds. And then I do recall that this has come to man by patient ways of making, through the growth and through the toil of all the generations. And so I hope that harmony may yet reign over all the earth,

that out of all these "increments of patient pain" will come some hymns of love divine enough to satisfy Thy perfect heart, to justify Thy making of the race. Myself will yet become a song of Thy own beauty praising Thee. Thy breath upon me blowing shall yet get answer of love's most perfect, holy song. Thy gracious hand on touching me will yet get answer of such strains as shall bless Thy earth and make Thy heavens ever glad because new beauty's born. For all the world and for myself I'll not despair. Thou art but making us. The time will come, when made, we'll praise Thee as we ought, fulfilling every gracious song that makes the motions of Thy heart a dear delight and saving for these brothers of the human kind, the holy family of Thy holy life. Till then, O Lord, I'll praise Thee as I can; I'd sing the best I know; and Thy dear voice, O let it drop to mine, until Thou teach me how to perfect sing, and give Thee glory in my being's every quivering line, and be Thy benediction to the least of these to whom Thou givest the graces of Thy life, the touches of Thy making them such children as Thy deeps of love determine in their holy dreams. Amen!

Thou art lowing in Thy kine
And bleating in Thy sheep;
Thy singing is the happy birds,
Thy chanting, ocean's deep.

Thou art blowing in Thy winds
And shining in Thy sun.
Thou ripenest the growing grain
And all the saps that run.

Thy tenderness is baby's face;
Thy blushes are the grapes;
No thing's within Thy universe
But that Thy loving shapes.

Creation is Thy coming forth
To do Thy holy will;
And every voice when truest heard
Is saying, "Peace! Be still!"

In everything Thy loving glows,
I find Thee everywhere;
No thing is anywhere but that
Thy being it doth share.

And so I live eternal life;
And nothing ever dies;
What we are naming death is but
Some fuller life's surprise.

PASTOR QUIET.

A LETTER FROM NORWAY.

A few words from this "land of the midnight sun" may be of interest to the readers of UNITY.

In this southern part of the country no *midnight* sun can be seen, still at midsummer there is no darkness. One can easily read within doors at eleven o'clock with no other light than the soft twilight. At first, a stranger to these conditions is struck with awe and a feeling of foreignness. Our children could not be persuaded that their bed-time had arrived in such light, and had more faith in their senses than in the clock.

I can imagine nothing more peaceful and restful than a stroll along

a country road in the changing, bewitching light of a midsummer night in Norway. Add to the charm of the subdued light the beauty of a view over the fjords, and one must be dull indeed to remain untouched. And the people here—the common people—seem to appreciate these phases of Norwegian nature. They seem loath to give up any part of the summer evening, but may be seen strolling about streets and roads, rowing or sailing on the fjords, or lounging in doorways well on toward midnight.

What the splendid park system of Chicago and other American cities does for the poor is done here by all the country surrounding towns and cities. Kristiania has, indeed, its parks, and many for a city of its size, but it is not to these the working people flock on Sundays and holidays. Beautiful spots on islands and along the water, several miles from the city, attract the crowds on our fine holidays, and these little outings are made possible for even the poorest by the cheapness of fares on railroads and steamboats. For three cents for adults, and half price for children, these fine picnic grounds can be reached, while many others are within easy walking distance. Everywhere bands are playing and flags are flying. The Norwegians have a handsome flag and they hoist it on all possible occasions, from the baby's birthday to the national holidays and festivals. Indeed, one of the first sights to strike me as strange was the forest of flag-staffs to be seen wherever a village nestled in a valley or clung to the steep, rocky terrace along the coast. Often a country villa will be entirely hidden among trees, its presence proclaimed only by the white flagstaff rising above everything.

I can think of nothing finer than a trip on one of the many pleasure steamers around the islands and fjords near Kristiania. Take one of these trips on a fine summer day, in the perfection of weather, not too warm, with clear air, blue waters and a delightful breeze. Or better still, take it on a summer evening at sunset, and while the sky is all aglow and the water reflects the gold and purple light of the west. The band is playing some of the fine music of which the country is proud and for which it is justly famous. The steamer winds in and out, sometimes through a channel so narrow that we can almost touch the steep rocks on either side. The waves thrown up by the boat dash against the shores, the sound echoing and re-echoing. In another minute a broad sheet of water is before us, the islands at a little distance reflected in the smooth surface. One moment we are in a glowing open space, bright with all the glory of the first twilight, the distant mountains still alight in the last rays of the sun, the water reflecting as in a mirror the western

radiance and the surrounding woods and hills. In another moment the little steamer turns suddenly into a passage hidden until the course was changed, and from the light and warmth of the open water we pass into cool shadows where all is silent save for the waves from the boat dashing against the overhanging cliffs of gray or black rock.

Many of the larger islands are dotted by pretty country villas, occupied during the summer months by city people. As the steamer nears the little piers, these island people come down for the evening mall, or to meet and walk home with husband, father or friend returning from the day's business; or they are out simply for a stroll and drawn to the landing by the never failing interest in the arrival of the boat. Cheap fares and regular trips by steamers at convenient hours make living in a delightful country home possible, not only for the wives and families of business men, but for the business men themselves. It is possible for the whole family to enjoy country life as cheaply as, or even more cheaply than, in their own city homes; and the husband and father is not confined to hotel or boarding house in the hot city, save for a weekly or monthly visit to the family. Clerks and shop girls, too, are able to benefit by country air and country food. The fare for an hour's ride in a steamer, morning and night, is often cheaper than the same number of trips by street car in the city.

There is a democracy in the summer pleasures here that should gratify an American. High and low, rich and poor, mingle in pleasure resorts, riding in the cheap cars,—and there are three classes on railroads,—traveling on the same steamboats. The working man and his wife, with their flock of little ones, eat their simple picnic lunch in as lovely a spot as their employers, and seem to enjoy everything as fully, if not more so. The chief promenade street in the city has been spoken of by travelers as one of the most remarkable in Europe, not because of its beauty, for it cannot boast of width, fine pavement or architecture, but because here all the city can be seen, all phases of its life. The poorest promenade here, instead of hiding away in slums and back alleys. The servant girl exhibits her bit of finery; the newly confirmed delight to walk here in their new sense of dignity and importance—and their new clothes; while the wealthy lady and her pretty daughters enjoy a stroll during the fashionable hours of the day. On this same street, in the tourist season, one can hear all the leading languages of the world. Germans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, Americans and Italians jostle one another while gazing curiously at show windows, or studying the many photographs, large and small, of fine scenery or interesting spots in Norway.

At present Norway is passing through a political crisis that, however it ends, must mark an important point in its history. The king's refusal to sanction and execute the bill passed by the national assembly, or Storting, for a separate consular service, has roused bitter feeling and a rapidly growing opposition to the union with Sweden. Republican sentiment is increasing, and the king's crown sits very insecurely. He finds Sweden, with its strong aristocracy and unquestioned royalistic feeling, much more to his taste and comfort than his democratic Norwegian kingdom. He did not care to remain here over the 17th of May (the Norwegian Fourth of July), knowing as he did that the liberal demonstration would be most emphatic. The two parties are distinguished by the flags used,—the conservative by the Norwegian flag containing in one corner the mark of union with Sweden, the liberal party by the "clean flag," or the national flag without this mark.

One thing that strikes a New-Englander very forcibly is the indifference to church life. The more intelligent people attend service only on some special occasion, when there is some special attraction,—looking upon the church as nothing to them, but well enough as a restraining force among the poorest and most ignorant. The minister draws his salary from the State, and is a convenient personage at weddings and funerals, and a respectable addition to society. The only earnestness in religion seems to be among the few Methodists and the fewer Catholics. The intelligent, thinking people doubt the old dogmas, but have nothing to replace them, so they drift into agnosticism or indifferentism. Life is without faith, and consequently rather dark and pessimistic. Unitarianism, with its bright, cheering faith, is unknown. The liberals are such only as rejecting the old and ready for a new, liberal gospel. That they are ready is shown by the eagerness with which a lecture or talk on liberal religion is received. Mr. Lyche has given several lectures in Kristiania and other places, and has been urged to start at once a Unitarian church. At one of the lectures the speaker asked that those who would help on such a movement should send in their names. Seventy did so at once. A lecture was given before the theological students of the national university (Lutheran, of course) at the students' request. And there are among those students quite a number too liberal for the State church, yet with no chance for any other. There is no doubt, whatever, that a liberal church could be started easily in the capital and its influence would spread throughout the country, reacting, no doubt, on Norwegians in America. Kristiania is more a center for Norway than any city in the United States is a center for its own State or part of the country. It is to Norway what Paris is

to France. In Kristiania one elbows all the men and institutions that affect the country at large. From the papers in the capital other papers take their cue. If an artist has painted a picture of merit, one has only to walk down the street in Kristiania to see it exhibited in the window of an art store or advertised as within. Ibsen, of world-wide fame, is a familiar figure on the streets and at the cafe of the largest hotel. Bergen is the only other city to share the honor of being at all a center for thought and culture. So in religious matters, also; Kristiania is the center from which the influence of a liberal religious movement would most widely spread, and spread beyond the boundaries of Norway.

MARY R. LYCHE.

Kristiania, Norway.

A THOUGHT.

I once saw a great point of rock, solid, immovable, lifting its shoulder above the turbulent rapids of Niagara. So at the Parliament of Religions and the Congress of the Evangelical Alliance, I saw a few great ideas lifting themselves grandly above all the flood of varying creeds and contrary opinions: the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, Evolution, Unity, the Institutional Church.

But a few months ago above the swamps and confusion of Jackson Park deep foundation piles were seen, upon which, afterwards, was reared the White City by the lake.

Oh, the city to be reared upon the foundations so plainly visible above the flood of opinion at the Art Palace! Of its soft splendors, its restful waters, its opportunities, its inspirations, who shall speak? Afloat upon its waterways, what visions shall be seen? At home in the heart of its tenderness, what shall God's children be?

A. B.

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Church-Door Pulpit

UNIVERSAL RELIGION AND JUDAISM.*

A DISCOURSE BY EMIL G. HIRSCH.

No one alive to the working forces of our day can be blind to the fact that among them is a wonderful quickening of the religious spirit promising in recent years—if not in weeks—a strong movement toward a broader and more inclusive statement of the highest truths. This religious re-awakening must be a surprise to those that in the last decades have never ceased emphasizing the empty pretense that religion has yielded the torch to the sciences; that religion is a mist, weaving its curtain during the damp and dark hour of the night, to be torn asunder by the bold arrows sent forth from the quiver of day's monarch. The sciences have not disproved religion's claims; on the contrary, the methods of the sciences applied to this phenomenon in human life and human history, have demonstrated incontrovertibly, that religion is essential to man, and is necessary to human society. In strict accord with the teachings of the sciences the children of this era are once more searching for religious light, and hungering for religious inspiration. However, the ambition to-day is not so much to rebuild the small temples in which of old the fathers breathed forth their prayers, and in which they gathered their manna of consolation. Those temples, we feel it, are too narrow; in keeping with a much larger plan the religious architects of our day are attempting to erect a new edifice, in which God's altar shall once more blaze forth with light, to weapon man with the highest thoughts and stir him with the deepest emotions. In one word nothing short of universal religion stands in the foreground of our anxiety—our strongest affection, our most impatient hope.

Universal religion may, at first thought, appear to be one of the easy consummations of modern day. The sympathies of all men are to-day flooding beyond the old barriers. We defy distance; we laugh at the anger of oceans; we refuse to obey the mandate of mighty mountain ranges, from whose peaks sound the warning: "Thither, but no farther!" Where is the impediment that we would respect in our onward march of triumphant victory? East and West are closest neighbors; the North looks in at the windows of the South; zones, geographically marked off, mingle together, scorning the distinctions dotted off by human hands or emphasized even by climatic conditions. Why, then, should not, in religion, man be brought nearer unto man? The universal religion certainly would appear to be the final glory of

this marvelous age of intrepid progress, of unchecked advance in all spheres of human endeavor. Yet, tempting as the outlook is, bewitching as this peep into paradise unquestionably is, the dream's realization is much more difficult than it presents itself to the first glance. Religion to a certain degree is the product of local conditions and of temporal circumstances, as clearly as it is the exponent of a universal human need and the attempt to bring into harmonious relations individual human life with the eternal spirit in and above the sweep of the ages, with the Law of Him in whom all that is, moves and has its being.

Man as an abstract concept is the same at the equator as at the poles; but the man who builds his house in the moderate climate, is actually differentiated from both the brother who marvels at the midnight sun, and his fellowman under skies where night and day are always equal. Climatic conditions have left their imprint on religion's presentation and not merely, as perhaps one might suppose, in religious ceremony, but also in religious thought. It is easy to understand, that where nature by her very liberality makes life a luxury, the great questions which are fundamental to religion, are answered in a way different from that followed where the skies are leaden and the soil is barren. India, for instance, by the very exuberance of its vegetation makes life worthless. Its sun is so intense as to render activity almost impossible. India is the predestined home of the contemplative. By no accident or artifice, but simply in consequence of its climatic conditions, India followed a path of religious evolution, the ultimate outcome of which is the thought that conscious life is a burden, a fatal error of the creative power—a curse, while contemplation, meditation, inactivity, are the cardinal virtues, pointing the way to salvation from the limitation and load of conscious life. We need not assume an accidental or artificial perversion, but simply familiarize ourselves with the natural conditions of Asia Minor, Syria, and the territory which homed originally the Semites, to understand what led there to the pregnant notion that the creative energies of nature claim veneration, and the generative process appeals to the instinct of reverence and awe as the supreme and frightful mystery. Under the influence of that potent, though to us repugnant conception, human sacrifices could not but form an essential part of religious economy. Under it those frightful rites, indescribable though they may be in our tongue, and offensive even in suggestion to our sense of shame, not merely unimportant shadows but at the very root of the Semitic ritual, are a natural sprout which could not help ingratiate itself with the people living amidst the conditions that gave it sap. In another belt where the sun

deftly wields the brush of the artist, and nature herself is beaming in the golden tints of beauty, religion becomes an invitation to worship the beautiful, and the divine heralds itself to man through the subtle revelations of form and harmony. The religion of Greece is a fairy version of the poem scanned by the blue sky itself; the echo of the odes sung by the sea beating its rhythmic cadence upon the shore of Ionia's islands, bursting upon the eye of the beholder like flashes from brilliant jewels dropped from a richer casket, or molded like perfect figures clean from gifted sculptor's chisel.

And, so not to weary you with details, the phenomena of religion's history press home abundant evidence, that climatic conditions go far to make and mar the character of all religions which have asserted themselves since man's tenure of the earth. Time, too, or historical conditions, have played no mean part in the development of religious doctrines. Religion's first tendency is toward isolation; that is to say, religion at first divides rather than unites men. Only when other energies have breached the restricting wall of clan, race or nationality, religion avails itself of the opening and broadens its outlook and stakes off its domain with a wider measure. In tribal society, humanity cannot be conceived of as the child of the one God. The tribe thinks itself the offspring of its own deity; but each tribe is child to another god. The god whom men worship assigns to them a place within or without the community, the confines of which restrict the domain of the duties one man owes to another. Commerce and war pierce these barriers of blood or locality; they prepare the way for religion to widen its fellowship, and thus the tribal god grows into the god of one nation, and still later the national god into the God of all humanity.

Historical conditions have in this wise affected the making of our theological systems and the trend of men's religious ideas. To-day we would have the universal religion. Has humanity advanced far enough to rise above local conditions, climatic surroundings and historic influences? It seems we have the power to rise above the merely local or the climatic, for to-day—to compare something extremely trivial with something deeply tremendous—viz., fashion with religion—we find that in dress the national peculiarities are rapidly fading away. The cut of a lady's garment is almost the same to-day in Capetown and Paris. National costumes are almost everywhere discarded. Now and then in some secluded nook of some European mountain range the lonely traveler stumbles upon a peasant woman still proud to wear the unchanged headgear of her mother. In the middle ages the different classes of society were distinguished

*First published in *The Reform Advocate*.

from each other by their dress, but the advancing spirit of our age has wiped away these invidious outward signs of class and rank. With us, it is difficult to distinguish, at a social dinner, the waiter from the gentleman, and the guest of "low" birth from the baron of high descent. So to-day rapid intercommunication and exchange of thought and commodities, have forced the national costumes to recede before the common universal uniform, befitting the men and women of all nations alike.

Climatic conditions, therefore, seem to be among those things which need not affect us. If they have no longer voice in deciding the cut and color of our garment, they certainly need not have influence over our metaphysics—our views on the universe, or the significance of life and its relation to that power that rules us and directs our affairs as well as those of nations and the world at large. These climatic conditions were important—and we can easily see the reason why—in the infancy of religion. Then, indeed, man, helpless, found himself face to face with a world full of marvels and bristling with horrors. Man's knowledge of self and his world was imperfect, he could not escape viewing the universe in the light in which it presented itself to him, as some stupendous energy, or an aggregate of energies, weaponed with the tornado's breath and the volcano's fires. Naturally, man feeling his utter helplessness fell prostrate, implored mercy, and found none. Where, however, nature's power delighted to smile on him and woke the fragrance of the rose to bewitch him or offered him the horn of plenty, joy could not but echo in his own heart, and fill him with the trustful certainty that nature was not unkind. But to-day we hold the key to nature's mystery. We feel at least our mastery over nature's forces, we believe in the possibility of our controlling them to our use. We are not frightened at the roar of the thunder, nor are we swayed by the softer pleadings of the flower's beauty. Nature to-day speaks to us in a dialect different from that in which she addressed our remote ancestry. And therefore in religion we can rise, nay, we have risen, above climatic natural conditions.

The difficulty in the way of the proclamation of a universal religion lies in another plane. Historical influences are not as easily overcome as are the local. Men are the children of their parents; as these in turn are the offspring of their progenitors. In the eighteenth century thinkers affected to disregard this fact. For them, man was in the beginning; and the historical evolution along and into national channels was then thought to be a lapse from the original grace. The differentiation into Christian and Jew smacked in their opinion of arbitrary perversity. Lessing's is a beautiful presentation of this view of the

eighteenth century. But we of this nineteenth century, contemporaries of Darwin and Wallace,—we who have listened to the story told by Nature, and have watched the processes of her growth,—we are not, we cannot be blind to the ever active law of heredity. Not man as such, but a concrete man was first created. Man did not open the procession of the ages, but the prehistoric and historic clan and tribe registered its qualifying name on the first page of Time's ledger, as do to-day the Frenchman, the German, the Russian, theirs. The babe born here to-day differs spiritually from the little ball of humanity opening its eyes to the light in Norway and Sweden. These elements cannot be underrated or neglected. Man as such is not the beginning of history, but its ultimate issue. No greater truth underlies the dogma of pristine humanity and subsequent lapse into nationality, as taught by the thinkers of the eighteenth century, than does the theological assumption of original moral perfection in Adam in Paradise, lost to the race after the fall. Lessing, of course, occupies the highest promontory of the outlook. But we in this age, while envying his enthusiasm for humanity, cannot as quickly be steadied with so great a faith in so erroneous a theory. Historical conditions are stubborn factors in the equation. The great question for us is how to utilize these historical conditions with the ultimate goal, a universal religion, unswervingly kept in view. All one may venture safely to assert is that these historical conditions are beginning—but merely beginning—to be utilized. Thousands and thousands of men and women believe in a universal religion; but as yet that universal religion is their own, no other and no one's else. The Christian to-day professes his impatience for the universal religion; but explicitly or implicitly by him, Christianity is alone credited with the right to this exalted function. Our Buddhist friends in the same spirit insist that they are in possession of the universal religion; and, therefore, beg leave to invite all men to accept Buddhism. Every faithful believes his own to be the predestined universal faith. The Jew is no exception. Especially he of Chauvinistic leanings, fond of trumpeting his glories, has no doubt that he is of the chosen people. He is convinced that the universal religion is his; his little Judaism not merely is the bud but the blossom of universal religion. What need for him of a Parliament of Religions? Have then the dividing historical conditions been eliminated? The leaven of separation is still working. History has dug the channels along which the streams run. Time alone, not quick revolution, can force the current to the meeting point. The waters will commingle, but as yet, though flowing

toward the place of union, they are distinct from each other.

So, the universal religion is, now as ever, an ideal. What, now, is the attitude of Judaism toward this ideal? Of course, I exclude that Judaism which I have just now characterized. That Judaism is, in its own conceit, so perfect, as to need no further light; it is so thoroughly convinced of its exclusive destiny as to scorn as a slight the suggestion of a further expansion. It is as narrow as any dogmatic Christianity; as narrow as ever was barbaric tribalism. At the risk of being accused of anti or un-Jewish vagaries, I confess that I have no sympathy with a narrow Judaism, and I have no hesitancy to avow that I propose to expose its arrogance whenever it may lift its self-laudatory voice.

What is true Judaism's attitude toward universal religion? The Judaism of the prophets has always waited impatiently for the dawn of universal religion's blessed era. You perhaps would doubt this? Read, I pray, the prophets! Is there one that fails to passionately proclaim his yearning for the light of the day when universal religion will bring together all men around God's altar? They are silent as to the name by which this larger covenant will be known. They would not label it Judaism. They picture that coming time as the age when none will say to his neighbor, "Know ye Yahweh; for from the least to the highest, from the youngest to the oldest, all men know Yahweh, the earth will be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the depths of the sea." The only limitation I discover is that the universal religion shall be a God-religion. But what is understood by the term God-religion, according to the prophets? "Not," say the prophets, long before Jesus of Nazareth repeated the same thought, "not those who exclaim: 'The temple of the Lord! the temple of the Lord!' have the knowledge of God. He whose hands are clean and whose heart is pure; who doeth no wrong; whose conduct is God-like, he evinces the knowledge of God."

Thus, while the religion of the prophets is fully assured that the world is reasonable, that not chance, but purpose, presides at the loom upon which are spun the patterns unrolled in time and nature, on the other hand, these prophets recognized thousands of years ago, that not creed but deed, not confession but conduct, made the God-like, and gave warrant for the conviction and belief in the one and only God. Their God was the ideal of holiness. His service consisted not in sacrifice, but in the service of man to man.

The prophets, in their religion, had risen above climatic limitations. I have before indicated that in Syria and Palestine, the climate made for a sensual religion; a religion worshipping the generating powers in a

frightful manner. Do not speak too often of the "Hebrew" race. Those who know what the Hebrew race were lay the hushing fingers on their lips. The old Hebrew religion was like all other Semitic religions of that time. Sacrifice of life and virgin virtue was as little abhorred by the Hebrew of old as by the other ancient Semites. The prophets rose above these climatic influences. They preached the holy God of Sinai. In Palestine, the land of the fig and olive, the land of corn and wine, they spoke for the stern God of Sinai. The early prophets, or to be more exact, the Nazarites disregarded, at this early period, locality and territorial characteristics. These old prophets evolved the god of morality in sheer contrast to the deity of immoral incitement, grown out of and the reflection of the climatic conditions of the then-land of Canaan. The prophets, however, were themselves carried along to the fullest extent by the sweeping current of historical development. Earlier prophets are still convinced that Yahweh is the god of Israel alone: Every people has a god. Moab and Ammon theirs, Israel his. The distinction between the god of early Isaiah and the god of other nations lies not in the unity of Israel's god, but in his "holiness." "Wash ye: make ye clean." This admonition spells an element which the theology of no other nation could grasp. The second Isaiah—to overleap the intervening links—announces the one universal God. The exile matured this wider thought. I have no doubt the opening chapters of Genesis date from the same period. It was then that to the history of Israel those chapters of universal tendency dealing with man and not with the Jew, were prefaced as a grand monument to the universal possibilities of Biblical religion. It would thus seem that there is no conflict between the religion of the prophets and the universal religion to come. But if this be true, why is it that Judaism has refused three times in its history to flower forth not merely ideally, but actually into the universal religion? Ezra was the first to descend from this high prophetic mount of outlook to the narrow valley of Judaism. Can we blame him? He was convinced that Judaism had a mission, but he was also deeply conscious that the stream, unless confined at the source, could not deepen, but would, remaining shallow, slowly stagnate and evaporate. In order to preserve the prophetic idea he ramparted it by formidable walls. History has justified his course. The fate of the Samaritans would also have been that of his colony. The second chance was offered when Christianity stepped out into the world. Why did Judaism not then cast off the hampering vestment of national texture and take on the wide flowing garment of the Prophet, calling all men to God's service? The teachers felt then, and justly, that

were Judaism to leave its protecting bastions, the pure doctrine of the religion of conduct would be greatly endangered, if not speedily replaced, by a religion of creed. The history of Christianity verified their intuitive fear. Those Jews—the early Christians were Jews—that sought the broader world at that time, exchanged the fetters of national ritualism for the still more galling restraints of dogma.

Is Paulinism the religion of conduct? Christianity began as an ethical movement, it ends with a creed. Hatch's book on the Greek element in Christianity shows how it had to end thus. The Greek speculative spirit so repressed the Jewish ethical idea that the unequal combination of the two produced a barren creed. Judaism's narrower course was justified—for the sake of the freer thought it could not then give up its own religion. The time was not yet ripe, historical conditions had not yet prepared the soil for the reception of the seed. Is the world riper to-day? Ah! no: If we had heeded twenty years ago the cry: "Out, out, give up Judaism," we should have then had to pact with atheism. The atheists of yesterday are to-day convinced of their mistakes. But what of agnosticism? Even "agnostics" to-day are working for a positive religion; and many an atheist of twenty years ago, and many an agnostic, who would not have brooked in his hearing the pronouncing of the name of God, is to-day worshipping at the shrine of orthodoxy. Know ye not that many an "atheist" of this type to-day runs after Dr. Stoecker and is a member of the evangelical church? This little straw points the direction of the tide. Were we then wrong twenty years ago in refusing to throw away our safeguards? Can we afford this experiment now with less risk? The world around us—to-day as yesterday—labels all virtue as Christian. Take the most advanced Unitarians: Do they not always talk of Christian charity, Christian gentleness? Christianity is for them the only universal religion of right conduct. Shall we then give up our name as long as it is a by-word among the nations; as long as it is held that it covers either stubbornness, obstinacy, blindness or downright wickedness? He is a coward who would take to his heels in days of danger. Shall we be cowards? They must first give up the name Christian as qualification for all that is noble or good, or true, before we will consider the proposition to sink our historic designation. We may make ready to give up our livery when they abandon theirs. We can wait. In the meantime we enlarge our temples; we open our doors. But, say you, ethical culture is not a victim to this conceit. There certainly is not talk of *Christian* virtues. No, there is not. But there again the claim is advanced that to be abreast with the wider thought of humanity,

one must cease to be a Jew! Jew for them is always a sign of a predisposition to prejudice, and as one of the leaders put it, one must either give up thinking or abandon Judaism. As long as thus the name my fathers bore is held up to ridicule or is said to imply wickedness or inferiority, I for one will claim it as my badge of honor. And I do this all the more eagerly since the Judaism of the prophets has taught everything that is expressed to-day in the name "humanity." This is not an idle claim; it is substantiated by the facts. Therefore I am a Jew; not less a man for being a Jew. Our congregation to-day would do a great service if it would only recognize the fact that we must change our system of the organization and adopt the method of all other denominations, that of individual memberships. If we did, we could carry out our program easily. Six years ago, as urged by the then president of this congregation, we declared that we are not a Jewish congregation in the narrow sense that Jews by the accident of birth alone can join us; we are a society of men and women banded together for the spread of the ideas proclaimed by our prophets. Why has that declaration seemed a mere empty boast? The reason is not to be found in the adjective Jewish congregation, but in the system of organization. This system is a stumbling block in the way of our growth. I verily believe this Sinai Congregation, as a Jewish congregation, could become a nucleus for a wider movement to embrace all that are unchurched, but that are not ready to hold that God has been dethroned and this world is the purposeless product of chance. We could father a genuine "ethical culture" movement, but from the inclusive side, because we are convinced that after all the uniform cannot, by its outward appearance, replace an inner harmony, which, even without the external accessories, will not fail in due season to assert itself.

And therefore our Judaism may welcome every movement looking toward a universal religion. We cling to the word Jew, because the world for eighteen centuries hath made it synonym with all that is evil. The fathers call upon us from their graves to defend their memory from this opprobrious, this unjust imputation; and I as one of their sons cannot be deaf to the call, I must defend this sacred memory as long as it is aspersed and attacked; in this sense we are Jews. Our prophetic Judaism is universal; we need not give up the name. But when the world relinquishes all other qualifying adjectives, in God's name and under God's blessing, we will not forget our duty. Then the Jewish temple is enlarged into the temple of humanity, and then Sinai's thundering law in truth executed by all the world renders it unnecessary that the watchman of Sinai should still stand at the post.

"May God speed that day when Judaism is no longer needed! We have, on the Day of Atonement, in the concluding service, a beautiful prayer, "Open to us the gates at the time when the gates are closing." Read that prayer again! If ever radical Judaism found a trumpet voice in clarion tones to proclaim its hopes, it found it in that prayer. Why, it is a prayer for the destruction of Judaism by the rise of a broader humanity. Such is the gist of the Neilah, as conceived by the loyal of all loyal Jews, immortal Einhorn. Judaism asks for its own dissolution when humanity's broad daylight dawns. This hope is the program for reform; it is the watchword of our expectations. The gates will open, and we shall pass out into the wider gates of humanity. But as long as these wider gates are shut—our own open in front; should not be closed behind ourselves. Yet the day cometh—not perhaps to-morrow; it may be in a hundred years—when that broad gate will be thrown open and all men will march on to the altar of truth and righteousness, which is the altar of the common God. Then universal religion has triumphed, and no one will say to the neighbor: "Know ye God! for then they know God from the least to the highest; from the poorest to the richest."

Correspondence

ETHICS AND RELIGION.

DEAR UNITY:—Having been "on the go" this summer, I have but recently seen UNITY for June 8, in which Mr. Sanders replies to some remarks of mine.

I do not believe much in argument as a means of arriving at the truth, but I do believe free, honest discussion and a careful use of terms to be helpful to that end. By a different use of certain words Mr. Sanders has made some of my statements appear at a disadvantage. In the interest of clear thinking permit me a few words of explanation.

We do affirm that God is in the flower and the dog as truly as in man, but not in the same degree. We believe that by a process of evolution through ages past man has come to stand as an embodiment of all that is below him; also that as a spiritual being he is the embodiment of all that is above him; that he reflects all of the attributes of Divinity. According to our understanding then, man is not only a part of the universe but contains the potentiality of the whole—is a *microcosm*. If this were true of the "vegetable" or "dog," then might those terms be substituted in my argument for the word "human," but not otherwise.

Now, in regard to Ethics. It seems to me confusion is the result of trying to make a separation between the True, the Beautiful and the Good. The Truth contains of necessity the Beautiful and the Good. Goodness and Beauty should

be considered as different phases or manifestations of Truth. In my previous letter I defined Ethics as "the science of right living." Webster puts it: "The science of human duty," which is the same thing. It is in this sense alone that "ethics," or its synonym "morality," is a larger term than "religion." The breadth or narrowness of the term *ethics* depends wholly on a man's idea of what his *duties* are. Canine ethics, Hot-tentot ethics, Puritan ethics and Unitarian ethics all differ from each other, and while each might be "highly moral" according to *his standard* of ethics, all might fall short of the ethical ideal of the man who thinks ethics rightly means "the science of human duty"—religious duties not excepted. Because the Puritan was "highly moral," according to his narrow ethical understanding, we are not justified in concluding that the *ideally* moral man, according to our standard, could be also "at a low stage" religiously. I claim that it is not only an error to suppose "religion can exist without morality," but that it is equally erroneous to believe that a man can fulfill all moral obligations without being truly religious. We find in our own nature faculties relating us to the beautiful and the sublime; also faculties relating us to the spiritual world; all requiring attention and cultivation as truly as those faculties that have to do with providing the physical necessities of life. One who neglects to cultivate his religious nature and his love for the beautiful fails to comply with some of the most important demands of the laws of his being, all of which he is morally bound to obey.

The reference to physical imperfections was foreign to my argument. So far as a physical blemish is the result of disobedience to law the person is responsible, but a man may be *ideally good*, or "perfect" in the sense I meant it, and yet be far from the ideal physically.

My ideal of a "highly moral" man, is one who recognizes the moral sense or the "inward voice" as his true guide, believing it to be the voice of God in his soul. This monitor will instruct him to consider all his faculties divine and will instruct him in proper methods of use and development. Surely such a man must regard his religious duties—though only a part—yet a most important part of his life duties. Such a man will be of necessity "the lover of beauty and of truth no less than of goodness."

E. S. GREER.

Mayfield, Cal.

[As Mr. Greer neither accepts my definition of religion nor offers one of his own, I should still be unable to discuss the question further with him even were I to accept *his* definition of the province of Ethics. But in so far as the use of terms is the point at issue, to expect me to accept his is for Mr. Greer to beg the question. My use of terms in the letter of June 8 was the

same as in the sermon which formed the basis of Mr. Greer's original criticism; and that is certainly all that he should expect.

F. W. S.]

World's Fair Notes

A few weeks at most and the vision of the White City will be a memory. But the memory of it and the glory of it will not soon vanish from the earth. The story has already been told under every sky. Prince Wolkonsky has expressed his weariness of the "Alpha and Omega of American life," which he pronounces to be "Business." "In other countries people work in order to enjoy life; here they live in order to perform their business." Our people give him "the impression of so many cooks who prepare, in tremendous hurry, a bountiful banquet which they will never eat." We have at times felt something of this ourselves, but it is probably all a mistake.

"Business," here, may be in excess in many instances, but the spectacle to be witnessed in America is a whole people thrown individually on their own resources for the outcome of their lives. And so it happens that

"Every man hath business,
Such as it is."

It is altogether a new thing in the world to have an unlimited ambition thrust upon everybody, with the accompanying penalty that everybody must set to work, do "business," to feed that ambition. That we have not learned as a people to gauge precisely the wise proportion of business and pleasure, is due undoubtedly to the fact that we are as yet new to the endeavor, have not had time in which to moderate and keep all things in the happily balanced. But that we have some idea of enjoyment beyond the "rush" and worry of too much "business," is proven by this unparalleled exhibit of beauty and industry just brought to a close. Here we give back our answer to the charge of "sordid materialism." By the transmutations of genius our American "materialism" passed into the most ethereal splendor our little earth has had the happy fortune to witness. And when we come to sift to the bottom this pestilential "business" mania we shall find there reserved the thought of a happiness and peace that shall, like the splendor of the great Fair, pass understanding. The "business," Prince, is the getting ready. You are weary of this "business," and now of the "Fair," and ask plaintively, "Don't you think we have heard too much of it?" Doubtless we Americans overdo the matter. We tire ourselves of talking, but principally for the reason, I believe, that we always wind up with the consciousness that words are inadequate. We have no speech to express our soul's delight. We can only say, "This is what America means. Take it all back, all you other people have said about our worship of the Almighty Dollar. The dollars we re-

vere, but 'tis a borrowed glory they wear—the shadow of the coming things, excellent and always to be cherished, toward which we press as to the mark of a high calling.”

There is much to be forgiven, Prince, here in America, but so much more to be revered and applauded, that we ourselves do the “forgiving” part easily and relegate it to the rear. Our “sins” are many, but they are the more certain to be “washed white” if we press on with our “business,” carrying also in our hearts expectations of marvels yet to be.

“The Future hides in it
Gladness and Sorrow :
Press we still thorough.—
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us—onward !

The work of demolition is begun, but out of it all there will doubtless be reserved a small remnant that will save to the future some realizing sense of the City that was.

And very likely, too, that future will say of it all, “Very good for the year '93; but easily now we build a far more imposing exhibit of the genius of the human race.”

So, farewell, and “so mote it be.”

S. H. M.

POSTSCRIPT.—I am permitted by the generous editor of UNITY to add as postscript to my concluding “Notes” of the Fair a word personal to myself and my own undertakings. From time to time there have of late appeared in this journal kind words and references to the new magazine which I shall issue as a sort of companion to my other work: a magazine for young people, “The Start in Art, Science and Literature.” The first number is going through the press, and would have been out before this, but for interferences unavoidable but unlooked for. I am able to make a “World’s Fair note” of this because the decision to issue a quarterly periodical of the character of *The Start* was reached early in my attendance at the Fair; the influences, suggestions, acquaintances made there strongly and decisively urging me so to do. I could say to Prince Wolkonsky, with an utter sincerity, that this is not business with me in what he regards as the tiring sense, though I hope as sincerely there will be “business” enough in it to float it and make it serve well the good purpose for which its career is begun. The readers of UNITY may find *The Start* an “extension” only, but one in which the younger people, I believe, will find themselves interested.

S. H. M.

The Study Table

SOME NEW BOOKS.

WHERE BROOKS GO SOFTLY. By Charles Eugene Banks. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 172. \$1.35.—A book of poems, as the title would indicate, some of which are wholesome and helpful, and others of which show a sympathy with

the sad or wrong conditions of life that ends with depression and bitterness. Such titles as “The Bitter World” and “Unrewarded” will give a hint of this, but of only a part of the book’s tenor. There are poems of nature and life that are pleasanter reading, and confirm the belief that poems and songs should be uplifting rather than depressing. That the author himself feels this is indicated by one of his most attractive ones :

HE WROTE FOR ALL.

“The world is cruel, careless, cold,”
I sighed, “and cares for naught but
gold !

Why should my troubled pages plead
A brother’s woe—a brother’s need !

“My song is drowned in Mammon’s
roar”

(I flung my pen upon the floor).

“The hand that fortune stoops to bless
Must crush the buds of tenderness.”

My toddling wee one put the pen
Into my trembling hand again ;
And, clambering upon my knee,
Said, archly : “Papa, wite for me.”

I wrote—a homely, childish tale
Of hope and love—no pensive wail
Of others’ wrongs—but what her smile
Had wakened in my heart the while.

And when the ink had scarcely dried,
I heard the song on every side ;
It filled the land from sea to sea,
While thousands cried, “He wrote for
me !”

J. S.

A HANDBOOK OF RATIONAL PIETY. By Henry W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S. London: Philip Green. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 173. 2s. 6d.—This book consists of extracts from sermons delivered in the course of a lengthened ministry. It is carefully arranged in topics, and the extracts following the headings are brief and readable. Nearly all questions of religious import are touched upon in this volume, and the handling of them is able and often eloquent. It would be a helpful book in many homes. H. T. G.

WE have received from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association the following Essays and Sermons: “Punishment for Sin: Is it Eternal?” by H. Shaen Solly, M. A.; “The Son of Man in His Day,” by Horatio Stebbins; “Things Doubtful and Things Certain,” by George Batchelor; “The Unshaken,” by James De Normandie; “The Great Reconciliation,” by Henry Woods Ferris; “All Things for Good,” by C. H. Wellbeloved. They are all strong, well-considered utterances of the essential truths of liberal Christianity, and are excellent tracts for the time, deserving a wide circulation. The names of the authors alone are a sufficient guarantee of this. H. T. G.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE CYCLOPÆDIC REVIEW OF CURRENT HISTORY, which is the new name for the old Quarterly Review of

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THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

UPLIFTS OF HEART AND WILL. By James H. West. 2d edition. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 106. 50 cents.
THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. Studies of Devotion and Worship. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 198. \$1.
GOLDEN MEMORIES OF OLD WORLD LANDS, or What I Saw in Europe, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. By Maria Ballard Holyoke. With Half-Tone Illustrations. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 542.

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THURS.—They can conquer who believe they can.

FRI.—To be really strong we must adhere to our own means.

SAT.—Self-trust is the first secret of success.

—R. W. Emerson.

THE KNIGHT.

Not alone to the days of the storied past

Shall noble deeds belong ;

To-day may make us heroes true

As those of olden song.

We will fight, as of old, for the weak, the sad ;

We go on the knightly quest,

To turn the bad to good for man,

And leave the better best.

And men, they shall see that the Right is Joy,

Though death may be its cost !

That though we fail, his Right shall win,—

No field of God is lost !

—Boys' Songs, Rochester, N. Y.

AN APPLE MISSION.

One day, upon answering a gentle ring of my door-bell, I found a sweet little girl, five or six years old, waiting to see me. A tiny white handkerchief was folded across her shoulder and came down to a point at the waist. On her left arm hung a red and black calico stocking-bag. A quaint, curious little figure she was. Her errand was as singular as her appearance.

"Will you let me mend stockings for you this morning, ma'am, or mittens? I will mend for five cents an hour, and I can mend toerably well, drama says."

I drew her into the sitting-room, gave her a small chair by the fire, and said: "Now, my dear, tell me why you want to mend stockings for me?"

Without appearing to heed my question she gravely drew from her bag a gray stocking, with a nicely mended heel.

"Here," she said, "is a hole I mended for drama yesterday. Proerbyly you would like a zample."

I praised her neatly darned "hole" and repeated my question. She smiled and said brightly, "Oh, yes, drama said I should have to 'splain to you

'bout my 'slety betause you might not know all about it. You see, there's ten of them, and they're very tired at night, and apples rest them. You know horses like apples dretful much. Every horse has to have an apple, and sometimes they're so tired they have to have two, and that's manyer than drama's dot, and so I have to mend things and det some money. Drama said I must tell peoples all about it. Do you un'stan' now?"

I assured her that I was very sorry for the tired horses and that she should mend for me an hour a day for a long time. At this the demure little mouth broke into lively smiles as she said, "Oh, dood, dood!" and began at once to open her bag and hunt for thimble and needle, while I went to find her some work.

She said little as she worked, but gave such attention as would bring great skill to many a grown member. She had lost two or three of her first upper teeth, and the loss gave her some trouble in the articulation of many words. Once she stopped her work a moment, and said, speaking slowly, "O, one day I didn't know what I sood do. I didn't have one apple left, not one for drama. I save a soft one for her. She's dood; drama's very dood. You see, one of the men whipped his horse, and so I had to give him an apple, too; I gave him drama's apple, and then he didn't whip his horse no more. I was sorry for drama, but she didn't care any when I 'splained to her; she dest dive me a love pat."

"A love pat! What's that?" I inquired.

"Oh, don't you knew? It's dest a soft, dentle little pat on your cheek. I like love pats. Hain't you dot any little dirl?"

"Not now, my dear. God took my little girl away to heaven when she was about as old as you are."

"Did he? Then perhaps he dave her to my mamma. Dod's dot my mamma, too."

Something made me bend down and kiss her sweet cheek. She looked up quickly and said: "If my mamma's dot your little girl, then I must tome and mend for you, mustn't I? I tould bring my things and stay, only I tan't leave drama, tourse."

She looked up at me with sweet blue-gray eyes, clear and pure as the sky, eyes whose light shone in upon and brightened the deep shadow of my own loss.

"And what will you do in summer, little one, when there are no apples? Will you give each horse a lump of sugar?"

"Tan I? O, of tourse, horses would like that. Yes, that's dest what I shall do."

"How came you to have your 'slety,' as you call it?"

"Well, you know the minister said I must be a little 'deavorer, and help people; and so I found the horses. Some of them draw toal all day, and then they're dest dretful tired; and I

know I ought to help them, tause they touldn't talk and tell anybody."

When the mending was finished—very neatly, too, for the work of such small hands—she put away needle and thimble very seriously, and went home "to see 'bout drama."

After a few days I hunted up my little friend's home, which proved to be scarcely a square away. For a few rods the road approached the house by a steep incline. I was fortunate in the time of my visit. "Drama" was going to have a load of coal, a little too heavy a load, evidently, for one horse. About midway up the hill the heavy wheels seemed to settle down to stay, and the horse, after some patient tugging, seemed to become discouraged. At length, in the midst of whipping and scolding, the tidy little figure of my stocking-mender appeared by the roadside. She seemed to have just stepped out from the canvas of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' sweet pictures of children. She came and stood for a moment near the team without speaking. She seemed to have by instinct the tact of an accomplished strategist and the kindness of an angel. Soon she said, with a smile, "It's pretty hard work to drive a toal team, ain't it?"

The driver glanced down annoyed, but the sight of her small figure and sweet face made his features relax a little at once.

Perceiving her slight advantage, she said immediately, "I think I sood try a love pat."

The man broke into a laugh, and said: "That's so, chick. How'll I do it?"

"Pat his neck very softly with your hand, very softly, and I'll dive him this apple; then he'll proerbyly pull better," she replied, and stepped at once in front of the horse, and reached up to him a fine red apple. The driver doubled up with laughter for a moment, and then actually patted the neck of the horse gently and lovingly, while the poor beast munched his apple.

"Now I dess if the load ain't too big he tan pull it," said the child. Surely he could and did.

"Maybe you're tired, too, and would like an apple," I heard the child's voice say, as they reached the last step of the incline, and she offered the man a small apple, not so fine a one as she had given to the horse.

"I b'lieve I would, my beauty. Thank ye; ye're a trump. I won't hit the old hoss agin to-day, blamed if I will."

I rose from my seat under a tree, where I had retired to be out of the way, and to witness the proceedings. Below me was a long shed connected with a railway station. Here, no doubt, my little "deavorer" found her tired horses at evening, waiting for whatever business the last train might bring them.

As one would suppose, I found my call at the little home very pleasant.

"Dramma" was an unusual old lady, most kind, simple, and sagacious. The child, always called "Dolly, dear," showed me treasures of dolls of varied colors, materials, races, and names. With all her sweet graces of kindness and wonderful wisdom, she was full of all the simple gayety of a child,—perhaps fuller of it because of those graces. I congratulated myself on having found such a little friend, and all Christian Endeavor workers on having such a co-laborer. When we can, in so childlike and trusting a spirit, work together with God, men will bear and forbear.

—Golden Rule.

Mistakes of Children.

If only we could recognize that children do not mean to be irreverent! Little Lewis was really as devout as could be expected from a four-year-old, and sang with great fervor Sunday-school hymns innumerable, sometimes revising them after his own fashion or jumbling them up with scraps of other songs in a style less shocking than comical. What on the lips of the "intellectual doubter" would have been only profane sarcasm was irresistibly funny because of its innocence, when Lewis, his imagination fired by the first opera he had ever witnessed, inextricably mixed up Moody and Sankey and "The Mikado" as follows: The day following his attendance at the latter performance he burst upon the scandalized maternal vision attired, in imitation of his admired KoKo, in a patchwork crib-quilt and a feather duster in his hands, waving accentuation to each syllable as he capered about chanting:

The will of the Lord be done, be done,
And so you had better succumb, cumb,
cumb!

That, his mother says, was his "star" performance, although he very nearly reached the same height of ludicrous misconception when he retailed to the puzzled ears at home that

The Lord is frizzled and conkeled every
fole,

his version of an Easter carol whose chorus ran:

The Lord is risen and conquered every
foe.

—Philadelphia Times.

The Right Side of Heaven.

A little Swedish girl, walking with her father on a starry night, was so attracted by the brilliancy of the sky, all lit up with twinkling stars from one end to the other, that she seemed to be quite lost in her thinking. Her father asked what she was thinking of so intently. Her answer was, "I was just thinking, if the *wrong* side of heaven is so glorious, what must the *right* side be!"

—Exchange.

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LESSON X.

"THE SHEPHERD-GOD."

The Lord is my shepherd.

—Psalm xxiii. 1.

*And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek me always?*

*And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.*

—J. W. Chadwick.

Picture: Shepherd and Sheep, by Ch. Jacque.

Does it excite surprise that while there are so many pictures of Jesus as the Good Shepherd, some one of which may be already on the walls of our school-room, this apparently non-religious picture should have been preferred? If, however, Jacque's picture seem not to be religious, the fault is in us and not in the picture. For it was a scene like that depicted here out of which Jesus drew the thought of God which we are to study to-day. Not that many precious verses in the Old Testament did not help him to interpret the scene, but is it not easy to imagine that when one day Jesus saw a shepherd watching his flock, or wandering over the hills in search of a sheep that had strayed away, he said to himself,—Even so God cares for and seeks his wandering children, he cannot be less mindful of them than this shepherd is of his flock; and then, remembering that he must treat men as God treated them, he felt that he, too, must make it the business of his life to seek and to save that which was lost. This picture has been chosen that from it we may learn, as Jesus learned from the same scene in real life, a thought of God to which he was led under the guidance of his method. Look at the face of this shepherd as he stands surrounded by his sheep on the crest of a hill: it tells of alertness and trained watchfulness: if danger threatened the flock, that man would not run away like a cowardly hireling, for he and his sheep have grown to know and love each other. The sheep are not afraid of him, and would huddle about him if they were in peril. As the shepherd is to the sheep so God is to his children.

What is the shepherd thought of God?—God is both the strong protector of his children and the seeker after those who wander.

(a) The Protector God. This is a favorite thought in the Old Testament. Indeed, it is everywhere a primitive notion of God. There is an invisible war-lord who fights in defense of his and its people. In the Old Testa-

ment we find that idea of God expressed under the figure of a shepherd: in the book of the Kings David says that as he, a shepherd-boy, had been true to his trust, and had saved his lambs from the wild beasts, so the Lord would be as faithful to him now as he had been to his flock. If we could believe the sweet twenty-third Psalm of Davidic authorship, we might find its origin in this incident. But no one could have said trustfully. The Lord is my shepherd, who had not seen or been a faithful shepherd. Frequently in the prophets of the captivity the belief appears that God is the shepherd of Israel, but almost invariably the tender side of the shepherd's life is brought forward. Attention is fastened not so much upon the firm, unyielding front toward the foes as toward the gentle, tender watchfulness over the flock. The powerful God, jealous for his reputation of invincible might, is also the God of loving watchfulness over his people Israel. Still, however, he is the shepherd of Israel alone, and it is for the flock rather than for its individual members that he cares. During the period which has been called the "four centuries of silence" (not quite accurately, however, since to this period must be given at least the Book of Daniel and many of the psalms), we find a heightening sense of the importance of the individual, but at the same time a loss of the old-time simple trust and confidence in God. God's eye was upon the individual, but it was an eye of jealous scrutiny, not of tender care. Portions of the book of Job (particularly the seventh chapter) sound like the protest of a sensitive soul against these two tendencies of individualism and distrust which, in combination, made life anxious and full of fear. In addition, as we have previously seen, the ethical idea of righteousness had been virtually lost, and the ceremonial, forensic thought had taken its place: hence there was fear that God's anger might be over the individual because of some unintentional oversight. Then Jesus came, to whom the individual, not the nation or Humanity, was the center of interest and the individualizing tendency reached its culmination in him, the bearer of a lyric faith. He swept away all dread born of the scruples of casuistry, and re-established ordinary every-day goodness and kindness as the ideals of conduct. So his teaching of God's watchfulness over the individual was bright and cheery, his eye was upon men for good. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." As the good shepherd knoweth his own sheep by name, so God was the protector of all his children, individually and not merely collectively. The nearest approach to this personal care in the Old Testament is in the 91st Psalm, evidently of very late date, but even here it is only the righteous for whom God cares and whom he protects. Jesus taught that God's love went out to all his children, to the unjust as well as the just. The good shepherd watches over the unruly sheep no less, but rather more, than over those who never stray from the fold. Jesus conceived of the shepherd-God as the protector of each human soul.

(b) The Seeking God. "If any man have a hundred sheep and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and go unto the mountains and seek that which goeth

astray?" "The good shepherd goeth after that which is lost until he find it." We touch here one of the most significant elements of Jesus' thought of God. To the most of his contemporaries, God was a sovereign sitting afar off waiting for man to keep perfectly his law before sending the blessed Messianic kingdom for which all were looking. But Jesus held that God took the initiative; that he was not a waiting but a seeking God. Man was not to work to bring God's blessing, he was to live and labor in the inspiration of God's present and unvarying blessing. This idea is found in the Old Testament where it is taught that God chose Abraham and led him out of his home in the far East, and chose Jacob rather than Esau with no reason save his own will. God did not wait till Abraham got to Canaan and found him there: he revealed himself to Abraham and led him to Canaan. Paul, too, has this thought; in fact, as we shall see later on, it is one of his constructive ideas, salvation by grace and not of works. The reason why the parable of the shepherd was chosen instead of the prodigal son is that in the latter parable the father goes to meet his son only when he sees him almost at home. If Jesus had been giving the parable to illustrate his thought of God instead of to sting the Pharisees into shame by the example of the elder brother, he would have represented the father as seeking his child in the far country. God protecting and seeking each one of his children even in the far country of evil—this is Jesus' thought, illustrated by the parable of the shepherd.

What effect did this idea have upon Jesus?—It led him to a shepherd life, loving all and seeking the lost.

The familiar parable of the good shepherd, in which Jesus explicitly applies that title to himself, is found only in the Fourth Gospel, and hence is not certainly authentic: nevertheless there is abundant proof that he tried to be what he believed God was. He certainly cared for men as individuals. The personal emphasis is one of the most noticeable traits in Jesus. His method of social reformation was by individual uplifting, if indeed social improvements as such ever commended themselves to him. He put the individual man face to face with God with no priest or form or rite between the two. This was an advance upon the corporate idea which prevails in the Old Testament, where usually the nation is regarded as the unit, but it is clear to us that there was a great truth in the earlier conception which Jesus ignored. The personal idea of Jesus must be combined with the national idea of the Old Testament. Society and the individual develop together with reciprocal influence. As individuals grow better, society will improve, but also as society improves the environment in which its new members are born and educated, individuals will improve also. God's care is over the individual, only, however, to fashion him into a perfect member of the human brotherhood: the national, or social, and the personal ideal must be one since both are expressions of the one God, and both individual and nation are rooted in the eternal life. It follows therefore that in this particular the individualistic thought of God, as Jesus held it, needs to be complemented by the national-

istic thought found in the earlier prophets. The care of nature is that the evolution of unselfishness shall go on in every human soul and therefore is that care operative, in numberless ways, upon all. If God cares only that all men should be good his care must be for saint and sinner alike. We should have to limit on one side the idea of Jesus, who obviously extended that care into regions where it does not prevail, and we are obliged to interpret the words of Jesus into different phraseology; but when we limit the care of God to care for goodness and think of Him as working in and through nature, the belief of Jesus is seen to be true. The care of God over every soul, of evil and good alike, is manifest in nature.

We saw in the last lesson how Jesus devoted himself to seeking the outcasts and now the motive has been made clear. He sought the lost because he believed that God was seeking them. The good shepherd cannot rest while one of his sheep is out of the fold. It can hardly be denied that Jesus stopped short of the logical outcome of this thought and even taught some things inconsistent with it. That there were some doomed to eternal punishment in the outer darkness, he seems to have believed. Assuredly the great world outside of Israel did not have place in his thought; he was so much interested in the individuals whom he met daily that the all-embracing Humanity did not come into mind. But in his best moments Paul believed in the final perfection not only of all men but of the material universe as well. The Shepherd-God brings all home to perfection at last.

It is commonly said that Jesus' peculiar contribution to religious thought was his belief in the Fatherhood of God. But of course fatherhood is a word of quality, denoting a certain attitude of being. And that attitude must be the same that has been described in the parable of the shepherd. Ordinarily in the Old Testament where God is called Father, it is the nation that is his son, but Jesus taught that each individual is son of God. The Father cares for and seeks each child as the shepherd his sheep. We have approached the same truth along a less familiar road while thinking of the Shepherd-God. The ideas attaching to the fatherhood of God depend upon the kind of fatherhood a man has experienced. To a typical Roman, it is doubtful whether God the father would have been a tender and loving being. As Jesus learned from the faithful shepherd the faithfulness of God, so from Joseph he must have learned to speak so constantly of God as his father. It speaks well for Joseph that Jesus found no word that better expressed his wondrous thought of God than the name of Father.

Questions.

The Picture.—A shepherd is an unfamiliar object in this country—why? Do you remember any stories about shepherd-boys in Palestine, Scotland or elsewhere? How much do you suppose Jesus had seen of a shepherd's life?

The Protecting God.—What do you think of the truth of the 91st Psalm? How does the Psalm compare with a similar expression in Emerson's Essay on Worship? Have you read Mr. Gannett's sermon on "The Fall of the Spar-

row"? Are our words meaningless when we speak of "The Protecting God"? Compare Jesus' idea of God's watchful care with that of the Old Testament in respect to (a) individual or national, (b) kindly or jealous, (c) particular or universal.

The Seeking God.—Do you see any difference between the two ideas of the seeking and the waiting God? How has the Orthodox church compared with the Unitarian in respect to its ideal of the seeking God? "Since Thou dost seek away"—what does Mr. Chadwick mean by this? What is it to be found by God? Is it the same thing as finding God?

The Personal Element in Jesus.—How did Jesus compare with his contemporaries and with the earlier prophets in his individualism? Canon Fremantle has a book on "The World as Subject of Redemption"—what would Jesus

have said to the idea, Paul, Isaiah, Calvin, Channing? Personal and social evolution—Is one the cause of the other or do they proceed side by side?

The Fatherhood of God.—Did Jesus mean anything more by it than we have already discovered in the "Shepherd-God"? "God is our Father"—What idea would a Roman have got from that? a Jew? a Teuton? Can you think of any children nowadays who might be afraid of God if they heard him called father?

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Notes from the Field

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The work at this university town starts with the system and scholarship that characterize its minister. The morning themes up to the holidays include: "The New Aim of the Christian Church," "Fifteen Years in a College Town," "The World's Fair," "The Increase of Faith," "Sermons Which Little Children Preach Us," "Rev. B. Fay Mills and the State University," "Revivals True and False," while the Sunday evening sermons are "On Jesus and his Religion,"—taking up "Sources of Information," "Miraculous Birth," "The Messiahship," "Jesus and Miracles," "Jesus and Old Testament Predictions," "Jesus and Resurrection," "Jesus Among the World's Great Teachers," "Jesus and Humanity's Ideal," Mrs. Sunderland's bible class studies "The Origin, History, and Doctrines of the Various Churches and Religious Movements of Christendom," and the Unity Club has its cheap and interesting lecture course, containing such names as Savage, of Boston, and Nagarkar, of Bombay. And not content with the past, it is proposed to organize a Young Men's Guild, that should correspond to the King's Daughters among the young women.

Helena, Mont.—A RELIGIOUS TOUR OF THE WORLD.—Mr. Crooker, minister of the Unitarian Society, will begin on November 5th, 1893, a course of Sunday evening sermons at the G. A. R. Hall. An effort will be made to describe the religious conditions and tendencies in non-Christian lands. Nov. 5, The Religious Crisis in Japan; Nov. 12, The Ways of the Spirit in China; Nov. 19, The Buddhist Outlook; Nov. 26, The Brahmans of India; Dec. 3, Hindu Sects: Jains, Sikhs, and Others; Dec. 10, The Star in the East; The Brahma-Somaj; Dec. 17, The Children of Promise: The Jews; Dec. 31, New Life in the Moslem World; Jan. 7, Missions: Fruits and Failures. This work has been planned in order to extend the interest in comparative religion awakened by the recent Parliament of Religions. Later in the winter another course will probably be given, in which a study will be made of religious conditions and tendencies in Christian lands.

Boston, Mass.—Mr. Savage's church has recently sent another hundred dollar contribution to the Western Unitarian Conference. The Western Conference at the present time stands not only for the non-doctrinal basis in Unitarianism,—the Unitarianism that believes that the moral law is a sufficient foundation for the religious life and fellowship,—but it also stands for a missionary work administered on the ground. Unitarians who believe that the Western field can best be tilled by Western organizations, with their center in the West created and erected by the West, may well show their sympathies, as Mr. Savage's church has, by lending a hand in this high work. Let others go and do likewise.

Milford, N. H.—The pastor of the church in this place has just closed a course of five lectures to the public,—embracing the five Sunday evenings of the month. The audiences have regularly increased. The subjects have been Henry Wilson, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Rich has been urged to repeat these lectures in the town hall, and may do so later. A second course is under way for the Sunday evenings of November.

Besides this he is arranging for a course of ten lectures on "The Religions and Larger Sects of the World," part to be given in the town hall and part in the church. The subjects to be treated are:

Confucianism and Buddhism, by a native born Japanese divine, Watari Kitashima; Mohammedanism, by M'd Alexander Russell Webb, if his services can be secured; Judaism, by one of its strong believers; Spiritualism, by the Secretary of the American Psychical Society; Roman Catholicism, by Rev. Father Hughes, who received his seven years' education in Rome and is a fine orator; Universalism, by Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D., and Methodism, the Baptist faith, Swedenborgianism, and Orthodox Congregationalism to follow, the course to be closed by the pastor on "The Religion Universal."

Rutherford, N. J.—Rev. G. H. Badger, the pastor of the Unitarian Church at this place, has awakened considerable interest by inviting the ministers of all other denominations in the place to deliver from his pulpit sermons on the essentials of their faith. These are not to be controversial, but in the line of general information.

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES. FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS SOCIETY, second floor of the Aethneum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana

avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the pastor, will preach at 11 a. m. on the "The Temptation of Jesus."

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DISCONTINUANCES—Subscribers wishing **UNITY** stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

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LETTERS should be addressed to **UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY**, No. 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Publisher's Notes

The New Bible and Its New Uses,

By **JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER**.

Author of "Jesus Brought Back," "Problems in American Society," Etc.

Multitudes of people to-day, both outside and inside the churches, are aware that the New Criticism, arisen in our age, has revealed a New Bible; and what they want to know, and in the simplest, most straightforward way, is this: What changes in our attitude toward the Bible are involved; and what new and wiser uses of it are made possible and necessary by these discoveries? Mr. Crooker's present work succinctly answers this query.

CONTENTS.

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Mr. Crooker has brought to his work much original thought, a thorough knowledge of his subject, considerable analytical skill, a fair degree of logic, and almost a mastery of the art of presentation—*Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

He has been very successful, and his book is one especially to be recommended to those who have lost their faith in the old Bible of tradition and dogma, and need to be shown the substantial worth of what criticism leaves unharmed of literary value and spiritual quickening.—*The New World*.

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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
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Editorial

*Have faith in nothing but in industry.
Be at it late and early; persevere,
And work right on through censure and
 applause.*

—Longfellow.

HE who would fill his heart with the love of humanity must begin by stowing within him splendid deposits of love for men and women in particular.

CHRISTIANITY has tried to establish a religious monopoly in the world long enough. Its success in this direction has been questionable. Let it accept its place as one of the great world-redeeming forces, and it will draw to itself the respect and love of

many excellent ones who heretofore have been repelled by its arrogant claims.

IN facing the hard work that lies before us, in realizing the fatigue resulting in the hard work that lies behind us, let us not forget that work is still a benediction. The trail of the serpent is found in the gardens of indolence, as the old legend teaches. The sluggard is the devil of modern society. Let work ever be glorified. But this cannot be unless the work done be glorious.

“LOVE is the spirit of this church, and service is its law. This is our great covenant: to dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love, and to help one another.” These are the words on the title page of the year book of the Unitarian Church of Rochester, N. Y., for the current year. It has just come to hand, and contains an exhibit of a parish carefully organized, earnestly at work, and worthily represented in this neatly printed pamphlet.

IN the re-election of Judge Gary, in Chicago, the people have vindicated the dignity of the bar; and Governor Altgeld has received a merited rebuke, not for pardoning the no longer dangerous anarchists but for the way he did it. The deed he did was commendable, but the method pursued and the reason ascribed were, to our mind, as we have already stated, unworthy and ignoble.

THE Emerson class of the Unity Club of Rochester voted last year on a favorite motto from their author, with the following result: First choice, from the Divinity School Address: “He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted.” The second choice is from the Transcendentalist: “It is the

quality of the moment, not the number of days, of events or of actors, that imports.”

SOCIAL SCIENCE is the subject of the day. Not only are the universities and colleges devoting more of their attention to this field of investigation, but churches, unity clubs, and other organizations throughout the country are giving their time to the study. Whatever else a Unity Club program may contain, hardly one comes to us in which there is not mapped out a line of sociological investigation. It seems to us that at this season our Notes from the Field are especially well worth our readers' attention. Some of the programs give such full outlines for a course of study that those who would like to take up the subject alone can do so very successfully with their help. Of course UNITY is unable to publish in full the more elaborate programs and bibliographies, but we have no doubt that the organizations which put forth these programs would willingly send copies to inquirers.

THE quiet little conference held last week at All Souls Church, and reported elsewhere, was another step forward; one more advance towards the consummation which will alone give missionary efficacy to the gospel UNITY represents. The appointment of a committee of three, with Mr. Fenn, President of the Illinois Unitarian Conference, as chairman, to see what can be done towards bringing about a practical co-operation between the various liberal societies in the State of Illinois, means that the problem will be taken up with deliberation and determination. When we trust each other and are sufficiently in earnest to sink minor differences in order that the great realities of natural religion and reverent free thought may be felt, there will be a response on the part of the public heart that will greatly sur-

prise us. The world is waiting to see whether the so-called liberal religious organizations mean what they say and say what they mean. When they are assured of this the prophecies of UNITY will begin to be realized. Perhaps in common with its active constituents UNITY will discard its present name and will run up the words upon its banner, "The Liberal Church," or some kindred name alike acceptable to Reform Judaism, the Ethical Culture workers, the Universalists and the Unitarians. In this movement of co-operation we are ready both to lead and to follow. We await the suggestions and encouragements, the assurance of co-operation, that will show us how most wisely to serve the highest needs of this age, a Free Church, democratic; devout, untrammelled, but earnest and working.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT TO THE SENIOR EDITOR.

This week the senior editor has reached and passed the semi-centennial climax, and his associates may send him greetings to the high tablelands where reigns the serenity that is freed from the fever of youth or the chill of age. He is now neither young nor old, but just fifty, and we venture to solicit for him a birthday greeting from every reader of UNITY, the child of his affection, which is now swinging round to its sixteenth birthday. If you would warm the cockles of his heart, let the love of the UNITY readers be manifested by one new subscriber all round. It is needless to say that since the organization of the new company in March last UNITY has in every way increased its claims for respect and for support. We have added to the cost of publication nearly 40 per cent., but owing to manifest causes there has been no commensurate increase in resources. Will not our readers justify the optimism of its editor by doubling between now and the first of March each one his support of the paper by adding to his own subscription a new subscriber? Pending certain apprehensions of change for the better and for the broader in the management of UNITY, suffice it to say that no

change is contemplated except for the better. If new friends take hold of our hands it will be that we may more adequately represent the wider constituency which we have always tried to serve and the support of which we have aimed to deserve. Now is the time to give the push forward and thereby give the senior editor the most welcome birthday gift you could possibly devise,—a new subscriber for every present patron. In order to stimulate this jolly push the company makes the following offer of premiums. In our advertising column will be found a list of all the available publications of the senior editor. With every order for the \$3.00 package there advertised a copy of UNITY for one year will be sent free to a new name. For one dollar and twenty-five cents we will send to new subscribers UNITY for one year and one set of Mr. Jones' Seven Great Teachers of Religion, in a case. Sidney Morse has been advertising in our columns his new Art quarterly for young people, to be called "The Start." The first number appears the first of January. This fifty-cent magazine and UNITY will be sent to any new subscriber for a dollar and a quarter. Our fourth offer is to send "Glimpses of the World's Fair" and UNITY to any new subscriber for a dollar and a quarter,—"Glimpses of the World's Fair" being a handsome little volume, about 7 inches by 5, containing nearly 200 beautiful full-page photographic reproductions of buildings and scenes at the World's Fair. Or, if cash premiums are preferred, we will give 20 per cent. to any of our parishes or to any solicitor who will send us five new subscriptions, and 25 per cent. for ten or more new subscriptions,—that is, we will credit five new subscriptions to any one sending us four dollars, and ten new subscriptions to any one sending us seven dollars and fifty cents. Here is a chance for those who want to raise funds for church work, through their annual sales, fairs or other activities, and at

the same time give a push to the friendly helper outside. Send seventy-five cents to UNITY, and put the other twenty-five cents into the home cause.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.

A. U. A. FINANCIERING.

THE American Unitarian Association at its October meeting voted it "inexpedient to make an appropriation for the publication of the proceedings of the Unitarian Congress at Chicago." We regret this conclusion because, as we have said before, we believe that the papers there offered, published together, would present a better bird's-eye view of the Unitarian movement throughout the world than has ever yet been presented in one volume. In themselves many of the papers were valuable. The studies of such men as the lamented Dr. Crosskey and Prof. Gordon of England, and Messrs. Calthrop, Simmons, and Savage in this country are worth printing of themselves; but taken together, in connection with the historical studies made by Messrs. Slicer, Allen, Batchelor and Learned, and the studies of Unitarian influence in philanthropy, literature and comparative theology offered by Messrs. Peabody, Lord, and Thayer, we would have a book that would actually fill a long-felt want; a book that would represent Unitarianism, not in its denominational or national aspect, but in its international relation. It would show its part in universal thought and its relations to universal religion. It seems to us that the A. U. A. is neglecting an opportunity all the more to be regretted because, as we understand it, Geo. H. Ellis, the publisher, is prepared to assume the responsibility and bring forth the book if the A. U. A. would buy six hundred copies at a dollar apiece to be used in its missionary work. We are sure many will agree with us that the same amount of money could not be spent more profitably in missionary work. There seems to us to be a lack of proportions in the action that economizes in this direction, but votes at the same meeting a salary of three thousand dollars to a "superintendent" of the central West. This, with the five hundred dollars for "office" in the neighborhood of Lincoln Park, Chicago, and probably five hundred more for traveling and contingent expenses, makes an invest-

ment of four thousand dollars to "superintend" the distribution of about eight or ten thousand dollars more. The practical outcome of all this "superintendence" of Western work has been and is to depress, distract, and divide the missionary enthusiasm of the Unitarians of the West. The work would go on better and stronger if it were less "supervised" in a manner that inevitably fosters a factious and schismatic spirit. For the perpetuation of this dual center and divided loyalty Boston money and A. U. A. legislation is now chiefly responsible. Once the A. U. A. claimed that there was a theological necessity for this "superintendence," that the "pure Christianity" represented by it in the West asked for and needed such co-operation and protection. Now the A. U. A., through its representatives, is trying in every way to prove that there is no distinction between its missionary methods and hospitable attitude and that of the Western organization; but still, with the characteristic obstinacy of ecclesiastical organization that never acknowledges a mistake, it persists in keeping the sentinel on his beat after the supposed danger has disappeared,—like the sentinel whom Thoreau found wa'king his beat at Quebec because "there used to be a harsenal 'ere and the hoffer 'as forgotted to horder hoff the guard, although the harsenal 'as been removed some years ago." Let the A. U. A. take the guard off the central West and there will be more and better missionary work done within its borders. Spontaneity and co-operation will come again, and the A. U. A. will have some four thousand dollars more money with which to put into permanent form the Unitarian Congress papers and to do much other good missionary work.

THE AUGUST STORM AT THE SEA ISLANDS.

We all read the story of the great August storm that submerged the low-lying Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina. It drowned eight hundred persons, besides much cattle, wrecked houses by the score, ruined the crops, and left six or eight thousand people to be fed until the next year's crops are sown and grown and harvested. The Red Cross Society is now in charge of the relief work, and Clare Barton says: "It is a harder problem than the old

battle-fields. Strangers cannot understand how a storm could work such woe."

The Islands, often fringed by wide borders of waving marsh-grass, through which black sea-creeks run, filling and ebbing with the tide, lie almost flat upon the sea: a rise of twenty feet on a plantation is called a "hill." At full moon the tide always encroaches a little on the land, and with a gale blowing from the east is apt to last eight hours instead of six. And now to quote a letter from Miss Laura Towne, a Philadelphia lady who has made her home upon St. Helena Island ever since she went there in the war-years to help the freedmen:

When the tide rose on the 27th at full moon, the wind started to blow a terrific gale, drove the sea over the land, and there it remained for eight hours, raging like breakers on a beach. That is why so many people were drowned. They are all, even the children, good swimmers, and know how to manage boats from early childhood. But no one could swim in those breakers. The boats were swamped at once, and danger was greatly increased by the number of trees dashing in all directions, as well as by the wreckage of houses. It was night, and the children were in bed. Nobody had any idea that the tide could carry away their houses, though they had learned to fear their fall before the wind. It was so black from clouds that none could see the danger till it was upon them. That tide advanced eighteen feet above high-water mark, and was a raging surf, with boats, trees, boards and animals tossed helplessly in the midst of it. Children and their parents were there, too, as helpless as the boards.

That makes picture of the story. And here it is as drama, taken down from the lips of a negro boy who told it to Mr. James Macdonald. The boy lived on the "Eustis Place," where fifty-two drowned bodies were found:

De win' blow so hard dat day, and when night come you ain't man 'nuf for stan' up 'gin um. Now de rains come, and I nebber see such rain like dat since I bo'n. Ma and Pa and we-all chillen been in de house, and pretty soon he begin for rock, and den de door bus' open, and we can't shut um. De moon been big, but kiver up wid cloud, but you can see little bit, and when I look out de tide up to de door and seem like you see de whole ocean. Den de water come in de house, and we huddle up on de stairs. Man! de house rock awful, and we so scare! Den crack! and down come de house on top we-all. Den such a fight and struggle! I catch onto Bubba [4 years old.—Macdonald.] and hol' him tight, and every time I try get free. de house strike me hard, but I ain't give up. I say, "Bubba, hole on hard," and Bubba most give up. I try agin, and tank God, my head break frough. I 'suffle and buffle wid my free han'—if I had bofe han's,

I been all right—and when I pull little Bubba frough, he say, he so tired "please let me go." I ain't let him go. When I get frough for look 'roun'—here Pa holdin' Ma on de gable of de house and all dem todder one gone! Ma say "I mos' done," and Pa courage um and say "hol' me tight."

Well, we deaf, and de win' blow so hard and de wave so high. I mos' gie up myself. Pa courage we, and tell Ma "don't gie up." Ma was beat out, and Pa have sich a battle wid de house,—he weak too. De nex' wave strike Ma, and knock him out. Pa leave um, for he couldn't cotch um—she gone, and we ain't see him no more. Just Pa and Bubba and me, and de rain lick we, and de wave beat we, and if daylight been little longer fore he come, I have to gie up. But I save Bubba dough! And now all is lef' is just Pa and Bubba and me—and Pa he broken down altogether, and mos' 'stracted.

Let me add a word about the Sea Island people. They are nearly all blacks,—in St. Helena there are 6,000 black to 50 white, and in Beaufort County 30,000 blacks in a population of 34,000. Their isolated position kept them, before the war, about as pure a bit of Africa as our black belts held, and the same thing is true today. They were almost the first slaves to receive freedom; for Admiral Dupont's ships silenced the Beaufort river forts in November, 1861, and by March a company of northern teachers was on the ground, opening schools and organizing freedmen's labor. Now, after a generation of freedom, the land is mostly owned by the blacks in little farms of ten to forty acres. The great majority live in their own houses, scattered over these farms, instead of in the huddled negro quarters of the old plantation. The houses are often two-storied, with porch and window-blinds, instead of the two-roomed negro-cabin of the old time. Inside there is perhaps a bit of lace at the window and of carpet on the floor, with a fair supply of furniture. On St. Helena Island alone, I believe, four to five hundred sewing machines click, and here and there a small parlor organ may be heard. On the roads the mule and ox and cow-carts that one meets belong mostly to colored "massas." The young men heretofore have worked in the phosphate diggings, while the women and children take care of the fields and raise, besides the corn and sweet potatoes on which they live, the long Sea Island cotton and vegetables for the Northern market. On St. Helena there are ten or eleven public schools, and the system is topped by a normal and industrial school, containing 230 pupils in five grades, which receives

from each public school the highest scholars for an eight months' term. This school, which teaches carpentry and nursing among other branches, is managed with the greatest ease, without any attempt at corporal punishment, by eight colored teachers and three white ones,—the heads of all being the Miss Towne above referred to and her companion, Miss Murray, another lifelong devotee to the uplifting work. It is no Paradise—this island region; the devil of drink is there; five per cent. of the customers will cheat them if they can, is the storekeeper's reckoning; the home morality is not perfect; they take life too easily, are not very energetic, not very persistent. And yet it is a self-reliant, industrious, prosperous community. Black Beaufort County is said to be more free from capital crimes than any other in the State, and to pay larger annual taxes than any county except Charleston. The people are steadily buying more land; and whereas, fifteen years ago, a \$1,500 stock would do for the storekeeper, now a \$10,000 stock is needed.

At least, this described the island-life as it was before the desolating, stripping storm,—especially the life upon St. Helena, which I know best. The people well deserve help in their sudden disaster. Help, as said above, will be needed till the next crops are in. A gentleman who went through that night of wind and wave said, "After the storm, for a week, all were brothers; the next week, cousins; and now I am willing to regard most people as very distant connections." It is too apt to be so in our sympathy for sufferers. I know that disasters crowd thick upon each other: since the Sea Island storm an even worse storm, with similar destruction, has hurled itself on the low-lying Louisiana coast. Still, if there be those whom this tale may move to send money to the Sea-Islanders, let me offer, if no better way is known to the senders, to receive it and forward it to Miss Towne and Miss Murray. It could not be more wisely spent than it will be by them.

W. C. GANNETT.

15 Sibley Place, Rochester, N. Y.

There is a story of a party containing two ministers crossing a lake in a storm. When matters became most critical some one cried out, "The two ministers must pray!" "Na, na," said the boatman, "the little one can pray if he likes, but the big one maun tak an oar."

—*Century*.

Contributed and Selected

A THOUGHT OF THE MASTER.

Dear Jesus, I have wept
In grim Gethsemane,
And while thy cold disciples slept
Have watched and prayed with thee;
And through all struggle, every loss,
I see the meaning of thy cross.

Yet, though my soul hath prayed
By day and night to know
The faith that could in thee be stayed,
That would thy Godship show,
My feeble faith can only see
Thy heaven-endowed humanity.

Dear Jesus, I have sought
To cast my sin on thee,
To feel thy crimson blood hath bought
My soul's full victory.
But I must still believe the smart
Of sin shall fall upon each heart.

Dear Jesus, thou who taught
The spirit's gentler might,
Whose lightest touch was strangely
fraught

With the scul's hidden light,
Wert thou a god I could but bend
My heart to thee, not feel thee friend.

As this I daily try
To walk beside thee now,
I sometimes feel that thou art near,
The thorns about thy brow:
Human as I,—as I divine:
Thy life the way, the light for mine.

EDITH WILLIS LINN.

Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

THE ILLINOIS CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER IN- DEPENDENT CHURCHES.

Pursuant to the program announced in UNITY of November 2, the Conference began Tuesday evening, November 7, at 8 o'clock, with a service held in All Souls Church, Chicago. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, after which a hymn was sung, and then Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the pastor of the church, made an address of welcome and introduced Dr. H. W. Thomas, who read as his text, "He who is not against us is for us" (Mark ix. 40). DR. THOMAS spoke in substance as follows:

The personal pronoun, I, announces the great fact that one is; discriminates between selfhood and otherness. So far as we know, only man can say understandingly, *I am*.

Out of this fact of personality arises the associated feeling of ownership. Having said I am, soon man says I have, I own. Only the person owning the body can use it. The *I* that speaks of *my body*, goes on to say my mind, my heart, my love! That *I* cannot be less than a part of the Infinite. The *I* goes on and says my raiment, my house, my money,—that which *I* by my natural powers have acquired. But from *my house* the step is short to *our home*; and soon we come to speak of our

neighborhood and our religion. And so from *personal consciousness* one goes on to the sense of commonness, of that which *I* have in common with others.

But when we have gone thus out of the self from the *mine* to the *ours*, we soon come to differences and dissensions,—the harmony we find disturbed, man seems to be opposed to man, one an enemy of another; one party opposes another, and even one sect has a feeling not friendly to another. Honest differences of opinion separate us; even in religion I believe one often feels it a duty to oppose another. So even the large-hearted John went to Jesus, saying that he and his fellow disciples had forbidden the men casting out devils in his name. But Jesus said: "Forbid him not; he that is not against us is for us."

It takes a broad outlook to realize how the lower forms of good that in their degree have been serving the world must give place to the higher. Suppose that to make a road the earth from the higher places must be moved to fill up the lower. And men at that time are set to doing it by carrying it in baskets. But a thoughtful man builds a wheelbarrow and coming in overcomes the basket-man in the competition; then in turn a wagon and horse are brought in, and then a plow, a scraper. Such things constantly happen, throwing men, temporarily, out of employment, it is true; but throughout it, in the long run, more and better roads can thus be made,—more and better work can be done for the world with no further wear upon human lives. Shall we forbid the higher forms of industry? We should hardly tell our inventors to stop their work because they are disturbing the existing order of things. No; the great question is, the highest form of good.

So in religion; when the lower criticism would forbid the higher criticism: when conservative would restrict the liberal, the same great principle holds: "He who is not against us is for us."

We wish to realize the larger God-side of a world, the all sides of the world. How few are really against us! The great masses of the world, on this principle, are for us. Only a few, the murderers, the thieves and the robbers, the virtue-stealing voluptuaries,—are against humanity. My friends, it is want of knowledge, want of comprehension of world good, that keeps nations warring against nations, millions groaning under their debts and armament. The wise statesman must see that wealth is not increased by helping one section against another. Nor can we make fifty cents in America worth a dollar in Europe.

A thousand million eyes quench not the light of the sun, nor dim the brilliancy of the stars. The sun, the stars, are for *each* soul, each mind. The laws of logic are not worn out by any amount of truth: the laws of justice are not broken down and crushed by justice.

He who would live a selfish life will finally find that his *own* happiness is only possible in so far as he has the confidence and love of all. That is God's gift. A universe for each, multiplied by the participation of a world of souls.

These principles should find a place in religion,—that it may be regarded as something which belongs to all. So the Christ felt. He called himself the Son of *man*, not Jew or Nazarene. He was the son of *man*, of humanity.

In all the Hindu philosophy, we are told, there is not one word of condemnation of those who have not a particular conception of God. The Buddhists say he is a Buddha who is *illuminated*, whether he be Christian or Brahmin. Alas, that Christianity is being made sectarian! Are not *those on our side* who are not against us?

Remember Heaven never forgets to reward. Aye, goodness is its *own* reward. In bearing the burdens of the world we forget our own. We ought, in working for our side, to forget the little dissension; and differences that distinguish one from another.

Let us toil in the noble endeavor to build a church wide as the need of man, high as the love of God,—a home for the millions of men!

Dr. Thomas closed with a brief but noble word of aspiration; after which Rev. Mr. Duncan, the Secretary, made the announcements for the remainder of the conference. Mr. Jones added that a simple lunch would be served by the ladies of the church, during the noon recess the next day; so that friends could, without inconvenience, attend both sessions. "The City of God" was then sung, and Dr. Thomas pronounced the benediction.

WEDNESDAY SESSIONS.

Rev. James Vila Blake conducted a devotional service, after which reports were received from the Secretary of the Conference, Rev. L. J. Duncan, and from the several ministers, Hon. D. L. Shorey being in the chair. After the reports a recess was taken until 3 p. m., lunch being served by the ladies of All Souls parish. In the afternoon, in consequence of a miscalculation as to trains, Rev. R. A. White was unable to be present, and Rev. A. N. Alcott, of Elgin, was called upon to read his essay on "Methods of Missionary Work in Liberal Churches," a strong paper, which evoked a protracted debate,—which the absence of Rev. Mr. Laing, who was to have led the discussion, seemed not to affect. The purport of Mr. Alcott's paper was the advocacy of a broader organization among liberal societies for the purpose of helping liberal religious life throughout our cities, towns and villages. The paper elicited much discussion, in which Rev. Mr. Caton, assistant to Dr. Gunsaulus, to quote the words of a reporter for the daily *Herald*, "expressed sympathy for a union on a broader basis than the antiquities of Joseph Cook." Others who participated in the discussion were Rev. Messrs. J. Vila Blake, Gorton, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, A. I. Bradley, L. J. Duncan, W. W. Fenn, and Mesdames Wooley and Bayliss. Some, as Messrs. Fenn and Blake, were of the opinion that the united action contemplated was not at present possible because of the fundamental differences between those who believed in a natural religion and those who regarded revelation as a necessity.

THE WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.

At 8 o'clock the services began, Rev. W. W. Fenn presiding. After

the opening song Mr. Fenn read the 13th chapter of Corinthians and offered prayer. The conference and guests united in singing a hymn, after which Rev. A. N. Alcott was invited to reply to the critics of his paper on the "Methods of Missionary Work in the Liberal Church," which had called out so much discussion in the afternoon that it grew too late for him then to reply. To the objection that we already have sufficient instruments within the five liberal bodies mentioned, he suggested the analogy afforded by the union of the original thirteen republican and sovereign States. There as here, Mr. Alcott maintained, the union was the necessary perfection of the existing organizations, necessary for an enlargement of the horizon. Such union of the liberal bodies would increase their strength tenfold, presenting a united front to the world. The difficulties in the way of this union are similar to the difficulties and prejudices which worked against our national union.

The human mind and heart are capable, as the Parliament of Religions showed, of the largeness and height we hope for.

Is the union merely a beautiful dream? Every great and grand achievement of the world has been so called. They were the visions of earnest souls. But they proved to be more. The telegraph, the Atlantic cable, our republican form of government, were long dreams. *We need more of a vision.* Religion is in its own nature creative; we want it to show the new and large horizon. The underlying assumption of this afternoon's criticisms was that here we are as Liberals, and here we must remain. But we must not be content to be Liberals. We must move on. We have all been too stationary. We must have a propaganda that is strong and urgent. Under the banner of the moral and religious service of mankind we can all come together.

Apologizing for the absent guests to the feast, Mr. Fenn then introduced Rev. Ida C. Hultin.

Miss HULTIN said that she could not, nor did she believe she was expected to, speak for all Unitarian churches, but for one.

We are beginning to feel, she said, that we are to move on and up from that which is to that which is to be,—is to be because we make it. As a child, hearing the older settlers on moving into a new house declare that it was not as homelike as the little cabin in which they had first lived and where their children were born, I sometimes wondered why they did not move back into the little houses. But they never did. The charm of the old was in its associations, and more of a dream than a reality. While in it they were looking forward to the time when they should be able to leave it for larger and better quarters. And so it is in all life. The true life is not a resting, but a con-

tinual striving. Religion is not something that we get, but a *getting* of something.

All real progress is spiritual; for that which seems material is but the expression of a power within. If with the more accurate geology, astronomy, science, of to-day, we can put that which makes it all to be more alive for us, law turns to love. Each thing is an incarnation of the Life, the Love of the Universe. Rising in man higher than vegetable and brute—rising in man as humanity rises. The hunger for protoplasm began the resistless, upward, onward struggle which issues to-day in a hunger for *righteousness*.

Some one at the Great Exposition which has just closed spoke of loving the souls of men, but hating the bodies, that seem uncouth and unlovely as we meet them in crowds. That sounds harsh, but taken aright it may be well; well enough if it means that we love the human soul, but hate the imperfections of the present state—so hate them as to change them for something higher and better.

Miss Hultin then went on to speak of the ever-broadening horizon, where the human and the divine meet, saying that in order to fit ourselves to the larger outlook before us some readjustments may be needed, but that these we should not hesitate to make. We should rather have the spirit of him who uttered the words: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, but *I say unto you*," etc. We may give up our name; names are but symbols, and if in the course of development the time comes when our name no longer symbolizes our present thought and feeling,—we can let it go. After all, the religious intent is the important part of the whole matter. In the evolution of thought and things there has been religious growth. And religion is found to be not a statement of faith, a set of resolutions, a system of theology, but a *LIFE*: the science of man's highest development,—of *man's*, no matter from what uttermost part of the earth he may come,—his *highest* development, no matter how he reached that development or in what terms he may define his inspirations.

Religion is that something that ought to enter into the details of the every-day life, and teach a man the best way to treat his dog, his horse; then it certainly ought to teach him how to treat his brother—and I mean *brother*, be he Trinitarian or Unitarian, Calvinist or Universalist, Swede or African, Greek or Jew, Japanese or Indian. We as liberal people need sometimes to realize that the *real* spirit of brotherliness will make us as tolerant of our conservative friend as of our atheist neighbor—I fear we are not always.

Further on in her address Miss Hultin quoted the following verses, saying that while they might not be highly artistic, the thought suggested was one we might well consider:

I used to gaze on Blutton Hill
And think it very high,
And one of Nature's mighty props
That helped uphold the sky.
One day I toddled up its side
And stood upon its top,
And then I learned the sky must rest
Upon some other prop.

And there I saw it, just beyond,
Another hill, much higher,
Its summit mingled with the sky,
All fused with sunset fire.
"That hill's a button on the earth,"
Said I to little John,
"The great sky spreads its buttonhole,
And there it fastens on."

One day I climbed this other hill,
And found with heavy heart
The button and the buttonhole
Were very far apart.
But there against the crimson west
Another hill was seen,
A mighty spangled cushion where
The big sky loved to lean.

And so I've kept on climbing hills
From busy day to day,
But from its topmost peaks I find
The sky is far away.
In spite of many tumbles, still
This sermon I would preach,
Life's greatest worth is grasping for
The things we cannot reach.

If we will, said she, we may be-
come a conscious part of the Infinite
Life,—of the forces and purposes ever
throbbing on to diviner issues; of
the Providence that makes no mis-
takes, that never halts nor wavers
nor turns back, the persuasive sweep
of whose laws is bearing us all on to
the fulfilment of those laws through
love.

When Miss Hultin took her seat,
Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Professor in the
University of Chicago, and Rabbi of
Sinai Congregation, was introduced.

DR. HIRSCH made a happy and wit-
ty speech, saying that he was no
stranger here. I represent, said he,
the oldest Unitarian in the world.
Few understand Judaism; especially
Reform Judaism. We have long been
regarded, he said, as witnesses to
the truth of the New Testament, as
a source of amusement for the
mighty of the earth, as archaeologi-
cal curios, and finally as exhibits on
liberal platforms,—to show, not our
liberality, but the liberality of our
hosts. The Reformed Jews stand for
universal Judaism,—a return from
the rabbinical to the prophetic,—
and that is *universal religion*. We
have not, a Jew never had, a
creed. Whoever obeyed the law,
thereby was held to subscribe to the
existence of God. At one time this
compliance with the law was ritual,
now it is ethical. Judaism is to-day an
ethical society built on an historical
platform. Our bond as Jews is a
community of sympathy, not of
dogma.

However liberal he may be, every
Jew will stand a Jew as long as the
Christian makes it a reproach to be
a Jew. It is not the Jew who is ex-
clusive; intermarriages, for instance,
were quite frequent before the

Christians made them dangerous.
We are not a race, but an historical
community. Even Reform Judaism
is not prepared to admit that Juda-
ism required outside light to make us
as highly ethical and liberal as we
claim to be, and are. Jesus was a
great prophet of the height of Jewish
thought. But we do not admit that
he was superior to all the Jewish
thought of his day. He put the
thoughts and aspiration rife among
the best Jews into a form that con-
quered the world. The Sermon on
the Mount and Lord's prayer are
Jewish anthologies—a string of the
richest Jewish pearls.

The Orthodox Jews, as well as the
Liberals, say that men who live up
to the light they know shall be co-
heirs in the salvation of God; and
hence they felt not the necessity for
missions. But now the Reformed
Jews feel with you the necessity for
lifting up our high thought before
the world.

It was ten minutes of ten when
Dr. Hirsch sat down, and Mr. Fenn
announced that he who was to say
the last word was one who always
struck twelve, and that he now had
two hours and ten minutes to do it in.

MR. JONES, after speaking briefly
of the breaks in the program, said
that he could not say a new word to
them. They knew his word; he had
been speaking it twenty-three years.
Continuing, he said, I am a Univer-
salist on *this* side of the river. I am
a Unitarian of Unitarians, but such
a one as has no sympathy for that
Unitarianism whose coldness froze
out Emerson, nor for the narrow
Unitarianism that opposed Parker,
and that holds not out the hand to the
Western Conference, because that
body thinks the pursuit of Truth,
Righteousness and Love a sufficient
bond of fellowship. I am loyal to that
Unitarianism that is true to its high-
est traditions; I am too true to the
higher *spirit* of Unitarianism to rec-
ognize the right of its national con-
ference to put upon it its little inter-
pretation, with its theological phras-
ing and its "Lord Jesus Christ," or
to tolerate the action of the A. U.
A. when for a time it could find no
place in its fellowship for William
Potter or William Gannett.

I love fellowship; I like folks and
like a lot of them; but year after year
I have denied myself and All Souls
congregation the inspiration of the
Thanksgiving Union because my
brother Salter was not admitted. I will
not, though I may by hereditary
right, go in, if the door slams after me
in face of Salter or Mangasarian or
Hirsch. I am Unitarian when Uni-
tarianism is reproached because of
its naturalism, but there is a feeling
—and it is justifiable—that shrinks
from Unitarianism because of its
connotation of a theological dogma
and of a theological warfare now
without meaning to us.

There are many towns where there
is not a special's guard of Unitari-

ans or Universalists, but three or
four ethical culturists and as few
Reform Jews. No one of these classes
can have a church in such a place;
but take them together and mix
them up and they won't know one
another apart, and together *they can
make a dent on that town*. Our faith
must be free like the lark's song in
the sky. Put it under restraint, bring
it down to earth, and you have the
bird but no song. We cannot, the dic-
tionary cannot, fix the meaning of a
word for all time; like living things
words *grow*, and they should not be
cramped. When you hold the lark in
your hand you have no song. Hold
it too tight and it will *die*, you will not
even have the bird!

THURSDAY MORNING SESSION.

Judge Shorey presided at the final
session, for the disposition of the
business of the conference. Rev. Mr.
Fenn said that personally he thought
the time was not ripe for the union
of forces that had been advocated,
but that others did, and he was no
obstructionist; he therefore offered a
resolution calling for the appoint-
ment of a committee to consult with
others societies in reference to a
broader alliance of liberals for mis-
sionary work. The resolution called
forth considerable debate, partici-
pated in by those who had previously
discussed Mr. Alcott's paper and also
by Dr. Taylor and Mrs. McMahan.
Mr. Alcott recommended annual
meetings similar to the Unitarian
State Conference.

Mr. Blake spoke of the difficulty
experienced in persuading ethcal cul-
turists to exchange, and said that
Unitarians were not sure enough of
their own freedom to be entitled to
lead this new movement.

Mrs. Harvey thought Unitarian
prominence was not a necessity.

It was at this point that Mr. Fenn
said that he himself did not think
the time was ripe for the project,
but that others did.

Mr. Jones said he was not afraid of
the word "failure."

Mr. Alcott related the experience
of his own church and the deep im-
pression made upon it by hearing the
members of the Liberal Ministers'
Alliance, who had been invited to
address his congregation. What im-
pressed his parishioners was the sub-
stantial unity of belief expressed by
the various speakers from the differ-
ent organizations.

Dr. Taylor said that they might
try even if they were not sure to suc-
ceed. There was nothing so terrible
in a possibility of failure.

Rev. Mr. White expressed his
sympathy with the movement. Uni-
versalism, he said, was not a word to
conjure with; neither was Unitarian;
let us drop *names*.

All favored a broader fellowship
and truer unity in work, but some
thought it not now practicable. The
resolution was adopted.

The business committee nominat-
ed, and the conference elected, four
members of the board of directors, as

follows: Mr. Fenn, Mrs. Wooley, Mrs. Forbes, and Mr. Duncan. Mr. Gould had tendered his resignation of the presidency because of his election to the secretaryship of the Western Unitarian Conference, and Mr. Duncan had resigned the office of State Missionary (which he had held in connection with the secretaryship of the Illinois Conference) because of his duties as pastor of the new Church of Good Will at Streator. The committee made the following nominations: For President, Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Chicago; for Secretary, Rev. L. J. Duncan, of Streator (who consented to hold the office, without salary, until a man could be found who would combine the offices of missionary and secretary); for Treasurer, Mr. B. K. Dodson, of Geneva; and they were elected. Rev. Mr. Blake was elected director, vice Mr. Marshall, resigned. The committee appointed under the resolutions consisted of Revs. W. W. Fenn, Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Woolley. A resolution of appreciation was passed for Mr. Duncan's work in the State and for the conference; and another in recognition of the hospitality of All Souls Church, after which the conference adjourned.

F. W. S.

W. U. S. S. S.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society held its monthly meeting on Tuesday, November 7th. Present, Messrs. Gould, Jones and Kerr, Mesdames Leonard, Lord and Perkins.

In addition to routine business transacted Mr. M. M. Mangasarian and Mr. Albert Scheible were elected to fill vacancies on the Board of Directors.

As the basis of the second portion of the fourth year of the Six Years Course, entitled "Illustrations of Manhood and Womanhood," it was decided to use "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds." Miss Lord was appointed to make the selection of the twelve lessons best suited to our use. This selection will be printed in UNITY as soon as the choice is made.

MARION H. PERKINS, Sec.

A MAN never comes to his best, unless he works with his best powers, under the best inspirations, and for the best ends. An instrument gives out its rarest music only when touched by a master hand. The souls of ours respond in anthems whose key-notes are victory, and swell into sublimest choruses, only when they are lifted up to be played upon by the finger of God. Then there is music for the angels.

—Dr. F. A. Noble.

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The Study Table

LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

Prof. Norton has such a genius for accuracy that we wonder he consented, if he did, to the inaccuracy upon the title page—"1894." The custom of antedating books published in the last months of the year is a bad one, and to date "1894" a book published Oct. 25, 1893, is carrying the custom to an unusual excess. But it is most ungracious to begin by criticising unfavorably a publication that, with the exception of the title page, calls for unstinted praise. The two volumes are expensive, but not for their size and make, to say nothing of their spiritual contents, on which it would be impossible to fix any money value. Nevertheless, the best readers are not those who have the most money; and before long, we trust, there will be an edition of the book to which folk with slender purses can attain.

Prof. Norton has carried his self-effacement, as an editor, very far. He has written brief introductions to some of the chapters; to others none; and his footnotes are extremely rare. Their scarcity assumes that all the readers of these volumes will be well acquainted with Lowell's works and the circumstances of his life. Doubtless the most of them will be, but the best informed will sometimes wish for a little fuller information; if not for themselves for those whom they conceive to be less instructed. Every little while we hear that the race of interesting letter writers is no more; that the delightful company, like ghosts at cock-crowing, has fled before the face of the stenographer and the penny post. Already we have had several pleasant reassurances; but if "this appearance is positively the last," as the play-bills say, it is one of the most notable of the series. If any function disputed, in Lowell's range of gifts, that of the poet as identical with the man, it was his epistolary function. But for his own injunction, "Don't never prophesy unless y' know," we should be quick to prophesy that his fame as a letter writer will rank among the highest on the roll of a delightful art.

The range is wide, from 1827 to 1891, but not so wide in years as in the variety of the matter. Here is the exuberance of animal spirits; the overflow of wit, humor, fancy, drollery; such a delight in nature as few men have ever had, flooding the page with scent of flowers and song of birds; judgments of men and books remarkable for the keenness and in general for the kindness of their appreciation; a commentary on great public events in which the writer bore a great and honorable part; glimpses into the glad and sorrowful experience of one of the most

loving hearts that ever beat for kith or kin or for causes to which heaven had joined great issues. There are only two letters of his early boyhood and they are encouraging in their lack of any intellectual or ethical precocity. His first letters in college have few signs of his paternity of the coming man. But soon the signs of growth, mostly in the way of wide and appreciative reading, begin to multiply. Graduating in 1838, his class-poem was an assault upon the abolitionists and transcendentalists. He was soon ashamed of this. In 1839 he indorsed the MS., or printed poem, with a quatrain punishing the youth's temerity. The forties were the happy period of Lowell's life. He was in love; he was married; he was writing poetry with such speed and gust as never further on, with a happy confidence in his own gift and of a brilliant future; children were born to him; he had enlisted in an unpopular cause, and he was full of the joy of battle. The fifties were his slackest time. They were the years of his greatest sorrow, of ill health, of the hardest years of his professorship; when, as yet, Pegasus was not easy in the harness and was mourning the lost freedom of the open fields. The early sixties, with their new set of Biglow Papers, meant a new happiness in poetical creation and a new gladness in his letters. Nothing, except his early impecuniosity, makes his letters so bright as the reflection on them of his delight in making poems. But there was no such delight in this after the forties as there was then. Then he had more confidence in his future and in his ability to impress himself upon the world. In his later years he felt that he might have been a much greater poet had not the poet "been tripped up in the professor's gown." It was a pity, for the poet was the man; the poet, not the essayist, the humorist, the publicist, the statesman, the diplomatist.

It was Lowell's consciousness of this, and of his failure to work out the best for which the gods intended him, that was most influential in giving a melancholy tone to his life after he had come "midway upon the road of our life." But other causes were co-operant with this: the habit of the humorous mind; periods of ill-health; the sordidness of our politics; his immense distrust of the scientific tendency of thought, while still he could not build again the house of his inherited belief.

One of his early correspondents was his classmate George B. Loring. He wrote him many letters before Loring had become a pro-slavery apologist, and while the anti-slavery was not yet the winning side. But Lowell's best letters in the forties were to his co-editor on the "Anti-Slavery Standard," Sydney H. Gay, and to Charles F. Briggs, whom he celebrates in "The Fable for Critics" as "Harry Franco," the editor of the "Broadway Journal" and a co-editor with Curtis and Parke

*LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 418, 464. \$8.

Godwin of "Putnam's New Monthly Magazine." The letters to these gentlemen are the brightest that he ever wrote, the puns and witticisms pricking the flanks of others just before in every paragraph, sometimes in every line. In the later period Prof. Norton and Leslie Stephen were his most favored correspondents. If the letters lose in gayety they gain in beauty, wisdom, seriousness, and depth. Those to Howells and Gilder are admirable in their illustration of his attitude toward younger men of his own craft. One cannot read his praise of Mr. Cleveland without thinking of the pain his recent sale of the Italian embassy for \$50,000, given to the campaign fund, and the discharge of his own faithful assistant on the English embassy, in acknowledgment of \$10,000 from another applicant, would have given his too sanguine heart. Those who have imagined foolishly about Mr. Lowell's recreancy to America would do well to read these letters. But they are not people who read this kind of literature. The partisan newspaper is generally good enough for them.

J. W. C.

JESUS AND MODERN LIFE. By M. J. Savage. With an introduction by Professor Crawford H. Toy. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis; cloth, 12mo, pp. 229. \$1.

Every prolific writer or speaker is apt to fall into the habitual use of certain words which reveal the temper of his mind. If Mr. Savage has such a word, it is "frank," and no other could describe so well the impression he makes upon us. His work is marked by clearness, directness and candor to an altogether exceptional degree (more's the pity) among religious books, to say nothing of sermons. In this last volume he considers the teaching of Jesus upon the pressing problems of to-day, aiming to discover how far that teaching is in accord with the present movement of society and how much it actually helps towards a solution of questions relating to Divorce, Wealth and Property, Prayer, Non-Resistance, etc. Obviously, a critic's first duty is to find out precisely what Jesus taught, and in view of the scantiness and uncertain origin of our materials that is no easy task. Unlike most students, perhaps, who would be classed as Liberal, Mr. Savage believes that Jesus taught eternal punishment and took himself for the Messiah; and in this, we think, he is perfectly right. Yet it must be confessed that after such admissions have been made and after Jesus has been declared not a great man intellectually, since so much of his thought was inadequate and traditional, there is very slender support in this volume for the admiration with which our author regards him.

There are a few curious slips, valuable mainly as showing how a man thoroughly familiar with his subject

may blunder now and then. When, for example, we find a passage quoted from the Hebrews but ascribed to Paul (xii. 2; p. 206), we marvel no more at some of the errors of the Fathers; or when, again, we find it stated that the 119th Psalm cannot be a defense of our Old Testament, since "a large part of the Old Testament had not then been written, and those parts that had been written were not gathered into a book" (page 43); it is evident that the idea of Davidic authorship is lurking in the background. For once Mr. Savage seems to be confused in his use of terms; for while the Jews certainly show no evidence of a belief in resurrection, except in Daniel, there are frequent hints of belief in a future life. Therefore the sentence on page 57, to the effect that with the single exception of the book of Daniel there is not in the Old Testament "a single clear trace of any belief in any future life for men," must be corrected by the substitution of "resurrection" or "desirable future life." (*Cf.*, e. g., Is. xiv. 9, seq. 1 Sam. xxviii. 12.) Again on page 103 we read that in the New Testament it is Jesus the Christ everywhere, not Jesus Christ. Yet the very first verse in the New Testament reads Jesus Christ (without the article), and so repeatedly. One other correction must be made in this admirable book lest Mr. Savage's readers share his regret that modern criticism is taking away the beautiful story in John vii. 52—viii. 11. True, the incident does not belong in the Fourth Gospel, but its authenticity is not seriously impugned in consequence. In fact, it may be questioned whether, now that it has been taken out of the Fourth Gospel, its authenticity is not even more firmly established than when it was in good and regular standing there.

This is a capital book, which no one who cares at all about the real Jesus as thinker and teacher can afford to neglect. W. W. F.

THE WORK OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By Charles Dudley Warner. With four portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper boards, 16mo, pp. 60. 50 cents.

Washington Irving could not have written more gracefully of Mr. Warner, if he had written after him instead of before him, than Mr. Warner has written of Irving here. Nearly half of the book is taken up with a vivid rehabilitation of the New York of Irving's childhood and youth. He finds Irving's first great service to literature in that love of Nature for her frank, objective beauty, with which he interpenetrated all he wrote. His second service was his investiture of New York and the Hudson River with a romantic and poetic beauty, albeit his Knickerbocker legend was an absurd and almost criminal distortion of the character of the early Dutch settlers of

New Amsterdam. With the invention of the short story he had much to do, Charles Dickens sitting at his feet and learning of him this lesson. Of Irving's graver work, the "Columbus" and the "Washington," Mr. Warner has a word of hearty praise. His indifference to the great stirring questions of his time in politics and reform is touched upon as tenderly as gratitude demands for one who added so much to the pleasantness of life. J. W. C.

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We have just received the six little volumes of classics constituting the fifth series of Putnam's "Literary Gems." The works themselves are so well and favorably known that it is sufficient for us to quote the publishers' own words in description of these charming gift books: "A series of productions, complete in small compass, which have been accepted as classics of their kind, and which are entitled to the most attractive form that can be given to them. Each 'Gem' is presented in a separate volume, tastefully printed in 32mo, and attractively bound in full morocco, gilt top, with a frontispiece in photogravure." Each dainty volume comes in a box.

THE MAGAZINES.

In reading the *International Journal of Ethics* for the October quarter, the thought of Dickens' Circumlocution Office suggests itself to one. We do not go so far as to say that "How not to do it" was the motto of the writers; but in too many cases there did seem to be a disposition to take the longest possible way to solve the questions at issue. We cannot resist the belief that the truths brought out could have been made quite as clear, and that the discussions would have been quite as philosophical and scientific, in case a few less words had been used. Notwithstanding this blemish on several of the papers the number is a very interesting one. Prof. Royce's discussion of "The Knowledge of Good and Evil," suggested by Dr. Simmel's article in the July number, on "Moral Deficiencies as Determining Intellectual Function," is a paper that must interest all students of ethics, and that will doubtless help to clear up this subject in many minds. Its spirit is admirable, and there is certainly no undue haste in its treatment of the topics involved in the subject. In "My Station and its Duties," Mr.

Sidgwick undertakes an elaborate demonstration of what hardly seems to require such treatment. The fact that it was the President's Address before the London Ethical Society accounts in large measure for the treatment given the subject. Mr. W. L. Sheldon's discussion of "What Justifies Private Property" is an admirable performance, one might almost say a model of what such a discussion ought to be. The other principal articles are shorter,—a keen and discriminating discussion of "A Phase of Modern Epicureanism" by C. M. Williams, and an article by Dr. John S. Billings on "The Effects of his Occupation upon the Physician." Among the discussions is a spirited reply by Mr. Westermarck to Dr. Starcke's strictures on his "History of Human Marriage." As usual the book reviews are excellent. Perhaps the most interesting for UNITY readers are G. F. Stout's review of Mr. J. S. Mackenzie's "Manual of Ethics" (published by W. B. Clive & Co., University Correspondence College Press, London, England), from which it would appear that the book is a valuable one; and Mr. Mackenzie's review of the second volume of Spencer's "Principle of Ethics."

"METHOD" is the name of a new quarterly devoted to methods of church work, edited by Rev. Ellison R. Cook, a Methodist minister of Sparta, Ga. The price is only 60 cents per annum, and we believe that most ministers will find in it something of helpfulness and suggestion for them. It is a handsome illustrated octavo magazine of nearly sixty pages. We wish it success, and we believe that with its excellent practical articles and its very low price it will succeed.

HOPE AND HOME, the stalwart little champion of Proportional Representation, has issued No. 22, dated Oct. 21, in which Mr. Albert Cridge among other good things makes a very bright and satisfactory reply to Mr. W. S. U'ren's criticism of Proportional Representation made in the interest of the Initiative and Referendum. We advise those interested in the matter to send 10 cents to *Hope and Home*, 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., for Mr. Cridge's pamphlet, "Proportional Representation, the Referendum and the Initiative."

NEW OCCASIONS for November contains Herbert Spencer's short but interesting paper contributed to the recent Congress of Evolutionists, combating the notion that according to the evolutionary doctrine it is needless for individuals to have any care about progress, since progress will take care of itself; to which he replies that for a proper evolution the units considered, whether high or low, must respectively manifest their matures, and that in the case of men this includes their altruistic impulses. Aside from this the best feature of the number is, in our judg-

ment, Miss Annie L. Muzzey's poem, entitled "A Heathen's Faith."

THAT *The Monist* for the current quarter is valuable is sufficiently attested by the fact that Prof. Lloyd Morgan has written for it. Besides his paper, "Dr. Weismann on Heredity and Progress," there are an number of articles on scientific, philosophical and scientific subjects, a paper by Theodore Stanton on "Sebastian Castillon and Religious Toleration," and a thoughtful criticism on "Some Points in James' Psychology," by Dr. W. L. Worcester.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE PILGRIM IN OLD ENGLAND. A Review of the History, Present Condition, and Outlook of the Independent (Congregational) Churches in England. By Amory J. Bradford. New York: F. O. Howard & Hulbert. London: James Clarke & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 12mo, pp. 344. \$2.

THE QUEST OF COLUMBUS. A Memorial Poem in twelve books. By Henry Ilowizl. Chicago and Philadelphia: H. J. Smith & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 360.

ELSIE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Beverly Hale. Boston: R. B. Hale & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 104. \$1.

COMMON SENSE THEOLOGY. A Second Series of Tracts for the Times. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 164. 2s.

COLUMBUS OUTDONE. An Exact Narrative of the Voyage of the Yankee Skipper. Capt. Wm. A. Andrews, in the Boat Sapolio. Compiled from the log and original documents by Artemus Ward, Advertising Manager for Enoch Morgan's Sons Co. New York. Illustrated: Cloth, 12mo, pp. 200. \$1.

THE MONISM OF MAN; or the Unity of the Divine and Human. By David Allyn Gorton, M. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 297. \$2.

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—Emilio Castelar.

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CONTENTS.

Introduction: *The New Bible*; I. *Errors in the Bible*; II. *What the Bible Claims for Itself*; III. *The Bible as Authority*; Appendix: *Contradictions in the Gospels*.

Mr. Crooker has brought to his work much original thought, a thorough knowledge of his subject, considerable analytical skill, a fair degree of logic, and almost a mastery of the art of presentation.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

He has been very successful, and his book is one especially to be recommended to those who have lost their faith in the old Bible of tradition and dogma, and need to be shown the substantial worth of what criticism leaves unharmed of literary value and spiritual quickening.—*The New World*.

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SUN.—As in water face answereth to face,
so [in life] the heart of man to man.

MON.—Let not thine heart be glad when
thine enemy stumbleth.

TUES.—A faithful messenger refresheth
the soul of his master.

WED.—Hast thou found honey? Eat
only so much as is sufficient.

THURS.—For men to search their own
glory is not glory.

FRI.—Where there is no tale-bearer, the
strife ceaseth.

SAT.—Better is a neighbor that is near
than a brother far off.

—Proverbs.

MOTHER, MOON AND STARS.

The moon is bending o'er the sea
As I, my babe, bend over thee;
She rocks it gently to and fro,
As I now rock you, so, and so,
The wind, her breath, sings softly,
"Dear,
Sleep sweetly now, for I am near."

The stars look down upon the lea,
As I, my babe, look down on thee:
The earth 's at rest: thy vigils keep,
As I watch o'er thy peaceful sleep,
And through the silence I can hear:
"Sleep sweetly now, for we are near."
—From "Hush-a-by, Baby," by William
S. Lord.

HOW DO ANIMALS SHOW INTELLIGENCE AND MEMORY?

Of course among the domestic animals we expect a great degree of intelligence, as we often find in dogs, etc. But the wild animals show by their acts that they, too, are intelligent. You go in quest of them, go peering about, looking into every nook: how quickly they discern your inquisitiveness, and the chances are that you will walk a mile and conclude that the woods are deserted. But stroll leisurely along with your thoughts intent on your own business, and how many creatures will bear you company. The squirrel will salute you, and pause while he plays bo-peep with you. How timid at times are the field-mice, how they dash away at the slightest sound of danger; but resting at noon-tide during my rambles how often I have had them peer at me, and at last as I ate my lunch they would come and take the crumbs from my hand. Many have tried to have a like experience and failed, they could not inspire confidence in the timid creatures. Have we not here proof of a long line of thought? Do they not literally weigh the elements and decide whether the man before them is friend or foe?

During the summer I put my horse in a pasture where there was no wa-

ter. An hour had passed, I had forgotten the horse. when I heard a significant whinny, and, looking up, saw my horse standing at the bars, and divined his want. I opened the bars, the horse passed out, went to the trough, and after drinking went back into the pasture. This may at first appear too simple to mention, but let us analyze it. The horse called to me; he relied on me; he knew that I would hear and recognize his voice. He stood at the bars, knowing that was the place to go out, rather than at the fence several yards nearer the watering trough: then my horse took it for granted that I would understand what he wished. After he had drank he returned to the pasture, confident that I would again let the bars down when he wanted to drink. Can the feeling of thirst alone have prompted this train of thought? Had my horse not known several things, he would have merely looked about the pasture for water and not have molested me.

CHAS. C. ABBOTT.

A Lucky Accident.

One of the greatest discoveries ever made was the result of the purest accident. It was the year 1796. The citizens of Munich had just witnessed the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera, "Don Juan," and the theater was deserted by all save one man, Aloys Sennefelder, who, after making a round of inspection in the building to see that no sparks had ignited anything combustible, retired to his room to stamp the tickets of admission for the day following.

When he entered his apartments he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone, which he had purchased for sharpening razors, a ticket stamp, still moistened with printing ink, and a check on the treasurer of the theater for his salary. As he placed the latter upon the table, a gust of wind swept it high up in his room, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder dried the wet paper as well as he could, and then weighted it down with the whetstone, upon which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp.

When he returned to his room the following morning, he was astonished at seeing the letters printed with remarkable accuracy upon the dampened paper. A thought came to him. He wondered whether, by some means, he could not simplify his work of continually copying the songs of the chorus. He went out and purchased a large stone, commenced making experiments, and, as we all knew, finally discovered the art of printing from stone—lithography.

—Exchange.

Give Him a Chance.

Three years ago a little chap came into my office to shine my shoes. I was going to make a change, for my messenger boy had secured a place where he could do better. The boy

I am speaking of was, I think, one of the dirtiest boys I ever saw in my life, but I made up my mind to give him a chance. I told him about the job and I told him about how well my boy had done. But I said to him, "Billy, one of the first things I want you to do is to go home and get cleaned up. Get that dirt off you if you have to use sapollo, and here is a quarter to get your hair cut. Now don't you come back until you feel as clean as I am." Well, when that boy came back I hardly knew him.

A few days ago I said to him "Billy, I'm going to send you over to see the World's Fair at Chicago. I want you to see it and I want you to have a right good time, and when you come back I want you to get up on that platform and tell the other boys just what you saw there and how you saw it." Well, he came over here and saw the Fair. He was here eight days and I guess he had a pretty good time. When he came back he not only entertained his friends, the newsboys, but a great big audience as well. He got up there on that platform, and he detailed from memory the cost of those buildings, the ground they covered, how high they were, how much higher they were than the buildings of Paris and Philadelphia, and a vast amount of information about the exhibits they contained. I give you my word that my boy told that audience more about the World's Fair in fifteen minutes than I could in half an hour. People who say there is no gratitude in a newsboy don't know what they are talking about.

—American Youth.

THE nation has no better friend than the mother who teaches her child to pray.

THERE is no danger of getting too much religion, if you will mix common sense with it.

—The Ram's Horn.

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON XI.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

—Matt. xix. 14.

Picture: Jesus and the Children. Hofmann.

What does this picture teach us of Jesus?—It reveals the sunny, genial, childlike side of his character.

There is nothing more attractive in this picture than the real human smile on the face of Jesus. He is so often referred to as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" that many good people think of him as always sad, oppressed by the evil of the world, just as if it were not possible to know sorrow and still retain gladness, to be acquainted with grief and keep serenely happy nevertheless. The genial, even humorous, side of the nature of Jesus has been overlooked. As a rule the Jews, so far as we know them from the Bible, show little capacity for humor; there is withering sarcasm in the prophets, there are fierce jests and savage puns, but gentle, playful humor is almost entirely lacking. Yet some of the parables and pithy sayings of Jesus have a touch of quiet fun which is peculiarly delicious. It is very probable that some of the things which we fail to understand in his teachings would be perfectly clear could we hear the tone of voice in which he spoke and see the light in his eyes. It is exceedingly unfortunate when the words of a man who has a sense of humor are handed down to posterity by those who are without it. We have not time to dwell upon this side of the character of Jesus, but it must not be forgotten that, with his deep insight into the world and his scathing indignation at wrong and injustice, he was also a pleasant man, and had a marvelously taking way with children.

The incident which has given the subject of our picture has given rise to much fruitless discussion, and is often adduced in support of infant baptism. But, as we see, Jesus is not baptizing the children. It was not unusual for mothers to take their children to a distinguished rabbi that he might lay his hands upon them in blessing. The mothers meant no more than this when they came to Jesus, and he did no more than this. To use this incident as an argument in favor of infant baptism is quite unjustifiable. But it is a delightful scene in the life of Jesus and its position in the Gospel of Matthew is very interesting, following as it does immediately upon the passage in which Jesus seems to teach the superiority of celibacy.

What did Jesus mean by the Kingdom of God?—He meant both an in-

ward spiritual state and also its outward expression in human society.

But our use of the passage and the picture must be to teach Jesus' idea of the kingdom of heaven. The phrase was no new one on his lips, it had a definite meaning in his time, and unless there is clear evidence to the contrary we must assume that he used it in its ordinarily accepted sense. When a phrase stands for an intensely real belief in the popular mind a man can hardly be acquitted of insincerity if in his teaching he uses it in a sense entirely different and peculiar to himself. The Jews believed that there would be sent to them from God a mighty deliverer who should exalt Israel to a position of supremacy among the nations. This is the baldest and simplest form of the idea; doubtless many believed in a resurrection of both just and unjust, or of the just Jews alone, and a general judgment after which the unjust should be destroyed, and the Jews, including those who had died before the coming of the Messiah, should reign over a world everywhere obedient to the law of the Lord. It is hard to say to what extent the apocalyptic ideas prevailed among the people, but the general belief was that the kingdom of heaven was to be established upon the earth by the coming of a heavenly Messiah for the glory of his people Israel. Of course in this conception there were ethical elements: The coming of the Messiah was dependent upon the righteousness of the people, and the law of the Lord was to be supreme. Nevertheless, the righteousness was emphatically formal rather than real, and the law of the Lord, as then understood, was chiefly concerned with ceremonialism. Moreover, the glory of the people, and its freedom from foreign rule, were more prominent than the hope of universal obedience to the ethical will of God. Not that purer and loftier ideas were not held among the people: the tendency is to paint the background of Jesus too darkly, and his own person too brightly, for the sake of the contrast. There must have been many who thought pretty much as Jesus did, but he has become the representative for history of all that higher thought, and although we know for certain that there were holy and broad-minded Pharisees, the tendency of Phariseism is shown in the typical Pharisee, as ordinarily conceived. In history, as in biology, there are missing links; gradations disappear. There are gaps in the historical as there are in the geological record. It will be understood, therefore, that whenever Jesus and the Pharisees are put in contrast each is regarded as the representative of a tendency. And it is past dispute that the Pharisaic tendency was to emphasize the material character of the kingdom and the ceremonial features of the Law. But Jesus was interested only in simple goodness, his thought was predominantly spiritual, hence we should expect to find him laying stress upon the ethical elements of the kingdom and paying little or no heed to material sovereignty.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."—What did those little children know or care about the scruples of the Pharisees? A child is weak, and the kingdom of heaven is not to be established by might of arms, its subjects are the poor in spirit, the weak, and those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

The kingdoms of the world arise and continue by reason of strength in battle, but it shall not be so with the kingdom of heaven. A child is simple, and openness not craft or diplomacy becomes a subject of the kingdom of God. A child is innocent and pure, and innocence and purity are the characteristics of the kingdom. Emphasizing these elements of the kingdom of God, Jesus naturally was led to see that where these qualities existed there the kingdom already was. So for him it was already present,—"in the midst of you," he said to the Pharisees. In this belief in the actually present kingdom of God Jesus did differ most widely from current thought.

But while the ethical character of the kingdom which Jesus made prominent existed, although obscurely, in contemporary thought, did not the emphatic elements of the popular conception exist also in him, yet subordinated to his main idea? Before answering this question we must face a difficulty with regard to our sources of knowledge concerning him. In textual criticism it is a fundamental principle that the harder reading is to be preferred to the easier; that is, a scribe is more likely to alter his text into conformity with ordinary usage than into variance with it. In higher criticism the same principle is valid: those who communicated the sayings of Jesus would be more likely to preserve such as fitted in with customary beliefs, and to change the exceptional into the ordinary. Hence when we find some idea or utterance attributed to Jesus which is unlike current belief or which popular preferences would have been apt to ignore or modify, we may be reasonably sure that it is authentic, but if we come upon the common notions also, especially if they contradict those which are established as his by their uniqueness, the natural tendency of critics is to ascribe them to popular traditions and misunderstandings of the words of Jesus. Now the constructive belief of the followers of Jesus was that he was the Messiah, consequently they would be prone to impute to him Messianic traits and to find in his career fulfillments of Messianic prophecy. That many things in the Gospels are to be accounted for in this way, no critic will deny. When, therefore, we meet with teachings concerning the kingdom of God which have the popular sound, and seem to be inconsistent with the spiritual view of the kingdom which we know Jesus held, must we not say that they are due to the later reflections of his disciples, under the guidance of mistaken notions, and cannot have been spoken by Jesus himself? Plainly there are isolated or extreme utterances which may be explained so, but besides these, interwoven in many of his parables and implied in his most characteristic sayings is so much that looks toward the current belief that it seems impossible to deny that Jesus held it without treating our records too violently. When he says, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child shall in no case enter therein," how can we dislocate the sentence and say that the first half is his and that the second member has been falsely attributed to him? Is it not more historical and just to say that he had two ideas of the kingdom of God,—it was both a spiritual state to be received and an exter-

nal condition to be entered? It is in the Jewish Gospel of Matthew (xxi. 43) that Jesus says "The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof,"—that is, the nation showing by its fruits in character that it has the spiritual kingdom of God shall receive the external sovereignty of that kingdom. These are eminently characteristic sayings of Jesus and they are too much of a piece, too closely woven, to be wrenched asunder. He did teach that the kingdom of heaven was already present, and yet, he taught his disciples to pray "Thy kingdom come." In view of these passages and others that might be cited, as well as of the parables attributed to him during his last week in Jerusalem, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that Jesus did hold a twofold conception of the kingdom of God: it was an inner spiritual state of righteousness, but it was also the realization and embodiment of righteousness in some future outward form of sovereignty; it was present, it was to come; it was to grow in the world like seed, it was to spread silently and gradually like leaven, yet the process of transformation was finally to culminate and burst forth in an outward reality. Doubtless the popular ideas were comparatively unimportant in the thought of Jesus, and his chroniclers have often grossly exaggerated them, but it seems certain that they were there. He held essentially the current belief in its entirety, only he laid supreme emphasis upon its ethical and spiritual elements which he purified and developed.

Questions.

The Picture.—Do you know any other picture of Jesus which shows him with a smile on his face? Do the children seem afraid of Jesus? Are children ever afraid when they think of him now? Is he baptizing or blessing them? Do you suppose that after Jesus had blessed them those boys and girls grew to be bad men and women? Try to think from all you know of Jesus what he may be saying to these children? Would he tell them they must love him? Is he speaking to them of heaven and hell?

The Happy Jesus.—Was Jesus a sorrowful man? If he had been, would children have come to him? Can you think of anything he said that showed a sense of humor?

The Kingdom of God.—If these little children are typical subjects of the kingdom, can it be built on power or knowledge? What sort of kingdom must it be? Is it possible for a man to keep his child-heart? Did Jesus have any other idea of the kingdom?

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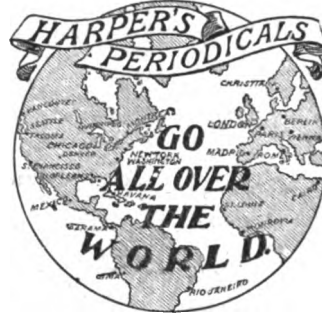
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Notes from the Field

Syracuse, N. Y.—THE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE OF THE MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA will hold its ninth annual meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 14 and 15, 1893, at May Memorial Church, James street, Syracuse, N. Y. The order of exercises will be as follows: *Tuesday Evening, Nov. 14th*, at 8 o'clock, Opening Religious Service. Sermon by Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York. *Wednesday, Nov. 15th*. Morning Session. 9:00—Devotional Meeting, conducted by Rev. John M. Scott, of Ithaca. 9:30—Business Meeting. Appointment of Committees, Reports, etc. 10:10—"A Word for Radical Orthodoxy," a paper by Miss Marion Libby, of Brooklyn. 10:30—"The Ethical Risk in Compromise," a paper by Rev. T. R. Slicer, of Buffalo. 11:0—"Our Attitude Toward the New Orthodoxy," a paper by Rev. James C. Hodgins, of Philadelphia. 11:30—Discussion of the foregoing papers. 12:00 m.—"The Relations of the Liberal Church to Present Social Problems," a paper by Edward Jackson, M. D., of Philadelphia. 12:30 p. m.—Discussion. 1:00 p. m.—Collation. Afternoon Session. 2:30—Reports of Committees, Election of Officers, etc. 2:50—"What Science Owes to Religion," a paper by Rev. James T. Bixby, Ph. D., of Yonkers, N. Y. 3:20—Discussion. 3:30—"The Religion of Humanity," a paper by Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia. 4:00—"Our Missionary Opportunity from a Layman's Point of View," a paper by George W. Stone, Esq., of Wilmington, Del. 4:30—"How Can Women Make the Most of this Missionary Opportunity," a paper by Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, of Brooklyn. 4:45—Discussion. 5:0—Business. Resolutions, etc. *Evening Session*. 7:45—Introductory Service. 8:00—Five short addresses will be delivered on the following subject: "Modern Tendencies in Religious Thought as Illustrated:" 1st.—By the Parliament of Religions. Rev. S. R. Calthrop. 2d.—By the Growth of the Scientific Method. Rev. Merle St. C. Wright. 3d.—By the Higher Criticism of the Bible. Rev. S. A. Eliot. 4th.—By the Growing Recognition of the Naturalness of Religion. Rev. W. C. Gannett. 5th.—By the Increased Emphasis on Conduct and Character. Rev. Stephen H. Camp. *Women's Meeting*. On Thursday morning at 10:30 there will be a meeting of the Women's Alliance for conference and fellowship. Mrs. B. Ward Dix, Mrs. Joseph Curtis, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, and others will address the meeting.

Ithaca, N. Y.—On November 5th, the Unitarian Church undertook for itself a little study in comparative religions by hearing two lectures by Mohammed A. R. Webb, one on "Mohammed, the Prophet," the other on "The Practices and Tendencies of Islam," and then holding a conference for asking and answering questions concerning Islam.

Cleveland, Ohio.—We are in receipt of the monthly calendar of the Unity Church, of Cleveland, containing an interesting program for the month. Services are held morning and evening, and among the features of the year's work are a series of discourses treating of "The Poets on Immortality,"—the first of which will be delivered Nov. 19, taking up Walt Whitman, and sermons upon philanthropic work in

London and elsewhere. Early in the month a meeting of the young people is to be held to complete an organization for religious and social work. The program of the Unity Club, which is held fortnightly, is: For Nov. 6—"Talks upon New Books," Mr. Edward Wright, Mr. Albert Pike and the Club. "Women as Wage-earners in America," Mrs. May Haymes. "Sketches of American Life,—New England: A reading from Mary E. Wilkins," Miss Mary Langley. For Nov. 20—A reception to Cleveland authors by the Club. We notice with pleasure that the pastors, Misses Murdoch and Buck, announce a definite reception day (Monday afternoon of each week at the church parlors, and alternate Monday evenings at their residence).

Hobart, Ind.—This little place has a church that is quite unique in its way. For many years it has been without a settled pastor, and yet it has kept up its regular evening services, conducted in part by its own members and in part by occasional visits from Chicago ministers, while its Sunday school is one that would do honor to the most flourishing of our churches, sometimes numbering as many as a hundred pupils, and having an uninterrupted history of nearly thirty years. We suspect that much of the credit of this vigorous little church is due to the energy and tact of one man, who is willing to work himself and is able to persuade others to work with him.

Englewood, Ill.—At the First Universalist Church, during the month of November, Sunday evenings will be filled by the organ concert and by lectures. Every Tuesday evening the classes in geology and French meet. Nov. 6, Monday.—Philosophy and Fiction Section. Nov. 8, Wednesday.—Woman's Section at 1:30 p. m. Nov. 13, Monday.—Rambler's Section, opening meeting. Nov. 15, Wednesday.—All day meeting of the Aid Society, with lunch. Nov. 20, Monday.—Philosophy and Fiction Sections. Nov. 22, Wednesday.—Woman's Section. Nov. 27, Monday.—Rambler's Section. Nov. 28.—Harvest Sunday. Dates of Music Section will be announced later. The first lecture course of the year will begin Sunday evening, Nov. 12. The first lecture will be given by either the Hindoo monk Vivikananda or Mr. Gandhi. After this will follow five lectures by Mr. White: Two of these five will be *free lectures*. To two, viz., the illustrated lectures on the Rhine and Italy, an admission of 25 cents will be charged. The admission for the first lecture by Mr. Vivikananda or Mr. Gandhi will also be 25 cents. Therefore three lectures of the six will charge a small admission, because those lectures cost some money and should reimburse the outlay. Three will be free to all.

Quincy, Ill.—The Unity Club of Quincy has divided its work into three sections,—having a literary, a social, and a social science section. The former, in a course of eight meetings, makes a study of the poet Ibsen. At each session there is a paper by one member and reading from an appointed poem or poems by another member. The Papers are: A Sketch of Modern Norway: Bibliography of the Poet: Reactionary Tendencies in Thought: The Conventional—The Ideal; Individuality in Women: Commercial Hypocrisy: The Problem of Heredity: Self-Ob-

iteration—Self-Realization. The Social Science Section takes up the Study of the Development of Civilization in a course of seventeen meetings, of which seven are devoted to lectures by Rev. C. F. Bradley, and the other ten to discussions led by various members of the sections.

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.—The eighteenth annual conference of Michigan was held at this charming little town November 7th, 8th, and 9th. Mr. Simonds, of Battle Creek, gave an eloquent sermon Tuesday evening. Wednesday morning the devotional meeting was led by Mr. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, who took "Prayer" as his subject, and defined it as the soul's sincerity, the soul's silence and the soul's harmony. The annual reports of the various churches were made more systematic by a set of questions sent out by the president of the conference, Mr. C. S. Udell, of Grand Rapids. Reports were presented from Ann Arbor, Battle Creek, Grand Rapids Unity Church and Holland church, Kalamazoo, and Sturgis,—all in a flourishing condition. Midland also reported that it was keeping up its church life, though without a pastor. There were no reports from Detroit, Athens or Sherwood. There was an interesting and animated discussion of the possibilities of more missionary work the coming year, but the matter was finally referred to a missionary committee, consisting of the president and Hon. S. W. Hopkins, Rev. C. J. Bartlett, Rev. H. G. Johnston, Rev. W. D. Simonds and Mrs. A. T. Streeter. At the afternoon session Mr. Sunderland gave a paper on the Penalties and Rewards of Pioneering in Religion; and Rev. H. D. Johnston, of Grand Rapids, gave his First Impressions of Unitarianism. His impressions were not wholly favorable, as his new associates seemed to him to lack somewhat in organization, in positive belief, and in spiritual life—lacks which others who have been longer in the ranks also feel. The Platform Meeting in the evening, on the Aids to the Advancement of Liberal Religion, was interesting and well attended, the speakers being Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Forbush, Miss Bartlett and Mr. Gould. The concluding session of the conference Thursday morning had two papers, one by Mr. Hugenholz on church life, the other by Mr. Forbush on The Next Step of Civilization. They both drew out a lively discussion which was only ended by the limits of time. The whole conference was a thoroughly enjoyable one and the visitors joined most heartily in the vote of thanks to the Mt. Pleasant people for their generous hospitality and sympathetic attendance. Among the visitors was Rev. Howard MacQueary, who reported that the Saginaw Universalist Church was flourishing in everything save finances. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. S. Udell, of Grand Rapids; Secretary, Hon. E. G. D. Holden, of Grand Rapids; Treasurer, Hon. S. Babcock, of Manistee.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Morning and evening services are regularly held here. The first two evening sermons were on the Parliament of Religions, the last two on The Pilgrims in Holland and New England. The Unity Club holds its regular meetings on Wednesday evenings in the church parlor. It will be occupied during the winter with a

study of Emerson. The essay read and discussed this month will be "Self-Reliance."

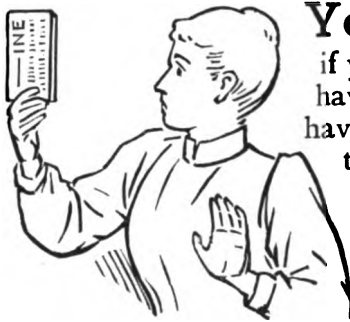
Minneapolis, Minn.—Sunday Nov. 5, Miss Junata Stafford, of Chicago, addressed the Swedish Unitarian Congregation in its hall at Labor Temple, on "The Way to Great Deeds." The hall was crowded and more seats had to be brought in. After the service Miss Stafford conducted the Swedish Sunday school. Her simple, hearty way of addressing the people brought them near to her, and the great truths she sowed will surely bear fruit in their minds, who listened to her with so much interest and attention. A. L.

Omaha, Neb.—The Unity Club of the First Unitarian Church of this place has issued an admirable program for the year 1893, from which it appears that the work is carried on in three sections, each of which holds a meeting Friday evening of every third week, beginning October 20 and ending April 6. The Historico-Economic section takes up successively the topics: Beginnings, The Mercantile and Kindred Systems, The Physiocrats, The School of Adam Smith, Successors of Smith, The Historical School, Socialism, and Contemporary Economics. Three members are appointed to discuss a particular sub-topic at each meeting. At the first Mrs. Curtis discusses the Economic Results of the Crusades; Mr. Mann (the minister), The Industrial Renaissance, and Miss Wallace, Early Economic Writers. A list of references is given as follows: *Cossa*: Introduction to the Study of Political Economy, 1893, (Part II.) superseding the same Author's Guide to the Study of Political Economy, 1877. *Ingram*: History of Political Economy, 1888. *Blanqui*: History of Political Economy, 1880. *Longe*: History of Political Science in Europe. *Toynbee*: Industrial Revolution. *Pollock*: History of the Science of Politics, 1890. *Perry*: Political Economy (1883), Chapter I. *Smart*: Introduction to Theory of Value (on Austrian School), 1891. *Encyclopedia Britannica*: Articles "Political Economy," "Socialism," etc. *Block*: Progress of Economic Science since Adam Smith, 1890. Another section takes up the History of Painting in Italy in a similar manner, and in the program is given a list of some sixty books of reference to be had in the Omaha Public Library. The third section, "Lectures and Dramatics," provides two dramatic entertainments and six lectures.—"Economics in the Ancient World," "Household Hygiene," "Sanitary Progress," "Walt Whitman," "The Sun," and "Tennyson."

Portland, Ore.—The William G. Eliot Fraternity of the First Unitarian Church has issued a very interesting program of the Sunday Evening Meetings and of the Tuesday Evening Lectures on the Social Questions, with a select (and remarkably full) bibliography of Sociology. The subject of the Sunday evening meetings is Representative Unitarian Workers, together with a Few Great Names of Other Faiths. In the later lectures quite a number of living men are considered,—Stopford A. Brooke, Chadwick, Lyman Abbott, Collyer, Brooke Herford, Savage, William C. Gannett, and Edward Everett Hale. In the Social Question Series there are four introductory lectures, treating of the importance of the study and of the development of

civil and political institutions. Then follow three lectures on the factors of the social problem; eight on general

solutions proposed for the social problem; and, finally, seven on specific social reforms.



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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart 'avenue' and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

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Editorial

*"Meanwhile with every son and saint of
Thine
Along the glorious line,
Sitting by turns beneath Thy sacred feet,
We'll hold communion sweet,
Know them by look and voice and thank
them all
For helping us in thrall,
For words of hope and bright example
given
To show through moonless skies that there
is light in heaven."*

—J. Keble.

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY and the assistant editor have conspired to take UNITY into their own hands this week, and mean that it shall be a Birthday number.

**

"BEYOND the Mountain, there are Men Also" is the suggestive title of the searching sermon Mr. Judy has published in the October number of his parish paper. Here is a sample sentence: "The greater men are, the less occasion they have to be cruel or exclusive."

**

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the announcement in our advertising columns made by the publishers of this paper. Is not the time almost ripe for another movement all along the line? Is the momentum of the great Parliament to be lost to all outward observation? If it is felt anywhere it should be felt by the UNITY constituency. If it served any cause it served the triple interests of freedom, fellowship, and character in religion, to which interest this publication is committed. Brothers and sisters, are you ready to take hold with us? Let the push be made all together. One, two, three, go!

THE Iowa Conference, a report of which is expected from another hand, took at least three prophetic steps at the last session. One was an overture to the Universalists of the State to meet with it once a year in joint convention for purposes of mutual encouragement. The other was a determination to try to formulate farther the church of the isolated, to bring into conscious fellowship the scattered members of the universal church throughout the State. Two things are necessary before the latter purpose can be carried to successful issue. One is the success of the former venture, the dropping of all partisan names that divide liberal spirits. The Church of the Isolated cannot be Unitarian nor Universalist,

but it will be both, and also for the many more independent souls who are indifferent to both these words as terms of denominational import. The other thing necessary to advance the interests of this Church of the Isolated is, an acknowledged helper in the way of the printed page, a weekly go-between to be the Silent Pastor, answering questions, making suggestions, exchanging experiences. UNITY offers itself for such a service. It already has a large parish among the isolated. It would like to serve them better. The third prophetic step in a missionary way was the determination to accept no more help in its missionary work from the A. U. A. This is the first condition of power and the sooner the other States in the West shall follow the example of Iowa the sooner will they find their work growing in their hands.

**

DR. HENRY BLANCHARD, pastor of the Universalist church of Portland, Maine, is out in his denominational paper with a call for a Universalist League which is to be a compact among the liberal clergymen of that denomination; those whom the denominational journals have been vigorously denouncing and trying in vain to suppress for several years on account of their too radical opinions. Dr. Blanchard doubtless finds many more within the denomination who agree with him that it is time that the progressive elements in the Universalist church should assert themselves. When we remember that the distrusted elements are represented by such ministers as Drs. Blanchard, Rexford, Crowe and Shutter, and Revs. White, Alcott, Sample, Dinsmore, Gorton, Johannot and many others, we have no fears but what they will find a hearing. The only question is whether these men who have honestly outgrown all the traditions, not only of the Universalist sect but of all sects, and are representing the universalities of natural religion, are wasting precious time and

energy, upon denominational politics, that had better be spent in building up directly and *de novo* the Liberal Church of America, that open church for which there exists already much material. When those who believe in this church now found in the ranks of so-called Universalism, Unitarianism, Reform Judaism, Ethical Culture and Independency, will trust each other and take hold of each other's hands confidently, they will greatly augment the power of each. The Declaration of Purpose set forth by these Universalist brethren of the forward look is so interesting that we print it entire. If the brethren will excuse us from wearing the demoninational badge we shall be glad to join that League, and gladly tender UNITY to its service.

We, the undersigned, associate ourselves in an organization to be known as The Universalist League. We desire to serve the Universalist Church. We believe that it is possible to make this Church a greater power for good among men. We revere the memories of our fathers, but we believe that the sons have a larger work to do.

We see that vast and far-reaching changes of religious opinions have taken place during the last twenty-five years. We believe that a living Church will adapt itself to the living issues of the living present. We desire that the Universalist Church shall take a large place in the leadership of Learning and Philanthropy. We believe that this Church can gain increase of power, dignity of position, and larger following and usefulness by a change of attitude toward other bodies, and of emphasis in its teachings.

We believe that it is its duty to cultivate fraternal relations with the Unitarian and other religious and ethical associations. We believe that it is its duty to make emphatic advocacy of the truths of the "Higher Criticism," of the fact that all religions deserve reverence and study, of the thought that action in this life has great influence upon the spiritual condition of the life in another world, and of the need of applying Christianity to the great social problems of the day.

To secure the results at which we aim, we will use the agencies of the Press, the Platform and the Pulpit, and we invite the co-operation of those who sympathize with our purpose and share our hopes.

THE THIRST FOR POWER.

The third temptation of Jesus, as set forth in the New Testament parable, is the besetting temptation of the potent. Its lures are those that beset the noble. "Without influence, reputation and position you can do nothing. Get these first and then you may be useful. Bring to your side the powers of earth, then use them in the service of heaven. A little tact, and Herod

will be on your side. Humor the whims of the Pharisees and they will give you leadership. Their money and their influence will be back of you,"—was the seductive argument. Get thee behind me, Satan, for you are a liar and a deceiver! The great workers of the world did toil without the "influence" or the "money" and the "power" that you recommend. Lincoln won the Presidency in 1860 because, in the eyes of his nearest and best friends, he forever ruined his chances for the Presidential chair in the great Springfield speech of 1858, when he declared, in utter disregard of consequences, the manifest but ominous truth, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The dream of the policy hunter is a delusion. His rotten chain of expediency, be it hitched to a cause never so worthy, will not stand the strain. Close by the shrine of Mammon is erected the altar of ambition. This altar never lacks devotees. Here "schemes" are laid in the interests of lofty purposes. Party influence often solicited in the interest of non-partisan principles. There are no influences more demoralizing than these temptations to seek power by unworthy means for worthy ends. By means of them noble youths ripen into perverted manhood; loving girls are changed into calculating women; duty is lost in expedience; piety transformed into pretension; humility fades into egotism. The charity that whispereth not to the left what the right hand doeth, goes forth with a trumpet to herald its stately march. If we are puzzled to understand this third temptation of Jesus, we need but to close our Bibles and go out on the streets. Note the wild rush for notoriety, the inordinate thirst for fame among men. See the women strut like peacocks in their fine feathers, that they may be seen. Every day statesmen become demagogues; lawyers, pettifoggers; doctors, quacks; preachers, actors,—that they may eventually be able to do good. How many of the beatitudes are ignored. How nearly are the Ten Commandments forgotten in order to get ourselves or our children into the Society that is spelled with a capital "S." How men chafe under limitations; how the quiet "well done" of the conscience is bartered for the shallow applause of the multitude; how we abandon the select company of God's chosen children of thought

and sincerity in order to be one of the thoughtless crowd that hold the power at voting time; how great was the victory of him who rose superior to this temptation of power and remembered the saving text planted in his heart as he stood by his mother's knee, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and Him *only* shalt thou serve."

FIFTY YEARS OF SUNSHINE.

One evening last week in a charming home on the South Side of Chicago a little group were gathered to do honor to one of Chicago's hardest workers and best-loved men, Jenkin Loyd Jones. Although his influence has so largely been a personal one,—the effect of the consciousness upon those who come in contact with him, that they have to do with a great-hearted, loving nature,—yet he and his work are so completely one, and therefore his life has necessarily so largely been a public one, that what is his is his friends', and I feel that I should be wronging the readers of UNITY, the great majority of whom belong in so true a sense to his circle of personal friends, were I to deny them wholly the knowledge of an occasion which was so very full of heartfelt pleasure and of quiet inspiration to those who were privileged to be present. This is all the apology the junior editor has to offer for saying a few words in the paper of which our much-loved friend is senior editor about the quiet little celebration of his semi-centennial. I have his permission to allude to the fact that the celebration was held, and I shall interpret that permission to suit myself.

On November 14th Mr. Jones was fifty years of age, and that evening he and Mrs. Jones were invited to dinner by one of his parishioners and oldest friends, who, without his knowledge, had also invited a few of those who had known him longest or been most intimately associated with him in his work, to meet him in the evening. It was of course impossible to extend the invitation to *all* his friends, for, as was remarked, the hostess had not the Liberal Arts building at her disposal.

After the cake was cut, several letters from friends, near in feeling but geographically distant, and two poems written in honor of the day, were read. One of these poems was and remains anonymous, the other

has been secured for UNITY. The occasion was a peculiarly impressive one because of the echo in the hearts of all present of the warm feeling and unaffected praise expressed in verses and letters. I should be glad to lay some of these affectionate tributes before UNITY's readers in full, but it is of course impossible. Yet for the sake of those who have known this big-hearted man only in later life, I quote a few words from a friend of his early manhood; not only, however, because of their tribute to the man, but also because of their tribute to his church,—the church for which he stands, which is also the church for which UNITY and its friends stand; and finally, I quote them, because in themselves, entirely aside from the occasion which gave them birth, they are good reading for all who believe in the higher life and the influence of personality. The author of these words is now one of the most honored professors of science in a great Eastern university:

More than a quarter of a century ago (how long it sounds!) we first met, touched our lives together, worked in the same way and in the same spirit together, and in the naturalness of a common life and purpose became friends. These ties to me have been stronger than kindred; and while the years have rapidly come and gone, and our lives have deepened into hard and earnest life-work, and we have seldom met,—met only often enough for me to see that the broad and rich mantle of sturdy manhood and noble character which now gives the joy and the soul to all his work and life was all foreshadowed and outlined in what I loved twenty-five years ago,—yet during all these long intervals, these years of separation, this noble friendship has been as vivid, as near, as ever present and as helpful as though we had daily met. Many other friends I have had, who came into my life, have gone out of it, and have been forgotten; but my dear friend Jones came to me and entered into my life and became a part of it forever. Such character and life is immortal, it is unlimited and infinite in its influence. It is my hope of immortality. Last Sunday,* one week ago to-day, I attended the first church of my life to which my full sympathies and my whole heart reached out with longing for membership. The depth and broadness of the invitation on which membership rested so realized my ideal, and the words and presence of my dearest friend were so overpowering that I could neither restrain the tears nor force myself to move, though I longed to grasp his strong hand and enroll myself under him in the church of humanity.

Some of the bright and kindly letters read elicited applause from the little company, but there was no outward expression of approbation

*Harvest Sunday at All Souls Church, on which occasion new members are received by pastor and congregation. F. W. S.

when the letter from which this extract was taken was finished. It touched us too deeply.

After the reading of the letters and poems was concluded Mr. Jones responded in a few feeling words expressive of his appreciation of what he called the "over-kindness" with which he had been treated. He intimated that one could not give to another unless the latter's nature were high enough to respond to the impulse from without, and that hence it might be seen that if his had been the good fortune in some measure to brighten and dignify the lives of some of his brother men and women, this influence was to be regarded as no less a tribute to their natures than to his; and, alluding to the letter from which our extract is taken, he pointed out that the picture of friendship there given reflected the noble nature of the writer no less, to say the least, than it honored him of whom it was written. He had not expected, he said, to feel any marked difference between his fiftieth birthday and his forty-ninth or between his fiftieth and his fifty-first, and yet he did find the influences of the occasion such as made this more like a new birth for him than any previous anniversary. He felt that at fifty he was neither old nor young, and though he realized that now his life was more than half spent, he looked forward to the future with a glad heart. In reply to those who had commiserated him upon the unremitting labor of which his life had been made up, he wished to point out that it was full of joy; and he then told the story of the dying engineer who for many long years had faithfully made his runs in fair weather and in foul, in the blasts of summer and the stinging cold of winter,—who said to the sympathizing comrades that gathered around him as he was drawing his last breath amid the debris of the wreck which had ended his career,—“Well, boys; I've made my last run; I shall never again hold the throttle; but I've had lots of fun!” So he could say; while, his had been, and he was inclined to think because his had been, a busy life, there had been lots of fun in it!

When the party broke up not a few of its members went home with the feeling that that evening was destined to be remembered as something in the nature of a benediction on their lives. All felt that the

hostess had reason to congratulate herself upon having given to her guests a delightful evening; for all were disposed to say amen to the words of one of the closest friends of the guest of the evening, who was not privileged to be present,—“No one deserves more to have his fiftieth birthday kept with love and honor and gladness and thanksgiving.”

FREDERIC W. SANDERS.

Men and Things

THE men of Colorado have shown their faith in principle, in womanhood and in themselves by giving women the ballot.

WE learn from *The Outlook* that at the New England Conference of Charities and Correction, held recently in Newton, Mass., many significant facts were brought out. These are especially so: In Maine there is an appreciable diminution in the number of almshouses, “for the reason that the poor and dependent have been taught to help themselves.” In Massachusetts pauperism is diminishing, there being now only 7 paupers to every 1,000, as against 10 to the 1,000 twenty years ago.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, of London, recently said: “When ladies grumble to pay half a crown for an article upon which some needy sister has spent a week of continuous toil, and then on Sunday give away tracts and ring the bells of heaven as if they were favorite angels of God, they ought to be told that their blasphemy and their benevolence are alike despised. When a woman is compelled to work all day for 4 pence it is a mockery to build her a mission hall and invite her to hear prayers from the people who ought to have paid her a better price for her labor.”

DESTITUTION IN RUSSIA.—The charities of Count Tolstoi and the welcome given an American gift of grain are but slight indications of the destitution prevailing among the Russian peasantry. Attention has been called recently to another indication in the official statistics with regard to the number of farm animals in the empire, and particularly the number of horses. There, as here, the complete absence of horses on a farm is an unmistakable evidence of extreme poverty. According to the statistics, in the year 1882 there were in the village communities of European Russia 9,079,924 peasant households. Of this number 2,437,555 households, representing a population of perhaps 14,000,000, and constituting 27 per cent. of the whole agricultural class, did not own a single horse. Of course it is not to be supposed that these households were always without horses, but the conditions of life have been such that death and debt have deprived them of these auxiliaries, and there has been absolutely no surplus to replace the loss. There is not much to be said for the economic far-sightedness of a government which sells the last horse of a poor peasant farmer for taxes and thus renders it practically impossible for him to ever pay taxes again. —*Exchange.*

Contributed and Selected

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

TO MR. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, ON HIS
FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Half a century ago
Sang a mother, soft and low:
"This is sweet Thanksgiving Day.
Harvest offerings all may lay
On the altar; but I bring
Rarer gift unto the King.
Other gifts their work have done,
I bring life but just begun.
Take, dear Lord, this little child
Newly born and undefiled,
Let his life to others be
Gift of gifts for sake of thee.
Not for him do I ask gold,
Not the prophet's vision old;
Nor yet music, art or fame,
Silver speech or poet's name.
Give him not a ruler's rod,
Let him be a man of God."

Angels bent and softly smiled,
Holding close that little child.
"Since thou akest but one gift,
That he human burdens lift,
Every other gift shall be
Added to his legacy.
Love of music, love of art,
Golden speech and poet's heart,
Priestly office, voice of seer,
That men cannot choose but hear,
And the weary, lonely, sad,
Turning to him shall be glad."

Fifty years since then have sped,
Angel guarded, angel led,
Now he stands in manhood's prime,
Lightly touched by hand of time.
'Tis his birthday brings us here
Glad of heart to call him dear.

Blessings that shall never end
Be thy part, beloved friend!
As thou givest true heart's gold
Never touched by rust or mold.
Loving most who most need love,
Not the ones who most deserve.
May the tide of blessing roll
Back in joy upon thy soul,
Turning all thy loss to gain,
Making heartsease out of pain.
Our best gift we bring thee here,
Love encircling all the year,
And because we call thee friend
Our Thanksgivings never end.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

Nov. 14, 1893.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

"Thorough, beautiful and true." By these words Mr. Howells once characterized the works of Francis Parkman. "Here . . . in a world which is continually rebuilding seems really to be work that need not be gone over again." Surely this is no usual praise; it could not be rendered to Bancroft, to Prescott, or to

Motley, men with whom Parkman is naturally associated. If it is true, it gives to the last of our eminent historians a unique place.

On Wednesday afternoon, November 8, Francis Parkman died in his home at Jamaica Plain, Boston, in the 71st year of his age. Born in 1823, he came, like so many famous New England men, of clerical ancestry. His father, also named Francis, studied the logic under William Ellery Channing, and was pastor of the New North Church in Boston for thirty-six years (1813-1849). In 1829 he founded the professorship of pulpit eloquence and pastoral care in the theological department of Harvard. He was the first vice-president of a society for indigent clergymen, and president of the convention of Unitarian ministers which met at Baltimore in 1852. Having such a father, the younger Francis was naturally sent to Harvard College for his education, and was graduated in 1844.

As a boy, living close to the Middlesex Fells (even to-day a wild waste of woods and shrubbery, of special interest to a naturalist, and to Cambridge students of a wandering turn), Parkman had ample opportunity to indulge a taste for catching squirrels and wood-chucks; and in the summer he frequently went to the woods of Maine, or to Canada. Here we come upon the natural taste for out-door life which was to be of so great importance to the future historian of the French dominion of America. At the age of eighteen (mark the year!) the boy had formed his purpose of writing history, and began (as later he tells us) "to prepare for executing it by examining localities, journeying in forests, visiting Indian tribes, and collecting materials." For a while after his graduation he devoted himself to the study of the law, in order to understand the international legal questions involved in the history of the colonies. Previous to this study he had spent some months in Europe.

In the spring of 1846, just before the declaration of war with Mexico, Parkman and his close friend Quincy Adams Shaw left Boston for a trip West as far as the Rocky Mountains. A fortnight elapsed before they reached St. Louis. Thence, with a cart, horses, mules, two French guides, and presents for the Indians, they advanced by way of the Missouri and the Platte Rivers and by trails into the heart of the wild West. By the camp fire and in the canoe Parkman gained familiar acquaintance with the men and scenery of these regions. For a time (as he has written) he lived in a village of the Western Dahcotah, between Mount Laramie and the range of the Medicine Bow in Wyoming. Thus he observed the customs of councils, the etiquette of the Indians in the exchange of presents, maintained "a courtly *tenue* at feasts of dog-flesh," and was able "to be on agreeable

terms with the unattractive squaws and their swarming paposes."

This, you will say, was just the training for one who was to write accurately of the details of tribal organization, of the religious rites, of the passions and traits of the Indian. True. And should you want proof of this training, read "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" (1851), which tells of these matters with remarkable clearness. But remember that Parkman never wholly recovered from the ill effects of the deprivations and hardships he was obliged to undergo in the Indian country. For a time he lost the use of his eyes, and was quite dependent upon the sight of another. Much of his material was in the French language, and had to be transcribed from the French archives and sent to him. Seventy volumes or so of manuscripts, mostly folios, now remain in the keeping of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a testimony to the thoroughness and industry of the man.

The direct outcome of his Western trip was "The California and Oregon Trail" (1849), the first of his works. Those works, however, on which Parkman's fame rests firm-set are the series, in seven parts, known under the general title—"France and England in North America." They appeared in the following order: "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865); "The Jesuits in North America" (1867); "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West" (1869); "The Old Regime in Canada" (1874); "Count Fontenac and New France Under Louis XIV" (1877); "Montcalm and Wolfe" (1884); and "A Half-Century of Conflict" (1892). Besides these Parkman wrote a novel, "Vassall Morton," long since consigned to oblivion, and "The Book of Roses" (1866). It is worth noting that he was especially fond of lilies among flowers, and for a year or so was instructor in horticulture at the Bussey Institute of Harvard University.

Recent students at Cambridge will remember occasionally seeing Mr. Parkman in the University library.—a gray-haired man of medium height, with an active step and a keen eye looking out from a strong, serene face frequently lit up by a genial smile. The personality of the writer is manifest in his books. Thorough none doubts them to be; and few are ready at present to contest their claim to accuracy. As the *Saturday Review* once said, they "show no trace either of weariness or of a struggle with the overwhelming mass of details." There is an all-pervading charm which never fails to hold Parkman's readers. And "Montcalm and Wolfe" will prove as interesting to the boy of fourteen as to the maturer student of history. Such character studies as those of Fontenac, whom Parkman calls "the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World," of Jean Ribaut of Dieppe, of

LaSalle, the man of iron will, and of Montcalm, will, it is safe to say, never be surpassed.

In the Introduction to "Pioneers of France" may be found this striking passage, a good illustration of the historian's vivid style:

"The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness, oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death."

In the same Introduction, Parkman gave the qualifications of the historian, when he wrote that he "must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings near and remote; in the character, habits and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a sharer or a spectator of the action he describes." Viewing his works in the light of this estimate, we see how true Parkman has been to an ideal. Few men will be found so worthy to serve as models for the coming time, if "thorough, beautiful and true" are to be the final words of criticism.

H. B. LEARNED.

W. U. S. S. NOTICE.

To old or new annual members of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society who request it, the society offers a copy of Mr. Gould's book "Beginnings," advertised in this issue. Will the old subscribers please take notice? Prompt renewals will greatly cheer the secretary and save her much time in the way of correspondence with forgetful, not cold-hearted members.

MARION H. PERKINS, Sec'y.

CORRECTIONS.

By an oversight the statement was made in our issue of Nov. 2 that the price of the PHILLIPS BROOKS YEAR BOOK was \$1. The price is \$1.25.

"The Chorus of Faith," which we have advertised for the middle of November, has been delayed, and probably will not be ready before the second week of December.

NAGARKAR AMONG THE UNIVERSITY BOYS.

DEAR UNITY: The boys—yes, and girls, too—have been enjoying a great treat. A ray from the "Light of Asia" has come athwart our horizon and illuminated our campus and university like the "search light" at the Exposition. This "missionary" from the Orient, with, as some of the boys said, "gentleness, earnestness and tenderness beaming from his face," captured us all—faculty and students.

Mr. Nagarkar occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian Church, Sunday, the 4th inst., morning and evening, addressing a crowded house, largely students. The "Message of the Brahma-Somaj" was received with enthusiastic interest, many lingering about him long after he had finished his lecture, with their queries on almost every word he spoke.

Our interest was manifested by our desire to get all we could of him and give of ourselves. He was driven around the city, of which "we Badgers" are so proud, and the University campus, of which, we think, there is none more beautiful in the country. Monday morning was given to our State house and the afternoon to the University buildings, giving special attention to Science Hall, Chemistry Hall, Mineralogical and Natural Science Museums, the Machine Shops, and Washburn Observatory. In the evening the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity tendered him and the faculty an informal reception. After a social chat Mr. Nagarkar spoke on the universities and educational systems of India. Among other things, in contrasting our universities with theirs, he said that he was "delighted to have seen so many machines and engines in our college workshop, made and finished in every particular by the students, and that this was a source of pride to the young workman. In India, on the other hand, the students were inclined to look down on manual labor. Surely, when the masterly attainments of the mind are expressed through the delicate manipulations of the hands, and mill-wheels and grease are handled with as much grace and care as our Greek and Sanskrit text books, we shall have taken a goodly step in the promotion of human welfare and in emancipation in its highest form." What wonders in the way of delicate manipulation, in forming artistically the result of the shops there is in store for the aristocratic, shapely hands of our conservative India brothers when they begin, and what a field they will find it for thought-provoking, intellectual quickening!

It is needless to say that all he said was greedily received, or how we were surprised and awakened to the fact that these men in far-off India could shame us with their pure, classic English, refinement, gentleness, thoughtfulness and thirst for more

knowledge. Said one of the professors to me at the close of one of his discourses, "It does seem like a great piece of impertinence to send missionaries to such men, does it not?"

After the conversation we had piano solos and vocal music, ending with a few rousing college songs, and thus ended one of our "red-letter days."

Tuesday evening Mr. Nagarkar left for Hillside, where he will visit the school and get a touch of American farm-life.

A STUDENT.

Madison, Wis.

Who can limit the flight of human hope? What known law can anticipate the soul's practicable achievements? My God, life is small: thou art great. But my life ends not with me. The life of humanity is my life. Let the threads of my work be taken up by mankind, let me take up the threads left by others before me.

—Mozoomdar.

A SOLDIER can never fight successfully in another man's armor.

—A. W. Tourgee.

IMMORTALITY.

Like a sunrise to the soul,
Is our hope of life before;
Now its waves of beauty roll,
In their flood-tide on our shore:
Hearts enjoy the grandeur sent!
With the stars that beam above
Dreams of endless life are blent—
Pencilled out in golden love!

William Brunton.

Anæmia

is depleted blood. The blood lacks richness and the cheeks lack color. The whole system lacks the nourishment of

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. This nourishing, palatable food restores a healthy color, enriches the blood and tones up the whole system. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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BLESSED BE DRUGGERY.—A sermon by W. C. Gannett; white, hand-made paper cover, 10c. Unity Publishing Company, Chicago.

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Church-Door Pulpit

"THE RED HAND OF LADY MACBETH."

A Reply to Joseph Cook.*

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. GALATIANS VI. 7, 8.

For the last fifteen years or more, Joseph Cook, in his rhetorical climaxes, has escorted the red-handed queen of Shakespeare's great drama before American audiences, and has challenged now Unitarianism, now philosophy, and again the non-Christian religions of the world to clean that lady's murderous hand, and to bring to her soul a peace as though the foul deed had not been done. With swift and vehement rhetoric he rushes upon two immense assumptions, viz., that the above named forces are powerless in this emergency, and that Christianity (meaning, of course, his especial interpretation of it) can wash clean the stain. He assumes that some supernatural chemistry can remove the blot and give to the soul again its sweetness and its purity. His favorite word is "wash," and by word and gesture he enforces this thought of a miraculous change, a supernatural and vicarious atonement brought about by the shedding of another's innocent blood on Calvary. How this is done, even the philosopher, Joseph Cook, does not pretend to explain, but that it is done he asserts with all the dogmatic power of his ponderous eloquence. On the platform of the Parliament of Religions he has lately made his challenge again, a challenge which has been made so often that it might be called an orthodox classic. And to some minds it carries much weight. The frequent repetition of it seems to carry convincing power to so many that I deem it my duty as a teacher of morals and religion,—not for controversial purposes, but for truth's sake, for morality's sake,—to give it some attention. In the name of common sense and common decency I protest against a sentimental piety that promises to save the soul by tampering with the bookkeeping of the Recording Angel, to redeem the life by an unfair accounting; I protest against this juggling with the eternal laws of right and wrong, the immutable order of creation, the unchanging and infinite decrees of cause and effect. Whatever promises release from the divine law of sequence and consequence is impious, and is as disastrous to the soul that trusts to it as an attempt to escape from the laws of gravitation would be to the man who should throw himself from a high building expecting to float in the air.

*A sermon preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, Oct. 8, 1893.

But let Joseph Cook state his case. As reported in the *Herald*, he brought his "vicarious scheme," the peculiar secret of Christianity, the unique gift of Jesus, to the notice of the Parliament of Religions, where were gathered honorable representatives of the great life-helping and life-strengthening faiths of the world, in the following words:

Here is Lady Macbeth. See how she rubs her hands. What religion can wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand? That is a question I propose to the four continents and all the isles of the sea. Unless you can answer that you have not come here with a serious purpose to the Parliament of Religions. I speak now to that branch of skeptics who are not represented here, and their silence and their responses are as inefficient as a fishing rod would be to span this vast lake or the Atlantic. I turn to Mohammedanism. Can you wash our red right hands? I turn to Confucianism and Buddhism. Can you wash our red right hands?

After more impassioned rhetoric of this kind he concludes:

It is a certainty, and a strategic certainty, that except Christianity there is no religion known under heaven or among men that effectively provides for the soul this joyful deliverance from the love of sin and the guilt of it. It is a certainty and a strategic certainty that unless a man be born of water and be delivered from the guilt of sin and of the spirit, it is an impossibility in the very nature of things for him to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

If Christianity has any short cut by which murderers, perjurers, defaulters and workers of mischief of every kind can slip unscathed into heaven as though they had wrought no mischief, then it is a rebel religion, and Jesus is an insurrectionist come into the world to defy the benign order of the universe, teaching men how to escape their just debts by virtue of a bankrupt act which does not hold in any court save his own. It is hard to tell just what Joseph Cook means, but it is perfectly clear that he thinks Lady Macbeth can take advantage of some transaction that happened in far-off Palestine, that she can transfer her guilt to the suffering one that was lifted on the cross of Calvary, and that because he suffered she may escape the consequences of her foul deeds. He would release her from the embrace of that God who holds her responsible for her own deeds, and would find her some way of escape from the expiation of her sins by the long but high road of experience that cures by discipline. Her vaulting ambition may not bring its benignant pain by which the soul is self-shrived and taught by agony the way of harmony, and is led through pain to principles that restore power, patience, peace. In order that we may discover the immorality in this vicarious atonement, this "look-to-Jesus-and-be-saved" kind of a scheme with which the great Boston orator undertook to browbeat the repre-

sentatives of other faiths and forms of thought at the Parliament, let us study more closely the character of the deed, the temper of the woman to whom he promised such swift and prompt immunity if she would only "look on the cross until it was no cross to bear the cross."

You remember the story out of which the great dramatist has wrought his profound tragedy. Macbeth, the trusted general of the "most sainted king" of Scotland, has rested envious eyes upon the throne. Ambition and augury tempt him to treachery and assassination, but his better nature holds him back; and when he finds the king his guest he found himself the prisoner of a double trust. The ties of kinship, the duties of a host stay his fell purpose.

"Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against

The deep damnation of his taking off: And pity, like a naked, new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,

And falls of the other."

Then did the ambitious wife, who had anticipated these compunctions, had foreseen the humane uprisings in her husband's heart, come to the support of his evil purpose. She was not ignorant of that better nature that would rise up within him to confront the ambition that prompted murder. In the privacy of her own room she had said:

"Yet I do fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;

Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily * * *

Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,—

And chastise with the valor of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crown'd withal."

Not only did she anticipate the divine weakness within her husband, but she had known that her own evil

purpose must needs be nursed. She felt that the woman within her, the motherly and wifely soul, would be in the way. She was afraid that heaven would interfere, and so she invoked the forces of hell.

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex
me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe
top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my
blood;
Stop up the access and passage to re-
morse,
That no compunctious visitings of na-
ture
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace
between
The effect and it! Come to my wo-
man's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you
murth'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless sub-
stances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come,
thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of
hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound
it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket
of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'"

Having thus fortified herself, she prods her husband on. When words of love and dreams of glory are inadequate to keep him to her purpose, she turns upon him with a vixenish impatience: she scolds him, shames him with her own reckless distemper. When he rises into a noble triumph for the moment, and says,—

"Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none,"—
she breaks forth into a fendish triumph over all her better self:
"What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to
me?
When you durst do it, then you were a
man;
And, to be more than what you were,
you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time
nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would
make both:
They have made themselves, and that
their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck,
and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that
milks me:
I would, while it was smiling, in my
face,
Have plucked my nipple from his bone-
less gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so
sworn as you
Have done to this."

After the foul deed is done, still for a time she nurses heroically the devil-plant she has watered in the soul of her husband. When she finds him wavering and weakening from thinking of the "brain-sickly" things, she takes the daggers, enters the awful chamber where lies the murdered body, leaves them where they will testify against the innocent, comes back triumphantly victorious over her better nature, and says:

"My hands are of your color; but I
shame
To wear a heart so white."

This is the woman to whom Joseph Cook would give easy access into heaven. A spasm of adoration, with eyes turned toward Golgotha, and the hideous memory falls off, the strained sinews of the soul become restored, her hand becomes clean; and Lady Macbeth, the foul murderer, Lady Macbeth, the evil genius of an ambitious man, she who has invoked the powers of hell to unsex her that she might see a crown upon her husband's head, she who, with deliberate forethought, gave over the sweet felicities of domestic joys, the regnant powers of innocence, that she might sit upon a throne and join in the retinue of a king,—becomes a redeemed soul, one of the lambs of God. She might, if she would, go straight to heaven; while her victim, the good King Duncan, who was sent to his reckoning unprepared, is writhing in hell, and Banquo's ghost moves uneasily through the realms of hate and woe.

This champion of orthodoxy, Joseph Cook, indignantly flung into the face of the representatives of all the religions of the world the assertion "that it was an impossibility in the very nature of things for one to enter the kingdom of heaven except he be born again" through this Christ atonement, this supernatural vicariousness that washes the red hand white and makes the murderer's saint. All I have to say to such a Christianity is this,—that I am glad I do not believe it, and I call upon all lovers of morality, all friends of justice, all believers in an infinite God whose will is rectitude, whose providence makes for righteousness, to deny it. Such a "scheme of salvation" is not only unreasonable but it is immoral, it is demoralizing, it is a delusion and a snare in this world, however it may be in the next. It makes distinction where there is no difference. There is no power on earth or in heaven that can make such a transaction other than mean. It is unfair. It belies the methods of the universe. It breeds spiritual conceits, encourages a complacency that does not make for character. It degrades the noblest thing in human nature,—conscience, the scourge of the bad and the consolation of the good; conscience, whose pricks as well as whose lures are benignant; conscience, whose stings, though scorpion-like, are medicinal;

whose reproofs, like its warnings, are angelic. This theology of Joseph Cook, if carried out to its logical conclusion, if it became a profound belief instead of, happily, a seventh-day make-believe in most lives, would

"Pour the sweet milk of concord into
hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth."

Compared with this debilitating sentimentalism of Joseph Cook, how moral, how religious, how inspired and inspiring is the gospel preached in this drama by the great revelator of Avon, Shakespeare, the inspired prophet of universal religion, because he was the enkindled mouth-piece of universal man. What does he teach of the character of that high-handed rebellion in which the strong-souled woman led the weak-souled man? How swift, how real, how permanent was the reaction, the rising of the soul of both man and woman out of the pestilential atmosphere of hell, which courted means of crime, into the soul-saving atmosphere which, by the purging fires of shame, the angel-lashes of conscience, the pangs of remorse, the gaunt terrors unspeakable and innumerable that clothed them round about, all missionaries of the higher life, taught them that the laws of the moral universe are as inflexible and inexorable as the laws of gravitation. And if the Son of God himself were to try to interfere with this course of benign discipline, the deed, like this murder, would "make the earth feverous and cause it to shake." Note how in this place Shakespeare, true to the highest laws of the soul, true to the profoundest realities of religion, leads back the guilty pair towards God. How soon did Lady Macbeth see that—

"These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us
mad."

How promptly to this once valorous general, who for the moment was swayed out of his proper orbit by ambition, came the voice which cried:

"Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,—the in-
nocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve
of care,
The death of each day's life, sore la-
bor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's sec-
ond course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. * * *
'Sleep no more! to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and
therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall
sleep no more!'"

How rapidly did Lady Macbeth's vision gain its normal clearness before the wild and wicked game had been played to its end. While Banquo was still alive to threaten the safety of the throne they had won through blood, she reflected:

"Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy."

With her came back slowly but surely into the ordered realm of the divine law that morality which is always sane and that sanity which is always moral, which taught Macbeth to say ere his crime was done:

"But let the fame of things disjoint,
both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst: nor steel,
nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

How soon did his title
"Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief."

How swift and inevitable was the ripening in to the sick distaste of the man who has alienated himself from the sources of life; the old age that comes at any time when the heart is no longer fed by the fountains of youth, love and loyalty.

"I have liv'd long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have: but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny,
and dare not."

Joseph Cook says that the blood of Jesus will wash white the murderer's hand. Shakespeare says:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Joseph Cook teaches that it is possible to wipe away the results of a high crime, to throw into oblivion the record of blood. But Shakespeare teaches that this is an old doctrine outgrown. It belongs to the olden time. Now murdered men

"rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. This is more strange

Than such a murder is."

Joseph Cook would give to Lady Macbeth peace and sanctity if she did but look towards Calvary. Shakespeare, having probed deeper into the human soul, sends her through the long road of expiation that fills her life with agony. You see her great nature perturbed with agitations. She walks in restless despair, even in her dreams, her eyes open, but her senses shut. The hands she once willingly dipped in human blood for the encouragement of her husband, and which she thought a little water would wash clean, carry spots that fill her sleep with the terrors of wakefulness, and in her dreams she walks and talks as she tries in vain to purify her hands.

"Out, damned spot! out, I say!
* * * Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

* * * Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Shakespeare, with Joseph Cook, hears the cry of the human:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?"

Neither does Shakespeare, any more than Joseph Cook, leave the soul in despair. This, perhaps the darkest of the Shakespearean tragedies, is pierced with gospel rays. It is a hopeful chapter in the Bible of the ages. The Doctor's reply to the demand of Macbeth just read is: "Therein the patient must minister to himself"; and how well do the patients minister to themselves in this drama; how surely does this very road of crime lead these prodigals, like the prodigal of the Judean gospel, inward to themselves. Then they will surely yearn for the father's house. The home ties will again assert themselves, and by repentance and reformation they will find the family board. Out of the humble soil of humiliation will grow aspiration, and tears will wash the eyes clear so that they may again see the beauty of the world, the promise of life. And the soul, making "stepping stones of its dead self," will rise to nobler things.

The diagnosis which Joseph Cook would make of Macbeth and his lady is something like this: "Children of perdition, inheritors of an infinite sin perpetrated by a finite Adam against an infinite God," and, accord-

ing to the song he has chosen for his epitaph,—

Endless sin means endless woe.

Into endless sin I go,

If my soul from reason rent

Taken from sin its final bent.—

he finds them the children of despair, having no potency within to save themselves; no redeeming tendency; no Godward gravitation; no adhesion linking them eternally with the best and the noblest in human nature, unless there comes from without some seeking ray from Calvary; unless there is sent from above some searching throb of Christian grace that will lift them out of this slough of despair, this hell-related sea, by a miraculous intervention, through merits not their own, as a drowning man is lifted out of the sea by the rope which the captain on board graciously throws around his neck as he is about to sink.

The diagnosis of these souls as made by William Shakespeare is very different. In Macbeth we see how this foul passion of ambition wages a constantly losing war with a hundred nobler impulses. This one passion barely triumphs for once over the diviner instincts of his nature, and this single feast of blood cloyes his appetite for such. He will have no more of it. Give him endless life in heaven, in hell, or on earth, and he is through his murdering, you may be sure of that. If Shakespeare is right in his portrayal of this character you can trust Macbeth to work his way to daylight. He's true at the core, and that core is an indestructible something allied to justice. A soul that is capable of shame is in the confidences of virtue. A spirit writhing with remorse is already in the counsels of the Almighty. Macbeth is standing on saving ground: he is made of salvable material.

And as to Lady Macbeth, she who seems the wickeder as revealed by Shakespeare, discloses a crime rooted in a heavenly grace; it was short-sighted love that drove her into this mad wickedness. She cherished murder in her heart not for the sake of a crown, but for the sake of him whom a crown might grace. She thought not of herself, but of him who had, in her eyes, a crown-deserving brow

"Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.—
My husband!"

That is the truer key of her nature. Who can study the pathetic revelation of the sleep-walking scene without seeing "through the troubled surface of her crime a depth of purity immovable"? The roots of the salvation of Lady Macbeth are planted deep in the soul of Lady Macbeth. They were born with her, and she will adapt herself to her environments through weal or through woe, in heaven or in hell. By the help of pain and pleasure she will reach her God-appointed destiny. With Jesus or without him, she will know the beatitudes of Jesus in time or eter-

nity. Good triumphs over bad; passion beats itself out into love; violence will give way to gentleness; discords will be swallowed up in harmony.

I know not who Mr. Cook meant by the "skeptics not represented" to whom he made his first demand that they should wash clean the hand of Lady Macbeth; but if he meant those represented by Darwin, Spencer or Emerson, those who trust science and reason, who believe in progress and search for the foundations of religion in the soul itself, they would say, as I understand them, "Who dares wash clean the hand of blood that has not yet completed its mission? The stain remains, the smell abides for the saving of the soul. They are a part of the redemptive processes of the God of nature, and if Christianity pretends to interfere with that holy law, to sneer at that blessed school-master of the spirit, so much the worse for Christianity." It is as true of Lady Macbeth as it is of Jesus, "By the thorn road and none other is the mount of vision won." Evolution traces the growth of humanity through its mistakes, its blunders, its crime. The virtues of one age become the sins of succeeding ages. What we call evil is, as Leigh Hunt says, "a rough working towards the good." Not Hecate, the evil priestess of hell, and her uncanny witches, shaped the movement of the plot in this tragedy of the human soul; but angels of light, the ministers that wait upon progress and civilization, have thus worked upon man in his march from barbarism to civilization, from bestiality to angelhood.

Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.
The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores:
Lurks the joy that is sweetest
In stings of remorse.
Love works at the center,
Heart-heaving away;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

Thus sang Emerson in his song of the "Sphinx," and he perhaps has as good a right as anyone to speak for the "skeptics" whom Mr. Cook challenged. As for the other religions at which he hurled his defiance, for once let us be thankful they were present to answer for themselves. And I think to the minds of the majority of the listeners and readers Mr. Cook was adequately answered over and over again. Representatives of many faiths might have matched his audacious claim for the peculiar saving power of Jesus by a counter-

claim for each of their own illumined ones. And they might have substantiated their claims just as Joseph Cook substantiated his, by pious appeal to sacred texts, to saintly lives, and to the grateful testimony of burdened hearts, the radiant evidence of gladdened, quickened, and reclaimed lives. Or they might have rebuked his claim, as they did many times over, by a more generous recognition of the universality of this shower of grace which has fallen in all ages and in all times upon the white lives of earth's Saviors. They might have rebuked him by resting their case upon the universal laws of character and the universal discipline of life, which, as I have tried to show, has no use for commercial atonements, and will brook no interference from vicarious mediators who would obtrude themselves between cause and effect, between the sun and the plant that finds its life and beauty in its rays, between God and his children.

When Joseph Cook offered to the Mohammedan the red hand of Lady Macbeth and asked him to wash it clean, he might have pointed him to this text in the Koran:

The fate of every man have we bound about his neck; and we will produce unto him, on the day of resurrection, a book wherein his actions shall be recorded: it shall be offered him open, and the angels shall say unto him, "Read thy book: thine own soul will be a sufficient accountant against thee this day. He who shall be rightly directed, shall be directed only to the advantage of his own soul; and he who shall err shall err only against the same: neither shall any laden soul be charged with the burden of another."

And the disciple of Confucius, when summoned to this act of cleansing Lady Macbeth's hand, might have quietly handed this text from the analects of Confucius to the Boston lecturer:

Heaven does not actively interfere with the soul of man. It has endowed him at his birth with goodness, which may, if he will, become his nature, and his true destiny may be thus realized. But all this is to be accomplished by his own efforts. In common with all created things, he forms part of Heaven, and by fulfilling his destiny he is able to assist the transforming and nourishing powers of Heaven and earth. Even the length of his days is in his own hands, for it is not Heaven that cuts man's life short, but by the results of his own conduct it is brought to an end.

And the Buddhist when appealed to might say: "There is hope for Lady Macbeth, for we are taught that to abhor evil and cease from sin will bring the greatest blessing. Self-restraint and purity is the greatest blessing. Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred. Hatred ceases by love. This is always its nature. Not where others fail or do or leave undone, the wise should notice what himself has done or left undone."

Numberless are these healing beati-

tudes of the Buddhist, but he would say to Mr. Cook: "As we love Lady Macbeth, we would not if we could interfere with the Karma, that Law of Cause and Effect that carries one's past into the future and makes for character."

And finally, all these representatives challenged will join with Joseph Cook in turning glad faces towards Jesus, and will recognize in him a representative of those beacon lights of humanity who in the gladness of goodness have encouraged souls to fight the good fight against weakness and temptation, to learn the hard, though holy lesson that "whatsoever ye sow that shall ye also reap," that "by their fruits ye shall know them." These helpers of the race have cheered and won to triumph the distracted souls because they have led the way through which all must go. It is the triumph they have won which promises the triumph we are to win. Through them do we learn that subtle law of unity which binds each to each and all to the throne of the Eternal; that divine vicariousness of law which makes us partakers of one another's guilt as also we are partakers of one another's triumphs, which makes the suggestion of a miraculous vicariousness crude, depressing and unspiritual. In this larger hope I take hold of the red hand of Lady Macbeth and fear not the stain which no water can wash away, which no perfume from Arabia or from Judea can sweeten, but which may be utilized to the salvation of her soul and mine and of all souls. In this goodly company that reaches from the Nazarene carpenter to the ambitious Macbeth, from the mendicant Prince of India to the foolish heart of Lady Macbeth, I am willing to enroll myself and take my chances with the hindmost. I turn away from Calvary if my gaze upon it makes me selfish enough to ask for a salvation that leaves Prince Siddartha outside, or to hunger for a heaven from which Lady Macbeth or any other red-handed soul is eternally shut out. I ask you to join with me in this long and slow, but sure, struggle of humanity towards truth, righteousness and love. The materials and the ideals for the construction of this temple to the God of truth, righteousness and love are deposited in every human soul, and that material is imperishable wherever it is, for it is of the nature of things; it is the law of being, the spirit of the universe, the Infinite and Omnipotent God.

Let us struggle for it, reach for it, pray and labor for it, that we may merit the sweet benediction of the old man in the play:

"God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and
friends of foes!"

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it. —Mann.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—Liberty and work,—those are the noblest prerogatives of man.
 MON.—The most beautiful thing in nature is that it never makes haste.
 TUES.—Labor is a necessity to our nature, just as growth is to the tree.
 WEB.—Being alone when one's belief is firm is not to be alone.
 THURS.—He who is deceived has deceived himself, only he won't honestly confess it.
 FRI.—I will see which is the stronger, my nature or my power of will.
 SAT.—The sensitive being is the unarmed among the well-armed.

—B. Auerbach.

A SONG FOR A SINGER.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

There is never a day too long, sweet one,
 For the beautiful cares of life;
 Never a duty serenely done
 But tempers the wearing strife
 For earthly splendor, ignoble gains.
 As long as the sunshine falls,
 As long as the fair moon fills and wanes,
 Kind Nature our need forestalls.
 Was Whittier blind to his brother's ills?
 Did Thoreau repine for gold?
 Did the sage of our rugged Hampshire hills
 Ever sigh for the days of old?
 The past was an open page to him;
 Its glory the soul's despair;
 In the light of this golden age how dim
 All its pitiless pageants were!
 To-day is the garnered fruit of time,
 Our country the blessed of God.
 The deeds of the now-time how sublime!
 These walks have the dear saints trod.
 What war so holy as ours for man?
 What martyr like Lincoln blest?
 All about us service the just may scan,
 Found worthy the Christ confessed.
 O, the wordless poems they live to-day—
 Our brothers and sisters true,
 And fragrant flowers do the toilers lay
 On the tasks that are set for you.
 I know "their angels do now behold
 The face of the Father" here,
 In acts as brave as the poets told,
 And that tyrants paled to hear.
 We would blush for self if we only knew
 How lovely the little things
 Our neighbors are doing out of view;
 His peace their compassion brings.

Our human nature is half divine!
 Godward we trend always;
 The heart is a mystic sacred shrine,
 Though we fail of "the perfect" way.

Then live, sweet soul, it is woman's hour!
 And this is her "promised land."
 Live up, for thy gentle reins of power
 Are laid in a child's soft hand.
 If this matchless lake has a million waves,
 A million hearts on shore
 Boat warm and fast in the love that saves
 From the wrongs of the days of yore.
 HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

ELSIE'S BURDEN.

AN EVOLUTION STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Long, long ago before Elsie's great-grandfather was her grandfather, or even a father, but only David L—, a young husband, the friend he loved much did a wrong—a foolish, selfish, thoughtless act. All David's after life and that of his posterity was deeply, darkly colored by the spirit in which he took his friend's fault. As impetuous in his sense of honor as his friend was in his folly, and far more imperious, he mistook revenge for justice, and in his "righteous indignation" he estranged his friend. In the place of pure white love, with all its happy offspring of smiles and pleasantry and open-hearted confidence, came black hatred and its dark attendants of malice and revenge, of scorn and all the rest, that but to name is frightful. So the good he might have done his friend was turned to wrong,—a greater wrong than his friend's. The law of Nature, that works on resistlessly however we may ignore it, imposed this penalty upon him,—that in his heart he should bear forever the burden of hate which he had imposed upon himself. As he could not stay forever in the world his children had to take it up and bear it for him. Some hated their fellow-man and were murderers, others hated themselves and died by their own hands, until none were now left to bear the hereditary burden—the burden that is called insanity—but Elsie and her father. In him it had become the hate of wrong. Being strong he could bear the strife. A reformer stern and fierce he waged a warfare against existing evil's. She, being weak, could not. In her the burden had become a hate-strife, a shrinking from all contention, a timidity that was painful, a dread of stern looks, of frowns, of cross words.

He saw it and said to her: "My daughter, vanquish hate with love, drive frowns away with smiles."

So, smiling up into his face, she saw the stern look melt to tenderness as he said, "My daughter, hate of wrong is love of right."

And she replied, "Oh, father, surely

the debt is paid, the forever has ended."

But he answered: "No, my child; so long as there are hearts to bear the burden the forever will last. The burden of hate is heavy; the burden of love is light. Be strong, be brave, turn hate to love, disease to health, death to life. To bring happiness and cheerfulness to others—this shall be your burden. Bear it well."

So well did she bear it that she was no longer weak, but strong, strong from the struggle to keep love from reverting to hate. Sometimes the struggle was fierce and then she would remember her father's words, "My daughter, hate of wrong is love of right," and she would question herself, "Cannot abstract hate become abstract love—if we will it so?" And in her heart she felt the burden of hate turned to the burden of love—as the water was turned to wine, and all the wedding guests in her soul came arrayed in the pure white garments of love.

GERTRUDE R. COLBURN.

Homosassa, Fla.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

One night on one of my side trips in the mountains of the Cumberland, I slept in a cabin where the accommodations were as narrow as the host's liberality was broad. My bed was in the loft, and I reached it by a ladder. In the morning when I had arisen, I thought that a little cold water for my hands and face would not be very unwholesome, and as there was none in sight I called for the small boy of the house and he came to the foot of the ladder. I looked down through the hole in the floor and told him what I wanted, and he invited me out into the yard, where there was a trough full of water and a piece of coffee-sack stuff hanging to a post for a towel. The boy, whose face hadn't been washed for a month and whose tow hair hadn't been combed for a year, watched my proceedings with interest. When I began to comb my hair with my pocket comb, he felt compelled to talk.

"Do yer wash yer face every day?" he inquired curiously.

"Usually," I replied with a smile.

"An' comb yer hair?"

"Yes."

"Every day?" he repeated.

"Yes, every day."

It was too much for him and he was silent for a moment.

"Well," he said at last, "don't yer think yer a heap uv trouble to yer-self?"

That time it was too much for me, and I gave him a dime and told him to go off and have a picnic.

—Free Press.

ONE day a little boy was taken out to a park by his aunt. He soon became interested in a pond of water where a number of pretty ducks were swimming, and eagerly exclaimed, "O auntie, just look at the chickens a-slidin' on the water!"

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON XII.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Mark viii. 27-ix. 29.

*The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.*
—F. L. Hosmer.

Picture: The Transfiguration of Jesus, by Raphael (1483-1520).

The picture shows us four groups. At the base of the knob-like summit of a mountain are nine of the disciples, and an afflicted child who has been brought by his family in hope that he may be relieved by Jesus. Since the names of the apostles vary slightly in the different lists it cannot be told with certainty which of the disciples each figure represents. The easiest to make out is Thomas, whose earnest, questioning face, by far the most attractive in the picture, looks out from the very center of the group upon the demoniac child. At his left are said to be Matthew, with Simon the Zealot kneeling in front of him, and Bartholomew at their left, pointing to the child. At the extreme right of Thomas is said to be Andrew, with an open book of the law, and at his left Philip and Judas or James pointing upward to the mount where Jesus is. The two figures in the background, then, would be James of Alphaeus and Judas Iscariot. The child, who in Matthew is explicitly called an epileptic, is held by his father, in whose face some students of the picture have seen an explanation of his son's affliction. In fact, with an acuteness hardly to be commended, critics have discovered that the father's family, of which a brother and sister are at the father's right, was naturally weak-minded, while the mother's family—the mother and her sister in the foreground and a brother with upraised arm behind the father—have faces of unusual intelligence and vigor. But into these minute details we need not go; it is enough to see that a child has been brought to the disciples of Jesus, whom they cannot cure, and that some of them are pointing to the mountain where Jesus and three of his disciples have gone, promising help as soon as the Master returns.

Turning to the mountain, then, we see a second group, that of the three disciples—Peter in the middle, with the two brothers James and John on his right and left. As in the Gospel narrative the three are represented as half dazed with sleep, half dazzled by the splendor that surrounds Jesus. On either side of Jesus are Moses and Elijah holding respectively books of the Law and the Prophets. The fourth group at the extreme left of the picture consists of two men, St. Lawrence and St. Julian, placed there at the request

of the Cardinal de Medici, for whom the picture was painted, and commemorating his father Lorenzo and his uncle Giuliano de Medici.

What is the meaning of this scene in the life of Jesus?—Jesus, having devoted himself to death as the Messiah, went with his three most intimate friends to a mountain to pray, and there was transfigured by the glory of his noble purpose.

Luke says, characteristically, that Jesus went off alone, but for his three disciples, to pray. He did not go to the mountain to be transfigured, but to pray, and the transfiguration is only an incident of his prayer. To understand this scene we must study it in its historical setting. In each of the three accounts it immediately follows the critical episode at Caesarea Philippi, in which for the first time Jesus openly declared himself the Messiah. At the beginning of his career Jesus simply took up the proclamation of John—"Repent ye for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iv. 17). Like John he emphasized obedience to the moral law as the only method of preparation, but being of a more sunny and loving temper, his ethical ideal was more genial and tenderly sympathetic: for him love was actually the fulfilling of the law and the reality of the coming kingdom. So, as we saw last week, wherever he found love he knew that there the kingdom was already present, "within you" or "in the midst of you." But if, as he and nearly everybody else among the people believed, the Messiah was to bring in the kingdom, must not the Messiah have already come if the kingdom was present? If, then, Jesus had a twofold idea of the kingdom must he not also have had a two-fold idea of the Messiah? In the Old Testament there was the suffering Messiah of the 53d of Isaiah (originally spoken of the suffering remnant of the people, but misinterpreted) as well as the Messiah of Glory. Moreover, there are faint traces of a double Messiah even in the Talmud. We may conjecture, then, that the progress of Jesus' thought was after this fashion. At first he held like the majority of the people, to a kingdom and a Messiah that were to come, but like John he saw that plain righteousness must be the essence of the kingdom, and hence the only adequate preparation for it. Then he saw that in loving hearts the kingdom had already come and was to grow from man to man till its consummation in outward and visible sovereignty. As teacher of the new ethical ideal of tenderness and loving sympathy, through him and his words that kingdom was to increase in human hearts. Was he not then the Messiah who was to bring in the kingdom of God? So he may have reasoned, but he did not doubt that the kingdom was to be outwardly manifest and that for that, the Messiah was yet to come. Then the idea of the twofold Messiah of the Old Testament, and possibly also of a few of the people, dawned upon him with all its fatal implications. Seeing that his words were alienating the people from him, knowing the enmity of the Pharisees and the suspicious watchfulness of the Romans, he understood that for him to continue in his present path would bring him into suffering and possibly to death. But was not pre-

cisely that predicted of the Messiah? Thus knowing himself to be the bearer of the ethical ideal of the kingdom of God, and hence its real Messiah in human hearts, and discerning that to fulfill his mission as preacher would carry him into the sufferings and death predicted of the Messiah, it is not strange that at last he allowed himself to be called "the Christ," and by this acceptance of the Messiahship devoted himself to the fate of the suffering servant of Yahwe. Up to the time of Caesarea Philippi he had never called himself the Messiah; this is evident from his reply to Peter—Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven (Matt. xvi. 17)—which would be pointless and untrue if he had ever announced himself to them as the Christ. More, he seems to have forbidden all mention of such a thing, for the disciples do not say that the people called him the Christ, although there can be no doubt whatever that many besides John had asked "Art thou he that should come?" and hoped that it was "he that should redeem Israel." But now he declares himself the Christ and from this time forth begins to teach that he "must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things . . . and be killed and rise again the third day" (Matt. xvi. 21). As teaching Messiah of the growing spiritual kingdom he was to suffer and die, but as victorious Messiah of the consummated, realized kingdom of God he was to return again in power and great glory. *Jesus believed himself the twofold Messiah of the twofold kingdom of God.*

Now we understand why the transfiguration followed directly after the declaration at Caesarea Philippi. Jesus dreaded death and shrank from it like any other man, but believing himself the Messiah he faced death inevitable. His stern rebuke to Peter shows that the apostle's words were a dangerous re-enforcement to what he felt to be the weak, cowardly elements in his own nature that recoiled from suffering and death. That he might gain complete mastery over himself he goes to the mountain to pray. In his prayer victory is won, and stern duty takes on "the Godhead's most benignant grace." Stripping the story of all its legendary accretions, we have to do with a common human experience that may be repeated in every one of us. Duty taken up into the mount of prayer ("looked at from the highest point of view," in Emerson's phrase) is transfigured into radiant joy. The glory on the mount shone in the face of a man who had seen on the face of duty that commanded him to death the loving smile of the Eternal.

Returning from the mount, strong in his joyful determination, Jesus finds the scribes wrangling with his disciples. If Raphael had shown us the scribes in his picture he would have given us a most dramatic and instructive contrast. The disciples of Jesus and of Moses wrangle on the plain, but those who rise to the holy mount see there Jesus and Moses in loving communion. The disciples have failed to cure the epileptic child. As we look at this picture, it may be that we ask impatiently—Why is Jesus there in glory while he is needed so much down on the plain? What right has a man to use in meditation and prayer hours which might be expended in relieving urgent suffering? But it is with power received on the heights of prayer that

Jesus takes away the pain and misery before which his disciples are powerless. "This kind goeth not forth save by prayer."

The interpretation of this event in the life of Jesus will, doubtless, seem strange, because the theory of Jesus' idea of the Messiahship upon which it is based is novel. The commentators who are classed as "Liberal" usually deny altogether that Jesus called himself the Messiah and reject unqualifiedly the notion that he believed he was to return at the "consummation of the age" in the realized kingdom of God. But while such an idea of Jesus may perhaps keep him on a higher intellectual and spiritual level it requires a violence in dealing with our sources that seems uncalled for and summary. We have tried to show how the two ideas of the kingdom of God came naturally to the mind of Jesus and dwelt there: we have also seen how the conception of a double mission of the Messiah attached itself naturally to these two ideas of the kingdom; from this point of view his belief in the second advent is perfectly explicable and reasonable. Thus we keep closely to our records without violating historic probabilities. If this thought of Jesus removes him farther from our minds, it brings him indefinitely nearer to our hearts—a great pure soul entangled by the misconceptions of his time in an idea of the Messiahship which betrayed him to his death.

Questions.

The Picture.—How could you tell from the picture that the scene is laid on a mountain? Can you pick out the apostles? Why did Raphael introduce the two figures on the summit at the left of the picture? What do you think of the picture as a work of art?

The Vision on the Mount.—What event preceded the transfiguration? What relation does it bear to it? Did Jesus think himself the Messiah? What did the Messiahship mean to him? What do you suppose really happened on the mount? Do the three disciples in the picture look as if they could tell accurately what they saw and heard?

The Duty on the Plain.—What did Jesus find when he came back after his night of prayer? Why were the disciples weak? Why was Jesus strong? How much of this whole story do you think is true? How much of it is true to human experience?

Correspondence

THE GOSPEL AND ITS EARLIEST INTERPRETATIONS.

EDITOR UNITY: Kindly permit me to make a correction of one or two points in W. W. F.'s appreciative review of "The Gospel and Its Earliest Interpretations," in your latest issue. He finds a "bad mis-translation of Rom. v. 12," on p. 181. But on p. 181 there is no translation of or reference to the passage, but only a passing allusion to it. On p. 173 the passage is correctly translated, referred to and annotated.

I should like to say also that the charge of "rationalism" in my interpretation of Jesus' conception of the kingdom of God proceeds from a misapprehension of my grounds and

method. In maintaining that Jesus did not adopt the political or the apocalyptic idea of this kingdom, my judgment is not determined by rationalistic considerations, such as *a priori* preconceptions of the greatness of Jesus, but by critical reasons, by which I am led to regard certain sayings of his as genuine and certain other apocalyptic words ascribed to him as spurious. The translation of Luke xxiv. 21, is that of Noyes.

While wishing to call attention to these corrections, I desire to express my appreciation of the many kind and commendatory words which W. W. F. has written concerning my book.

ORELLO CONE.

Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio.

[It is gratifying that Dr. Cone deemed the review of his book worthy of notice, and if the reviewer has erred in referring to a few points where the work seemed to him to fall below its usually high level, he is glad to be corrected, that there may be no diminution from his admiration of the book. No one could for an instant suspect Dr. Cone of being consciously biased by *a priori* considerations regarding the person of Jesus, yet feelings often linger after the convictions on which they were originally based have disappeared. Moreover, among the critical reasons by which the discrimination is to be made between genuine and spurious sayings of Jesus must be the general opinion one holds concerning him. "It is difficult not to think," says Dr. Cone (p. 56), "that his ethical conception of the kingdom of God should exclude, should render impossible to him such apocalyptic ideas and such unrealized and unrealizable hopes." But if Paul, who with all his mental faults was far more logical than Jesus, could fall into as bad self-contradictions as Dr. Cone says he did, why may not Jesus have been inconsistent also? Even Dr. Cone himself has these two sentences within five pages: "Through all his teaching there runs the apparent paradox that the kingdom is here and that it is to come" (p. 50); and yet again, "It cannot but appear strange to the historical judgment that Jesus, who had repeatedly declared that the kingdom of God was already among men and that his public ministry had introduced it, should speak of it in the passages already quoted as if it were yet to come," etc. (pp. 54, 55). Unless we suppose that Jesus was logically self-consistent it seems hazardous to set aside all the passages in which he is represented as sharing the popular belief. But such an assumption is decidedly rationalistic. Undoubtedly in Dr. Cone's mind there is no such conscious leaning, yet repeated reading of the chapters in his book only deepens the impression that he has not kept entirely free from the method of interpretation which he disclaims.

On p. 181 Dr. Cone writes: "If it is not transmitted and all men are subject to death only 'inasmuch as all have sinned,'" etc. Surely here is a translation of Rom. v. 12, and a mis-translation. It was not asserted that Dr. Cone had always mis-translated the passage, for in several places the aorist is accurately rendered, but the discussion of the subject proceeds as if the aorist were a perfect, and that constant misunder-

standing appears finally in a plump mistranslation. If the force of the aorist were strictly observed, it seems as if Dr. Cone's interpretation would be quite impossible. The verb is an aorist, and the verse when strictly interpreted is in perfect accord with Paul's thought. There are in the world two great streams, one of sin and death, the other of righteousness and life, whereof Adam and Jesus, the second Adam, are respectively fountain heads. Every man by virtue of his descent from Adam is in the first stream, but he who believes in Jesus is by that act of belief put into the Christ stream. And as the sin of Adam was the sin of his posterity so the righteousness of Jesus becomes the righteousness of all who believe in him. The reviewer's criticism was that throughout the discussion Dr. Cone had neglected to observe rigidly the tense of his verb and had put his prevailing misinterpretation into an out-and-out mistranslation on p. 181.

As for Luke xxiv. 21, whether the translation be Dr. Noyes' or another's, it is incorrect, and the Revised Version is right.—W. W. FENN.]

The Study Table

THE EMPIRE OF THE TSARS AND THE RUSSIANS.*

This is a work of great value, and we are inclined to believe that the present translation, from the third French edition, is considerably more valuable than the original.

Here we have a sympathetic study of Russia by a French scholar whose work has for many years held a high place in Europe, a work the value of which is testified to not alone by the demand for it outside of Russia, but by the twofold fact that while it is highly indorsed by Russian scholars and patriots, it is banned by the Russian Government. This latter fact the author regards as a tribute to his sincerity, saying that he has the rare good fortune of being able to "express all his friendliness toward Russia and her people without a doubt being cast on his independence of spirit." His fairness is indicated in the fact that in the very preface in which he tells of the Russian Government's ban, he goes on to speak in high terms of the sincerity and earnestness and moral dignity of the Tsar, whose pride it is to be true to the traditions of his country and his race. The author endeavors to make clear to us that we of the Occident (whether Europeans or Americans) must not judge this vast, half-Asiatic country and its people, held back in their development by the combined influences of a harsh climate, barbaric invasions, a stationary religion, and long and intimate intercourse with despotic states,—that we must not judge them by the standards of the West. And on the other hand he would have us realize that with all these drawbacks Russia and the Russians

*THE EMPIRE OF THE TSARS AND THE RUSSIANS. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Vol. I. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 518. \$3.

are full of promise; that the nation is still in its nonage, but from its maturity much, very much, may be looked for. The present volume treats of the country and the people; the second is to treat of the institutions; and the last, of religion and the church. As it is impossible within the limits of space at the writer's disposal to discuss the volume before us with the fullness it merits, it may not be amiss to indicate its scope by giving the titles of the eight books into which the 580 pages constituting the first volume are divided. They are: Nature, Climate and Soil; Races and Nationality; The National Temperament and Character; History and the Elements of Civilization; The Social Hierarchy—The Lower and Urban Classes; Nobility and Tchin; The Peasant and the Emancipation; Mir, Family, and Village Communities. These matters are discussed with great fullness and care; the first two books especially contain one of the most careful discussions of the influence of climate, soil, etc., upon a people that is to be found anywhere, and the whole work has much of interest for the ethnologist and the anthropologist as well as for the student of social phenomena as such.

But what gives the present edition its unique value is the contributions of the translator, Zenaide A. Ragozin, an historian of some consideration and a member of various learned societies of France, England and America, and, what for the present purpose is of more importance, a Russian patriot whose twenty years of American life have done nothing to diminish his enthusiastic belief in the high destiny of his people. The reader of the English edition thus has the advantage of the frequent comments of one to the manner born, in addition to the candid discussion of a competent observer from without.

It may be thought that the author himself shows something of the present bias of his nation in favor of Russia; and it may be feared that this fact, in addition to the circumstance that the translator is a Slavophil, will render the book unsafe as a guide; but such fears we consider unfounded. In his remarks upon the character and policy of the present Tsar it does seem as though our author were somewhat influenced by the National partiality for France's ally; but we cannot see that his reliability as an historian is affected by this. On the contrary he seems eminently fair, and his candid discussion of Russian shortcomings now and again calls forth the emphatic protest of the translator. After hearing both sides we believe that most readers will generally be inclined to adopt the author's view in preference to that of the translator, but even when this is the case we are enlightened by the translator's comments. The book is destined, we believe, to a large and

growing popularity on this side of the Atlantic; for, besides its value to the scientist, it is full of interest for the general reader. The publishers have spared no pains to make the book worthy of its author. Each volume is separately indexed and the present one contains four maps. Paper and press work are of the finest, and the binding is strong and handsome. We await the succeeding volumes with great interest. Till then we must content ourselves and our readers with this brief notice. F. W. S.

TWO SOLDIERS, AND A POLITICIAN. By Clinton Ross. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 32mo, pp. 139. 75 cents.—This is a pleasant little volume for an idle half-hour, if you care for a glimpse of Wolfe, the hero of Quebec; of John Andre, and Sir Henry Clinton, and "Colonel Burton Ford of the staff of General Washington"; of Talleyrand, that dramatic figure of French history,—all set off by some imaginary personages who speak in letter, diary, and dialogue. Indeed, Mr. Ross admits that he has drawn some imaginary portraits of men found "in that twilight land of the fancy where fact and romance meet." We like best the second picture of "Lord Fenwold," with the sight of Revolutionary days and of Paris and London life. The letter form does not conceal the commonplaceness of the thoughts on Wolfe, and Talleyrand deserves a better artist. An historical portrait may be inexact, but an imaginary portrait has no excuse for existence if it is not artistically done. H. B. L.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE and Other Poems of the Home. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894. Cloth, gilt top, 16mo, pp. 53. \$1.50.—This is an exquisite *edition de luxe* in white and gold, containing under the modest title of "illustrations" eight beautiful little works of art by F. D. Miller

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MR. M. M. MANGASARIAN, the lecturer of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture and one of our contributing editors, has recently delivered an address on the "Ethics of Marriage and Divorce," which his society has published in a handsome pamphlet and which may be obtained at this office (price, 10 cents). The motto which stands at the head of the address is from Browning,—“The more man gets to know of his own life's adaptabilities, the more joy-giving will his life become.” But that which best types the thought of the lecture is a sentence of the lecturer which occurs in the latter part of the discourse: “You cannot prevent the body from decomposition when the soul has left it.” This being his point of view, he rightly holds, as it seems to us, that divorce is necessary in order to prevent the desecration of marriage.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except for foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

ALL AROUND THE YEAR. 1894 Calendar. Printed in colors on heavy cardboard, gilt edges, with chain, tassels and ring. Designed by J. Pauline Sunter. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 4¼x5½ inches. Boxed. 50 cents.

POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM. A Story for Girls. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 212. \$1.00.

THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS (All Over the World Library). By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 344. \$1.25.

THE CORAL SHIP: A Story of the Florida Reef. Rail and Water Series. By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 261. \$1.25.

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Notes from the Field

IOWA STATE CONFERENCE.

The fifteenth annual conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and other Independent Churches, which met with Mr. Judy's flourishing church in Davenport, Nov. 14-16, was noteworthy for three important matters considered in it. In the first place, the relation of the Unitarian and Universalist bodies was the subject of an interesting discussion by members of both churches, in which most of the speakers seemed to look for practical success along the line of co-operation rather than of union. The second noteworthy topic, and one of far more practical importance, because it means help to the helpless, was an attempt to make Mr. Judy's Church of the Isolated a reality. This most promising idea was carefully discussed, and a committee was appointed to report ways and means of putting it into operation. The ways reported were: 1. The selection of some man or woman to organize the isolated individuals in each circuit. 2. The arrangement of periodic meetings in each circuit. 3. Co-operation with the Post-office Mission, both in organizing and distributing literature. 4. The use of Sunday circles as helps to such organizations. And the means reported were an appropriation of one hundred dollars from the State Missionary funds for use in the work. The Post-Office Mission was a great discovery, because it enabled each church to reach hundreds of distant and lone individuals with rays of new light and waken them into a religious growth. And if the Church of the Isolated can help these lonely atoms to unite with each other in organic growth, with their own officers and literature and meetings, it will be a still greater discovery than the Mission itself.

But the most noteworthy subject of all in this conference was its declaration of independence of the American Unitarian Association in regard to money matters. Of the seven hundred and seventy dollars spent by it in missionary work the past year, every dollar was raised by the conference, and the one hundred and fifty dollars sent to it by the Boston Association was returned intact. And it voted for the coming year to do the same and even more. It appropriated a thousand dollars for missionary work, all to be raised at home, and it raised one-tenth of that sum before the conference adjourned.

Mr. Forbush, who was present the second day of the Conference, made a long and labored defense of the money methods of the Eastern Association, though he admitted that much of the aid was given where it was not needed and did more harm than good. But he seemed to be wholly unaware of the real objection to the present relation of the A. U. A. to the Western churches,—an objection that has nothing to do with the wisdom or folly of its individual appropriations, but relates wholly to its undemocratic attitude in disregarding the action of the Conference of the Western churches, and ignoring the official elected by those churches, and putting its own agent, appointed at Boston, into the field to decide what churches it should aid and what it should leave unaided. As long as it

holds that attitude, as long as it is an autocrat of the church, and not an agent of the churches, so long it will do more harm than good with its well-meant benefactions. It will keep the rest of the country, as far as it can, at just that stage of religious growth which Boston has reached. It will prevent the very growth which it is our mission to foster by our independent churches and conferences.

In other matters also the Iowa conference was interesting and profitable. Tuesday afternoon Mr. Louis Block, of Davenport, presented the subject of the "Post-Office Mission." In the evening an eloquent and inspiring sermon was given by Rev. Mary A. Safford, the President of the conference. Wednesday morning was occupied with a business session and the reports of the churches. All the societies were represented, either by delegates or by written reports, save Iowa City, Keokuk, and Rock Rapids, and all of them gave encouraging reports. The Sioux City church reported over \$6,000 raised and spent for church work during the year; an average attendance of 260 at the church services, and 136 at the Sunday school, while Davenport reported about half that sum and about half that attendance at church, though in the Sunday school the attendance was larger in the latter city. Wednesday afternoon came an earnest paper by Rev. C. E. Perkins, of Iowa City, on the Reasons for the Existence of the Unitarian Church, in which the chief emphasis was laid upon the Religion, and not the Freedom of the movement, a position which was disputed by some of the speakers in the discussion that followed.

A generous and cordial Reception and Supper was given Wednesday evening, followed by two addresses,—one by Mr. Nagarkar, of Bombay, on the social reforms instituted by the Brahmo Somaj, and the other by Prof. Patrick, of the State University, on Helpful and Harmful Charity. Thursday morning "The Young People of the Church" was the subject of an excellent paper by Rev. H. D. Stevens, of Perry, and he was followed by Rev. J. H. Palmer, of the Universalist Church at Cedar Rapids, who gave a paper on Co-operation between Unitarians and Universalists, a paper which resulted later in a resolution looking toward a Mid-year Conference of Liberal Ministers of the State. The afternoon was devoted to Sunday-school work, with papers on "Infant Class Work," by Mrs. Parker, of Quincy, Ill., and "Work for Older Pupils," by Rev. Elmer Gordon. The session was concluded in the evening by a most impressive address by Mr. Jones on "The Cause of the Toiler as Represented in the Art Palace of the World's Fair."

The officers elected were: President, Rev. Mary A. Safford; Vice President, Dr. J. G. Biller.

Portland, Maine.—At a meeting of the Main Association of Unitarian and other Christian Ministers held in the First Parish House last spring, it was decided to form a closer bond of union among the liberal ministers of the State. With this end in view a meeting was held in the same place on Wednesday, Nov. 8. It continued during the forenoon and afternoon. Sixteen ministers were present, representing the Swedenborgian, Universalist and Unitarian denominations. Papers were read by Rev. J. L. Seward, of

Waterville, and by Rev. W. M. Kimball, of Portland.

An association was formed under the following conditions: "Desiring to increase fellowship and co-operation among the Liberal Christians of Maine, and to develop intimacy and friendship and intellectual and spiritual improvement among ourselves, we, the undersigned ministers, associate ourselves together to forward these ends."

CONSTITUTION.

Art. 1. This association shall be known as The Maine Association of Liberal Christian Ministers.

Art. 2. The officers shall be a President, Secretary (who shall also act as Treasurer), and four Directors. These six officers shall constitute an Executive Committee, who shall have general charge of the Association.

Art. 3. The regular meetings of the Association shall be held on the first Tuesdays of November, February and May. The meeting in November shall be the annual one for the election of officers.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Henry Blanchard, D. D., of Portland; Secretary, Rev. John Carroll Perkins, of Portland; Executive Committee, Rev. E. E. Newbert, of Augusta; Rev. J. F. Rhoades, of Biddeford; Rev. Abram Conkling, of Bath; and Rev. S. C. Beach, of Bangor.

It is felt that in a State like Maine, with its long distances and therefore the lack of harmony in the liberal efforts of the ministers and people, there may result from a movement of this kind a vast amount of good.

Baraboo, Wis.—Mr. Hirai gave his paper on "The Real Attitude of Japan Toward Christianity" last Saturday night in the Free Congregational Church. There was a full house and a great deal of interest and enthusiasm manifested. Mr. Hirai also occupied the Sunday morning hour with a talk on Japanese religious beliefs. His talk to the Sunday school was very interesting. He told some pretty plain truths while here, and his talks awakened much thought. R. C. D.

Pomona, Cal.—On the last Sunday in October, a service at the First Unitarian Church was held in recognition of the World's Parliament of Religions. The minister began the service by reading Samuel Longfellow's poem beginning:

Out of the dark, the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light:
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night.

After a responsive reading and the hearty singing of a hymn, Rev. Mr. Pierce spoke, his text being the words of Peter in Acts x. 34: "Of a truth I perceive that God is not a respecter of persons, but in every nation he that loveth God and doeth righteousness is accepted with Him."

"We speak," said Mr. Pierce in the course of his sermon, "of Christianity as a 'revealed' religion and all true, and all other forms of religion false. While Jesus was preaching that only the pure in heart could see God, Seneca was saying: 'The mind unless it is pure and holy comprehends not God.'"

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 2nd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 3rd street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johnson, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 26th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the pastor, will preach at 11 a. m. on "Not National, but International," a Thanksgiving Sermon.

BEFORE THE ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Mr. Mangasarian will speak at 11 a. m. on "The Hope of Immortality in the Light of Darwinism."

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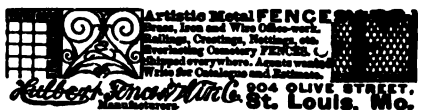
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Apropos of the Fiftieth Birthday of the senior editor the publishers of UNITY are anxious to co-operate with its readers in making a push for doubling the constituency of UNITY, thus extending the influence of its editor, multiplying the usefulness of the paper, hastening the time when its dream of the Liberal Church of America will be realized,—a church creedless but not thoughtless, based on ethics, and open on all sides and from above to the thought of God and the inspirations of the God-serving, truth-seeking, and high living prophets of all ages.

To this end the undersigned solicits the co-operation of Pastors, Post-Office Workers, Study Classes, Unity Clubs, and all the forces that make for culture and for character everywhere. To this end we desire to secure an agent in every town who will make a thorough canvass in every parish.

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MR. H. DHARMAPALA, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of Ceylon, writes to the committee in reference to the Buddha sermon: "Jenkin Lloyd Jones deserves the thanks of the followers of the gentle teacher of Asia for bringing out in pamphlet form the Life and Teachings of that Savior of humanity to suit the minds of the American student of religion. I recommend it heartily."

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UNITY

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VOLUME XXXII.

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Editorial

*Can rules or tutors educate
The semigod whom we await?
He must be musical,
Tremulous, impressional,
Alive to gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit touch
Of man's or maiden's eye;
But, to his native center fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past,
And the world's flowing fates in his own
mould recast.*

—Emerson.

**

THANKSGIVING DAY, Puritan in its origin, is universal in its destiny, because it is founded in nature and not in miracle. It is a festival of liberty, civic and social life, not doctrinal and ecclesiastical in its requirements. It is to be one of the sacred days in the Church of Humanity that is coming, the Church

of the Moral Law. It is a realization of Emerson's prophecy that that church will "take upon itself beauty, music, pictures and poetry."

**

THE genial founder and pastor of the New York "Church of the Stranger," Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D. D., is no more. In its measure his was a work for the church catholic, and he was thus a brother to the Liberals of to-day, however far his private creed may have been from ours.

**

JOHN BURROUGHS said that "Emerson's face revealed no blank spaces." His was a face serene in turmoil; while he was declaring sentences that would provoke a tumult in other people's breasts, his own face was calm as a summer morning. He smiled over the "storm in the Unitarian washbowl." The sermon on the mount brings a sanity which even the beatitudes do not explain; so the writings of Emerson lift to beatific heights for which the text seems no adequate explanation. Perhaps because in both cases personality breaks through the paragraphs.

**

CHARLES G. AMES has recently been preaching a "Sermon to the Prosperous," in which he says, "We must move away from the cruelties of competition towards free co-operation. Competition annuls the law of brotherhood." Mr. Ames' words have relation to business competition, but they are also sadly true concerning the rivalries of religion. The barbarities perpetrated in the name of religion by the competing sects are famous, or rather infamous. Let us try free co-operation in religion for a while, and see how that will work.

**

KINDLY LIGHT, of Nov. 12, has a six-column comment upon the lectures given by M'd Russell Webb, the American representative of Islam, under the auspices of the Unitarian church of Ithaca, New York. He

calls the visit an "Echo of the World's Parliament of Religions," and says to those who may seek a similar echo, "that they will find Mr. Webb sincere, courteous and fair." We should advise such persons to ask Rev. J. A. Scott, Ithaca, New York, to send them a copy of this always suggestive little parish sheet through the mail. Mr. Webb has a message and a purpose largely in common with that of the constituency which UNITY seeks to represent, viz: widening the range of human sympathies and emphasizing the universal elements of religion.

**

ONE of the interesting results of the colony established by Australians in Paraguay is an awakening of the powers that be in Australia to the necessity of a course of action which shall keep its own sons in that thinly peopled island-continent. A "Co-operative Communities Land Settlement Bill" has been prepared, the purpose of which is to give to any group or body of workers who apply for it a body of land for a colony, which may be developed according to their own plan, and to whom money or tools will be advanced by the government without interest, the same to be returned to the government within twelve years in installments. As much land is still to be had in large tracts much may come of this. *The Twentieth Century* suggests that it might be well for our own Government to do likewise.

**

WE learn from the *Independent* that at the recent conference of Liberal Presbyterians, in Cleveland, O., there were about sixty ministers and elders present, including Rev. Drs. Patterson, of Chicago, Egbert, of St. Paul, Francis Brown, of New York City, Fiske, of Ithaca, N. Y., Millard, of Rochester, N. Y., and Haydn, of Cleveland. The manifesto issued protested against what the conference regarded as undue assumptions of authority on the part of prose-

cutting committees and ecclesiastical courts, and urged liberal ministers to remain in the church, insisting upon their belief that it was broad enough "to embrace in its communion and in its ministry all forms and schools of reverent scholarship which accept the essential and necessary articles of our common faith, acknowledging the Lord Jesus as Divine Master and Savior, and the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice." Certainly this platform is not so disastrously broad as to cause very great consternation in conservative circles, although it does imply a change of base from the Westminster Confession to the Bible.

A NEW VOLUME FROM EMERSON.

Here is cause for Thanksgiving which the President and the Governors did not get into their proclamations. If Charles Lamb was moved to say grace whenever he sat down to Shakespeare why should we not give thanks for this sheaf of ripened wheat granted by the "Celestial Ceres," even more than for the perishable wheat that sustains the perishable body, gathered on Minnesota prairies. A new volume of Emerson! A book which makes available again the words which had passed out of reach of most of his lovers, completing the round dozen of the Riverside edition.

This volume is a priceless addition to the Emerson library if for no other reason than that it gives to us for the first time a general index of all the published works of Mr. Emerson. And what author of modern times so needs an index? How unavailable, even to the man of most retentive memory, is much of his material without an index? What writer so full of quotable things, so apt with fact and anecdote, so wide in his range of quotation and illustration? And now much of these are given a new availability. Whatever interest there may be in the body of this new volume, the best reading to the Emerson lover is found in the index pages. They awaken so many pleasant associations. They present graphically the wide erudition of the man who was no erudite; the extensive reading of the man who taught so well the limitations of books. This index shows us his favorite paths, it tempts many conclusions, some of which are dangerous. If, for instance, we were to seek by

index for Emerson's favorite prophet we would find suggestiveness in these figures. The index contains seven references under the head of Zoroaster; six under Mohammed; fourteen under Confucius; twenty-six under Socrates, and seventy under Jesus. The name of Moses does not appear, neither does the name of Buddha. Had Emerson done most of his work before the "Light of Asia" had reached the Western hemisphere? or was there something uncongenial in the humble earth-pilgrim of Asia to the joyous sky-traveler of America? Perhaps so; for one of the seven references under the word "Buddhist" reads "Nature no Buddhist." There is an index of quotations as well as a topical index. This index contains, if we count it right, one hundred and forty-two references in all. Glancing over it one readily discovers, if not his favorite authors, the most familiar ones. There are eight quotations from Milton, nine from Wordsworth, and twenty from Shakespeare; the Sonnets being frequently drawn upon. The inference which these figures suggest is sustained by a reference to the text in this new volume, where we find him saying that Milton "would curl his lip at the slipshod newspaper style of Wordsworth." And yet, he says, "Wordsworth has done more for the sanity of this generation than any other writer." Dare we say that on that account Wordsworth tallies one more than Milton? Again we turn to the body of the new book and find him saying:

The prodigious growth and influence of the genius of Shakespeare in the last one hundred and fifty years is a fact of the first importance. It, almost alone, has called out the genius of the German nation into an activity which, spreading from the poetic into the scientific, religious and philosophical domains, has made theirs now at last the paramount intellectual influence of the world, reacting with great energy on England and America.

No wonder that Shakespeare should lead all the rest in his quotation, and that there should be almost a column of references to him in the general index.

We have one quarrel with this general index, and that a personal one. It compels us at last to retire from exclusive use the dear old volumes in Quaker drab, the original Emerson issued in the early sixties by the Ticknor & Field house, the volumes that for a quarter of a cen-

tury have been thumbed, underscored, marked with cross references, and with emotional accents of appreciation and dissent. These humble volumes have heretofore held lordly sway in our affections over the more stately and presentable volumes of the Riverside edition. But the index is to this last edition, and there is no help for it, we must stock up. Every lover of Emerson must now own the Riverside edition and have the twelve affluent volumes with their general index at hand. Emerson has called the writings of Plato "an epitome of libraries." In this as in many other senses he himself might be called the American Plato. One other thing is worthy of remark concerning this index; it comes, not as we might have expected from the quiet alcoves of the Harvard library or from its classic neighborhood, but from an appreciative student out in the "wild and woolly West." Prof. John H. Woods, from the Platonic city of Jacksonville, Illinois, has done this high service to the book-lover and the truth-seeker. "No doubt about it," said Bronson Alcott in 1878, "in the next twenty-five years the Mississippi Valley will be sending missionaries to Massachusetts."

But the index is by no means the only interesting thing in this new volume. It contains eight papers reprinted from the now famous and rare *Dial*; two papers reprinted from the *North American Review*, on Michael Argelo and Milton; a lecture on Boston, printed for the first time, we infer, from a course of lectures on "Life and Literature" delivered in Boston in 1861; and the initial paper, which gives the title to the book, "Natural History of Intellect," and one on Memory. These two are all the editor can bring to us of several courses of lectures on Mental Philosophy delivered in the fifties and the sixties. The absence of the philosophic method, as popularly understood, is perhaps the surest evidence of Emerson's philosophic profundity. These first sixty pages may well lead us to distrust the best balanced "scheme," and to break from the tyranny of the "systems" of philosophy. Emerson accepts the humbler mission of "writing anecdotes of the intellect: a sort of Farmer's Almanac of mental moods." Any attempt to force these into a system he considers premature.

"'Tis the gnat grasping the world." And again he says, "Metaphysics is dangerous as a single pursuit." "The analytic process is cold and bereaving, and,—shall I say it?—somewhat mean, as spying. There is something surgical in metaphysics as we treat it. The poet sees wholes and avoids analysis."

We have no space to speak of the other papers. It is interesting to read his estimate of Boston, historic and prophetic, in 1861, in the light of thirty years of history. Let Boston itself read, and ask itself how far was it just then? how does it fit now? The lamented William Hunt used to say that "Michael Angelo was so great a man that the subsequent ages have produced no man large enough to interpret him." If this is true perhaps no more successful attempt at a just estimate can be found than in these forty-seven pages of Emerson's. Milton also finds here an interpreter that is akin to his own greatness.

This volume cannot be expected to add anything to the power of the Emerson literature, but it is so much more familiar riches, representing Emerson in his prime. Every page bristles with quotable things. For instance: "Things belong in a row." "Modern literature indicates the uprise of the soul, and not the decline." "With egotism on the one side and levity on the other we shall have no Olympus." "The poem, of all the poetry of the present age, for which we predict the longest term is *Abou Ben Adhem*." Evolution he describes as "man's escape from the quadruped type, not yet perfectly accomplished."

Surely it is an opportune time for UNITY to send forth this Emerson number; the Thanksgiving season, of which he might well be considered type and prophet. To this Thanksgiving season he brings to us treasures new and old. Thanks for the new volume that revives and enlarges our appreciation of the old one.

"Thanks be to God for his holy saints; thanks be to him who giveth wisdom, Which in all ages entering into holy souls maketh them friends of God and prophets."

Courage consists in equality to the problem before us.

—Emerson, in *Courage*.

We are as much gainers by finding a new property in the old earth as by acquiring a new planet.

—Emerson, in *Uses of Great Men*.

PHILANTHROPY AND INTEGRITY

In Mr. Gronlund's book on socialism ("The Co operative Commonwealth") he makes what seems to me a very significant admission. It is, that as sympathy has grown strong and individualism has weakened, integrity has deteriorated; or, in his own words, "crimes against property have notoriously increased."

I suspect that there is more than a grain of truth in this statement. And when we take into account the forms in which "philanthropy" presents itself and the views which are urged concerning property, why should not this be so? We are pointed to the innumerable charity institutions for the relief of every conceivable suffering or want of man, to the tender mercies and comforts extended even to the worst criminals, as evidence of the growth of human sympathy. Our age is compared with other ages, our generation with past generations,—with Roman stoicism, or with Puritan hardness of heart,—and we are told to behold the gain of good-will, of unselfishness, of tender sentiment. But when it comes to the matter of integrity, of inflexible honesty, why, crimes against property were never so rife as now.

Is there not good and sufficient reason why the rights of property should be lightly esteemed or disregarded? What are most of the reforms advocated to-day but direct or indirect attacks upon property rights? All the socialistic schemes now in vogue are calculated to create a deep-seated skepticism as to the just title of any man to the things he possesses. One man shows you that to take interest is unjust; another tells you that to own land is only less criminal than to own a slave; a third tells you that all capital is "the fleecing of labor;" while there are not wanting those who affirm that any private ownership is fraud.

Large numbers of the young are growing up where old-fashioned honesty in property matters, where the old-fashioned conscience about taking the possessions of others, does not exist. What must be the influence upon a boy who hears his father, or those about him, say: That merchant's wealth, that manufacturer's capital, that railroad's outfit, that gentleman's carriage or pictures, were all stolen; they are fraudulent possessions, and none the less so because

legally taken from the earnings of the poor? Will it be strange if he contributes as little as possible, by any service of his, to make the wealth of his employer greater? Will he be particularly careful of his employer's time, or of his employer's goods? If capital represents the robbery of the wage-earner, will not the wage-earner justify himself in any effort to destroy it?

My own impression is that it is no great wonder that in the slush of sentiment and pseudo-philanthropy now so prevalent, the sense of integrity and of justice is weakened. The skepticism so common in socialistic and communistic circles, about the right to property and the rights of property owners, weakens the whole structure of society. Carried a little farther, government would dissolve, the state would crumble, only, however, to pass into the hands of tyrants as cold-blooded as any that history records.

To destroy the sense of personal ownership is in the majority of cases to destroy the sense of personal responsibility. If what I have,—however honestly gained, as I look at it,—is not my own; if I cannot produce or accumulate anything without the feeling that it is the gain of injustice or tainted with fraud,—why, then I can have no respect for the rights by which any man keeps his possessions. We are all thieves together. Capitalist's dollar or workman's dollar,—if he is so unfortunate as to have saved one,—there is nothing sacred or to be respected in either. What wonder, then, that each steals from the other all he can get for present enjoyment, with no more compunction than the beasts have that struggle with each other over their prey? J. C. L.

A great integrity makes us immortal: an admiration, a deep love, a strong will arms us above fear. It makes a day memorable. We say we lived years in that hour.

—Emerson, in *Immortality*.

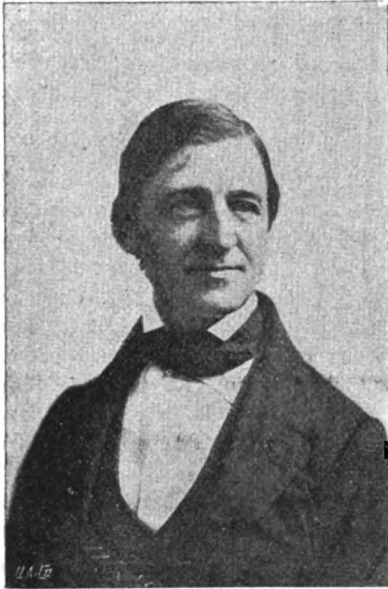
A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across the mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages.

—Emerson, in *Self-Reliance*.

See what strong intellects dare not yet hear God Himself, unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what, David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives

—Emerson, in *Self-Reliance*

Contributed and Selected



R. W. EMERSON, ABOUT 1850.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

[Reprinted from the *Union and Advertiser*, of Rochester, N. Y.; the pictures loaned by its courtesy.]

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

Ninety years ago this week, in an old gambrel-roofed parsonage among the apple trees of Boston—not far from where the great fire flashed out among the granite blocks in 1872—the minister of the First Church of the city jotted down the following item in his diary:

"May 25, 1803. Mr. Puffer preached his Election Sermon to great acceptance. This day also, whilst I was at dinner at Governor Strong's, my son Ralph Waldo was born. Mrs. E. well. Club at Mr. Adams'."

Had the Rev. William Emerson known who his son was as well as we, he would not have sandwiched his advent in between the dinner and the club in that way. But at all events the little fellow had arrived, and Massachusetts knew, at least, it was an Election Day.

Mr. Emerson, like many of his Massachusetts brethren at that time, was a liberal Congregationalist well out from Calvinism; for a silent change of faith had long been going on in the ancient Puritan meeting-houses, and now the "Unitarian movement" was beginning. Behind the father, in the various lines of ancestry, lay several long ministries in those "first churches" of the wilderness—reaching up to Peter Bulkeley, who, in 1634, led his flock of members across the sea and westwards on, through twenty miles of woods, to settle Concord. Many of these ancestors had been to Harvard College. So that the little boy had the Brahmin blood of New England in him.

The father died in 1811, leaving the mother and six children to struggle with poverty. She took board-

ers, and the boys did the housework. Ralph—"a spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen"—said grace at the table, scoured the knives, drove the cow to pasture, perhaps on Boston Common, and shared his winter overcoat, turn and turn about, with the next smaller brother. He was too spiritual and serious and reserved to make an easy playmate, it is said. In a recent number of the *Atlantic Dr. Furness* has just been telling us his memories of those dim playdays. Spite of the poverty the boys were born to go to Harvard; so books and lessons crowded hard the chores. In his essay on "Domestic Life" Emerson gives a glimpse of this eager, bracing home-life, where "the angels that dwelt with them were Toil and Want and Truth and Mutual Faith." One other bracing angel, all their own, they had in an "Aunt Mary"—Mary Moody Emerson—an imperious, glowing soul, a dumb Dante of New England Calvinism, who transcendentalized the fiery faith into a poetic worship of the Infinite. He draws her picture for us in a reverent but most amusing essay. To the boys she was a searching counselor of perfection, an outside conscience ever urging them to "scorn trifles, lift your aims, do what you are afraid to do!" More than either parent this aunt hints the ancestral sources where their genius rose.

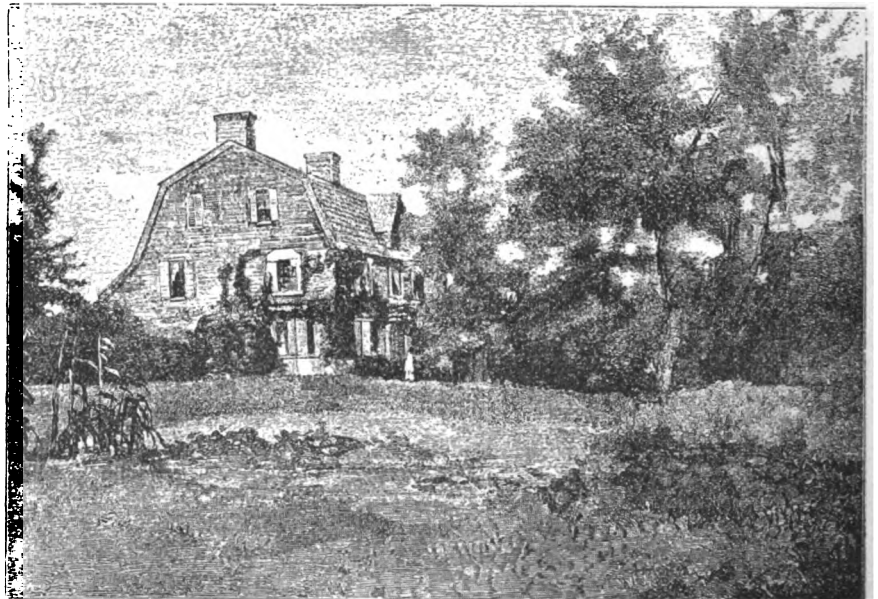
THE YOUNG MINISTER.

By 18 Ralph was out of college, where, in contrast with two brilliant brothers, he had made little mark. A few years passed, and then, obedient to the family fate, he was ordained as minister of a Boston church. One of our illustrations reproduces the "Order of Services" at the young man's ordination. (The original was found a few years ago among the papers of a Boston minister who took part in the service. It must be an almost unique copy and

our reproduction is probably the first one ever made.) This was in 1829, by which time nearly all the leading Boston churches had become full "Unitarian," his own, the "Second Church," among the others. "That young man will make another Channing," said a hearer in Dr. Channing's church on a Sunday when Emerson preached there on exchange. "One day there came into our pulpit the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn and made the first prayer as an angel might have read and prayed," said a hearer in New Bedford. Yet in three years and a half the radiant youth resigned his pulpit and the ministry. Not that he disliked the work, or was unsuccessful in it. It was simply that he could no longer sympathetically administer the "Lord's Supper." He told his people why: that the rite claimed a sanction that did not belong to it in the intent of Jesus: that its oriental symbolism was no longer fitted to our tastes; but chiefly, that the exaggerated value set upon the form, the insisting on it as a vital thing, was to confound the substance of Christianity with its shadow. To-day most Unitarians agree with young Emerson about this matter, but then his people loved their rite, and so in all gentleness and good will they parted.

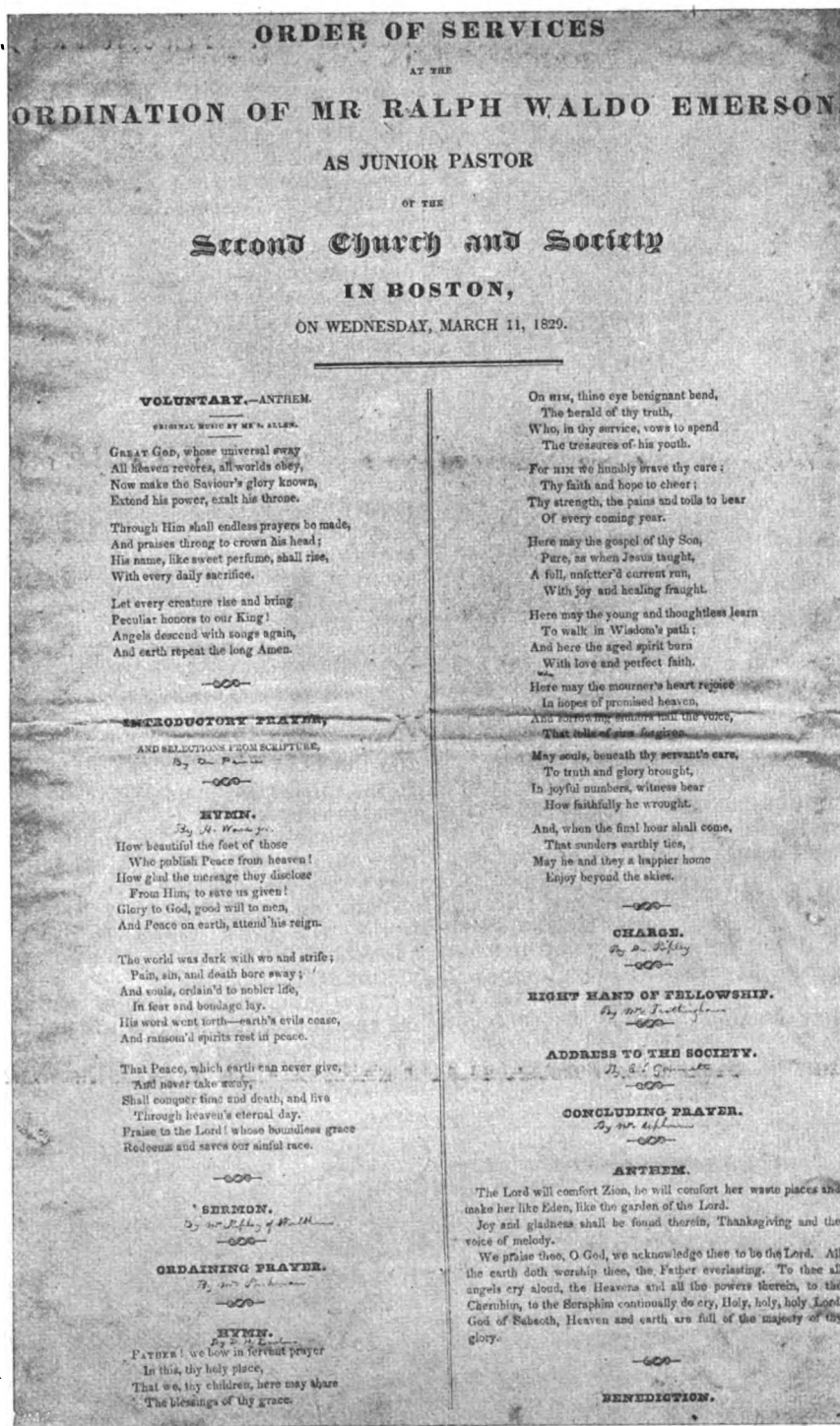
AT CONCORD.

He went to Europe for a little while, where his greatest sight was neither Rome nor Paris, but Carlyle, Carlyle hard to find in his Scotch heather, and little listened to by men as yet. It was the beginning of the historic friendship, which after the many years lies chronicled in the "Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson." Then home again, and now to Concord (1834), where he soon bought his house, brought a young wife, and settled down to a thinker's



EMERSON'S FIRST CONCORD HOME.

(Where he wrote part of his "Nature," and Hawthorne his "Mosses from an Old Manse.")



(From the original print.)

quiet life. And now, being about thirty years of age, the real Ralph Waldo Emerson began to teach. His daily walk among the woods and hills; his books—there were not many of them; his thinking—the chief part of his day; the crystallizing of his thoughts in paged and indexed journals; the quarrying of his lectures from these journals, the lecturing itself, and from time to time the gathering of the lectures into a printed book—in this peaceful work he lived until he died. But if peaceful, it was earnest work, as of one enlisted in a service. If the Arctic explorer's tale of daring toil

woke any shame in the scholar's heart, it showed, he said, that the scholar was not toiling as he ought. And it was no hermit's life he led; "society and solitude" was the double motto of his days. Such essays of his as "The American Scholar" (1837), "Literary Ethics," and, again, "The Scholar" (1876), and such poems as those called "Saadi" and "The Poet" are autobiographic of his method and ideal. "Books are for the scholar's idle times." "There can be no scholar without the heroic mind." "Truth shall be policy enough for him." "A great soul will be strong to live as

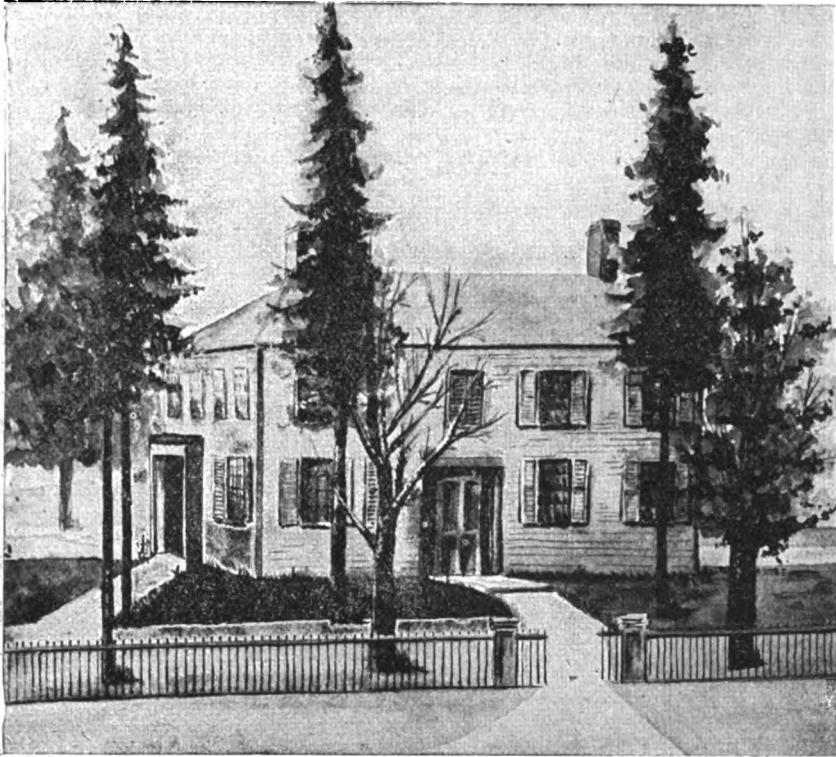
well as strong to think." "The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims."

THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT.

The first ten years in Concord were Emerson's ripening season, and this same period (1834-44) covered that upheaval of the New England mind that is called the "Transcendental Movement." Of this movement Emerson was the recognized center, but in close connection with him stood Alcott, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Theodore Parker and others. It was a general strike for intellectual and spiritual independence; a dissent all along the line from the traditional authorities in literature, philosophy, science, education, philanthropy, family and social customs, and religion: so it took many shapes, some of them comical, most of them crude, yet not a few of them the beginnings of needed and enduring reforms. "Brook Farm" was one phase of it; the "Transcendental Club" and Miss Fuller's "Conversations" another; rough "Come-outer" Conventions and the rise of the "Investigator" another. The philanthropies were all astir. In these days rose Anti-slavery and Woman's Rights and Non-resistance, while Temperance and Educational Reform took on new energies. All this, besides a cackling brood of minor *isms*, *ologies* and *pathies*. It is all far enough away from to-day to be romantic ground, and many writers have described it, some seriously, some laughingly; Hawthorne in his "Blithedale Romance," Lowell in his "Thoreau" and his "Fable for Critics," Frothingham in his "Transcendentalism in New England" and his "Life of Parker," Emerson himself in such essays as his "Transcendentalism," "The Young American," "New England Reformers" and "Historic Notes."

THE LECTURER.

Emerson was related to the movement chiefly on the side of philosophy and religion, the side on which it was the continuation and transfiguration of the early Unitarianism. He never joined his friends at Brook Farm in their experiment of transcendental family life. And not till later did he give much active sympathy to the Abolitionists. Although he always had a prompt, brave word for any cause that won his faith, at no time in his life was he a man of the reform organizations. Still less was he himself an organizer. The little magazine he helped to found, called the *Dial* (1840-44), and his winter lectures, gave him his opportunity for self-expression. Within those first ten years at Concord all the addresses that make the first three volumes of his works were written, and they contain the substance of his whole life's thought. In 1836 he printed anonymously his earliest book, a very little one but with nothing small about its title. "Nature," and even its few pages seem to hold in embryo nearly all he ever said. Its language was so new



EMERSON'S LATER CONCORD HOME.

that it took eleven or twelve years, it is said, to sell five hundred copies of the beautiful and mystic poem-in-prose.

But, "Nature" and his poems in verse excepted, almost everything he wrote reached the public first in lecture-forms. Outside of the churches, and outside of the college, he created a new profession in New England—that of lecturer. For seven successive winters (1834-1841) he hired his hall in Boston and gave his evening course. "Biography," "English Literature," "The Philosophy of History," "Human Culture," "Human Life," "The Present Age," "The Times"—were his roomy subjects. What these evenings were to the little audiences depended on the ears that listened. One wise man said frankly, "I don't understand him—but my girls do." John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, deposits judgment in his diary thus: "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, after falling in the everyday vocations of a Unitarian preacher and a schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies." On the other hand, the question that went laughing round certain Boston circles when Emerson's first boy was born in 1836, "Was the child born with wings?" meant something besides mock. And that there were ears that tingled and hearts that throbbed, we know from what the young poet James Russell Lowell told us in his essay called "Emerson

the Lecturer": "Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. He put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious

of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us."

Now and then, on invitation, he gave some single notable address, like the oration on "The American Scholar" at Cambridge, in 1837; and the address before the Divinity School of Harvard College, in 1838; the former well called by Dr. Holmes "our intellectual Declaration of Independence," and the latter causing a sensation as profound in the religious as the other in the literary circles,—people debating whether Emerson were a Christian, a pantheist, or an atheist. Probably few thought him the first; even the Unitarians were very uncertain of that. Yet Father Taylor—that star that slipped from heaven to light a sailors' Bethel—Father Taylor, the Methodist, said of this same young man: "I have laid my ear close to his heart, and never heard any jar in the machinery; he is more like Jesus than anybody else I have ever known. Should he go to hell, it would change the climate and emigration would set that way."

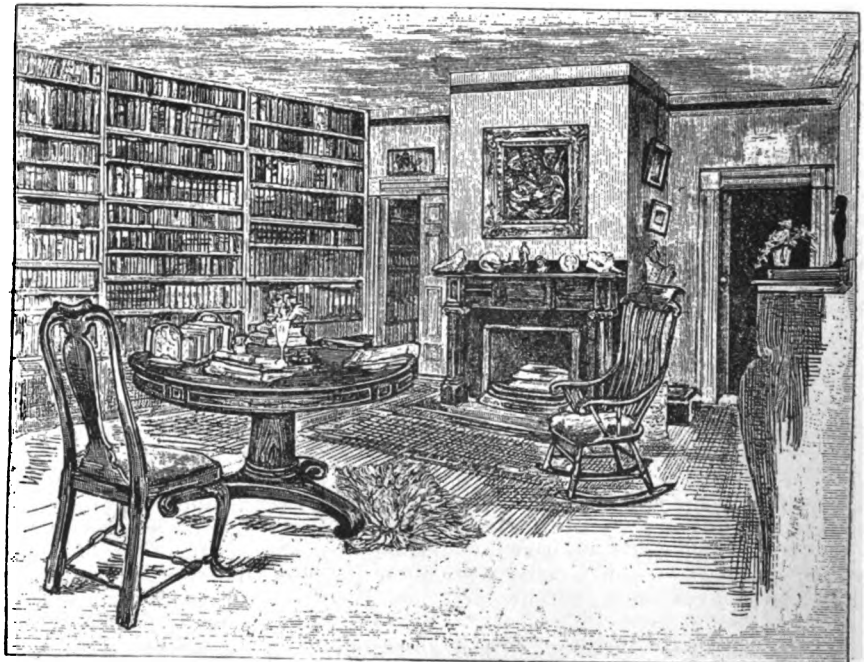
THE FAITHS OF EMERSON.

Ceasing to write sermons, Emerson had begun, unconsciously to himself and to the world, to write scriptures. In his earlier lectures he preached a constant gospel of self-reliance:

"Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist." "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." "Defeated all the time, and yet to victory born."

"It is in rugged crisis, in unweariable endurance, and in aims which put

"Books are for the scholar's idle times."
"Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst."
—R. W. E.



EMERSON'S LIBRARY.

"I visit occasionally the Cambridge library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already within the four walls of my study at home."
—R. W. E.

sympathy out of question, that the angel is shown. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold."

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion: it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

But the individual was thus sacred as an inlet of the universal spirit. Emerson was no systematic philosopher. He neither borrowed formulas from philosophic idealism, nor cared

Newly, startlingly, inspiringly, as one having authority and not as the scribes speaking from tradition. Concerning each of these high faiths listen for a moment to his own words.

1. *The Soul and Over-Soul.*—"There is no bar or wall in the Soul, where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins" "We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related: the eternal One. . . . When it breathes through his intellect, it is

the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides." "A cultivated man, wise to know and bold to perform, is the end to which nature works, and the education of the will is the flowering and result of all this geology and astronomy." "Character is nature in its highest form."

And of Jesus, "Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me."

3. *The Spiritual Laws.*—"These divine laws execute themselves, they are out of time, out of space, and not

"The good River-God has taken the form of my vallant Henry Thoreau here, and introduced me to the riches of his shadowy, star-lit, moon-lit stream. Through one field we went to the boat, and then left all time, all science, all history behind us, and entered into nature with one stroke of the paddle."—R. W. Emerson.



ON CONCORD RIVER ("MUSKETAQUIT").

"Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsate fit
Through thee, as thou through Concord plain."

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through man, through nature fleet,
Through love and thought, through power and dream."
—R. W. Emerson.

to elaborate a system of his own. He simply affirmed and reaffirmed certain insights of his own mind. And what were these—what ideas stand as equivalent and synonym today for "Emerson"? It is not hard to tell, so constantly does he repeat them. They were:

1. The Soul, the Over-Soul, and the essential oneness of the two.
2. The One Miracle of Nature.
3. The fact of self-enacting Spiritual Laws, and the unity of these laws with those which hold in the world of matter.
4. The "Beautiful Necessity" by which, according to these laws, all things work for truth and right forever.
5. The Source of Religion in the Ought, the Sovereignty of Ethics, and the progress of religion from theology to morals.

Nothing new in any part of this. Only he said it newly for his day.

genius: when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love."

"If a man is at heart just, then in so far as he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice."

"Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line, Severing rightly his from thine, Which is human, which divine."

2. *The One Miracle of Nature.*—"Other world! There is no other world. God is one and omnipresent; here or nowhere is the whole fact." "The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common." "But the word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression; it is Monster. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain."

"It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato, and the preaching of the immortality of

subject to circumstance. Thus in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted."

"The laws of material nature run up into the invisible world of the mind" "The axioms of physics translate the laws of ethics."

"I look for the new teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."

4. *The Power that Makes for Righteousness.*—"The primordial atoms are predetermined to moral issues." "There is a force always at work to

make the best better and the worst good." "The Law alive and beautiful works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it." "The law is the basis of the human mind. In us, it is inspiration; out there in Nature, we see its fatal strength. We call it the moral sentiment."

"In the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

5. *The Sovereignty of Ethics.*—"The sentiment of virtue is the essence of all religion." "All the victories of religion belong to the moral sentiment." "Men talk of 'mere morality,' which is much as if one should say: 'Poor God, with nobody to help him.'" "I consider theology to be the rhetoric of morals. The mind of this age has fallen away from theology to morals. I conceive it an advance."

"The next age will behold God in the ethical laws—as mankind begins to see them in this age, self-equal, self-executing, instantaneous and self-affirmed, needing no voucher, no prophet, and no miracle besides their own irresistibility; and will regard natural history, private fortunes and politics, not for themselves, as we have done, but as illustrations of those laws, of that beatitude and love. Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the One breaks in everywhere."

HIS INFLUENCE.

A prophet was among us. Whatever else he was, Emerson was that. To himself he seemed a poet, poet rather than philosopher; and in this most men would agree with him. He wrote to his betrothed before their marriage: "I am born a poet—of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, be sure, is very husky, and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially of the correspondences between these and those." But some name more direct than poet we need for him, some name implying the ever present attitude of worship in the man and the revelation in his word and the exaltation that he wrought in others. "Priest of the intellect" Alcott called him. "He brought you face to face with the infinite in humanity," said Henry James. "The friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," Matthew Arnold said. That was the impression that Emerson made when here; that is the impression that he is making now, and making more and more as years go by. His audience is widening fast. He seems to be a spiritual solvent of the churches. The "Emerson classes" hold Roman Catholic and Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Jew, Unitarian and the unchurched, side by side, all finding unity in him, and all finding

uplift. Yet what he said was equivalent to a searching criticism of the current Christianity of these churches. For the prophet must needs be critic. Now and then his words hit hard, as in the Divinity School Address; now and then a quiet sentence stung, as when he spoke of "the pale negations of Boston Unitarianism." He was a Unitarian logically developed and spiritually transfigured, but the increment was large enough to clear him of the name and of all sectarian names. But he was always in sympathy with the Church and Christianity in the broad sense. His name and Theodore Parker's will always be connected, and with right, for those



R. W. EMERSON, ABOUT 1859.

five great faiths of Emerson glowed full as brightly in the heart of Parker. But in two respects the connection is a contrast. What Emerson uttered without plot or plan, Parker tried to formulate into a system. Parker was the Paul of Transcendentalism. And whereas Parker in his method of reform was a son of thunder, Emerson was—in Holmes' graceful phrase—"an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship."

HIS LATER YEARS.

If those first ten years at Concord were the ripening season, the productive years stretched on for twenty or thirty more. But there is little more to tell in a sketch so short as this. His outward life had in it very few events. A "spiritual biography," such as Mr. Cabot has written, is the only kind that can be written of him, and few biographies so charming of this kind have been given to the world. Always he remained the

quiet thinker, always the knightly scholar, always the careful fashioner of sentences, always the lecturer. As early as 1847, when he made a second trip to England, he found a distinguished welcome. And everywhere his welcome grew, until his winters regularly held a long lecture trip through the West. Few knew him intimately. Nature had gifted him to be her solitary thinker, and did not frustrate that gift with the other gift of easy access. Yet there are few great men whose courtesy has bred more anecdote; for "he encountered each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he would impart." He was a revered friend to many—to the plain farmers and the children of his village as well as to the strangers who came from distant lands to see him. Of his face and manner, so simple, so sincere and so serene, the friends who knew him best are fond of quoting the lines written of Sir Philip Sidney—

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace.

A full assurance given by looks.

Continual comfort in a face.

The lineaments of Gospel books."

A few years before his death his memory ebbed away in all its channels; but the ebbing of the thought-streams seemed to lay bare to plainer view the under-beauty of his nature—the serenity, the courtesy, the humility that had so long been loved as "Emerson." On April 27, 1882, he died. And now the pilgrims seeking Concord go to "Sleepy Hollow," where his grave and those of Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts lie. They find him resting at the foot of a great pine tree; the only stone a shining mountain rock, and on the rock no name.

A NOBLE little Emerson Anthology will be found in *Unity Mission Tract No. 20*. It contains 125 passages from the essays and poems, grouped under seven subjects.—the Over Soul, Nature and Man, the Moral Law, Character, the Heart of Love, the Immortal Life, the One Religion: Selected by W. C. Gannett. Price 5 cents: 10 copies, 25 cents.—Emerson's "Divinity School Address" is printed complete as *Unity Mission Tract No. 8*. Five cents; 10 for 25 cents. Both for sale by UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

TWO IN TEN.—An exceedingly interesting report of a postal mission gives this extract from a letter: "I will try to lend your literature; I am particularly anxious to influence a friend who recently told her daughter that ten out of twelve persons would be lost eternally! Said poor — to me: 'I wonder which two out of our family will be saved; there are ten brothers and sisters.'" Comment would almost spoil; but it will bear a good deal of thinking about.

—*The Coming Day.*

NO REAL child of God wants to go to heaven alone.

RESURGAM.

Autumn fades and for the last time
 Falls the robin's evening lay,
 Like a happy note of morning
 Trembling down the dying day.
 Fallen leaves are all around us,
 Memories haunt the word and wold,
 And we recognize "Resurgam"
 Written in the season's gold.

Naught there is but has a future.
 Bird or blossom, bud or bee;
 Shall God give to them the morning
 And deny the dawn to me?
 Nay, I will not, dare not doubt it:
 Never was immortal curse,
 And the promise, the *resurgam*
 Is for all God's universe.

Though the pride of man proclaim Him
 And His weal heaven's only care,
 Still within His soul must linger
 Doubts that whisper low, "*Beware!*"
 If God counts the falling sparrows,
 Think you that the count is vain?
 Wherefore count or men or sparrows,
 If the dead shall dead remain?

BENJ. S. PARKER.

New Castle, Ind.

"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."
 "He who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now."



"THE SHINING MOUNTAIN ROCK."

"What is excellent
 As God lives, is permanent;
 Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
 Heart's love will meet thee again."
 —R. W. Emerson.

The Study Table

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The bouquets of Christmas blossoms are already being gathered. The first splendid bunch of beauties is handed us by the Lee & Shepard publishing house. Four elegant witnesses to the rapid advance of the typographic art. The first is Julia C. R. Dorr's "Periwinkle," illustrated in charcoal by Zulma DeLacey Steele. The poet's

"Tinkle, tinkle,
 Periwinkle!"

finds a woody setting in these eighteen bits of rusticity which come,

cool and fresh, with a mid-summer atmosphere. The next is the ever-expected annual from Irene Jerome, whose decorative work each year shows a growing grasp on art, and also a deepening confidence in her hand on the part of the publisher. This year she has left the woods and birds and confined herself chiefly to the pansy with conventionalized settings of scroll work in gold. Miss Jerome is always happy in her letter text, which this year includes selections from "H. H.," Emerson, Chadwick, Gannett, Susan Coolidge, Paul H. Hayne, and the deathless Scripture. It all makes a beautiful little sermon in color and melody on the text, "I Had a Friend."

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" continues to hold the artists as did the grim sailor the wedding guest. They cannot forego its inspiration and so they try to illustrate a text that always outreaches the pictures. J. Noah Paton, R. S. A., is the one who has tried it this year. He has come near enough to the text to make a series of pictures cold, severe, and yet wild, which, together with F. H. Underwood's introductory note, will conquer again a new file of children

will have vitality quite beyond the holiday season. To perpetuate the fancy of the bouquet, this publishing house ties up the bunch with a pretty little "All the Year Round" Calendar, each month being domineered over by a heart-winning little miss in red.

The G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, hand us a handful of immortelles, deathless flowers, put up in beautiful but durable vest-pocket form. They are books that will really get into the pocket and will be read all the year round. If you want a seventy-five cent little book for a present, you ought to find here something you like, for the series contains Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," Matthew Arnold's "Study of Poetry," Ruskin's "Ideas of Truth," De Quincey's "Conversation," and Rossetti's "The House of Life." These are well named "Literary Gems."

THE GREAT REMEMBRANCE and Other Poems. By Richard Wat-on Gilder. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

The beautiful appearance of this volume, with its golden lotus on a milk-white ground, is what it should be for a visible sign of the contents. There is here no new revelation. Some time since Mr. Gilder took his line, and here he follows it with unabated dignity and strength, but with no visible access of fresh power. Yet is he most satisfactory within his narrow range. The workmanship is wholly beautiful. It is like that of low relief in marble. This sinless artist never drapes his goddess warm. He is not a colonist and the modeling of the high relief or statue is not here. Deep feeling and lofty sentiment are here, but passion there is none, or it is held in perfect intellectual restraint. The poem which names the volume so loftily, "The Great Remembrance," is so strong and fine that those of us who knew Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" by heart can read this with sincere delight, and it could hardly win from us a better praise than this. One very interesting thing about Mr. Gilder is that with his profound idealism there goes along a certain opportunism. His imagination is easily touched to the fine issues of patriotism and such current events as have in them a heart of poetry for the discerning eye. We have here in proof of this a series of sonnets on the "Vanishing City" of the Columbian Exposition and "The White City." Those whose principle is *nil admirari* will be astonished by these bursts of cordial sympathy and praise. The relations of Lowell and Gilder were so honorable to both that we read the tribute to Lowell almost as if we had read it in some pre-existent state. In several other poems Mr. Gilder allows himself "the delights of admiration"; in one for Tennyson, in another for Booth, in another for Paderewski's playing, a poem full of sympathy and with the ability to find

the word and phrase to fit the thing. "How Death May Make a Man" is the strongest poem in the book: the theme has made the poet more virile than he is commonly; not more so than he has been at times before now. He is never better than in his songs, and here there are several "short swallow flights," of which "Fades the Rose" has a peculiar charm. The sonnet "The Unknown" suggests a doubt whether "How Death May Make a Man" is the strongest in the book. At any rate it has the stronger motion. J. W. C.

OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THRO' FRANCE AND ITALY. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. A new edition, with appendix. New York: The Century Co. Crown 8vo. \$1.50.

First in the pages of the *Century Magazine*, and second in an edition made for better times than these, the substance of this book has been to many readers "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In this new edition, which is as beautiful as any one should desire, and which is printed with every charm of pretty affectation, there are many more illustrations than there were in the *Century* articles. These illustrations are the work of an artist who has drunk deeply at Whistler's spring and carries the suggestiveness of his sketching very far. That sometimes it verges upon caricature in the treatment of the human figure and sometimes crosses the line is hardly for the better. But there is no irreverent treating of the landscape or the architectural features of the journey. This was "sentimental" only as following in part the course of Lawrence Sterne's. It is far from sentimental in its treatment of things seen and heard along the way. It is all very bright, but sometimes the *staccato* movement is a little wearisome. We would have some alternation of a calmer flow. The detour from Sterne's track to Barbizan furnishes one of the most interesting chapters. One sometimes wonders if any two people in the world have had a better time together than Mr. and Mrs. Pennell on their tricycling travels. The writer of this notice, remembering how he found them in the Vicar's Close of Wells Cathedral, can testify that they attempt to lure their readers with no counterfeited joy. J. W. C.

IN AMAZON LAND Adaptations from Brazilian Writers, with Original Selections. By Martha F. Sesselberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 94. \$1.50.

This book has that uncertain degree of value which belongs to whatever treats of a little known land and people. It is made up of stories, sketches, legends, descriptions of customs and recollections. Much of the book is translation,—how much it

would be impossible to tell, were it not for the execrable English (if English it may be called) of certain parts of the work. We are surprised that G. P. Putnam's Sons should allow such work to go out under their name; for not only are the selections poorly made, the original being mutilated and mistranslated, but the punctuation and proof-reading are wretched. On page 3 we have anthropological for anthropogical; and this is but one of many disfigurements which the large, clear type, excellent paper and broad margins, only serve to emphasize. On the whole it must be said that the book reflects credit on neither author nor publisher. F. W. S.

A Suggestion.

The following letter from an active and successful Sunday-school teacher in Massachusetts contains a hint which we do not feel at liberty to suppress; and so quote her own words:

I have a class of women varying from 30 to 70 years, who come to my corner for what I take them, the result of my explorations among all the religions and isms extant. Not one is there that fails to interest me. The Parliament of Religion has been a rich field yielding abundant harvest. I find the sermons on the Great Teachers, published by the editor of UNITY, an excellent summary to bring things nearer home. I used "Buddha" to-day and should like seven Sundays in close succession for the whole set. I am impatient to use them. If I had a class of girls or boys I should find them just as useful. Now may I suggest that you advertise them for class work. How much better than the prosy text-books with their "Who next" and "What then?"

THE MAGAZINES,

THE November *Forum* is a notable number, containing articles by Dr. von Holst, Paul Bourget, Gen. Badeau, Walter H. Page, W. M. Payne and Dr. Felix Adler. Dr. von Holst is an interesting rhetorician: none would say that he writes profoundly on the theme, "Shall the Senate Rule the Republic?" Gen. Badeau has given an admirable picture of Hamilton Fish, Grant's great Secretary of State, the man who showed "that high character is not inconsistent with an intimate acquaintance with republican politics." The careful and candid consideration of the race question in the South by Mr. Page, under the challenging title, "The Last Hold of the Southern Bully," is a worthy contribution on a very perplexing question. Mr. Payne, associate editor of the *Dial*, offers some practical suggestions on the topic "What a Daily Newspaper Might Be Made." Dr. Adler glances at the aims and purposes of the American ethical societies.

THE ATLANTIC offers its readers three good stories. "The Man from Aidone," a tale of Sicily by Elisabeth Cavazza, with its beautiful touches from the peasant life of a strange

land, takes a tragic turn. Mrs. Catherine writes in her characteristic style, and Craddock's serial "His Vanished Star" is continued. Bradford Torrey takes you a delightful walk in Florida "Along the Hillsborough." Mr. Apthorp treats in a gossipy way of Franz and Dresel, and Mr. Owen Wister has some thoughts on "Catholicity in Musical Taste." "The Hungry Greeklings" is a study of the decline of Greek civilization, written by a recent graduate of Bryn Mawr. High praise is paid to a book, "Irish Idylls," by Jane Barlow. The Contributors' Club has something to say against cleverness as set forth not only in such characters as Evan Harrington and the Egoist, but in everyday people like Mr. Mallock.

THE NORTH AMERICAN has its usual variety of articles. Mr. Lodge, writing on "Obstruction in the Senate," shows clearly the present condition of affairs in our upper house. Courtesy has hitherto permitted unlimited debate in the Senate without insuring opportunity to vote. "A simple rule giving the majority power to fix a time for taking a vote upon any measure which has been before the Senate and under discussion, say, for thirty days, would be all sufficient" to remedy the evil. Mr. Pinkerton says a timely word in favor of Congressman Caldwell's bill, recently introduced into the House of Representatives, to place train-robbery under the jurisdiction of the United States courts. "The Revision of the Belgian Constitution" sets forth a recent change which has for its object the enlargement of the franchise in Belgium. H. B. L.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS. By Irene E. Jerome. (Book of Selections.) Illuminated in Missal Style. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Paper boards, gilt edges, 7x10 inches. Boxed. \$2.

PERIWINKLE. By Julia C. R. Dorr. Illustrated from drawings (86) in charcoal by Zulma De Lacy Steele. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 8½x11 inches. Boxed. \$3.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated in outline by J. Noel Patton, R. S. A.; with an introductory note by Francis H. Underwood, LL. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, gilt edges, 7½x11 inches. Boxed. \$2.

OUR COLONIAL HOMES. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated by 20 large half-tone engravings. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 7½x11½ inches, pp. 211. Boxed. \$3.50.

RAMBLES IN HISTORIC LANDS: Travels in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France and England. By Peter J. Hamilton, A. M. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 301. \$1.75.

MUSIC from J. Fischer & Bro., New York. HAIL TO THE DAY. Solo and chorus Christmas anthem. By A. Diobelli. 20 cents. PRAISE YE THE LORD. Solo and chorus. By J. Wiegand. 35 cents. ANGEL HANDS IN STRAINS SWEET SOUNDING. Solo and chorus. By J. Wiegand. 25 cents.

PRIMER OF PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 210. \$1.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The life of the All must stream through us to make the man and the moment great.

MON.—Let the purpose for which I live be always before me.

TUES.—Every new thought modifies, interprets old problems.

WED.—With every additional step you enhance immensely the value of your first.

THURS.—Every man is furnished, if he will heed it, with wisdom necessary to steer his own boat.

FRI.—Profound sincerity is the only basis of talent as of character.

SAT.—We are often praised for what is least ours.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

From the newly published volume.

EMERSON'S SCHOOL DAYS.

In school and college he was liked for his equable temper and fairness, but was not demonstrative enough to be eminently popular. He was not vigorous in body, and therefore not a champion in athletic sports. He was singularly free from faults, and this was the substratum for his subsequent expans on in character and intellect. Dr. Furness says:

After the public school was dismissed Mr. Webb had a few boys who came to him chiefly to learn to write. Ralph and I used to sit together. I can see him now at his copy-book; quite a laborious operation, it appeared, as his tongue worked up and down with his pen. But then, thank Heaven! he never had any talent for anything,—nothing but pure genius, which talents would have overlaid. Then it was that he wrote verses on the naval victories of the war of 1812. In his last school year Ralph more than once delivered "original poems" on exhibition days, and some of his "themes" so pleased Mr. Gould that he kept them to show to the school committee.

His gift of rhyming was a matter of modest family pride among the brothers, and he was often called upon to exercise it in writing to them when they were separated. In his letters to Edward, who was away from home at the Phillips Academy at Andover, he often passes into verse, as for instance:—

The other day, while scouring knives, I began to hum away at that verse,—

Harp of Memnon, sweetly strung, etc.,

but I really did not think that the harsh melody of the knives sounded quite so sweet as the harp.

Melodious knife, and thou, harmonious sand,
Touched by the poet scourer's rugged hand,
When swift ye glide along the scouring-board,
With music's note your happy bard reward.

Closing another letter,—

And now, dear William, with a rhyme
I'll close,

For you are tired, I may well suppose.
Besides, we soon shall hear the nightly bell

For prayers.—so now farewell.

He always recurred with much amusement to his brother Charles's disgust at being held up to school as,—

Another brother, small and younger too,

New to the school and to his studies new,

Hath here received instruction of that kind

To banish all its dulness from the mind.

The last two lines he thought particularly delightful.

In one of his letters to Edward:

Aunt's only message to you is, Be brave; that is, do not be cast down by thoughts of home. I have begun *Tele-machus* in French at Miss Sales', and at home I am reading Priestley's 'Lectures on History.' Mother thinks you had better try to borrow 'Charles XII.' or some other history to amuse you during vacation. But as even nonsense sounds good if cloth'd in the dress of Poetry, I believe I must resort to that as my last expedient:—

So erst two brethren climbed the cloud capp'd hill,

Ill-fated Jack and long-lamented Jill,
Snatched from the crystal font its lucid store,
And in full pails the precious treasure bore.
But, ah! by dull forgetfulness oppress'd
(Forgive me, Edward), I've forgot the rest.

Yours,

RALPH.

—From *Cabot's Life of Emerson*.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children who had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region, inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings—a boy and a girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother's love peered into their faces, one after another, but there was nothing in any that she could claim; nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft, clear notes, began a simple song she used to sing her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and girl sprang from the group, exclaiming: "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.

—*The Scholars' Companion*.

'Tis not new facts that avail, but
the heat to dissolve everybody's facts.
—Emerson, in *Society and Solitude*.

INTO PATHS OF LIGHT.

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

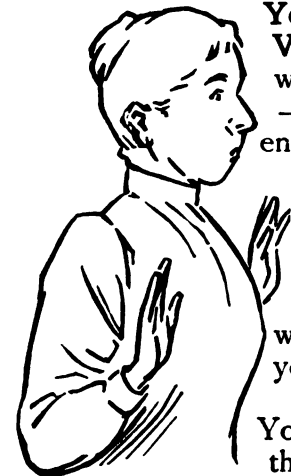
Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels
Walking every day;
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.

Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph,
Standing near the throne.

—Lucy Larcom.



You
Wonder
why Mrs.
—is so
enthusiastic
about
Washing
Compounds?
You
wouldn't, if
you knew
the facts.
You'll find
that she is

using **Pearline**, instead of the poor and perhaps dangerous imitation of it that you are trying to wash with. You mustn't think that all Washing Compounds are alike. **Pearline** is the original and the best. Millions know it. So does every peddler, though to sell you his stuff he tells you that it's the "same as" **Pearline**. Beware of imitations 345 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON XIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Matt. xxi. 1-17.

*The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.*

—Bayard Taylor.

Picture: Cleansing of the Temple, by Hofmann.

Can this be the same man whom we saw in the picture of two weeks ago, then fondling little children with tender smile, now swinging a scourge with stern, threatening face? The voice that was so gentle when he spoke to the penitent vibrates now with strong indignation. He who was tender with little children is brave in the presence of wrong, and he who loved and pitied the outcasts is daring enough when a perilous deed of righteousness must be done.

What is the story of the picture?—

At the end of his last journey to Jerusalem Jesus entered the city in triumph and drove the traffickers from the temple.

To understand this picture we must review the last few days of Jesus' life. Soon after the transfiguration, Jesus set out for Jerusalem to attend the Passover feast. He did not travel alone, for many pilgrims were taking the same journey, and in all the Galilean caravans there was suppressed excitement over the thrilling intimations that came from the disciples of Jesus. However it may have originated the Passover had become the great feast of deliverance: it looked backward to the miracle by which God led his people out of Egypt, and it looked forward, also, to the future Messiah who should work an even greater deliverance for the people of God. At no other time were the signs of Roman authority so odious and Messianic hopes so ardent. Hence a mere hint that the Messiah was actually at hand, there he was with his twelve disciples, was enough at Passover season to kindle the wildest hopes and raise the most desperate valor. Late in the afternoon, the company of which Jesus is central figure reaches the little village of Bethany on the eastern side of Olivet; here Jesus stays over night in the house of his friends, Lazarus, Mary and Martha, while the excited pilgrims hasten over the hills to enter Jerusalem before nightfall. In the morning Jesus himself, with his disciples, starts for the city. His friends are wildly excited, for he who has declared himself the Messiah is on his way to the city of David; they run before him shouting and praising God. Following the road that leads over the shoulder of Olivet they catch sight of the city and the temple glorious with marble and gold. As with louder

shouts of rejoicing they rush down into the valley, those who had preceded him the night before and have been watching for his coming, swarm out of the city gates with triumphant cries and hurry to meet him, as at the feast of Tabernacles the city dwellers went forth to greet approaching pilgrims. The two companies meet, and when Jesus is seen riding on an ass's foal, as if in designed fulfillment of an ancient prophecy concerning the Messiah, the excitement turns into frenzy. Tearing branches from the trees that line the road and casting their garments down to carpet his way, the swaying crowd bears Jesus along into Jerusalem. Straight to the temple he goes, and there, with the almost delirious multitudes at his back, he breaks in upon the chaffering vendors and thieving money-changers with a passionate scorn that stops not short of violence. Overwhelmed by the sudden in-rushing of such a tumultuous mob, overawed by the personality of Jesus, always impressive but never more than when, as now, he was filled with passionate indignation, the desecrators of the temple made haste to escape. Then Jesus went back over the hill to pass the night in the quiet home of his friends.

Why did Jesus allow this demonstration?—Because he was convinced that he was the Messiah, and therefore would enter Jerusalem as the Messiah should.

This "triumphant entry into Jerusalem" is the most puzzling scene in the life of Jesus. It seems so utterly unlike him that we are disposed to believe it cannot actually have happened. Moreover, there are discrepancies in the accounts: (a) According to Mark the purification of the temple took place on the day after the "triumphal entry," according to Matthew and Luke on the same day. In this Mark is clearly wrong, for this act requires for its successful accomplishment just such a state of excitement in Jesus and his followers as the events of "Palm Sunday" imply. (b) In Matthew's narrative there is an odd misunderstanding of the prophecy quoted from Zechariah, which has led the author or editor into a gross absurdity that is cleverly covered up by the Revised Version. In the original passage in Zechariah only one animal is referred to—"riding upon an ass, even upon a colt, the foal of an ass." But "Matthew" mistook the common Hebrew idiom, and hence introduces two animals, upon both of which in some unexplained way Jesus rides into Jerusalem. (c) In the Fourth Gospel is a story like this in the Synoptists', only it is placed at the beginning of Jesus' ministry instead of at the end of it (John ii. 13-22). Yet if the purification of the temple really occurred at all it is far more natural to place it in the setting of the Synoptists than in that of John. To one who believes that Jesus never proclaimed himself Messiah at all, or Messiah only in a purely spiritual sense, this episode must appear totally incredible. But in these lessons we have adopted a different view, one of the merits of which is that it makes the event of Palm Sunday perfectly explicable. Jesus had avowed himself the Messiah, and was now coming to Jerusalem fully expecting to fulfill there the prediction relating to the suffering Messiah. But

he was the Messiah, and therefore he would assume his rightful honor and authority. Keim quotes a passage from the Talmud, of uncertain date, to the effect that if the Israelites are good, Messiah will come in the clouds of heaven, but if they are not good, then riding on an ass. It is unlikely that such a saying would have arisen after the time of Jesus, and it may be, therefore, that this interpretation of the passage in Zechariah was in the mind of Jesus when he mounted the ass's colt. As Messiah both by public declaration and by symbolic act he would ride into Jerusalem, though knowing perfectly well that this testimony would contribute to bring about his death. As Messiah, too, he had the right to put the substance of his preaching into a conspicuous object lesson, and purify the temple, his Father's house, which the hucksters were desecrating. If we accept the idea of Jesus' belief in himself as the Messiah, this public display becomes entirely comprehensible and the undertone of pathos heard in all the events of the day is perfectly natural.

Why did Jesus cleanse the temple?—Because he felt that the abuses which he attacked were opposed to the true worship of God.

After all, it is not to be wondered at that he should have found in the temple what he did. When worshipers from abroad wished to make their money offering to the temple, it must be not in foreign but in Jewish coin. Hence there was need of money-changers, and where could they be stationed more conveniently than in the outer court of the temple? If animals were to be offered in sacrifice, where could the rich man more easily procure his lamb, or the poor man his doves, than in the temple where the offering was to be made? So presumably the custom arose of having money-changers and vendors of sacrificial offerings in the sacred precincts.

The cries of the animals, the noise of buyer and seller, and above all the sharp and unjust bargaining which seems to have been practiced, had undoubtedly offended many a man besides Jesus: probably he himself had felt the iniquity of it before, but now he had come to the temple as the Messiah, and therefore it was incumbent upon him to remove the abuses which he found. It was therefore a natural outburst of indignation, to which he gave readier expression because he deemed himself the Messiah.

In a previous lesson we learned that John, the priest's son, disgusted by such scenes as this which met Jesus' eye, had withdrawn to the wilderness with the question of Micah in his heart, and there had learned thoroughly the answer of the ancient prophet (Micah vi. 6-8). Jesus had reached the same general position as John by a revolt from the Pharisees instead of the priests. But now he too has set himself against the priestly as well as against the scribal tendencies, and the priests as well as the Pharisees are bitter against him. Moreover, Rome could not tolerate the presence of one who claimed to be a Messiah, least of all at Jerusalem in Passover week. So by this act Jesus awoke at once the jealous hate of the priests and the suspicion of the Romans, as he had previously angered the Pharisees, and so himself made inevitable the death which he anticipated.

Questions.

The Picture.—Can you think of any other heroes whose characters have exemplified our Golden Verse? What is the scene of this picture, the time? What authority is there for representing Jesus as armed with "a scourge of small cords."

The Entry Into Jerusalem.—What are the difficulties in the account? Was it like Jesus to prepare or countenance such a dramatic display? Do you think that he really did go into Jerusalem in the way described?

The Purification of the Temple.—Why were money-changers and sellers of animals in the temple at all? Whereabouts in the temple were they? Was the temple built like one of our churches? What kind of building was it?

The Temple of God.—What is the real temple of God? What is its inner shrine and what are its outer courts? Can there be real worship within while the outer courts are not pure? What would a purification of the temple mean for us?

For Colds,

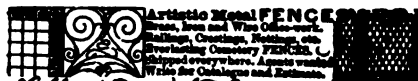
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Croup, Influenza, and
Bronchitis,
use

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THE CONSERVATOR.

Published Monthly in Support of the Ethical Movement.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

—ADDRESS—

THE CONSERVATOR, Philadelphia, Pa.

Notes from the Field

Chicago.—Kinza Ringe Hirai, the Buddhist priest and philosopher of Japan, who made such a sensation at the Parliament by his account of the way Christian nations treated Japan, and B. B. Nagarkar, the colleague of Mozoomdar in the Brahma Somaj of India, have been speaking at many of our churches to the great acceptance of their hearers. Some thirty or forty places have had the pleasure of hearing them, calls having come from as far north as Duluth and as far south as Atlanta. Mr. Hirai goes East early in December, as the guest of Mrs. S. G. W. Benjamin, New Brighton, N. Y., and from there he will go to Philadelphia to speak before the Unitarian Club on December 21st. He will return by the way of New England, probably stopping a few weeks in Chicago during February, and then going on to the Pacific coast to take ship for Japan, leaving a host of fast friends behind him. Mr. Nagarkar will spend the holidays in Chicago, and then pay a visit of five or six weeks to California, returning in March to make his way East, and reach England by May. Friends along the route of these two travelers will miss a rare treat if they fail to hear them speak as they pass by.

We shall also have a chance to hear two other speakers from the Orient, as the following pathetic little letter shows:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, CHICAGO, ILL.

We read a book "What Do Unitarians Believe?" and found that the Unitarians are always ready to accept the truth and reject the untruth. It is a best Maxim. There is no higher religion than truth. We found in this book that it was written under the subject of "Bible," page 18, which we quote here: "Every race has its Bible, and all scripture is given by inspiration. But little as we know as yet concerning the ethnic scriptures,—the Vedas, Zendavest, Shu Kings, and Quran we know enough to see that the Jewish and Christian sacred books are greatly superior to them in literary, moral and religious value, and this because they flowed out of a higher conception of God and man and human duty, and out of a nearer converse with the Divine.

Dear sir, as it is said that as little we know as yet concerning the ethnic scriptures, then we ask how the final opinions are passed, or can be passed, that the Jewish and Christian sacred book are "superior to them in," etc. As we are Vedic missionaries working in the United States, are ready to show dark or light side of Vedas—as in literary we may tell you that our Sanskrit language in which the Vedas are written is more complete and copious than the Hebrew or any other language, such as Latin, Greek, etc., and our language is full. Jewish or Christian sacred books are written in the Hebrew, so it shows that in literary the Vedas are the first. Next to it, in morality: Our Vedas are full of it; perhaps, and here we doubt that you may believe it because you are or may be well familiarized with the translation of the Vedas by the European scholars, such as Max Mueller, Monier Williams and such others. Their translations are totally wrong, as proved if you read the books given in the list which I send to you for your perusal, and send for if you are interested in finding the truth,—then you will come to know that how far the European scholars have been partial and guilty to mislead the people from the path of truth. In the morality and in the religious values the Vedas you will find, if inquirer, the best authorities and acceptable by all. If you will allow us to let you know, then we shall write you now and then about the morality and religious values of the Vedas. Don't take us as Hindus. This is the cause that the Light of the Vedas is kept in secret by the Brahmins, whom nowadays we call Hindus. It was all done owing to their selfishness while they invented their own religion, Brahmanism, as it was called after them, and which was changed into the word Hinduism when the Mohammedans conquered India. Vedas do teach only Monotheism, but the Hindus applied their meaning to gods and goddesses, wherefrom all other religions of the world sprang up. We shall let you know how the Christianity sprang up and who was Christ and how his teaching came, etc., if we find that you would like to accept the truth. We are going to preach our

religion in this United States, where we found that our ancient Vedic Religion is misrepresented and misunderstood. We guess that the Unitarian Societies in this country would be willing to confess their wrong conception or idea concerning the Vedas. Our lotus are airt about to spread the light of Truth of Vedas. Can you suggest us how can we be able to preach and let the people know all over in the United States. If any one shall come forward to convince us for our truth or untruth we shall be highly obliged, for our principle is:

Accept the Truth and renounce the untruth, Unitarians, say why "the Bible is still the book of books to us for" * * * (read page 18).

If you shall study Vedas you will accept it as your Bible, and must be accepted by the whole human race. Yours very truly,

JINDU RAM,
SIDDHU RAM.

Englewood, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1893.

Has not this letter a lesson for those Christian denominations which are sending missionaries out to the rest of the world?

If any of the churches wish to hear these missionaries, they can be reached at the address given above; and they will be found bright and entertaining in answering the questions of the audience, though their preliminary papers are a trifle tedious, judging from the meeting at Masonic Temple last Sunday evening.

The newly organized WOMAN'S LEAGUE met at the Church of the Messiah on Monday, the 20th, at 2 p. m. The meeting was largely attended and represented a wide range of theological beliefs. The special business in hand was to give the new society a name that should suit all those who wish to work in its organization. After two hours of most friendly debate and conference, one by one the names liberal, religious and progressive were discarded in the interest of the broadest possible freedom, and at the end the name stood as it began; "The Woman's League." Its object is the free discussion of religious and ethical questions. Its President is Mrs. Celia P. Woolley and its Secretary Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon. The next meeting will be held in January, at which time papers will be read and discussed.

Janesville, Wis.—The Wisconsin State Conference will be held in this place Dec. 5-7. Mr. Forbush gives the sermon Tuesday evening. Wednesday is filled by the usual reports in the morning and with papers in the afternoon on "The Church and the Children," by Rev. R. C. Douthit, of Baraboo; and on "The Church and the Young People," by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenboltz, of Hillsdale. In the evening Rev. J. L. Jones gives a sermon on "The Cause of the Toiler." Thursday Rev. C. F. Niles, of Menomonie, gives a paper on "Unity Club Work;" Rev. Loftus Gibb, of Janesville, on "The Church and the Community;" Rev. W. F. Place, of Arcadia, on "The Object of the Liberal Church;" Rev. Lloyd Skinner, of Eau Claire, on "The Obstacles of the Liberal Church;" Rev. J. T. Schindler, of Racine, on "The United Liberal Church." The Conference ends Thursday evening with a platform meeting in which Rev. H. T. Secrist, of Milwaukee, speaks on "The Foundations on Which We Build;" Rev. C. F. Niles, of Menomonie, on "The Purpose for Which We Exist;" and Rev. G. H. Clare, of Madison, on "The Glories of Our Gospel."

Toledo, O.—Brother Jennings and his earnest associates deserve the congratulations of the friends of Liberal religion everywhere for having accomplished an admirable piece of work.

Six years ago he began the tilling of one of the proverbial "burnt fields" about which grim reference is frequently made in Boston when the missionary work of the West is under consideration. And on the 15th inst. there was dedicated a beautiful church-home; compact, artistic, modest and modern, well calculated to do the work of a seven-day church and to carry out the work which its name would suggest,—a "Church of Our Father,"—a church wherein no man will be a stranger. The attendance was good at all the meetings, the interest active, and the spirit hospitable and progressive. Perhaps Mr. Jennings will testify that the ashes of burnt hopes may after all prove under certain circumstances a good fertilizer. Other men labored at Toledo. He entered into their labors and put some more labor onto the field and the thing was accomplished. UNITY extends its congratulations to the Toledo friends. Let others go and do likewise. The new church of Our Father was dedicated November 15 and 16. The church was organized May, 1888. The following was the programme: Wednesday evening, November 15, organ voluntary; opening sentences, minister of church and congregation; hymn. "The forests gave their oak and pine," congregation, led by Mrs. Thomas Biddle; Scripture reading, Rabbi Emanuel Schreiber; prayer, Rev. H. H. Barber, of Meadville, Pa.; response, Gounod; hymn; sermon, Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, Ill.; solo, "The Holy City," Stephen Adams; collection, statement by pastor, followed by Mr. Jones, of Chicago; hymn, No. 88 Unity Collection, congregation; benediction. Thursday morning, November 16, devotional meeting at ten o'clock, led by Rev. George B. Penney, of Marietta, Ohio; paper by Rev. George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, Ohio; paper by Rev. H. H. Barber, of Meadville, Pa.; discussion; recess and luncheon at church; after-dinner speeches of ten minutes each in audience-room of church, by Revs. George A. Thayer, Barber, Sunderland, Penney, Dr. Schreiber, Rev. Charles Cravens, and others. Thursday evening, November 16, organ voluntary, Batiste; opening sentences, by minister and congregation; hymn; Scripture reading, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor; prayer, Rev. George A. Thayer; response, Gottschalk; hymn, congregation; sermon, Rev. Grindall Reynolds; solo "There is a green hill," Gounod; doxology; benediction.

Oakland, Cal.—Now that Mr. Wendte has returned to his parish the Oakland Unitarian Church is full of life and activity. Like so many other churches, it has its course of sociological study, in the form of Sunday evening lectures. Under the auspices of the Starr King Fraternity a course of university extension lectures is being given by Prof. W. H. Hudson, of Stanford University, on "Modern Poetry and Modern Thought." The Unity Club, Woman's Auxiliary, and other auxiliaries of the church are also active. The weekly calendar closes with a broad and sweet statement of the aims of the church,—such a one as UNITY delights to see. Mr. Wendte recently preached on "What I Would Do for Oakland if I Were a Rich Man," and the Oakland Enquirer printed the sermon the following day. From its report we learn that Mr. Wendte would do three things for his city.

He would give it a public library, a conservatory of music, and a park system. And he thinks the need of such public institutions in every city calls to the rich of those cities to supply the need. His sermon was introductory to the series of addresses by laymen on "Present Day Reforms," to be given on Sunday evenings, the first being on "Reasons for the Prevailing Discontent," by Prof. E. E. Ross, of Stanford University.

San Francisco, Cal.—In response to the following letter, addressed by a number of citizens of San Francisco, including Horace Davis, Charles A. Murdock, and other prominent Unitarians, President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, is giving a course of University Extension Lectures to crowded houses, under the auspices of the Pacific Unitarian Conference, upon the following subjects: Factors in Organic Evolution; Heredity; The Struggle for Existence and Survival of the Fittest; Degeneration in Evolution; Do Species Exist? The letter was as follows:

DEAR SIR: The undersigned, representing many in the community who are desirous to hear your exposition of the Scientific Doctrine of Evolution, and the reason for believing it to be the true philosophy of the Laws of Life, respectfully invite you to deliver a course of lectures on this subject at a nearly day in this city, time and place to be decided on hereafter.

Salem, Ore.—Now that the rainy season has begun this society has begun active work. Twice a month the Unity Club meets, once for purely literary work and once for sociological discussion. Twice a month the Junior Unity Club meets for literary work, followed by amusement. Once a month a sociable is held in Channing Hall, which has been partly finished off, and where young and old engage in dancing under the direction of the church members. The sociables of Unity Church are very popular and bring in a considerable revenue. Rev. Mr. Copeland is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures on the religions of the world, in which he quotes largely from the addresses given at the Parliament of Religions. The church is well filled to hear these lectures. Everything in the Unitarian Church of Salem is flourishing.

Tacoma, Wash.—We are very glad that despite the severe business depression from which this city is suffering the increase in membership of the Tacoma Free Church is sufficient to counterbalance the diminution in the financial ability of the old members. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the close of last month to increase the large and growing interest in the church and provide for the coming year.

Wichita, Kan.—The church of this city has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. W. S. Vail, formerly of the Universalist Church in St. Paul. He had been engaged to fill the pulpit for the month of November, but the people were so greatly pleased with him that they called him before the month was half over.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Rev. S. J. Brownson, a former Presbyterian minister, a long time citizen of Fort Worth, who became interested in Unitarian Christianity under Mr. Shultz's preaching, has taken up the good work on his own account. Mr. Brownson is one of the editors of the Fort Worth Daily Gazette, and he has begun to give regular

Sunday evening discourses, which have been attended with some success. "We intend," he writes, "to try it on strictly Unitarian lines, making it as popular as possible with an effort to reach the 'masses.'"

Florida.—Rev. I. C. Gibson is working hard as a traveling missionary in this State. In some towns he has an organized band of liberal Christians to support him. In other districts those to whom he ministers are scattered; but he keeps on the fight although no appropriation has been made for his work by the A. U. A. for a year or more. Although he has a family he is willing to give himself to the arduous work of a liberal circuit rider for \$500 a year, and in fact is bound to give himself to the work whether or not he gets the \$500.

Boston, Mass.—Dr. Philip S. Moxom, the well-known liberal Baptist minister, who two years ago withdrew his resignation from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at the earnest solicitation of an overwhelming majority of his congregation, has again tendered his resignation, and there is little probability that it will again be recalled. It seems that a hostile minority have continued to work against him and have asked him to repeat his offer of resignation. For this *The Outlook* criticises them severely, saying that they were bound by every obligation of honor to accept the will of the majority or to withdraw if they could not bring the majority to their way of thinking.

Baraboo, Wis.—Rev. L. J. Stoughton having resigned the charge of this parish last summer, Rev. Robert C. Douthit, a recent graduate of Meadville, and son of Rev. Jasper L. Douthit, of Shelbyville, Ill., has been called to succeed him and has accepted the call.

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Publisher's Notes

BACK NUMBERS?

Can any of our readers supply us with the numbers of UNITY issued May 18 and June 29 of the present year (numbers 12 and 18 of volume XXXI.)? If so, they may confer a favor upon us and upon the friends who have asked us for these copies,—a request with which we are unable to comply.

UNITY'S PREMIUM LIST

Appropos of the Fiftieth Birthday of the senior editor the publishers of UNITY are anxious to co-operate with its readers in making a push for doubling the constituency of UNITY, thus extending the influence of its editor, multiplying the usefulness of the paper, hastening the time when its dream of the Liberal Church of America will be realized,—a church creedless but not thoughtless, based on ethics, and open on all sides and from above to the thought of God and the inspirations of the God-serving, truth-seeking, and high living prophets of all ages.

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Mr. Alexander Russell Webb, Editor of the *Montevideo World*, writes: "I have just finished your most excellent lecture entitled 'Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia.' It is the fairest and most truthful composition I have seen in the English language not made by a Mohammedan. Your mind has risen above the prejudices that Christians usually entertain towards Islam and its teacher. I congratulate you sincerely on having made a bold and effective stand in favor of truth."

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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UNITY

Unity, Fellowship and Character in Religion

VOLUME XXXII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 7, 1893.

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Editorial

*Shall I ask the brave soldier who stood by
my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds
disagree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued
and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar
with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I
fly
And seek somewhere else a more orthodox
kiss?
Perish the heart and the law that would
try
Truth, valor and love by a standard like
this!*

—Thomas Moore.

**

THE following utterance by Rev. Dr. Sprecher, of Cleveland, Ohio,

presumably an "Orthodox" minister, may fitly be taken as one of the "Signs of the Times" in the discussion of which it was made:

If Christ were on earth to-day I don't know whether he would join a church or not. He certainly would not preach long in any church without being charged with heresy. All the Christian denominations have different doctrines and Christ could not agree with all of them. The laboring men say they do not come into the church because it has no Christianity in it. Well, they are pretty nearly right. The fact is, there is about as much real Christianity outside of the church as in it.

**

MR. MOZOOMDAR gave his closing address to a Boston audience on Tuesday evening last. The meeting was held in answer to a complimentary request signed by Boston's leading gentlemen, among whom were the names of Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Holmes, John Fiske and others. Mr. Mozoomdar has had a wide hearing in his course of four Lowell lectures on "Hindu Life and Thought." He leaves our shores with the blessings of a multitude of people who have received through him new respect for the ancient Hindu prophets, a new appreciation of the present spiritual life of India, and what is still better, a new impulse within their own souls that carries them towards breadth and earnestness.

**

AGAIN the tariff tinkerers are at their work, and the agony incident to commercial and industrial uncertainties is being felt. The committee that is at work on a new schedule may smile to-day at the suggestion that what we want is not to get the advantage of our neighbors, but to be advantageous to our neighbors. But some day that will become a sound principle in political economy. Then "tariff protections," "balance of trade," and "balance of military power" will be outgrown superstitions. What matters it whether England, Sweden or the United States makes the most iron? whether

the greatest wheat-delds are in Russia, India, or Manitoba,—only so everybody plays fair. There is great plenty to go all round under the fair-play policy, and there is life in the trading of commodities.

**

C. S. DARROW is well known in Chicago as one of the most earnest and fearless of thinkers. In the December *Arena* he has a striking paper on "Realism in Art and Literature," the fundamental position of which seems to us well taken and nobly argued. But, like many others of this school of thinking, he seems to us to be in danger of discovering the reality of misery more quickly than the reality of joy. Realism has a radiant side to it, and he poorly applies its principles who does not see this side as well as the other. Our quarrel with the so-called "Idealism" in art is that it understates the fact. The glory hoops, angel wings and trumpets of the so-called "masters" in Christian art are too gross and materialistic to represent the actual beauty, love and divinity that cluster around any mother and child in a peasant's cottage.

**

WE print the following remarkable and productive dream of a Florida correspondent, hoping that the "suggestion,"—taking the word in its technical hypnotic sense,—coming immediately after the heavy mince-pie dinners which belong to the season, may produce similar dreams during the sleeping hours of many of our readers, so that they may wake like this subscriber into a happy disillusion and the prompt action which betokens true thankfulness. May the inspiring dream disturb the slumbers of two thousand and five hundred of our readers between now and Christmas time. To this end we prescribe that the following extract be read just before retiring and just after partaking of a heavy turkey and mince-pie supper, and then re-

read early next morning. Continue this dose until the desired result is reached :

DEAR UNITY: World's Fair expenses had very nearly emptied my purse, and I doubted if I had better continue UNITY when the recent call came; but in my dreams last night some Congress of the Parliament of Religions was being held which I was attending, when a stranger informed me that the editor of UNITY and others had just been burned to death in a church. I awoke with a feeling of weeping bitterly as over the loss of a personal friend. The pleasure I felt in finding it all a dream urges me to add my personal mite towards his present happiness by sending a UNITY subscription. Please find one dollar inclosed.

**

WE had thought that our brother Chaney, the Southern superintendent for the A. U. A., was cut out exactly for missionary work; but since he has been conducting *The Southern Unitarian* we know that he was made for the editorial chair—and yet that happy expression of a poetic thought suggested by Niagara, which we find in the November *Southern Unitarian*, seems to mark him as a poet. Come to think of it, we have always been impressed by a certain resemblance between him and our honored Edward "Everything" Hale, and that, or perhaps, more generally, the fact that he is a cultivated Yankee accounts for the versatility and excellence of his talents. But this is aside from our purpose in beginning this paragraph, which was to call attention to the words of wisdom of our contemporary's recent literary creation. Our friend has recently begun a study of the characteristics of the long neglected class, the unprosperous whites of the South, to which he has given the general name of *John Slowman*. Below is some of the proverbial wisdom of John Slowman, for which we are indebted to *The Southern Unitarian*:

"Up North they say 'I guess,' but they allers reckon. Down South we say 'I reckon,' but we most generally guesses."

Speaking of rival crops John says he reckons "if cotton is king, corn is president."

"Fair to middling," said John, testing a bale of cotton, "means foul at both ends."

"When the pig gets in, the goobers (peanuts) get out."—J. S.

"Spare the weed and you'll reap the seed," says John.

"A mortgaged farm," John Slowman says, "is like a peck measure with the bottom out. The *craps* jes run through it."

"Where's the man that first kicked him?" asked John when they showed him a horse that kicked.

"Begging," says John, "is stealing by daylight."

The Liberal Arts.

The old Romans included under the above title the pursuits fitting a freeman, as contradistinguished from the servile arts which represented the employment of slaves. In the older German University vocabulary it implied those higher pursuits the chief motive of which was not money-making, the studies that are not mercenary. At the recent Exposition this department went without a definition. It included the exhibits under the heads of education, literature, engineering, public works, music, the drama and many other things that scarcely came under any of these heads. Its exhibits ranged from alms-houses to churches, gymnastic apparatus to workmen's dinner-pails, bank-vaults to photography. This department, requiring over ten acres of space, may be said without much violence to fact to represent the non-commercial activities of the world. Back of it lay the great army of those whose prime motive in life is not money-making; they who toil not for self but for truth, not for money but for beauty. They live not to get rich but that they may know, choosing knowledge in preference to ease, plenty, or life itself.

It is to be regretted that this department did not have a building all its own; that the world might be taught more impressively the extent of these higher industries in the human field. If the Liberal Arts side of civilization could be exhibited as forcibly and as tangibly as are the commercial or military sides of the nations, it would dissipate the gloomy pessimisms that so benumb the energies of men. In all the warlike and man-killing powers of Europe, back of the arts of war, beneath the industrial arts inspired by greed, lies the great army of those who toil that the boundaries of truth may be enlarged, they who work for the advancement of soul, the delights of the intellect. And these Liberal Arts are eventually to shape, direct, or destroy all the other arts. The realm of the unselfish is constantly growing, and the motives of the Liberal Arts are coming to be the dominant motives. Those who pursue wealth are, most of them, doomed to disappointment. The love of gain is an uncertain and disappointing motive. Even if it succeeds it is inadequate to arouse the full powers of the soul. The noblest energies are love

energies. After the body has exhausted itself in the interests of greed or hate love reaches down into new mines of strength, awakens slumbering vitality, revives drooping energies. This world would go to sleep, it would die of stupidity and mental inanity were it not for the Liberal Arts, the itching for more truth, the love of beauty, the non-commercial enthusiasms for the pleasures of mind, the high purpose to reduce the misery of the world. These are the things that keep men alive because they keep men happy. The sullen and the sour are so because they have been selfish. They have been in pursuit of the servile arts. He who would be happy must not be mean. The buoyant spirits belong to those who strive for the enlarging and the ennobling of life. The Liberal Arts offer a motive absolutely universal. They are within the reach of everybody, pursued by the maid who tries to improve her bread-making as well as by the man who adds a new power to the telescope. The most difficult of all the arts is the art of cheerful living; but it is the most inspiring of all arts, in the pursuit of which all other arts cheerfully lend themselves.

Mr. Gould's New Book.

Mr. Gould's "Beginnings," recently published by the Western Unitarian S. S. Society as the first volume in their "Six Years' Study of Religions," has already received much praise, but not half as much as it deserves. It originated in the valuable lessons which Mr. Maxson prepared for UNITY, and which he would have completed for permanent publication, with his usual care, had he lived. Mr. Gould, when invited to edit and enlarge these lessons, found the matter accumulating and the work growing until he decided rather to make a book of his own. Profiting by Mr. Maxson's work and Mr. Gannett's notes upon it,—but following mainly his own method—he has produced the present volume.

It is peculiarly well adapted for Sunday school work,—especially for older pupils,—being methodical, clear and simple in its presentation, and accompanied with very pertinent and suggestive questions and with helpful notes and references. But it is no less valuable for general reading, and most adults will find in it a great deal that is interesting, instructive and new to them. It is

arranged for twenty-two lessons, in seventeen chapters (why did the publishers print the chapter headings in smaller type than the sub-headings?) on such subjects as "Legend and Myth," Creation, Floods, Man, Eden, the Arts, Languages, Communities, Laws, Death, Sin, the Soul, God, Heaven and Hell, Sacrifice, Priests, Temples. Each subject is treated first "according to legend and myth," and then "according to history and science": the first division being always subdivided into "the Biblical story," other corresponding stories, and "their origin"; and the second into "the truer story," "its origin," and "its meaning."

Mr. Gould seems to set most value upon the first division; and his treatment of myth and legend is indeed very rich and full for a work of this size, and shows wide reading and a wise selection of fitting and interesting illustrations. His treatment is also highly appreciative, and aims, as he says, to show that "our early ancestors were, in their degree, rational and religious beings"; and how "no custom or belief of the past is without its reason; and how those reasons are always groping in the direction of religion." It would be hard to find a work that treats old legends more lovingly, or tries to find a better meaning in them.

But he need not have deprecatized his treatment of the other division, of "history and science"; for that is quite as rich, and sometimes more so, in its concise statement of the latest conclusions, in its thoughtfulness and search for lofty spiritual meanings. Perhaps he does not always state the case for physical science so strongly as he might; as, for instance, in his treatment of the nebular hypothesis, emphasizing the Antromeda nebula pictured in 1890, as if it were exceptional, when there were at least fourteen spiral or concentric nebulae known forty years before that. Still the scientific sections are, for so brief statements, very satisfactory, and the historic ones peculiarly so. His "truer story" of the primitive "community" and "mother-headed family," for instance, is an excellent summary of latest anthropological researches, and the place it gives to woman will be new not only to most Sunday schools but to many secular readers. So his "truer story" of Laws finely covers the fundamental processes in the evolution of morality.

The "truer story" of the rise of religious beliefs and ceremonies is also admirably told. Perhaps he was not justified in speaking so positively of "blood-brotherhood" as the meaning of sacrifice. Perhaps he has tried more to trace a final cause and optimistic meaning in all things than he would have done if the book had been intended for secular use. But the aim was admirable, has been carried out very ingeniously and with general success. Mr. Gould is very happy in tracing the good from apparent evil. In his treatment, that dreadful Deluge becomes a text from which to show how the floods have been making the earth "a garden of Eden." From the dismal caves of our savage ancestors he gets the lesson of "an ever-brightening future." From the "Fall" of man he gets that of "growing conscience." The story of God's displeasure at the "tower of Babel" he turns into the truth of "Language a tower to heaven." Even in "Death" he finds "Growth" as the deepest meaning and says: "Science tells us that death is as natural as birth, that it is indeed a second birth, and that it was not introduced six thousand years ago by an angry God to punish the sin of man, but that it was introduced millions of years ago by infinite wisdom as the means of leading life upward." Everywhere in nature and art he reads the lesson of progress and says, "in trying to make pots and pans man has found a universe to rule." He repeatedly shows the good of obstacles and supposed evils; but perhaps we ought to add old Herodotus' statement of the same truth in the closing lines of his history. Herodotus tells how Cyrus rebuked the Persians for wanting a larger and richer land,—since, he says, fertile countries are wont to produce cowards, and the same land will not yield both fine fruit and brave men. The same manly thought and tonic quality abound in Mr. Gould's book, tempered everywhere, too, by finer spiritual interpretations. It will be found a very healthy and helpful work, not only for Sunday schools but for all the people at home.

H. M. S.

Acknowledgment.

RECEIVED BY MR. GANNETT FOR THE SEA ISLAND SUFFERERS.
 From Mrs. F. G. B., Oshkosh.....\$ 5.00
 "K".....5.00
 \$10.00

DO NOT miss our PREMIUM LIST and CLUB LIST on next to last page.

Men and Things

REV. DR. W. H. McLANE, in a recent number of the *Independent*, describes a Social Science Club recently formed in New Haven, Connecticut, as follows:

In the latter part of 1892 some half-dozen men met together and agreed to form a society for the study of social subjects. They agreed to invite a few other men to a subsequent meeting. These men met together, adopted a constitution, and called another meeting at which officers were selected, and the organization was completed. A meeting was held once every two weeks until May, and they have been resumed in October. A nominating committee receives and presents names, the object being to have all classes represented; and the membership is limited to fifty persons. The membership is composed of men of native and of foreign birth; Jews and Gentiles; Roman Catholics and Protestants; Democrats and Republicans; ministers, lawyers, professors, teachers, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, clerks and mechanics. The president is a judge of the Supreme Court of the State; the secretary is a merchant; the treasurer is a bank clerk; the executive committee consists of a minister, a lawyer, and the secretary of a large manufacturing company. The meetings have been well sustained and full of interest. The subjects discussed have been such as these: "Methods of Taxation in Connecticut," "The Charter of New Haven," "Manual Training in Public Schools," "Land Ownership, Public and Private," "Profit Sharing," "Immigration," "Ownership of Railroads." These problems have been freely discussed and various opinions have been expressed. For example, the paper read on "Land Ownership" advocated the public ownership of land; the speeches which followed, for the most part, advocated private ownership. The paper on "Ownership of Railroads" advocated private ownership; the speeches which followed, for the most part, advocated public ownership.

Would not all towns and cities be benefited by such an organization, and are not religious liberals the men to lead in such a movement?

CONCERNING the progress of Socialistic ideas in New Zealand, the *Cleveland Citizen* calls attention to the adoption of the grouping contract system as a substitute for the private contract system. When a railroad is to be built, for example, it says, the grading is given to a group of laborers large enough to do the work. This group appoints a committee to sign the contract with the government for them, and the men elect their own bosses and perform the work on the basis of a pure democracy. Other portions of the work are put out to other groups. Sometimes a trade union in a body takes the contract, and even the physically weak members of the union receive the same wages as the strongest, while the superintendent or bosses receive no more than the weakest laborer. That great dream of the brotherhood of man is being realized.

ECONOMIES WROUGHT BY CHEMISTRY.—Chemists turn scrap iron into ink, old bones into lucifer matches, the shavings of the blacksmith's shop into Prussian blue, fusel oil into oil of apples and pears, the drainings of cow-houses into fashionable perfumery, beggars' rags into new pilot-coats, cess-pool filth into ammonia, and tar-waste into aniline dyes and saccharine. In Paris they first utilize rats to clear the flesh from the bones of carcasses, then kill the rats, use up their fur for trimmings, their skin for gloves, their thighbones for tooth-picks, and their tendons and bones for gelatine wrappers. These are a few of the things the *Iron Industrial Gazette* names among the products converted into use by the chemist and inventor.

—Scientific American.

Contributed and Selected

A National Thanksgiving Hymn.*

O Thou to whom a nation brings
The gift of grateful prayer and
praise,

The source whence every blessing
springs,

Who guideth all our earthly ways,—
Enlarge the scope of our desires,
Make firmer our fraternal ties;
Let all souls seek our council fires,
The world partake our charities.

Grant, Mighty One! to us the skill
To conquer every giant wrong;
The power to do Thy gracious will,
The soul of love, the breath of song;
The peace that moveth side by side
With honor, mercy, justice, faith!
With human hopes and rights to bide:
In league with life, in face of death.

As free to think as birds to soar,
And grateful as the streams that run
To carry to the toiler's door
The meed his honest hands have
won;

Thanksgiving for the right to hold
Opinions and their just defense:
Allied to nature and the bold
Sweet souls who kept their inno-
cence.

Who dared the evil powers of hate,
The harpy ignorance that drew
The rich, warm blood of hearts, elate
With gentle instincts firm and true.
Oh, bid our lives repeat the strain
They learned of freedom in its morn,
As shells that murmur of the main
Forever to the ocean-born.

From man to Thee; from flower to star;
From where white daisies kiss the
sod;

We hail the golden links *far,
That bind us to our Father, God!
Give us "more light" *The Truth* to sing,
From chill Alaska to the sands
Where cacti scarlet banners fling
To brighten arid stricken lands.

HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

Settlement Work in Philadelphia.

THE MINSTER STREET SETTLEMENT.

Some months ago there was seen on
Minster street, Philadelphia, a house
which to-day is scarcely recognized.
Minster street is a narrow lane run-
ning between Sixth and Seventh
Lombard and Pine streets, in a dis-
trict frequently alluded to as the
slums. This was to be the center of
a "Settlement" to be known as the
Minster Street Neighborhood Guild.

The house was an undesirable one,
the cellar filled with water emitting
unpleasant and dangerous odors. The

yard had a filthy well, and out-build-
ings were in a state of decay, and
all were overrun with vermin. The
occupants became disgusted with
both the house and the neighborhood,
and moved after a short stay. It had
long been occupied by families of col-
ored people.

The house was secured by the Rev.
Chas. Daniel and workmen set to
work. The walls were scraped and
disinfected. Two rooms were added
by inclosing a side area. All was un-
derdrained, and it is now the only
house in the street with a bath-
room. The well was cleaned and
filled, and yard fenced and graded.
A little pavilion was erected, and a
swing will soften the ruggedness of
the life. A boy remarked: "They
have a yard just like on an excur-
sion."

A little lumber was left over so the
posts were given to the people of a
wretched court whose children were
envious. They will now have a
swing of their own, although the
Settlement swing will welcome the
children of the neighborhood.

After the workman left the house
it was an object of beauty, and yet it
was only the old house rebuilt. Mr.
Daniel with his wife and three
children are now occupying it, and
the work of the Settlement has com-
menced. Such things have their
good influences.

During the reconstruction the news
got abroad that a clergyman was to
occupy the house, and they seemed
amazed and said: "Well, we need
it." The improvements were a con-
stant object lesson. It could have
been rented a dozen times to persons
who would appreciate clean places if
they were to be had. The old house
rebuilt and beautified is only the be-
ginning of another regeneration in
the individuals, their homes and the
neighborhood.

Next door is a small church which
has also been secured. The basement
when refitted will make an excellent
place for work among boys and girls.
A kindergarten is contemplated and
various agencies for the general up-
lifting of the youth will be set on
foot.

Mr. Daniel worked for a whole
month with the workmen. He han-
dled the saw, hammer, pick, shovel,
trowel, paint brush and broom. The
Settlement idea is one of personal in-
terest and service, a sympathy with
men in their daily lives. This was
carried out in this rebuilding. More
is now known of the workingman,
what he can do, and what he cannot
do, his wages and his thoughts and
the perplexities of getting things
done. Such contact with men is a
liberal education; and it is this edu-
cation that is necessary to solve the
vexed question of the proper relation
which we sustain to our neighbor.
The Settlement idea will go far to-
ward solving the question.

It is a part of the Guild's method
to put the poor in the way of using
the institutions already created in-

stead of trying to create one more in-
stitution. Among a foreign element
there is great opportunity for help-
fulness. Personal contact and sympathy
reveals the fact that there is the most
woeful ignorance of the advantages
lying close at hand, and a reluctance
to make use of them. Very few of
the children seem to go to school.
To urge parents to send them is a
work which is without limit.

If a child should be found a victim
of the brutalities of parents, the at-
tention of the Society for the Preven-
tion of Cruelty to Children will be
called to it. Destitute children will
be referred to the Children's Aid So-
ciety. Cases of sickness and misfor-
tune will be aided to the various hos-
pitals and homes already so abun-
dant and splendidly endowed. Per-
sonal contact and sympathy lie at the
bottom of the work and they make
one of its broadest foundation stones.
The giving of alms is not altogether
overlooked if a man should be found
who has fallen among thieves; but it
is an exceptional benevolence. The
giving of work is considered a greater
gift, and the giving to the youth a
capacity and facility to work a still
greater. The trade school close at
hand will be used to aid the youth to
become *capable* of self-support. It is
always maintained that the personal
contact of children with ladies and
gentlemen, even in their play and
sport, is an event in their lives, and
affords opportunity for the inculca-
tion of the deepest ethical principles
in incidental moments.

The location is a good one.

In a company of twenty children
gathered in the guild room, four were
negroes, sixteen were Russians just
learning the English language, and
all but three were barefooted. There
is here a wide door of opportunity
thrown open, in these two oppressed
peoples brought together seeking
sympathy and guidance.

The home life as an influence is
emphasized. The children are given
a welcome into the family circle. A
characteristic feature is the little so-
cial gathering on Monday evenings.
It is composed of colored girls thir-
teen to seventeen years of age. They
meet in the parlor of Mr. Daniels'
house before a large open fire-place.
Each brings a few sticks of wood.
The blaze is started in the chimney,
all the lights being out, which sets the
shadows dancing on the walls. Then
story-telling begins, and each in turn
adds her fagot to the flames as the
stories proceed. Of course there is
wide opportunity for instruction, and
for fellowship that is helpful.

The work is dependent entirely up-
on the voluntary contributions of
people who may chance to read
The Nazarene, which is published in
the guild's interest. The expenses
have not yet been currently met, but
good work has already been done in
the six weeks of its establishment.

C.

*Written for and read at the Thanksgiving
reunion of All Souls Church, Chicago.

DO NOT miss our PREMIUM LIST and
CLUB LIST on next to last page.

Church-Door Pulpit

The Free Church, and What It Will Cost.*

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE.

You, here in Chicago, are facing a very remarkable ideal of a church. The proposed Parliament of Religions is likely everywhere to set men to thinking about this ideal, but many of you are actually trying to realize it. Most ideals of the church heretofore have been somewhat exclusive and aristocratic. The idea has been that mankind was divided into two great classes, with distinctly different destinies. The ideal of the church has been, therefore, to gather into one body all those who were supposed to represent the kingdom of God, and to leave the rest of the world outside. All sectarianism is based on the notion of gathering the elect by themselves. The new ideal of the church proceeds from the thought of a common humanity and a common destiny. This ideal is so new and unique that I suspect even those who believe in it are in danger of undervaluing the conditions and the cost which alone make it possible. Please see what you propose to do. On the one hand, you would gather into your church men and women of the most needy and degraded classes, such as the Salvation Army is seeking to rescue. On the other hand, you open your doors to Chinamen, disciples of Confucius, to Buddhists, to Agnostics, to followers of Herbert Spencer, or of Schopenhauer, if the pessimists are willing to join you. A man may say, "I believe in no religion except doing good," and he is welcome to your communion. A man may say, "I believe in no God and no future life," and he is invited to join your church.

I suspect that there is present under this new idea of the church a subtle motive of the old Puritanizing and aristocratic tendency. We want to have all the "good" in our church. We are thinking of the good when we set this ideal before ourselves. We see that such persons as Professor Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock and George Eliot are unmistakably our benefactors. It was in the thought of such high-minded persons that a generous English divine, Mr. Butler, expressed the wish that the church might be broad enough to admit Harriet Martineau and Francis Newman. Now there are persons of this type who profess little or no religion, but whose lives are sweet, beautiful and helpful, in every community. Modern men cannot easily bear to think of shutting these persons out of their church or of arrogating to themselves superiority over them. In contemplating the new ideal of the church, we are therefore much more likely to be thinking of certain noble lives whom

we wish to gather to ourselves, than of the opposite class of the poor, the needy and the degraded. There is always a natural desire to make our church consist of the really "elect," the congenial, the pure, the public-spirited,—in short, the moral and spiritual aristocrats.

There is involved also in our new ideal of the church a subtle bit of a creed. It may be a pretty good creed, but it does not happen to be universally accepted, and is therefore so far exclusive. It is that a church is simply a union for helping one another and others to the good life, and especially for stirring men to do the deeds of the good life. The aim of the church is essentially practical as measured in conduct. This is a new and original idea of a church. It is so far from the old idea that, if one were going to quarrel about words and definitions (which I for one do not), I should have to complain of our friend, Mr. Martin of Tacoma, for saying "church," quite as loudly as he complains of certain others for saying "Christian," or "Unitarian." Indeed, I suspect that this advanced use of the word "church" needs explanation for ordinary persons more than our large and modern use of the word "Christian" needs to be explained. Let us, however, be bold and venture, in the want of a better word, to use the word "church" with this enlarged sense. In a growing world, we need not be afraid of the growth of language.

I see also another article of our little creed of the broad church. It is that sound moral character is a sufficient basis for church membership. Good character is enough without any profession of belief in God or in immortality or in the ideal things. Good character, therefore, though on the basis of a materialistic philosophy, is a sufficient introduction to our church. We do not ask what a man's philosophy of goodness is. Does he wish to be a helper of others? or, does he only wish to be helped? On this ground we invite him into the brotherhood of our church. Certainly this is a new sort of creed for establishing a church!

It must, therefore, be clearly admitted that we have in our thought of the ideal church what might be called a dogmatic element, at least an element of exclusion. There will be many conscientious persons who from their point of view will shake their heads over our proposed church, will be slow to see how it can possibly be made to work in practice, and will be likely to remain outside. Many of these persons are the very ones who, on account of their character, we should be delighted to have with us. Many of them are earnest and noble persons whose minds are still possessed with the old and limited thought of the church.

Our church will also be necessarily exclusive as regards many who at present simply have no interest in what we propose to do. In other

words, by the necessity of its aim, it will be morally exclusive. The selfish, the worthless, the lazy, however much they may need its help, will not be likely to come into it.

Let me tell you now what I fear will happen, if, under ordinary circumstances and at the ordinary temperature, an attempt is made to start our new church. For there is still a glacial chill in the air of our century which allows lynching in Indiana and witnesses a Presbyterian President sign a Geary bill. We will suppose that the church is attempted under the lead of a well-meaning but inexperienced minister, quite fresh from the Divinity School. He has no profound experience either of religion or righteousness. He knows little of men's deeper spiritual needs, but he is attracted, as he may well be, by the breadth and freedom of our brave and beautiful theory. I think that we know enough of human nature to prophesy what will take place. I foresee, in the first place, that very few of the type of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Spencer will be ready to sacrifice their individualism, their leisure and their means in order to help the new movement. It goes without saying that most professing Christians of the old denominations will look askance upon the movement, even if they have not churches of their own. The people about the saloons and in the slums will think it too respectable for them. A certain queer lot of people will infallibly come with a curiosity to see what the new thing is. There will be people of the blatant sort who love to hear themselves talk. There may be a few theosophists who would like to steer the movement in their direction. There will be spiritualists with a similar purpose. There will be those who hope that the new minister will attack the humbugs of professing Christians. There will be a few representatives of socialism. There will be many who look for a decided sensation, of what sort they neither know nor care. It cannot be boasted that the average character of the possible membership is very much higher than the average in the churches already established. Paul's church at Corinth would not have presented the appearance of a more motley assemblage than that of our new ideal church. And yet the movement presents fine possibilities. There is in it a nucleus of earnest-minded people. There are real and crying needs of moral uplifting and spiritual guidance. Nevertheless, as we study this new movement we are oppressed with the foreboding that under the present conditions and leadership it cannot succeed. The appearance of the subscription paper, we fear, will cause a fatal panic.

The point that I wish to make clear is that, so far as our new thought of the church is true and ideal, by so much is it more costly to

*An address delivered at the Western Unitarian Conference, May 17, 1893.

carry out. As you could not have the best modern bicycle or steam engine or ocean steamer without a wealth of new and complicated conditions of science and invention, without the new and higher processes for making steel, so you simply cannot have the ideal church of the future without unusual and exceedingly high moral and spiritual conditions. You could not make the modern steam engine work with the rude tools and appliances of the dark ages. Neither can you have your ideal free church where the comparatively barbarous habits, feelings and ideals of the old mediævalism still prevail. You must have not only the right quality of finished steel, but you must also have a sufficiency of it. If it is true in the end that the best things are the cheapest, it is also true that the best things are the product of long and costly processes. If it is true that the best things are very simple, it is also true everywhere that the simple things are the latest to be learned. In other words, your free and ideal church comes as the crown of the labor of the ages; it is the fruitage of evolution.

In our northern region it is too cold to hope to ripen strawberries in the month of May, but we can provide special conditions and ripen our strawberries under glass, if we will take the extra trouble and expense. So I propose now to provide rather exceptional conditions and a more congenial climate than usual for our free church. I will suppose that there is a certain town; we will call it Texas City. The people there have had a series of misfortunes. First they had an epidemic of typhoid fever, decimating the population and scaring many of the people away. Two or three of the ministers of the churches established there, were frightened away by the fever, and never came back. Then a disastrous fire happened, sweeping away a large part of the town and all the church buildings. Meanwhile certain things have occurred especially drawing the people together in sympathy. At the time of the fever and in the fire there had been notable instances of heroism. Many persons had risked their lives in nursing the sick. Some who had been supposed to have no religion, and were called Atheists or Materialists, had shown themselves generous, disinterested and devoted. The only minister left in the town, a man of uncommon breadth of thought, and of noble personality, had distinguished himself by his helpfulness in the time of need. He had lost his only child by the fever. On the night of the fire, in his efforts to help a neighbor, he had broken his right arm.

Meanwhile there had been serious moral needs in the town. The liquor saloons and gambling places had been much better filled than the churches. The boys and young men of the place were exposed to great temptations. The churches had been too numer-

ous for the size of the place, and had been obliged to struggle so hard to maintain themselves that they could never afford proper care or expense in meeting the moral needs of the community. They had failed to appeal to the chivalry of the people, and had been at a low ebb generally.

The common sufferings of the people and the sense of really serious needs, with a dim sense of desire for the comfort and inspiration of religion, now bring to the citizens of Texas City an earnest inquiry what they can do in this emergency in the way of establishing a real, helpful, and successful church.

You will observe that the great law of vicarious atonement has been at work to clear the ground and provide the exceptional conditions that we wanted. Our contention with our friends of the older forms of religion has only been that they limited this vicarious law to a particular instance. We hold that it is universal. It is the costly means by which all kinds of progress, and especially moral and spiritual progress, are hastened forward. In Texas City, the fact that the only minister left in the place has suffered with and for the people will give him henceforth a peculiar influence. Others, likewise, who have borne an heroic part in the misfortunes of the place, will have, as we shall see, special consideration.

The people of the town are called to a mass meeting in the open air on a Sunday afternoon to consider the question of their new church. There is a general feeling that one church of the right sort will meet the needs of the community better than several churches. Here now is the opportunity for our ideal church.

The first question that happens to be raised is that of organization. Who shall be members of the new church? There are those, mostly church members in the older churches, who would naturally be inclined to answer this question in a somewhat exclusive manner, after the traditions to which they have been accustomed. The fact is, however, that there is present at this meeting a certain Mr. Huxley, whom no one has ever seen in a church before, but who risked his life in nursing the sick. There is an eccentric Mr. Spencer, whom no one supposes to have any religion, one of the rich men of the place, who has nearly stripped himself of his property by his generosity to the suffering poor. There is a Miss Elliot, a freethinker who filled her house full of persons who had been burned out. No one can bring himself to vote to have a church that will shut out any of these good and humane persons. It is on the whole the unanimous desire of the meeting to try the experiment of making the church as broad and inclusive in its membership as is the city itself. In this decision a good many old-time prejudices of conscientious Methodists and Baptists are sacrificed. The venture seems as

bold, at the least, as democracy must have seemed when it was first tried, or as it now seems to many timid persons.

The next question is one about the methods of supporting the new church. The strongest churches before the fire had tried to raise their money by pew-rents. The poor had not felt much at home in any of the churches. It now appears evident that the single church must be as free for all the people as are the seats at a public meeting in the city hall. But how shall the necessary money be raised, if the seats are free? The method must be by some free form of subscription. The privileges of the church shall be given to each according to his need, and each shall do what he thinks right for the support of the church, not only according to his means but also (a more hazardous condition) according to his willingness and his sense of the importance of the church. It is plain that in this attempt to make the church thoroughly popular and quite accessible to the poorest people, it will be necessary for those who believe heartily in it to give a good deal more than would be their strict relative proportion. In fact, the maintenance of the new church promises to be quite costly to the few who desire it most, inasmuch as a large part of the people of the town have never been in the habit of giving a dollar for church support. Many, therefore, while curious about the new movement, cannot be depended upon to do much for it. Their moral and religious interests are not yet sufficiently strong.

Moreover the new church, if it is to meet the needs of the whole city, must be managed on an ample scale of expense. It is very possible, in its various undertakings, that it will require as much money as all the churches together have heretofore cost. For one thing, it will be absolutely necessary, if the church is to appeal permanently to the chivalrous feeling and the generosity of the community, that it must do more than all the churches ever did before for the good of the community. It will, perhaps, have to support a free kindergarten. Part of the ample basement of the new edifice will be used for a reading room. There must be means for attractively reaching and befriending boys and young men, and taking them out of the grasp of temptation. For this end the church must maintain various classes for manual training and other such purposes. The building must therefore be in the center of the city so as to be easily reached from every quarter. The large hall used for its Sunday services must be also adapted for use as a lecture room, and for other civilizing entertainments. All this will cost money, both in establishing the plant and in its maintenance. It is probable, however, that many who never gave money to a church before, now seeing that the church is meet-

ing the needs of the city, and making it in every way a better place to live in, will become generous contributors.

Moreover, if the church is to have Sunday services, there must be a considerable outlay for excellent music. There will be an appeal to the young men and women of the city to volunteer and provide a great chorus choir. There will be an opportunity for others to volunteer to organize an orchestra. The Sunday services must be made rich and attractive. There will be need of professional help, well paid for, to direct the music. There will also be the demand on the part of the volunteers for very considerable outlay in promptitude, faithfulness and devotion. That which will be asked of them for the sake of their church will amount to a certain moral discipline. We believe, however, that it will prove both profitable and delightful.

A very important and critical question now appears. What will the new church stand for? What will be its creed, or at least the purpose that binds it together? How much can its people agree to? In a large way, it must be admitted that the church will stand for all the higher interests of man. It will stand for the endeavor to make individuals perfect. It will stand for the noblest relations of helpfulness among men, for all kinds of friendly service. In short, it will stand for what is called practical religion.

There are some who will wish to stop here. There are those in our mass meeting who consider themselves agnostics and materialists. They are shy of using any words or terms of religion. There are a few who have heard of the societies for ethical culture, and would like to turn the new movement in this direction. It is very evident, however, that a large proportion of the assembly want something more. The mayor of the city now rises to speak. With a good education, he has been a somewhat rough and hard-headed man of business, but, when trouble came to the city, he showed himself brave and public-spirited. His heart has lately been softened by the death of a beloved daughter. He confesses that he has never heretofore been interested in religion. As far as he is concerned, he would have been content to organize an ethical society. On the other hand, he has a dim notion that there may be something more in religion than he has ever himself felt. He remembers his old mother. She certainly used to get help and peace and restfulness in prayer. The mayor has read certain philosophical books. It seems to him quite possible, if this is a universe, that a man should bear some sort of a relation to the Power, or Life, that makes it a universe. If there is a Good Will that rules all things, it would be natural that men's wills should run alongside of the Good Will. It

might well be that a man's life would be at its fullest and best, when it stood in the relation of willing obedience to the laws of the Universe Life. The mayor had got some such notions as this from reading the books of a man called John Fiske. He has been also disposed lately to think that there might be something in the possibility of immortality. Certainly no one could say that these ideas of religion might not be true. There was at least a splendid "perhaps" in them. For his own part he wanted to have in the church all the moral and religious material that there was. He did not want to put any limit on the thought of his church. If there were these who believed more than he did, he wanted to give them full opportunity. If any honest minister could teach him more than he knew now, or give him more faith in Goodness at the heart of the universe, he would be glad to march in that direction. It occurred to him that his life, spent in money-making since he was a boy, had not given him the right to any large amount of faith.

The Mayor's little speech seemed to everyone very fair. It was agreed presently that the new church should stand for religion in the largest possible sense. It was agreed that it would be really a sacrifice of freedom, if the secularists, the positivists, the materialists set any dogmatic limit against following out the utmost religious possibilities. It was seen by all that it would be the ruin of the new movement, if the Methodists and the Baptists and Presbyterians should be driven away by any narrowness in the proposed motto of union.

Another critical question now appeared. What sort of Sunday services should be instituted? What sort of preaching should they try to have? The Methodists and others had been used to a certain warmth of religious temperature. They had been used in particular to a good deal of affectionate reference to the life and person of Jesus Christ. Many of the most earnest people present had been accustomed to the public prayer as a part of their religious service, so that they would scarcely have been able to recognize the service as religious if the prayer were omitted. On the other hand, there is a little set of persons who for themselves care for nothing but the sermon, and would like that better if it were called a lecture.

There are several different theories of how to manage this difficulty. One theory is that the Methodists, and others like them, shall have the use of the church at a certain hour, and shall find the minister to meet their peculiar needs. The free-thinkers shall also organize a lectureship and have a separate meeting. In other words, the church shall organize itself into different sections, each meeting apart by itself. But this plan, besides being quite expensive,

would threaten to defeat the essential purpose of the new church.

Then some one proposes a sort of compromise scheme. There shall be a common service for all, but there shall be nothing admitted into it which any one can object to. There shall be no phraseology used except such as all parties would like. There shall be no service of public prayer, if any happen to raise objection against it. This compromise plan evidently would be cold and meager. It would really suit no one very well. The principal objection, however, is that it is narrow and that it would actually create constraint. It puts a limit upon the possibilities of the common service. It is as though no music should be permitted at the concert, except such as happens to be popular with every one, in which case the best music would sometimes be excluded by the idiosyncrasies or the want of education of the few.

We have already suggested that the one minister on the ground has been exceptionally well educated. He is familiar with the best thought of all the different dominations. He has what has been called "the sympathy of religions." He has the gift of going straight to the heart of a thing, and finding its essential meaning. He is well acquainted, too, with modern thought and science, and has sympathy with men's doubts and questions. He is really able, therefore, to interpret all the vital and helpful ideas that genuine religious persons have ever held, into the simplest terms of modern thought. He is able to interest common people and to give them plenty of parables and illustrations for conveying religious thought. He is also immensely interested in practical righteousness. He has a great ideal of what may be made of his city, and his own personal sacrifices in behalf of the town give him just now a peculiarly strong hold on all classes of the people. There is, therefore, an instinctive feeling that he ought to be the minister of the new church. Without believing less than the Baptists and Methodists, he is able to show them in warm, sympathetic and beautiful form the essence of their own beliefs. Without compromising his own modern thought about Jesus, his admiration of that great historical example brings him into ready touch with those who have been accustomed to the loving use of his name. While possessed of a strong and profound religious faith himself, the directness and manliness of his thought commend him to the respect, and pique the curiosity, of those who have hitherto stood aloof from religion. If this man, summing up the best of the old thought into the freest terms of the new, will conduct the Sunday services for our church, there will be no limit to the possibilities of a rich, helpful, and, in the best sense, truly devotional worship. For all that he will say, whether it be called prayer, or sermon, or address, will be

possessed by a strong faith in the beneficent Life that orders the universe.

There is still one further possible plan, in the way of managing for those who are shy of any service that can be called worship. The Sunday service may be ordered so as to allow those who please, to omit the prayer, and to come in merely for the address, and for such part of the music as shall be freed of any religious significance. We can imagine this plan to be proposed, but the mayor, in his blunt way, is certain to veto it. "We want union here," he says, "not separation. We are all bound to make certain concessions for the sake of the whole. The Methodist and Baptist people have already made immense concessions. It surely cannot hurt any of us to sit by and listen while others pray. I call it narrow and dogmatic to exclude ourselves from that which the majority wish. I call it bad manners. It is as though, because I do not enjoy Beethoven's music, I should insist on staying out of the concert till they have got through playing Beethoven. Who knows but that there may be something in Beethoven after all? Who knows but that I may come to enjoy him? It is certainly no great sacrifice for the sake of the general order, if I want to hear the gay band-music, to listen to the Beethoven, too. Besides," says the mayor, "I think it is a good thing to give our children the chance of understanding and enjoying all that any one else possesses. If our children should become as religious as our new minister is, I think that they would be better off than some of us are." When the mayor had finished speaking again, no one was found to make any motion for arranging the service so that people could stay away from a part of it. The fact was that there were not really half a dozen people in the town who would have dreamed of making use of such a special arrangement.

A curious question is now brought before the assembly. There are always those in any meeting who are apt to take an exaggerated interest in determining what the name of a proposed enterprise shall be called. Two parties, accordingly, appear now. One party are very zealous that the new church shall distinctively bear the Christian name. The opposite set would like to have it called the free-thinkers church. It is obvious that, as a matter of fact, it is now a church of free-thinkers, for all kinds of thought are included within it. It has been unanimously agreed that all kinds of thought are welcome. All inquiries may be pursued, all sorts of questions may be freely asked. As a matter of fact, also, the church is Christian. It is Christian in its traditions, for nearly all the people in it were educated to some kind of Christian belief. This church would not itself be possible, except as a sort of consummation of the growth of Chris-

tian ideas. The church is Christian, also, from the fact that there is great reverence on the part of nearly all its people for the life and death of Jesus. The church is essentially Christian, in the pervading spirit of friendliness and good-fellowship, in the faith and hope and love that have won triumph over great public and private misfortunes. In the best sense you could hardly make the church more Christian by calling it so than it is now in reality.

On the other hand, the church would certainly cease to be really Christian if its people should fall into a quarrel and lose their good spirit over the question of naming it. Neither would it be so broad and real a free-thinkers church as it is now, if a majority should happen to vote to attach any name to it which would drive some of its people away. The fact is, what makes a church Christian is that the good spirit is there, so that a "Christ" would be at home in it. What makes it a free-thinkers church is, not that a majority vote it so, but that thought is perfectly free there. The new minister makes these points very plain in a little speech. "I happen," he says, "to be attached to the Christian name, and I should be glad if all felt towards it as I do. But I cannot blame some of my neighbors if they have formed prejudices about it. In fact Christians have often behaved so as to create very bitter prejudice against the name. I advise therefore," he says, "if any really object to the use of the name, that you leave it aside. I think if Christ were here, he would be very happy in this church and think it was decidedly his kind of church. I do not think he would be half so happy if we called it by his name against the protest of any of our friends, for, though I do not agree with their protest, I believe from their point of view that it is quite honest."

One of the free-thinkers, also, at this point, helps very much to the peaceful settlement of this question. "This is a good enough free-thinkers church for me," he says, "and you could not make it better by calling it so. I would a little rather not have it called Christian, but even if you do call it Christian, I cannot for the life of me see any reason why I should go out of it. If you called this city a tyranny and named the Mayor a Despot, while you still had a perfect democracy, I should vote against you and call your names ridiculous; but as long as we had the reality of a free government, I certainly should not feel obliged to move out of town; much less should I give up our church, because the majority preferred a particular name. In fact, I have to confess that your new name is capable of a very high meaning." After the free-thinker's speech the question of the name of the church was indefinitely postponed.

You will please observe that the patience and good temper shown both

by the minister and the free-thinker are rather rare and costly products on the tree of evolution. Much thought, a habit of self-control, and a very clear understanding of what evolution means, go to make this sort of temper.

Another more subtle kind of difficulty now appears. It is inherent in human nature. It is the tendency to break up into cliques and social sets. It is said that even on the crowded streets men tend to move in groups, slightly detached from one another. As long as there is any movement among mankind, and movement goes on at different rates of growth, it seems likely that the formation of social groups will always continue. It is well to recognize it as a fact of human nature. The evil is not in this tendency to a certain stratification; the evil is when the people of the different groups treat each other unsocially, with coldness, with suspicion, with the tone of superiority, or even with contempt.

Take, by way of example, the case of any old established church. We will suppose that it is a liberal, or Unitarian, church. There is little trouble, I assure you, in such a church from the want of religious freedom. Anyone of whatever opinions is welcome to the church. It is probable that a Jew or a Chinaman could easily become a voting member. It is no barrier against membership in such a church that a man is an agnostic or a materialist. Such men are often pew-owners. They often like, for the sake of their families, if not for their own sake, to attend church. Everyone is glad to have them there. If they have influence generally in the community, they are apt to have quite their due share of influence in deciding church questions and in calling a minister. They are never urged to profess by a word what they do not honestly believe. There may be persons in the same church with them of narrow or even bigoted opinions, but the general tradition has already been established in all liberal churches, of liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, and at least outward respect for others' opinions. There is apt, however, in such an old church to be a certain social constraint, a real want of social freedom. There are groups and sets in the church, who are somewhat shy of each other, none the less that they have excellent social intentions. Strangers and new-comers in the church are apt to find a certain coldness of atmosphere. There are social sets in the community who have a vague impression that the old church is inhospitable and does not want their presence. And yet, there was never perhaps better moral timber than in this old Unitarian church. Many of the prejudices against it are quite exaggerated. Its members generally would be pleased, in a mild way, to see the poor among them. They wish to give a true welcome to strangers. No people in the world

are kinder-hearted, if humane service is demanded of them for their neighbors. The trouble is not with the moral material of the people of the church, so much as it is with the moral temperature at which they live. Their need is of some slight increase of spiritual heat and vitality. They have learned the lesson of paying one hundred cents on a dollar very well. They know about kindness to animals. They need a new access of those great spiritual qualities known as faith, hope and love. They need a quickening of their imagination, so as to put themselves in one another's places. An access of love, a quickening of the sense that they are the children of God, would thaw out all suspicion and constraint and set their hearts free.

This need will presently show itself, we suspect, in Texas City. In the meantime, however, as we have seen, the people have actually been brought by their common sufferings and common hopes for the city into uncommonly harmonious relations. They are ready just now to do anything that will make for friendliness and social freedom. No one could be a snob, if he wished, in the present atmosphere. There is very little further, however, that can be immediately done. There is one question that has a bearing upon the future. It touches the expense, style, luxury, and ornamentation of the new church. All are agreed that the building should be outwardly solid, substantial and worthy of their city. There are some who have a pardonable pride also that the interior should be rich and elegant. It is certain that the tendency in this direction will serve to make the poorer people feel less at ease. Luxurious appointments will tempt churches-goers toward richness of dress, thus setting up a barrier between the rich and their poorer neighbors. On the other hand such simplicity of appointment in the new church as may be readily combined with good taste, will march with simplicity of dress on the part of the people, and will remind all classes that the house is their common property.

So much for the establishment of our new church in Texas City. You will have observed what uncommon conditions it has required. It begins with very considerable expense and sacrifice; not expense of money alone, but the giving up of many prejudices. Something has been required of every class of people who compose it. You will notice, however, that throughout the breadth of the organization there has nowhere been demanded any sacrifice of principle. No one has been asked to say what he does not believe. What has been required has been the giving up of personal preference, of bigotry, of egotism, and of self-will. All this sacrifice has been the result of a strong and genuine movement of brotherly kindness, welding together all classes of the people.

We must confess that it is an open question, what will be the outcome of a movement so auspiciously started. We have helped our man mount the bicycle and given him the initial impetus. It remains to be seen whether he is capable of keeping it in motion. As in all kinds of machinery, so with the church. Not only good guidance is required, but also a certain respectable momentum. In all human enterprises there is a disintegrating, centrifugal influence at work. The success of the new church will depend, as in the beginning, largely on the loyalty and good temper of certain leading individuals. If Mr. Huxley and Mr. Spencer, after having so kindly assisted in the start, henceforth quietly stay at home and only pay their subscription, and take no pains to attend the common services of the new church, there will be a loss of power and motion. If the Baptists and Methodists begin to talk of withdrawing from the common church, and instituting sectarian enterprises, it will be a public misfortune. If the new minister too, soon after this crisis in the life of the town, is called to go to Chicago or New York, and leaves his work in the hands of some person of merely moderate ability and little spiritual insight, I foresee a period of chaos.

On the other hand, the conditions for permanent success appear very favorable. It wants only to be seen in the city that the new church is proving the means of real moral awakening, that there is a revival of righteousness in the methods of business, that there is a new and kindlier spirit in the relations of employers and working people, that the old-time bar-rooms and gambling dens suffer for lack of patronage, that the boys and young men are more pure and manly and are interested in worthier pursuits, that the government of the city is free of partisanship and is administered and maintained with high public spirit. It needs also to be shown, even more profoundly, that the people of the town possess a new courage and a new inspiration for their work, that they have comfort in meeting trials and losses, that not only among the devout is there a sense of the living God and that men are his children, but that all classes share a happy feeling as of those who live in a righteous and beneficent world. This moral uplift, this practical working of righteousness, this humane sense of brotherhood, this kindling of the sense of universal and divine relation, will soon produce a kind of spiritual momentum, which will abundantly justify the existence of the church and assure its permanent success. One can hardly conceive that there could be any institution more desirable for the happy life of a community than such a church as we have imagined.

I fancy now that I hear certain questions. "Why," you ask, "do you not express greater confidence that the

time is already ripe for such churches everywhere? Why do you speak so cautiously of possible failure? Do you mean to imply that our ideal or free church, in your opinion, cannot be consummated in our generation? Do you practically tell us to be contented with such imperfect churches as we have?" I have implied nothing of the sort. I hold that it is the part of anyone who sees an ideal to press toward it with all his might, and to try to do his best to realize it. I call it terrible and demoralizing to any set of people to sit down content with recognized imperfections. I speak with caution only because I am impressed with the arduousness of our work and the many different sides on which it has to be carried out. I see, therefore, on our part, the distinct danger of exaggerating the comparative importance of some one aspect of the work. There is danger, for example, if one is interested in the method of free seats, of exaggerating the importance of this outward method, as compared with other subjects even more profound. There is danger of supposing that, if we get free seats, we have therefore got the ideal church, with all the faith and hope and love needful for maintaining it. I say this as one who believes that the triumph of the free seat method would certainly tend to react helpfully on the moral and spiritual life of any church which adopted it.

There is danger, also, if one has much at heart the securing ample freedom of thought, if one happens to be annoyed by any show of bigotry on the part of his fellows, and especially if one sees certain kindly Jews or agnostics outside, who might possibly be brought into his church,—there is danger, I say, of quite exaggerating the importance of the vote which would give such persons welcome. The fact is, no mere vote can ever make people really welcome to an organization. Nothing but congeniality, the sense of common needs, the touch of brotherly sympathy, is effectual in bringing into a church those who have hitherto stood aloof from it. Of all institutions in the world, in a church especially, a vote does not merely mean the triumph of a majority, it must represent a willing, hearty temper, in order to do any good. The securing this temper is essential to securing the vote.

There is even greater danger, I think, of exaggerating the relative importance of names and definitions. I speak as one who would like to have names as accurate as possible. But I suspect that it is a species of dogmatism when we insist upon the particular names of our own preference, before the average man in our church has been educated to see the significance of the issues which we raise. I think of those terrible contentions in the early church councils. Only the few, whether Arians or Athanasians, understood (perhaps no one ever understood) what the quar-

rel was about. The majority in the councils were more barbarians than Christians. It was pathetic to see the rabble voting on questions of the nice distinction of words when, as our friend Mr. Calthrop says, they were not even aware that there was a Holy Ghost. And even to-day I think it may be possible that we ask too much of men who are but little used as yet to the thought of God, when we urge upon them delicate questions, on which good men differ, regarding the use of historic words—historic words that are always changing and taking on new significations.

The fact is, the ideal church which we are contemplating fills me with a sense of humility as often as I consider it. It means hardly less than a perfected humanity. It means also perfected individuals. It means, therefore, great and beautiful disinterestedness on the part of all who look towards it, it means large sympathy and insight and imagination, it means forbearance and tenderness towards the weak and uneducated. It means, at least on the part of those who are leaders in the new movement, generosity, good temper and self-control. It forbids partisanship. It demands what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light." It demands on the part of those who guide and steer that they shall be always at their best, when too often their eyes are sleepy and dull and their hearts are cold.

Our ideal, also, involves a wonderful deal of patience, or rather a new quality of patience. The old sort of patience was supposed to be directed toward those who were evil or did you wrong. The new patience is the patience of the evolutionist. It is the patience of the farmer who has to sit by and wait for the tender green things to grow, who must feed and water them and help them grow the faster. It is the patience of one who knows that the sweet nuts may be encased in a rough and hurtful burr, but who can wait till, as the nut ripens, the burr bursts of itself. It is the patience of one who does not expect to see in the children the maturity of grown men, who counts the long and painful cost of what he undertakes, and is not easily disappointed. It is the patience of one who appreciates the condition of the great multitudes of people who must make up our churches,—hard pressed by labor, urged by competition, with little leisure to spend upon the high subjects which men's souls need for their rest and comfort. It is the patience, too, of those who see that even superstition, narrowness and bigotry are phases in men's religious growth; that their growth cannot be forced, that their faults are not cured by opposition and negative treatment, but by the positive warmth of love, by deepening their experiences of what faith means.

While our ideal thus makes us very modest and humble, we cannot look at it without the stirring of a great

hope. The fact that such an ideal of the church should blossom out in man's growing thought is a sort of proof of divineness. Already in many places we see the beginnings of the ideal church. We see individuals who are entirely ready for it. I will not deny that there are communities where the general conditions may be quite ripe. There are beautiful and noble lives, such as we all know, that present to us the great essential facts of breadth, freedom, earnestness, thoughtfulness, brotherly kindness, faith, too, and hope and love. Such lives are always contagious and produce others like themselves. The evil in the world is not catching so truly as good is; for the evil tends to kill itself, but goodness makes life grow. All these facts fill us with confidence that we live in God's growing world; and if we live in his world, whatever is best, whatever is desirable, must assuredly come to pass. It may, or may not, come in our time. To help bring it to pass, however, to be a co-operator, with one another and with God, is joy and delight enough for any man's life. Our ideal church, then, must come to pass. It is too good not to come to pass, in God's world. We will devote ourselves anew, with more strenuous efforts, to help bring it to pass.

Correspondence

The Moral Law.

EDITOR UNITY: Every lover of truth and good morals will commend the able and conclusive refutation, in the issue of UNITY of 23d ult., of Rev. Joseph Cook's Theories, by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Unlike that eminent pulpit orator, Frederic W. Robertson, Rev. Mr. Cook appears to have no faith in the Eternal Equity—"the calm and salutary verities of science and law." Rev. Mr. Robertson wrote in 1847: "What saves a man,—his own character or that of another?" Paul's teachings are in line with this: "Render to every man according to his works."

Every enlightened teacher of morals will heartily indorse these words of protest of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones—"I protest against the juggling with the eternal laws of right and wrong." That great writer, James A. Froude, voices the same eternal law; he says: "What are the lessons of history? It is a voice sounding forever across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity the price has to be paid at last. * * Justice and truth alone endure and live," etc.

Even the "pagan" creeds of Egypt insisted on purity of life and the practice of charity, and that truth and knowledge should be sought for. Is it possible that in this age of

progress a citizen of Boston has a lower conception of morals or of religious truth than the "pagan" of four thousand years ago?

FRANKLIN.

The Man Half a Century Old.

I remember very well the impressions of my first meeting with Jenkin Lloyd Jones. At the time I had not completely outgrown the effects of the season of doubt and denial through which I had passed. I was sick mentally, and needed a physician. It was at Wels, N. H., where we spent a number of days together discussing the great interests of life. By the beautiful lake and the picturesque hills we walked arm in arm, absorbed in the spiritual realities which we were called upon to teach by word and deed. I can never forget the eloquent sincerity with which he expressed his faith in the dignity of human nature, and the inspiring hope which he cherished for the future. In that communion with him I found healing.

Permit me to lay this humble tribute upon the altar which is already crowded with a thousand tokens of appreciation from a thousand hearts.

M. M. MANGASARIAN.

DEAR UNITY: Your "Wanted, a Civic Cathedral" is the best word said. For half a century we have been feeling along toward the thing needed. If we could have seen and felt correctly and certainly we could have had what we felt for and foresaw.

Each of us in our place must do what our hands find to do. The Temple of the Angels will be built yet—or rebuilt. Cordially yours,

E. P. POWELL.

Clinton, N. Y.

DO NOT miss our PREMIUM LIST and CLUB LIST on next to last page.

Scrofula

is Disease Germs living in the Blood and feeding upon its Life. Overcome these germs with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepare 1 by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—The home is the crystal of society—the nucleus of national character.
- MON.—Example is one of the most potent of instructors, though it teaches without a tongue.
- TUES.—Action is always more forcible than words.
- WED.—Given perseverance and energy soon becomes habitual.
- THURS.—Contact with the good never fails to impart good.
- FRI.—Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit.
- SAT.—The fervent spirit confers a dignity on even the most ordinary occupations.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

My Treasure.

The west sun shines from clouds at last,
 And slant beams mark a radiant way
 Where a dear form in beauty cast
 Makes length'ning shadows seem less gray.

She's gracious as the coming dawn
 Whose half-smile hesitates a space—
 And then, as if her doubts were gone,
 She archly looks up in my face.

The light that comes with early morn
 Is breaking over lip and brow,
 And bright new thoughts, of morning born,
 Are flushing all her features now.

Ah, in the western sun-light's glow
 I stand and watch her eastern light;
 My golden tints are darkening slow;
 Her rosy colors grow more bright.

They flood my path with richer hues;
 In her my hopes have found new birth,
 For her sweet sake I take new views,
 Through her bright eyes I see the earth.

My thoughts will not run out for her
 To where I stand in sunset's glow,
 Feeling the light would be a blur
 If this bright one I did not know.

Enough, I hold her in my heart
 The rarest gift that heaven has sent,
 Enough that I can give her part
 Of that for which my life is spent.

GERTRUDE R. COLBORN.

A POOR man had been injured in the street. A crowd gathered. One said: "How I pity him!" Others said the same. A sailor pulled out half a dollar, and handing it to the man, said: "I pity him 50 cents; how much do the rest of you pity him?"—*The Myrtle.*

The Thirsty Stars.

A long time ago, seven little stars came out one night to play hide and seek in their beautiful sky-garden,—and oh, such a twinkling time as they did have, hiding behind mother-father stars and the pretty floating cloudlets!

First one would wink and then another, which meant, "Come, I've found such a good hiding place." Then they would all blink, which meant "Ready!" So they kept winking and blinking until they grew very warm and thirsty. Just then they remembered that there were no drinking-cups in the sky-garden. What was to be done? Of course they did not sit down and cry,—for they were brave little stars, and always tried to find out a happy way to do everything, even if it did seem hard.

So they twinkled and blinked, And laughed and winked, which meant, thinking what to do. "I've got it!" said one bright little twinkler; "we can all join hands and make a dipper; four can form a cup, and three the handle, and we can get a drink from the first cloudlet that comes floating by."

So they all joined hands and made the dipper, just in time to fill it with water from some pretty white clouds that were on their way to cloud-land.

After having enjoyed a cool drink, the stars thought Lady Moon looked thirsty, and they decided to fill the dipper again and take it to her. She was delighted, for she really wanted a drink; but oh! what do you think happened? Lady Moon was very, very cold, and the moment she touched the dipper to take a drink, it caught her breath, and the seven little stars were frozen together in the form of a dipper, forever; and if you try I am sure you can see them every bright starlight night, twinkling merrily in their beautiful home up in the sky.

—*Kindergartner, in Child-Garden.*

Every-Day Life.

With Lowell we can say that "new occasions bring new duties," for every day brings its work for us to do. With ordinary people these duties are not great, dazzling deeds. One's life can be noble and full of beauty without once stepping outside of the home circle and the ordinary round of every-day events. A grand life is made up of little sacrifices, little acts of charity, little burdens borne for a weary brother, and little crosses patiently carried for love of the dear Heavenly Father.

—*Hartford Herald.*

HERE is a Whittier story told by the poet at his own expense: "I once went to hear a wonderful orator; and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Someone touched me on the shoulder, and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had

written it myself. The fault is I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."—*Exchange.*

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XIV.

THE LAST SUPPER.

Matt. xxvi. 17-30.

The holy supper is kept, indeed, In whatso we share with another's need. —Lowell.

Picture: The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519).

The picture is too well known to require explanation. Its anachronisms also are so manifest that they need not be dwelt upon. For the table and its appointments Leonardo was evidently satisfied with the model furnished in the refectory of the Milan convent on whose wall the picture was painted, and did not feel obliged to attempt a reproduction of the actual scene in a Jerusalem upper-chamber. Moreover, he has erred in representing the meal as taken by day, for although the moon was always at full when the Passover was eaten, the light on the landscape seen through the windows must be of the sun, and the episode upon which the picture is based cannot have occurred till long after sunset. Jesus has just spoken of his betrayal and the various emotions which the announcement called forth are beautifully shown on the faces of the apostles. It is remarkable that John, on the right of Jesus, shows neither surprise nor indignation, but alone of all the apostles has an expression like that on the face of Jesus himself.

What was the Passover?—A Jewish festival in memory of the deliverance from Egypt.

It seems to have been a very ancient Semitic custom to offer the firstlings of the flock in sacrifice (*cf.* Ex. xxii. 30). Since "in Arabia all cattle, small and great, yearn in the season of the spring pasture," the sacrifices would be most numerous at that season of the year; and because originally sacrifice was a communal rather than an individual matter, there would be a disposition to offer all the sacrifices of a community at the same time. The festival seems to have been at this stage in its history when the Jews left Egypt (*Ex.* x.), and thus the spring festival took on historical association. In the land of Canaan, and perhaps earlier in Egypt, the first fruits of the soil were devoted to the god of the land. This form of sacrifice could not arise till the people had passed from the nomadic to the agricultural life. The season of the first-fruits could be definitely fixed and the general festival came to be known as the feast of unleavened bread. With the centralization of worship in Jerusalem, we find the more ancient spring festival of the firstlings attached to that of the first-fruits and its historical character becomes prominent. The feast of the Passover, then, originated long before the exodus from

which it received its historical stamp, and was subsequently allied to the harvest festival of the first-fruits. In the time of Jesus all the festivals had lost their primitive character, and the Passover had undergone the greatest transformation, being thought of only as an historical reminder of the escape from bondage.

What was the Last Supper?—A simple rite, instituted by Jesus during the Passover meal, that the memory of him might be kept by his disciples.

Our sources do not agree about the last meal which Jesus ate with his disciples. The Synoptists say plainly that it was the regular Passover meal (*Matt.* xxvi. 19; *Mark* xiv. 16; *Luke* xxii. 8, 15), but John is equally positive that the Passover was not to be celebrated till the evening of Friday (*xviii.* 28; *xix.* 14). It is hard to decide which account is authentic. It is against the Fourth Gospel that it represents Jesus from the beginning as the lamb of God, and hence would have been likely to find appropriateness in the synchronism of his death with the slaughtering of the Passover lambs in the temple—yet it was not the Passover lamb that took away the sin of the world (*John* i. 28). On the other hand, the Synoptists preserve the tradition that Pilate, following a usual custom, offered to release a prisoner at the feast, and gave the people their choice between Jesus and Barabbas. Inasmuch as one of the objects of releasing a captive would be that he might keep the Passover with his family, it may be that even in the Synoptists there is a tradition in harmony with John's. While the question must be left indeterminate, it is probably safer to follow the Synoptists and hold this the Passover meal.

In that case, the events of the day would have been about as follows. Between three o'clock and five, the lambs were slain in the temple. In the great crowd of Jews that thronged the temple were two disciples of Jesus (*Luke* says Peter and John), carrying a lamb to be slaughtered. Earlier in the day they had found a householder whose upper chamber was given them for the evening. "It may be mentioned that it was customary to allow to strangers the use gratis of the necessary room, with articles of furniture, especially with cushions and tables; in return for which it was usual to leave behind the skin of the Passover lamb and the earthen vessels that had been employed." [*Keim, Jesus of Nazareth, v. p. 280.*] Thither the disciples carried the slain lamb. Probably everything else needed for the feast had already been provided. On the evening before, the family whose room had been placed at their disposal began to remove the leaven from the house, and by noon of the Passover day not a particle of leaven was to be found. "To them would fall also the duty of baking in the early morning the pure unleavened *mazzot*, the cake of wheaten meal, as well as the preparation of the *charoset*—the thick batter of fruit flavored with vinegar and cinnamon—and the bitter herbs." At evening Jesus came with the rest of the apostles and the Passover began.

In the course of the meal, possibly near the end of the feast and just before the time of the thanksgiving, the blessing and the drinking of the third cup, Jesus took one of the wheaten

cakes and breaking off one piece after another gave a fragment to each of his disciples, and then when the third cup was brought he passed it to his friends in turn, bidding them think of him as often as they broke bread or drank wine in the future. It is possible that he meant only to make his memory a part of each subsequent Passover feast, but from the history of the ceremony in the church it is more probable that he expected the apostles to keep together, and wished them to think of him at every common meal.

How was the Eucharist observed in the early church?—It formed part of an ordinary meal in a gathering of the whole church, and was taken in memory of Jesus and in hope of his speedy return.

The earliest account is found in *1 Cor.* xi. 17-26, which shows how the ceremony was observed in Paul's time. As the service of commemoration was separated gradually from the usual supper, the former was called specifically the Eucharist (blessing or thanksgiving, *1 Cor.* xi. 24), and the latter was called the Agape or Love-feast; but the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" comprehends both in the word Eucharist, *Ignatius* in the word Love Feast (*cf.* Teaching, etc., *Schaff's ed.*, pp. 57-62). Rich and poor, master and slave, sat down together once a week on the same footing of brotherhood in Christ and partook of bread, fish and wine." During this meal bread was broken, wine was passed and prayers were offered in memory of Jesus and in hope of his second coming. Out of this beautiful and significant service, which is evidently only commemorative, have grown the Catholic celebration of the Mass and the Protestant "Communion," both of which are very far from the intention of Jesus.

Exactly what Jesus did mean by the rite can be gathered only from his own words, but these differ materially in the various accounts. Yet all agree in the following particulars:

(a) Jesus called the bread his body and the wine his blood (*Matt.* xxvi. 26, 27; *Mark* xiv. 22-24; *Luke* xxii. 19, 20; *1 Cor.* xi. 24, 25; *cf.* also *John* vi. 56). This has been aptly called, "The last parable of Jesus." Can we not imagine how the idea occurred to him? He knew that for him death was at the door, and as the meal proceeded the gloom grew thicker around him. The red wine in the cup suggested the blood he was to shed—"See," he said, "my blood!" And as he solemnly broke the bread—"My body broken!" Only those who are utterly unable to appreciate the tender mysticism of Jesus, and his invariable habit of seeing analogies, and expressing them in parables, could fail to understand his mood and his pathetic words.

(b) Jesus looked forward to a future reunion with his disciples in the kingdom of God (*Matt.* xxvi. 29; *Mark* xiv. 25; *Luke* xxii. 18; *1 Cor.* xi. 26?). This is a striking feature of the ceremony in the early church: it looked backward, to be sure, but it also looked forward to the time when Jesus should come again. In the "Teaching" the service closes with a triumphant ringing cry "Maranatha"—the Lord cometh.

(c) The mention of a covenant in connection with the cup. All accounts agree that Jesus believed that his

blood was to be shed for a purpose, as symbol or seal of a covenant (1 Cor. xi. 25; Luke xxii. 20; Mark xiv. 24; Matt. xxvi. 28) and, Matthew adds, for the remission of sins (xxvi. 28). Believing, as Jesus did, that he must die in Jerusalem to end his first mission as Messiah, it is only natural that he should have questioned as to the meaning of that death. Why must the Messiah suffer and die? May we not suppose that as he recalled the teaching of Isaiah that the servant of Yahwe suffered for the sins of the people, and as he thought of the system of ideas represented by the lamb before him, the idea of sacrifice came to him as a possible explanation of his death? Surely those who had believed in him as Messiah must have entered into a new relation with God by reason of that belief, and at his second coming they should inherit the promises. But they must remain faithful to their belief during the dark days of separation, they must be mindful of the covenant, and therefore this wine, shall be to them a reminder. The thought of Jesus on this matter we cannot see clearly, perhaps it was not clear even to himself; but we may be certain that he believed his death was decreed by God for the good of others, and it is possible that in the idea of sacrifice either as seal of a covenant or as a means for the remission of sins (cf. Heb. x. 11-28) he found an explanation of his predetermined sufferings, and to keep his disciples faithful, bade them think of him and of the relation to God upon which they had entered by belief in him whenever they partook of wine, the symbol of his blood shed in their behalf.

"And having sung an hymn they went out unto the Mount of Olives." The hymn was from the Psalter (Psalms cxv.-cxviii.), and should be read in the class. Also it is urgently recommended that the prayers in the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, chaps. ix. and x., be read also. The Teaching has been published by the American Unitarian Association for free distribution, and may be had on application. For a modern idea of the communion, see "Robert Elsmere," chap. xlix.

The observance of the Lord's Supper had three results in the early church:

(a) It leveled distinctions of race and class by bringing all together in a common meal. This must have been of especial importance when the church consisted of both Jews and Gentiles.

(b) It fostered personal loyalty to Jesus as the embodiment of the new ideals.

(c) It kept alive the hope of his return.

Questions.

The Picture.—What can you find out about Leonardo da Vinci as painter, mathematician, man of science, inventor? The anachronisms of the picture. What is the significance of the overturned salt-cellar in front of Judas?

The Passover.—Tell the story of the festival and learn what you can about the way it was observed in the time of Jesus. Was this last meal a Passover? Do you think of any other nature-festivals which have gathered historical associations—Christmas, for instance?

The Lord's Supper.—What is the meaning of Lowell's lines? Can we observe the rite without superstition or misunderstanding? Would there

be any benefit in it? Did Jesus or his disciples think that it would be preserved so many hundred years?

Sunday School Items.

BEGINNINGS.

A list of books is given in the *Christian Register* for Nov. 23, by the Unitarian Sunday School Society as "useful in studying and teaching the new lessons" on the Old Testament now being issued by that society. The first book on the list is our recently published work "Beginnings" And it is recommended without reserve, though the teachers are cautioned against the Bible for Learners as "sometimes extremely ultra." This recommendation, taken with the fact that the book is used in the Ethical Sunday School in Chicago, shows how catholic the spirit of the work is and how successful the author has been in giving the simple truth, freed from all theological bias, in treating of the origin of human institutions. And the use of the work as a handbook by a class studying the history of art in a neighboring city shows how wide is the range of the little manual. It will be sent free to any annual subscriber to the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, when requested. The annual subscription is one dollar.

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A selection of twelve lessons from this admirable series is being made by one of the members of our Sunday School Board for use in our schools when Mr. Fenn's lessons are finished. The list of lessons chosen will be published in this column in a week or two.

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Notes from the Field

San Francisco, Cal.—The Second Church of San Francisco continues to thrive. Morning and evening services are held with increasing morning congregations, and evening congregations so large that they cannot increase without enlarging the building,—which seats nearly five hundred people, including chairs placed in the aisles. Mr. Sprague has recently had an ill turn from overwork and cold, but services were not suspended, as Mrs. Sprague was ready to take his place.

The average attendance at Sunday School has grown to 120 pupils. The school has recently taken up "Beginnings" with much enthusiasm. A weekly teachers' meeting is held by Mr. Sprague, assisted by his wife. A good sign is that parents attend in goodly numbers.

The Ladies' Auxiliary held a bazar Nov. 2 and 3, the net receipts of which amounted to \$710.

Though the church has still a debt of \$6,000 upon it (\$1,000 of which we hope soon to pay), the ladies have decided to take up some active charitable work, and a committee has been appointed to report on ways and means.

Mr. Sprague is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Human Rights," as follows: "The Rights of Children," "The Rights of Working People," "The Rights of Woman," "The Rights of the Sensitive."

Our pastor and his wife are busy people, as, besides the large work of our growing church, they spend three mornings a week in Leland Stanford, Jr., University attending classes in social science and philosophy. Our church boasts of a rapid growth in membership, having received sixty-nine new names since April 1, and there is quite a company still to join who are nearly ready.

Evanston, Ill.—This little church is holding its own in numbers and steadily growing in organization. Its ladies' society during the last year raised over \$500 toward a church building. That was a very large sum, when the small number of the society is taken into account. Much of the money was made by canvassing for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. They have started out on a new campaign this year and would be glad to have all of the old subscribers renew through this society; and they would welcome an unlimited number of new subscribers.

Wichita, Kan.—Rev. W. S. Vail has announced his acceptance of the call to this church, much to the gratification of the people here, who were unanimous in their choice. He has also begun work at Arkansas City, where preaching had been suspended for several months. His energy and experience promise most excellent results in both places.

Midland, Mich.—Though the church here has been without a pastor for two years, it has bravely kept up its organization and continued to hold its Sunday school every Sunday morning, and with a good attendance. We are glad to learn that it has now secured the services of a minister who will, at least for the present, divide his time between this church and that at Mt. Pleasant.

Mitchell, S. Dak.—Rev. Helen G. Putnam delivered her paper here on

Sunday evening, Nov. 19, in the Congregational Church, "to an audience that packed the church to its doors," according to the report of the Mitchell *Daily Republican* of Nov. 20, which also says that "Miss Putnam is a very able speaker and held the attention of her audience through the entire address." She delivered the same address in the Methodist Church of the neighboring town of Bowdle on the following Sunday.

Hillside, Wis.—Rev. F. W. N. Hugenoltz has been compelled, much to the

regret of the people, to give up temporarily his work here, owing to the precarious condition of his wife's health. His place will be filled by Rev. J. C. Allen, a graduate of Meadville.

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Publisher's Notes

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Apropos of the Fiftieth Birthday of the senior editor the publishers of UNITY are anxious to co-operate with its readers in making a push for doubling the constituency of UNITY, thus extending the influence of its editor, multiplying the usefulness of the paper, hastening the time when its dream of the Liberal Church of America will be realized,—a church creedless but not thoughtless, based on ethics, and open on all sides and from above to the thought of God and the inspirations of the God-serving, truth-seeking, and high living prophets of all ages.

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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AT ALL SOULS CHURCH Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, of Indianapolis, will preach at 11 a. m.

MR. M. M. MANGASARIAN will lecture to the ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY at the Grand Opera House at 11 a. m., Sunday, December 10, on "The Jesuits and their Readmission into Germany." The Ethical School will meet at 309 Masonic Temple, at 10 a. m.

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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

VOLUME XXXII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 14, 1893.

NUMBER 15.

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Non-Sectarian Liberal Constructive

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Editorial

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lovely faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."
—Emerson.

**

IN the death of Professor John Tyndall there is cause for sorrow to the truth lovers of the world.

UNITY has to beg the pardon of its readers for a bad blunder by which several articles got into the STUDY TABLE week before last, without the author's or the proof-reader's corrections. Most of the misprints were sufficiently bad to suggest the necessary correction at once, but in the notice of "The Great Remembrancer," the word colonist for colorist may have puzzled the reader at first.

**

THE liberal students at Cornell University have recently organized a league for "spiritual, intellectual, and social improvement." There are thirty-five charter members. This is another sign of the times; showing the tendency towards synthetic religion, reaching the sanctities by the road of study, rising into reverence without binding the soul by dogma. Let other college students go and do likewise. It is a pity that our young life should burn itself out in enthusiasm over the brutalities of foot-ball and the cheap excitements of class rivalries and college politics. Young men and women, what are you going to college for? Never in your lives will you have such an opportunity of facing the grave question of life and settling, for yourselves at least, some of the fundamental perplexities of the spiritual life, as you are having during your college days. Do not waste your golden opportunities.

**

PRESIDENT ATWOOD in last week's *Universalist* very properly calls attention to Prof. Momerie's exaggeration in saying that "there is no more connection between the knowledge of theology and the practice of religion than between the knowledge of geography and the possession of a landed estate." But we are not sure that when Dr. Atwood goes on to say that "the study of theology has usually conduced to religion," he is not saying something which, in the sense in which he means it, is equally untrue. Liter-

ally the latter's statement may be true, that attention to *any* kind of theology has a tendency to emphasize *some* sort of religion. But there are high and low religions, as well as scientific and unscientific theologies; and from the context it appears that Dr. Atwood meant us to infer that the study of the historical theologies has conduced to a *high* religious life. The latent error in both Dr. Momerie's and Dr. Atwood's expressions is the notion, at present a popular one, that *religion* is an unimixed good, but that *theology* may or may not be good—with the chances in favor of the negative. The fact is that while the common—which is the essential—element in all religions may be good (and in like manner the element essential to all theologies), there are bad forms of religion as well as bad forms of theology; and it is not fair to put all the blame on Theology's shoulders. What has probably tended to obscure the truth that religion and theology are wont to vary correspondingly, is the fact that the most elaborate theologies have accompanied a comparatively low plane of religious life,—whence men have concluded that a high theology and a high religion have no connection. The fallacy consists in regarding these *elaborate* schemes of theology as *high* ones,—the fact being that, inasmuch as the subject matter of theology is one about which the finite mind of man has very little knowledge, an highly elaborated theology is *prima facie* an unscientific one.

JOHN CALVIN LEARNED.

The telegraph has just summoned us to the funeral of John Learned. The stalwart, just and true man has laid aside his arms. We cannot think him dead. We cannot at the present time speak aught but the word of grief. He was the most unflinching, equable soul we have ever known. Integrity and loyalty were his conspicuous attributes. A fearless thinker, a tireless seeker was John

Learned. On this account he was also a great truster. The agitations of the day did not disturb him much. When others were panic-stricken he was calm. A man of deep emotions he was never emotional, because his heart was on intimate relations with his head. By another week we may be able to speak more deliberately, to give some of the details of his life, work, and final sickness. Now we can only mourn with the dear family he so loved and served; with the great city, with the best life of which he had been intimately connected for nearly a quarter of a century; with the Unitarian body, which he served so well that they almost distrusted him, and frequently resented his high services; with our UNITY readers, who for sixteen years have so waited for his ripened word. They rested in his judgment. They followed him who shrank from being a leader.

How much we at this office have lost, the readers of UNITY alone can form an estimate of. Loving, loyal John Learned, how we shall miss him! Noblest Roman of them all! How we loved him! Twenty-five years ago he contributed a hymn to the *Radical*. Then it was read in the plain type of every-day print. Now we read it in the illuminated text of a transfigured life, as we see that every line of it was written with his heart's blood. Every stanza was beaten out in life-measures. Now that he has once more set "forth to pursue the mighty day" we must ask the dear brother, the kind helper, the wise mentor to lend us his words that we may use them to measure our loss and to interpret his own life.

SAVING FAITH.

Great Spirit of renewing Truth!
Come shining through our darkened eyes,
And make the tides of light roll in,
To cleanse from error and from sin:
Destroy the Refuges of Lies.

If any falsehood of the Past
Round us has thrown its iron chain,
Burn through and melt each fettering link,
Ere slaves of Prejudice we sink:
Give us to Freedom once again.

Faith in the present may we have!
Faith that God lives and works to-day!
Faith that all righteousness prevails,
That Revelation never fails
In souls that work and pray.

O Future, thou art held in trust!
To build for thee a glowing way
Our hearts are pledged: no Past can bind,
No Age's Promise is behind.—
Set forth, pursue the mighty day!

NO NONSENSE ABOUT HER.

Kate Field's suggestion of the establishment of labor bureaus to bring the laborer and the work together, is worthy of more serious consideration than has been accorded to it thus far. Indeed it seems to me to be the one really practical suggestion, which has been made in the late discussion as to what to do with the unemployed. I have long cherished such a plan myself, for the relief of the housekeepers of the country places, who find it impossible to get the servants they so much need. Knowing the number of poor women and homeless girls who are in need of the homes and wages these needy housekeepers offer, I have been extremely anxious to have some society organized whose aim it should be to bring the two together. In spite of the expectation that I shall be accused of "damnable iteration" I refer to it again.

It is exactly in the line of Miss Field's proposed movement, and would become a part of it. That there is work enough in the country to give every idle hand employment seems a probability at least. The wages might not be high, but work, at even low wages, is the desideratum now. The workers will have to go to the country, where they are needed, and cannot longer herd in the great cities; but that is the one most desirable thing to be accomplished. But at present the idlers do not know where the work is, and the seekers after help do not know just where to get what they need. If we had these labor bureaus, both parties would be helped. There is scarcely a country place in the land now that does not need one or more dressmakers. Hundreds could be located where they would have constant work and fair prices. This is true also of nurses for the sick, of good laundresses, and of women who can do cleaning, paper-hanging, and such other work as women in the country so much need.

The call for servants is, of course, the most pressing, but among farmers the demand is not so great in winter. Kansas has adopted Miss Field's suggestion and established a State employment agency, in connection with the labor department. It

is much to be hoped that other States will follow her example, and that the movement will become general.

Mr. Depew says: "If some philanthropist would concentrate his capital upon a labor bureau whose purpose should be to find employment, it could perform incalculable service."

Perhaps some lover of his kind, in the coming Congress, will present a bill, similar to the one upon this subject introduced by Senator Blair in the Senate in 1888, and see to it that it is not buried in committee as that one was.

In the meantime, let every one interested in the problem of the unemployed constitute himself a society of one, to assist in finding work for the workers. It is the only true and living charity. H. T. G.

Men and Things

MR. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, in one of his discourses on methods of work in the Organized Charities, laid down the principle that to help wisely the needy, assistance "must be adequate" to the needs; that to help insufficiently so that distress soon lays hold again of the unfortunate tends to produce the pauper spirit. In the line of adequate help we note the paper of Robert Treat Paine on "Emergency Loans" read at a recent Conference of Charities. This Loan organization has for its object "the breaking down of the business of the money sharks." It is conducted on business principles, not as a charity, and has proved a boon to those for whom it is intended. We see in this movement an appreciation of the truth enunciated by Mr. Johnston, and we believe it to be a wise step towards helping at critical periods to save the unfortunate but worthy from loss of self-respect and, finally, from the pauperism that results from continuous discouragement.

FROM THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL we learn that Western Australia is likely soon to follow New Zealand in granting full suffrage to women. A recent effort to secure a favorable vote by the Legislature came within one man's vote of being successful. In South Australia, also, the chances are good that women will soon be given the franchise.

AMONG the most beautiful charities of New York is an estate of about 184 acres ten miles north of the city, left by the late Robert B. Minturn as the seat of a number of buildings crowded out of the city itself. Several of them have recently been completed and are to be dedicated this week. The main object in view in erecting the buildings has been to provide homes, instruction and worship for the boys and girls gathered from the slums of the city by various organizations, such as the "Sheltering Arms," "Children's Fold," etc. Special attention will be given to industrial training.

—Exchange.

Contributed and Selected

WHERE GOD ABIDES.

The doors are open one and all,
And sweet the anthem's sacred call,
Where God abides.

No priestly cant or time-worn creed
Usurps the place of kindly deed,
Where God abides.

Each day of all the gladsome year
Alike hath power to draw us near
Where God abides.

And ever in the human heart
The living springs of goodness start,
Where God abides.

KATE KELSEY.

DR. MARTINEAU'S OXFORD ADDRESS.

[The following address needs a few words of explanation. Some weeks ago an event happened in England of great importance to the liberal religious thought of that country. The Unitarian Theological School was removed from Manchester to Oxford, and taken, as it were, into the college family of that ancient university. What an advance that removal marks we can realize when we recall the fact that only a score of years ago no Unitarian student was allowed to attend any of the colleges of that university; and that half a century ago, when Edward Everett had been invited there to receive the degree of D. C. L. and it became known to "the clerical rabble" that he was a Unitarian minister, such an uproar arose "as to stop the proceedings."

Therefore the advent of the Unitarian school was rightly regarded as epoch-marking if not epoch-making, and was celebrated by feasts and addresses. One of the addresses was by Dr. Martineau, and in his most magnificent vein, though it was apparently quite unpremeditated. The Warden of Merton, as the representative of the University, had welcomed the new school, but had declared that its avowed object—"the scientific and fearless search after truth" in theology—marked no new departure at Oxford; that the same freedom of research had existed there in the Middle Ages; and "that, at the present moment, there is as much freedom of theological opinion among Anglican Professors of Divinity, in both our Universities, as there could well be in any Non-conformist communion;" and that a knowledge of "Biblical criticism" would be dangerous for the young.

When Dr. Martineau was called upon to reply to this welcoming speech he turned upon the complaisant Warden and, in the grand style he is such a master of, swept away the sophistries by the splendid flood of his eloquence, as the resistless waves of a rising tide sweep away the toy structures of sand on the shore.

And the Address seems to us to have a work to do in this country also, even in our own denomination, where too many of us are still building our little forts of sand on the shore of the mighty ocean of truth and are unwilling to see them swept away by any rising flood, however divine it may be.]

We have hitherto believed that Manchester College stood alone in its inheritance of absolute freedom from test-restrictions in its theological teaching and learning. But the accomplished Warden of Merton rather takes the shine out of this pretension by telling us that we claim no liberty of the theological discussion which was not habitually exercised in the mediæval schools, without hindrance from ecclesiastical authority. I am not, like the Warden, deeply versed in the scholastic philosophy, and am ready to believe whatever he tells me. Thomas Aquinas, I know, can state the *pros* and *cons* of the theological questions fairly and with lucid brevity, always, however, giving verdict for the Church at last. And, if I remember right, Abelard found it not very safe to venture on a more audacious course. It is indeed unquestionable that, then as well as now, intellects exceptionally active might with impunity reopen problems already closed by Church decree. The point of importance is, "Was this an asserted and acknowledged right? or was it only an unpunished license? and, if exercised by a priest, was it consistent with the obligations which he had voluntarily assumed?" Quote it, if you will, as an example of indulgence towards culprits whom it is more prudent not to touch; but not of unconditional loyalty to the spirit of truth in preference to the behests of men. If in this respect Manchester College is not unique in this country, I should rejoice to hear of the Theological School equally uncommitted to any bespoken results of research. From the third century onward the ecclesiastical spirit has been straining after fixity of doctrine. During the same period the providential order in Christian nations has been one of intellectual and spiritual growth. It is self-evident that the two cannot work harmoniously together. Fix your theology, and you crystallize your universe. Leave your universe free to expand within your thought, and it will soon dwarf your defined theology. If you are bound to a confession, you are paralyzed as a scholar. When the tension between the stationary and the motory forces becomes intolerable, a convulsive crisis, as at the Reformation, ensues and readjusts their relation, always by some theological surrender which unexpectedly releases a fresh religious power. So obvious is this that even Protestant Orthodoxy and Catholic Infallibility at last fall in love with the idea of Progress in history of Faith, and claim for themselves that they are carried onward in the very process of standing still. It is worth while to see what this means. You remember perhaps the story of Robinson and the English Puritan exiles in Holland, on the eve of their departure for new homes and free worship in America. They were Independents, rigorous in their Geneva theology; and their tears flowed more freely because they were part-

ing from the beloved pastor who had trained them in it; for Robinson was too old to share their enterprise. Kneeling on the beach, he called them to prayer; and in his closing blessing encouraged them to look for ever clearer vision of divine things; for sure he was that "there was yet more and more light to break forth from God's word." What could this mean, coming from one who believed in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures from the first word to the last? Did he refer merely to the future correction by scholars of mistaken readings and translations? No; he was intent on reaching, not more exactly what the writers said and meant, but more fully what was the thought of God hid behind their literal meaning. In his view. "Inspired" words were assumed to carry more than their obvious significance. If that seemed to be trivial, it symbolized the great; if material, it veiled the spiritual; if historical, it was a prophetic hint. Swedenborg is well known to have worked out this doctrine of a double sense in the language of Holy Writ: but in truth it has never been absent from the interpreters, or even the writers, of the books received as sacred. It has spoiled the whole history of Biblical exposition, turning the scriptures into an occult cipher-writing, speaking only to those whom the spirit furnishes with the secret key. Under the influence of this preconception, that besides the literal and textual sense there was the symbolical, and within the symbolical there was the spiritual. Robinson might well expect an indefinite delivery of truth within truth, as the interior caskets were opened. But now that interpretation is complete when the immediate thought which dictated the words is found, we must treat all else as put into the text by the reader's fancy, instead of drawn out of it by revelation of the Spirit of God. Increments to Theology from this source are arbitrary and illusory, and stand in no secure relation to the progress of the world. That the Catholic Church itself is not insensible to the charm of the idea of Progress is evident from its "Theory of Development," so attractively presented in the late Cardinal Newman's exposition of it. The perpetuity of the Church, he insists, does not imply that it can only stand still. On the contrary, it has been always on the move, and has provisions that may ever keep it so: nor has our own generation passed without increasing its body of doctrine. It is undeniable, as a fact, that the conditions of Catholic orthodoxy have enlarged their range as the ages advanced. The reason is obvious. The very act of pronouncing authoritatively on a single article of a creed, and shaping it into words, either abstract like "Person" and "Substance," or figurative like "Father" and "Son," necessarily starts a number of dependent ambiguities

which must subsequently come up for discrimination and choice. From the Sonship of Christ, for instance, what endless questions arose, and occupied the Church for centuries ere they were set at rest. "Incarnation," the "Two Natures," the "Monophysite," "Monothelite," and "Sabellian" problems came up in turn for judgment and definition, after which the favored doctrine was added to the Divine code, and the alternatives were dismissed and visited with anathema. But what is the worth of this sort of "Development"? Precisely that, when logically conducted, of the assumed premise out of which it is drawn; and where this is a dictum unsecured, all that is consequential on it is precarious, with risks increasing at every link. Traveling on this line, you are as likely to become incumbered by a monstrous excrescence of falsehood as to clear your way into the simple relations of truth. Thus it was with the Ptolemaic astronomy, starting from the geocentric assumption that the heavenly bodies really move as to us they seem to move. It was possible to draw a scheme of orderly motion, like the figures of a dance, in which the more conspicuous phenomena would have an intelligible place. But, one by one, minuter changes were observed for which there was no room without heaping epicycles upon cycles and stringing loops upon circles, till the complexity baffled the resources of every calculus. In spite of infinite ingenuity the science went further and further into the dark, till, on the suggestion and trial of the heliocentric position, the crowd of jostling phenomena fled off into symmetrical order and explained their own periodicities. Precisely similar in their origin from a false assumption were the Church complications to the Ptolemaic bewilderments; and if not also in their issue, it is only because the heavens can take care of themselves, and there is no astronomical Pope to excommunicate their inconvenient anomalies and blot them out from the Cosmos. These spurious "Developments" from unsecured premises are not what we mean by the progressive growth of human thought, in religion as in all else. Mere deduction from what you now think will never open to you fresh fields of thought, divine or human. Only by larger knowledge of facts, natural or spiritual, and careful generalization from them of the true rules of their happening, do we come into right relations with the world in which we live. And as that world is also the scene of the divine existence and the manifestation of the divine action, it is vain to imagine that while its aspects change before our thought, theology can remain unaffected in its form and dimensions. In recognition of this concurrent variation of theology and general knowledge, Manchester College commends to the

teachers and the taught an unconditioned quest of sacred truth. Is there then, you may perhaps ask, nothing permanent in the contents of religious faith? Yes, of religious faith, even though you should pass from church to church, and your assent should shift from creed to creed. For the abiding element is to be found, not in the intellect's theoretical conception of things divine, but in the order, depth, and power of the moral and spiritual affections, and in the adoring and loving sense of an infinite personal relation in which they place us. All the time that the understanding may be on the move in its escape from imperfections, the responsible and aspiring soul may forever kneel before the eternally Perfect. The reverential conscience, the trustful love, the self-devoting will, may abide the same through all theological research; and be ready to take possession of whatever universe and whatever history that research may lay open to them as the temple of their worship and epic of the Divine Life. Be the scale small or great of the scene thus filled with God, the Religion which so consecrates it is the same, and makes a fellowship of heart for the child, the peasant, and the philosopher. This it is that carries faithful minds unharmed through changes which frighten people helplessly resting on crumbling authorities. What "destructive criticism," they say, "is this! What is to become of the Sabbath if the six days' Creation is given up? And of the Fall of Man, if we listen to Darwin? And of the Redemption, if we lose the Fall"? Not only is it true that criticism destroys these things as facts; but that, unless it did so, we should be still in the stage of Accadian civilization; should image the universe to ourselves as a two-storied world divided by a crystal palace roof studded with electric lamps and an arc-light or two over the portals of the day and night; its ceiling supplied with water-tanks and turn-cocks to irrigate the flower beds and fill the fish-ponds below! Of this lower plane we should be thinking as the scene of an abortive experiment of a new creature; who, though said to be in the image of God, proved to be so great a simpleton as to break down at the first temptation, and so become the progenitor of a foredoomed race peopling a ruined world; which, at the end of the ages, had to be bought off at a frightful cost of suffering to the Holiest of all. If criticism is "destructive" of this picture, does it not spread before us a more sublime? If it dwarfs the Mosaic chronology, does it not unfold a record that has neither Alpha nor Omega? If it does away with the flat sea and rooted earth "that cannot be moved," does it not roll them into a globe and fling it spinning and circling on a track from which it never swerves? If it melts away the crystal roof,

think whither it is that it lets the stars retire! Suppose what we now know of our abode and our environment to open suddenly upon a devout worshiper looking out on the little Hebrew universe. Nay, let it be Jesus of Nazareth himself, when he had gone up into the mountain to remain all night in prayer to God: and if then had been revealed to him all that comes to us from the vault of stars above him, and the dip of the horizon below; if the moon had told him her wondrous tale, and the light of Orion and Pleiades had reported its length of way and what infinitudes it left behind; if, in short, between the second and third he had found himself transported from the built firmament of Genesis to the open universe of Newton and of Herschel; do you think that he would have knelt no more? that he would have shut up his spoken or silent prayer, because there was no longer anything adorable? Would he not rather have been lifted into a devotion too rapturous for speech? And so it ever is with all our warranted "negations." We discard the relatively mean and low to escape into the great and glorious; we leave the rudiments to fall away, that we may press on towards perfection. We exchange a God with a "throne" and a "foot-stool," a "right-hand seat" and a left, for the Living Presence of a Universal Mind, looking into our eyes in all that is beautiful, and communing with us in all that is right. One thing more I would point out as a necessary inference from the fundamental principle of "Free Teaching and Free Learning." If we approve of this principle, we must take it with all its risks. If the alumnus, in the conscientious exercise of his freedom, carries from the class-room theological convictions at variance from those of his teachers, he will be only following the call of duty should he enter the service of a Church less catholic than ours. Nothing can be more absurd than, under the motto of an open theology, to expect all your students to arrive at the same implied, though unnamed, conclusions. Hence it follows that if the College is intended to train ministers for a particular denomination, that denomination must hold the same impartial attitude toward doctrine as the College assumes, by neither name nor act committing itself, in its corporate capacity, to a particular theological school. The noble principle, reasserted in every announcement issued from Manchester College, is exposed to the imputation of insincerity by every word or deed put forth in forgetfulness of this relation between Church and College.

A Pitiable Sight

It is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The most successful and nourishing infant food.

DO NOT miss our PREMIUM LIST and CLUB LIST on next to last page.

"NOW IS THE APPOINTED HOUR."

Sometimes we ask why the heart must lie

In the ashes of love burned low,
With no power to turn in the book of life

The leaf that is blotted so.

Sometimes we mourn the years that are gone

And weep for the hopes that have fled.
Sometimes we long for friendships past
And bitterly mourn the dead.

Yet never a year so rich as this year,
Nor a day with such hopes as this one;
There was never a time of such infinite worth

Amid all that is past and gone.

SOPHIE GIBB.

The orthodox interpretation of Christianity drags religion down from the high plane of the universal to the limitations of a sect, and then one sect, as Romanist or Protestant, excludes the other and in this way is made powerless the religious faith and hope of man. O, it would make life larger and better to feel that this is a world of friends and not of enemies, that the millions are looking for the good. In the outworking of world and racial problems, injustices and hardships may befall the individual, but the compensations are sure in the sometime of the future. History never forgets. Heaven always rewards. Aye, goodness is its own reward. In the blessed consciousness of trying to do right the soul loses its burdens in the great work and joy of trying to lift and carry a whole world of souls to the higher life. O, it should be ours, ours who stand for the religion of humanity, to stand for the great our side of God and man; and forgetting the dividing and weakening lines that have separated us in the past, we should be one in the noble endeavor to welcome the ungathered millions to a home for all souls, a church as broad as the needs of man, as wide as the love of God and with its doors out to the infinite beyond.

H. W. Thomas, D. D.

RIDING AND HITCHING.—One mode of transportation among the poor whites of Southern West Virginia is known as "riding and hitching." It is resorted to when two travelers find themselves with only one horse and they are going too far to ride "double." In "riding and hitching" one traveler takes the horse and goes a mile or more, while the other foots it behind. The equestrian naturally makes faster speed than the walker. So, after he has ridden his share, he dismounts and hitches his steed to a tree by the roadside and pushes on afoot. In time the other walker comes to the hitched animal, mounts him, rides on until he has overtaken the first rider and got some distance in front, when the operation is repeated. Thus each rides alternately, and the horse gets a breathing spell.

—New York Sun.

The Study Table**GOLDWIN SMITH'S OUTLINE OF OUR HISTORY.***

To see ourselves as others see us is proverbially a good thing for us. To see our national selves as Mr. Goldwin Smith sees us is to see ourselves with very friendly eyes, hardly less so than those of Mr. Bryce, with whose "American Commonwealth" this history naturally suggests comparisons. In their structures the two books are entirely different, as different as an "Anatomy and Physiology" from a biography. Mr. Bryce's is a much more important book than this, involving much greater labor in its preparation and containing much more useful matter, both for the English and the American reader. Mr. Smith's book is a remarkable piece of condensation. He has seized on the important things at every stage with happy intuition, and has not cumbered himself with indifferent and irrelevant matter. Here and there the stress of condensation brings things that were far apart too near together. The author's general knowledge of his subject is complete, while occasionally there are little slips, some of which an American schoolboy might easily have corrected,—as where the Charter Oak is transplanted from Hartford, Conn., to Providence, R. I.,—and the proof-reading is characterized by the usual English carelessness in this particular. The style of the book is Goldwin Smith's, and therefore it is clear and strong, sometimes a little too rhetorical, especially for a book which has been recommended for the use of schools and colleges. The worst example is on pp. 73, 74, where more woes are pronounced than Jesus leveled at the Scribes and Pharisees, all leading up to a reprobation of Samuel Adams, which is one of the most doubtful of the many personal estimates which enliven and enrich the course of the eventful history. In this particular and in his general attitude toward the separation of the colonies from the mother country Mr. Smith reminds us of the politician who was "for the law but agin its enforcement." He is for separation, and does not think it came too soon; but he is against Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry and the others who did most to bring about the separation. He would have had it brought about with mutual amenities—an impossible thing. Canada has waited for her turn one hundred and seventeen years, and a perfectly amicable separation, which Mr. Smith so much desires, is as far off as ever.

The title of the book is too large for its contents. He should have made 1607-1871 his including dates, instead of 1492-1871, for he makes

* THE UNITED STATES. AN OUTLINE OF POLITICAL HISTORY. 1492-1871. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. New York: Macmillan & Son.

short work of the period from 1492 to 1607, disposing of it in two pages. The accounts of the different colonial settlements are very admirable in their indications of the various strains of character that entered into them. New England readers will relish his narration much more than Southerners, for he is very strongly if not unduly impressed with the superiority of the New England settlements to all the rest, and with their formative influence upon the subsequent developments. On page 36 there is a sentence which seems to have somehow got loose from its proper moorings a century or before: "Presently Unitarianism raised its head and in time possessed itself of the government of the University." This is written of the close of the seventeenth century! From the allusion to the "House of the Seven Gables," on the next page, it is evident that Mr. Smith has never read the book.

In the chapter on the revolution the estimate of Washington is as generous as the most patriotic of his countrymen could ask; though, perhaps, exception might be taken to the statement that he "never won a battle." The date of Burgoyne's surrender is given as 1779 instead of 1777—one of many marginal dates that suggest ill-made figures in the MS. of the book and no serious revision of the proof. The treatment of Andre's death is of a piece with the sentimentalism that has given him a monument in Westminster Abbey. It is treated abstractly—as if Arnold's treason had nothing to do with it. Mr. Smith is nothing if not anti-Gallican, and he seldom touches the relations of France to the conflict without cerebral excitement. This is most evident in his treatment of the effect of our revolution upon France (pp. 115, 116). The last chapter of Arthur Young's "Travels in France" is the best comment on his extravagances. See also Buckle's chapter, "Proximate Causes of the French Revolution."

In dealing with the period of constitutional construction Mr. Smith's view of Hamilton reflects the Federalist bias of the writers in the "American Statesman" series, while the life of John Adams in that series by Mr. Morse, whose maiden effort was a eulogy of Hamilton in two volumes, does not appear to have been consulted. If it had been we might have had some hearty reprobation of Hamilton's treatment of Adams in 1796, and of his private manipulation of Adams's Cabinet, as well as of his fatuity, that did more than all other influences to make the wreck of the Federalists in 1800 as disgraceful as it was ruinous. Of much more importance is the exaggerated estimate of Hamilton's part in the framing of the Constitution of 1787. The outcome was very far from representing his ideal, which involved a Senate for life on a property basis and a President legisla-

tively chosen for a period of good behavior,—a scheme which could never have been forced upon the States, or only to bring on another revolution. The exaggeration of Hamilton's part entails the depreciation of Madison's, which in the convention was of much more importance. The estimate of Jefferson is depreciatory in the main, but with the liberal allowance that if Hamilton "divined Europe," as Talleyrand declared, Jefferson divined America, reading the secret and imposing the law of its political future,—a much more important matter.

Mr. Smith's fourth and fifth chapters—"Democracy and Slavery," "Rupture and Reconstruction"—are his best. The account of slavery at the beginning of the fifth chapter bids fair to be a classic characterization of the foolish wickedness which it describes. In its details it is not so full as Mr. Rhodes's recent history, but it is written in a more effective manner. Both have drawn largely on Frederick Law Olmsted's "Cotton Kingdom," which is as serviceable a memoir for the historians of the pro-slavery rebellion as Arthur Young's "Travels in France" for the historians of the French Revolution. The characterizations of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and later that of Lincoln, are most admirable. That of Webster is free from the idealizing taint of many recent writers. That of Lincoln is as lofty in its praise as Lowell's verse in the Commemoration Ode. But it has not the "wholeness of texture" which Matthew Arnold loved. To say that in 1860 he was "available as a rail-splitter," and say nothing of his contest with Douglas and the impression made by his Cooper Institute speech, is a rhetorical absurdity. To speak of him as being "like his father, without habits of settled industry," is equally absurd. But still more absurd is the remark that everybody read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "with a feeling of its unreality." It was as real as life and death to the majority of its readers; more real than the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," which gave the corresponding facts.

In general the relation of slavery to the war is admirably wrought out. So, too, the relation of Garrison and the Abolitionists to the conflict, an easier task because Mr. Smith had already written a brief biography of Garrison marked by a rare appreciation. "In 1861," he says, "came the catastrophe," and then goes on to describe the events of 1860. The date is, of course, mistaken. And was Jefferson Davis "a man after the Southern heart?" It turned out that he was not, in course of time. He elicited no general admiration. He has no such place in the affections of the South as Lincoln has in the affections of the North. But these are little matters, and in general the proportion of our blame and praise has not fairly represented our feeling for the book which Mr.

Smith has written. Its merits are many and commanding and its faults are few and slight. It will do good on both sides of the water. That it challenges some traditional opinions is not a defect. It rebukes our arrogance. It summons us to better things. Let us hope that the author's purpose to write another volume on our later politics will soon be carried out. As he reads the papers this morning (November 8) he will find that in their bearings on the fortunes of Maynard, a corrupt judge, and Boody, a corrupt mayor, they seem to show that we have a fund of moral perception and righteous indignation vested in our democracy which can be drawn upon in great emergencies for almost any amount.

J. W. C.

HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Also with plates and diagrams. New York: The Century Company. 1893. Crown, 8vo. \$1.50.

It was a happy thought to make a handbook out of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's twelve articles originally contributed to the *Century Magazine*. Published by the Century Company and printed by De Vinne it goes without saying that the book is a pleasure for the eye and hand. The articles have undergone a second revision. Since first writing them the author has been the round of the great French cathedrals, so that she is now able to speak with more comparative judgment of those on English soil. She does not admire these too much. Mr. Moore may have shown conclusively that the French Gothic is the only logical system, but logic does not give the measure of beauty in architecture. If the "fretted vault" of the French cathedrals is more impressive than the lower vaulting of the English, "the long-drawn aisle" of the latter is more impressive than the shorter aisle of the former, and the dominance of their transept towers is much more impressive than the weak stiletto spires which correspond in buildings across the Channel. The setting of the English cathedrals in their closes of rich sward and noble trees is another count in their favor.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer has chosen her twelve cathedrals wisely. That her choice was made with the approval of the late Prof. Freeman is sufficient proof of this, though her choice does not include Exeter. She should have been allowed to make her dozen articles a baker's dozen, and then Exeter would have come in. Those who have seen the Early English front of Ripon and the choir of Carlisle, with the most beautiful "east window of divine surprise" that the decorated period produced, will miss those things, of course, but in general the best is here. The writer is extremely modest. She does not pretend to write for architects, but for the average tourist,

and for such her book will prove more serviceable than the hand-books of Murray, splendid as those are, besides being ten times as compact. As the cathedrals are set in their closes so she has set them in the wealth of their historical associations, thus adding vastly to the interest of her book. It will be a capital book for those who have been the round, and will for many a year renew their pleasure in the century-growing piles. Mr. Pennell's pictures, so numerous and so beautiful, will do much to make the recollection more vivid and "the lost pulse of feeling stir again."

J. W. C.

CHINESE NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

Forty Stories, told by Almond-eyed Folk, Actors in the Romance of The Strayed Arrow. By Adele M. Fielde. Illustrated by Chinese Artists. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 194.

This is a work to delight the heart of the ethnologist as well as of the child, and the publishers have given it a setting worthy of themselves and of both classes of their constituency. The twenty-five illustrations enable us to study Chinese art, while the forty stories which are strung on the thread story of the Strayed Arrow somewhat as those of the thousand and one nights are upon the tale of the cruelly-determined Sultan and his clever sister-in-law, offer to the student of men and manners a quantity of material remarkably rich in proportion to its bulk.

Those who have observed the publications of Putnam's Sons at all closely for several years back realize, though perhaps the American public as a whole does not, that this firm has been engaged in something more than the effort to run a paying business,—it has in a quiet way been carrying on an educational work of no mean value. Apparently taking as a motto the worthy maxim, "The noblest study of mankind is man," Putnam's Sons have given especial attention to educational work along the lines of social science; and although the value of some of their efforts in this direction has inhered rather in the nature of the subject than in the manner of its execution, we believe nevertheless that the American public owes to them a considerable debt of gratitude for their moderate success in cultivating the popular taste in the direction of economics, history, folk-lore and the like.

We should be glad to comment at length upon the excellence of the book under review,—upon the vigor and suggestiveness of certain of the illustrations; upon the charm of the author's simple, direct and remarkably concise style; upon the large, clear type, appropriate cover, and general attractiveness of the press-work. But space forbids, and we can only advise our readers to get the book for themselves; it will make an

admirable holiday book, being full of interest for young and old, and we regard it as a real contribution to that broad humanity which comes from a wide outlook upon life and, more specifically, from a degree of intimacy with the every-day life of a people whose culture is different from our own.

F. W. S.

EL NUEVO MUNDO. A poem by Louis James Block. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 95. \$1.00.

As was to be expected, the Columbian year has inspired many literary efforts poetic as well as—we were going to say—prosy; and, depending as so many of them do on that factitious circumstance, but few will really live, though they all stand a chance of being resurrected a hundred years hence. Prof. Block's poem is largely conceived, beginning at the beginning and dipping into the future, and some of it is so very good that the reader feels almost a sense of personal wrong that some of it is so very bad. Its worst fault may be illustrated by the following words and phrases taken from a single stanza: "Waters . . . tumulted," "reinless wars," "The world a vast impendence," "half lampllessly," "noisy foam," "potenced nothingness"—wording which suggests the undergraduate effort at poetical translation.

The obscurity is so great at times that when one compasses the meaning of a stanza he exults as when he solves a mathematical problem, but however popular the puzzler's column may be it should be restricted to the column. To present the historic setting of the achievement of Columbus is a lofty undertaking, and this conscientious effort will doubtless meet with its large reward; but if, according to the famous epigram, a play must have "wit enough to keep it sweet," then good poetry must give light enough to read it by.

G. B. P.

THE BOOK OF JOB. Critical Edition of the Hebrew Text, with notes. By C. Siegfried, Professor in the University of Jena. English Translation of the Notes by R. E. Bruennow, Professor in the University of Heidelberg. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. Leatherette, 4to, pp. 52. \$1.00.

This is the first installment of the new critical edition of the books of the Old Testament, printed in Hebrew and edited by Prof. Paul Haupt, Ph. D. The whole edition when complete will represent the ripest scholarship in Europe and America. The typography is of the highest order, and, owing to a gift of \$5,000.00 placed at the disposal of the editor, he is enabled to make the price of the separate parts so low as to bring them within the reach of all students and critics, who will await anxiously the future installments. The printing is done in Leipsic and is in colors; thus, parallel compositions are printed

in blue, correcting interpolations conforming the speeches of Job to the orthodox doctrine of retribution are printed in red, while polemical interpolations are printed in green. By this arrangement even those who are not Hebrew scholars will find the book helpful.

G. B. P.

DICCON THE BOLD: A STORY OF THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS. By John Russell Coryell. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 279. \$1.25.

This is a delightful story for boys, and its freshness and vigor have a charm for older readers. The brave, honest, simple-hearted English lad who loves adventure and the sailor's life, and regards it as the happiness of his life that he has the good fortune to accompany the great Admiral on his memorable trip, wins our sympathy despite the fact that his love of fighting would hardly be becoming in a nineteenth century hero. It must be confessed that he is always extricated from his numerous difficulties just in the nick of time in a manner not altogether lifelike; but after all it may be questioned whether a person with the sunny disposition of Diccon would not be sure to find life a success in whatever condition he might be placed.

F. W. S.

THE RUSSIAN REFUGEE. By Henry R. Wilson. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 8vo, pp. 610. 50 cents.

This is a novel displaying a love of nature and of natural methods of education. It is well set and passably interesting; but it is a trifle too didactic, is far too long, and contains too many alleged characters that are psychologically untrue or are mere types.

F. W. S.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE FORUM, under its present management, has been rapidly forging ahead until now it has a position of which it can well be proud. In its peculiar field, as ministering to the serious study of social problems, we regard it as the best of our American magazines. Its tone is serious, candid, and critical,—as far removed from sensationalism and extravagance as it is from unprogressive conservatism. Its latest forward step is the reduction of its price from 50 to 25 cents a number, a reduction from \$5.00 to \$3.00 per annum. It is now within the reach of a larger number of readers, and we trust that its prosperity will correspond to its merits. The December number is a strong one, including papers on "Child-Study—the Basis of Exact Education," by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University; "Israel Among the Nations," by W. E. H. Leckey; "The Beginning of Man, and the Age of the Race," by Prof. Brinton; "Need Not of 'More Money,' but of 'Better Exchange,'" by

Mr. T. G. Shearman; "A Plan for an Automatic, Business-Like Tariff," by Hon. W. J. Coombs; "A Plea to Free the Schools from Politics," by Dr. Rice; "The Most Popular Novels in America," by Hamilton W. Mabie; and papers by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Franklin H. Head, Woodrow Wilson, A. Augustus Healey, Wm. D. Foulke, and Frederic Harrison,—a notable list of names; but what is far more to the point, a number of these are eminently practical, serious studies of present problems.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE, whose series of essays on literary and social matters, "In a Corner at Dodsley's," was for the past two years a regular monthly feature of the *New England Magazine*, is to begin a new series of papers in *Worthington's Magazine*, of Hartford, Conn., under the caption of "In a Library Corner." The first essay, on "The Mystery of Style," will be published in the December *Worthington's*.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 41. \$2.50.

GARRICK'S PUPIL. By Augustin Filon. Translated by J. V. Prichard. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 217. \$1.00.

ELSIE: A CHRISTMAS STORY. From the Norwegian of Alexander L. Kjelland by Miles Menander Dawson. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 1894. Paper boards, cloth back, 16mo, pp. 109. 50 cents.

MONEY FOUND. By Thomas E. Hill. Revised edition, with a glossary of financial terms and general information relating to finance. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 1894. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 121. 75 cents. Full Russia, \$1.00.

THE SON OF A PROPHET. By George Anson Jackson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 394. \$1.25.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH. Selections arranged by Emma Forbes Cary. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 280. \$1.00.

THE WITNESS TO IMMORTALITY in Literature, Philosophy and Life. By George A. Gordon. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 310. \$1.50.

DISCOURSES. By Edward H. Hall. Boston: George H. Ellis. Cloth, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 244. \$1.50.

THE OUTER AND INNER WORLD and Other Sermons. Being the Essex Hall Pulpit for 1893. London: Philip Green. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 138. 1s. 6d.

RELIGION AND MODERN THOUGHT and Other Essays. London: Philip Green. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 207. 2s. 6d.

MARY. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Leslie Brooke. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 294. \$1.00.

THE LIGHT PRINCESS and Other Fairy Tales. By George MacDonald. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 305. \$1.75.

SAN-DIAL WISDOM. A Calendar for 1894. San Francisco: Publishing Committee of the Channing Auxiliary.

MORE THAN KIN. A Book of Kindness. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 334; \$1.50. Half cloth, \$1.

A STRING OF AMBER BEADS. By Martha Everts Holden ("Amber"). Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1894. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 139; \$1. Paper, 50 cents.

FOR LIFE AND LOVE. A Story of the Rio Grande. By Richard Henry Savage. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. Paper, 12mo, pp. 448; 50 cents.

Church-Door Pulpit

THE DIVINITY OF MAN.

A Lecture by Swami Vivekananda.

REPORTED FOR UNITY.

Swami Vivekananda, of Bombay, a Hindu monk, is a man of handsome presence. In speaking his voice goes in regular, rather monotonous waves of sound, now up, now down. He wears a long orange toga or gown, belted at the waist with red girdle, dark-red pantaloons and boots, and a lemon-colored turban covers his black hair. In the street an additional turban and a fashionable American black cloth ulster or surtout varies the Oriental costume.

Dr. Thomas, in introducing him to the audience, said: "The speaker of the evening comes from a land of ancient scholarship, in whose philosophy are found the roots of the philosophy of England, Germany, France, and all Europe, whose religion is the most ancient in the world, whose bible antedates the Hebrew Bible—and he speaks to us in our own language."

Swami Vivekananda then spoke as follows:

"As we look about us we see two sides of life, external, internal; matter, external form, and the internal life of thought. If we look only at the external we are crushed, man is only an atom, and almost not that, in the universe; but in the world of thought he seems more powerful. In the heavens are stars, suns and worlds one thousand—one hundred thousand times bigger than the earth, and as the firmament contains the stars, so the eternal contains all. Take the law of gravitation. A stone falls,—two, three stones fall,—and Galileo says, he sees the law of gravitation. Thus after we see many phenomena, we reduce them to unity. This is human reasoning, finding unity, reducing the many phenomena to laws.

"The external and internal phenomena have always engaged the attention of thinking men. Can the external and internal be reduced to unity?"

"There are three schools: the Dualist, the Materialist and the Idealist. We pass over the Dualist; he gives up in despair. The Materialist says there is only the external, the other is the outcome of the former. You must believe in matter. The Idealist says there is only thought, mind, there is no matter. To the Hindu both are partially true, partially wrong. Can matter and mind be reduced to unity? The Materialist says mind does not exist.

"Is this table an existing something? Is it independent of the whole universe? Soon we see there is both independent and relative existence. In the matter of heat and cold you cannot think of one

without the other, you cannot separate them; without comparison the idea cannot come.

"There is this story in the Sanscrit: A prince was asked, 'What is the most wonderful thing in the world?' 'It is this, that men and women die and the rest think that they will never die, but will live on forever and ever.' Why is it when we see all men die about us, why do we not think that we shall die? It is because we shall not die, and we act upon that. If we were mortal all action would cease, man would not look to the future, man would never work. When he works it is because he knows he will not die. In and through this lies the great secret of the universe.

"The universe is relative, but there is something absolute, something that never dies, and this is the motive power of all our actions. Whether we see the stars or not, they are there. We must not take relative things for absolute. We see the stars against the sky, and because there is a background we are able to see the stars; so because there is a background of absolute and independent existence, we are able to see the things that are dependent and relative.

"In the internal, spiritual world man believes he will not die. If the body is myself it will die, for the body changes every moment; it is only a current of matter. What right have I to call it the same? Every seventh year every particle is changed. We see there is sameness and change. But there is something for background; absolute existence is the background of mind and body; the Eternal Being is at the back of every existence; that Being we call God, and the mind, soul. The animal kingdom differs from the vegetable, and the vegetable from the mineral. The dog and the elephant are made of clay; both are clay; as clay they are one; as beings there is a sense in which they are one. There are related beings, and beings are various.

"In the moral world, unselfishness is the basis of all morality. We give up the individual, the little circle of diluted selves, and march toward the universal. The underlying basis of all religions is the regaining the absolute and unconditional nature of the soul. If the soul is relative, it is bound, degraded. Everything that changes dies. Immortality, unconditionality, the Infinite—are one and the same. There cannot be two Infinities. If there were, they would condition each other.

"The Infinite is like the ocean. All bring water from the ocean. All religions come with their different cups to this ocean for water. So the different religions are different stages of growth, and they take in the Infinite, according to their purity of heart.

"Religion is not the outcome of the weakness of the human heart; it

is the outcome of strength, it is the effort of the soul to regain its nature. A wise man was asked, 'What is the most important thing for man to do?' 'Be friendly to human beings, be kind and helpful to those in distress.' 'Is that all?' 'No; be happy.' 'Is that all?' 'No; see only what virtues men have, never see their faults.' 'Is that all?' 'No; believe in men as you believe in your own brother.' 'Is that all?' 'No; this it is. See yourself in another shape. Not your brother, but your own form multiplied,—you, in another shape.'

"Religion is the manifestation of the divine nature. How can man change? Can the leopard change his skin? Whence can the sinner get a supply of virtue? He is a diamond: when the dust is washed off, the divine nature becomes manifest. Develop a man on a low, brutal plane and there is the murderer; develop him on a higher plane and we have a saint. The doctrine of original purity was proclaimed before the doctrine of original sin.

"There is this story of the lion: As a lioness came upon a flock of sheep, a cub lion was born, and the lioness died. The lion grew up with the sheep, ate grass, bleated, and when the sheep fled the big lion fled with them. He was a big lion, but he did not give up the sheep nature. A lion came upon the flock and found this full-grown lion, which fled from him with the sheep; but he waited, caught the sheep-lion, held him down, and told him he was a real lion! He bleated a reply. Then he took him to a lake and showed him his image, the image of a lion, in the lake. He roared: the sheep-lion roared; he found he was a lion, not a sheep. So man is not a sinner, but God's son—this is what the Hindu religion teaches. From the Vedas we have a legend. There were two eagles on a tree; the one below ate fruits, bitter and sweet, and was miserable. The one on the top was full and perfect, and wanted nothing below its own nature. It was a majestic eagle, with no fear or misery. The one below felt he could be like the one above, and as he came nearest the reality of his own existence, he became like him.

"Whatever may have covered it up, the soul is unconditioned, immortal, it has only to know its own nature and that will make it free. Do not expect to make men better by criticism, but by giving them higher ideas. Criticism makes men worse. Praise men; place higher planes before them and they will come up to them. You know how difficult it is to cut a log against the grain. Man must come up. Religion is the manifestation of the Divinity existing in man—and we can help the process of this manifestation. This is not the idle dream of philosophers. Thousands and thousands of the thinking people of India have been built up on this idea.

"It is told that Alexander the Great, conversing with a monk, was so pleased with him that he asked the monk to come with him. The monk refused. 'Do you know I can kill you?' The monk replied: 'You cannot kill me. I am immortal—you can only kill the body.' Alexander said: 'Had I not been Alexander the Great, I would be this monk.'

"At Benares I knew a good and wise monk. He seldom spoke, but wrote his answers to the questions of the people. The English Government was hanging Hindus and monks, because it declared them to be mutinous in disguise. The English authorities ordered this monk whipped till the blood spouted out from his body. They cut him with knives and poured lime-juice in the wounds, but he declared: 'All is divine. Ye are gods, still ye are gods—I am a soul, what can kill me?'

"In the Vedas, a prophetess, when her disciples ask about God, tells them: 'You are immortal. You are really He. When you realize this, then will all doubt cease, all fear will vanish, imperfection will go forever; for the soul becomes divine by realizing the divine.' Paul said: 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' Why are ye afraid? Fear not; thou art a spirit. Sorrow not, for thou art a spirit. Death cannot come; thou art a spirit, thou art He! Thou art He!"

Correspondence

A QUESTION.

EDITOR UNITY: In the recent issue of a widely circulated journal of your city, the editor, in referring to the fact that a new railroad was to be built in Palestine, among other things, said: "It has been something to contemplate that the land where 1,900 years ago the seeds of a new civilization were planted has lain in the shadow of centuries unmarked by the iron heel of progress."

Is this a truthful statement? We think not. That eminent father of the church, St. Augustine, said: "What is called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion which existed began to be called Christian."

Another eminent theologian declared the soul to be an older authority than prophecy and its voice "the gift of God from the beginning."

The idea that the expression, "Fatherhood of God," is only about 1,800 years old is another mistake. The Egyptian King, Rameses in a perilous position, thus appealed to the Deity:

"I invoke thee, O my father: I am in the midst of throngs of unknown people, and alone before thee; no one is beside me. My bowmen

and my horsemen have abandoned me," etc.

This prayer to God the Father is in the oldest literature of the human race, and was uttered before the Jewish lawgiver gave his code to his people—more than 3,400 years ago.

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He has been very successful, and his book is one especially to be recommended to those who have lost their faith in the old Bible of tradition and dogma, and need to be shown the substantial worth of what criticism leaves unharmed of literary value and spiritual quickening.—*The New World.*

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Mozoomdar's Book

The Oriental Christ. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. 193 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

The "idea" in this remarkable book may be best briefly stated by combining a saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahmoo leader, with a sentence or two from the author's Introduction: "Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. . . . Yet the Christ that has been brought to us in India is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back. . . . Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fullness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. In England and Europe we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. . . . Look at this picture and that: this is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. When we speak of the Westery, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. When we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace."

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- TUES.—That which abides is the impersonal.
- WED.—He is a Savior who brings back our faith in goodness.
- THURS.—Keep faith with thy fairest Ideal unto the Perfect Day.
- FRI.—“Overcome evil with good” in thyself as in the world.
- SAT.—Let thy spirit burn with a steady light. Thou canst not know when another shall catch the sacred fire from thee.
- Trinities and Sanctities.

SONGS FOR THE AGED.

“Oh! Grandma, I wish you wouldn't ask me to play and sing for you. I'm all out of practice,” said the fifteen-year-old granddaughter with an airy toss of her head.

“Thee can surely sing ‘Home, Sweet Home,’—and there was a wistful look upon the Quakeress' face as though her heart was hungry for music.

“I really can't stop. It's time I was going to the King's Daughters' meeting now. Here comes Gladys; good-by, Grandma.”

“Good-by, child: thee must learn to be a good daughter, but thee need not go to the chapel to find the work the King has given thee to do; there's plenty within the home if thee had but the eyes to see.” The granddaughter was away down the street ere Grandma had finished—indeed she seemed to be talking more to herself than the child, and she was unconscious of the plain little girl behind the drapery, who was always seeing some little act of kindness to do.

“Grandma,” said the childish voice from the broad window-seat, “Sister says I'm not old enough to join her circle, but can't I be your King's Daughter and do the things sister hasn't time for? I can sing ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ for you. I'd like to.”

The child crept close to the aged knee and rested her tiny arm upon the folds of the soft drab dress, and in a sweet, childish voice sang song after song which she had heard from the thin, aged lips.

“Can't I sing to you every day when sister is out? She laughs at me and calls my singing old-fashioned, but you like it, don't you, Grandma? When I grow up and learn to play on the piano, I will learn some of the good old tunes you like so much, just for you.”

Away went the child to her play, little knowing the sunshine she had left in the grandmother's heart. The joy of those three words, “just for

you,” thrilled her so that for the time the elder child's heedless, careless refusal to sing was forgotten.

The young child was, indeed, the sunbeam in the home; and all unconsciously was acting the part of a King's Daughter, by her continual sweet disposition, her thoughtfulness of others, and her simple, childlike, loving heart, better than the elder sister, who went weekly to her meeting, but lacked the true spirit needed.

Why should we so heedlessly pass by the little home pleasures—leave the song unsung to search for work outside? None will prize it more than the home circle. To Grandma a song—a hymn—sung in her younger days, is dearer than any studied opera or ballad.

Why not sing to her? She cannot leave the home fireside, and you have a thousand chances to make her life happier. Be ever mindful of her comfort. Sing to her, if you have any voice to sing for *any one*, the songs she loves best. When you are with her, be as childlike and simple as the little one who has just left her knee—the sweet songster whose one desire was to please Grandma.

Then you will come into the true relation to become a King's Daughter, but not until then.

SARAH M. BAILEY.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

A newsboy took the Sixth avenue elevated railroad cars at Park place, New York, at noon on Thanksgiving Day, and sliding into one of the cross-seats fell asleep. At Grand street two young women got on and took seats opposite to the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently one young girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman smiled at the act, and, without saying anything, held out a quarter with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment and then reached for it. The next man as silently offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and, before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slipped the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third street, including all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks.

—Our Dumb Animals.

DRUDGERY may occupy the hands, only noble service goes from the heart. Service given to family, to friends, is given also to mankind. Every good deed widens into its surroundings, as watery circles widen into the sea, each motion penetrating to unseen limits.—Mary Bartol, in *Christian Register*.

PROSPERITY gains friends, and adversity tries them.

TO A SEEKER FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

AN ACROSTIC.

Delightful is the beauty of a soul
Emancipated and forever free;
Living in light and moving to a goal
Immortal as the sun that leadeth thee
Along the deuteous path of destiny.

June hath not fairer flowers than bloom
Among the thorns that hedge thy joyous way;
Nor autumn richer fruits for winter's gloom,
Entrancing all who see the ripening day.

Never hath God endowed a man with mind
Except for exercise, and not to bind
(Like fetters on the fool who cannot think)
Slaves, held forever on the brink
Of morbid fear; since the great Teacher said,
Not fear but hope I bring: by love my lambs are led.

OLIVER M. BABCOCK.

A BOY'S PHILOSOPHY.

During one of our recent heavy storms, three-year-old Dorothy and her brother Richard, six years old, were at play. One unusually heavy gust of wind and rain striking the window, Dorothy, much frightened, ran to mother for protection. Richard walked up to her and said, “You mustn't be afraid, Dorothy, the storm can't hurt you.” Then, after a moment, during which there probably came to Richard's mind the stories of disaster and destruction wrought by storms which he had heard, he added, “Anyway it can't hurt your soul!”

J. L. W.

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LESSON XV.

JESUS ON TRIAL.

John xviii. 12—xix. 16.

*One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.*
—Lowell.

Picture: *Ecce Homo*, by Rembrandt (1607-1669).

The place is the palace of Herod the Great, on the west of the temple and connected with it by a viaduct, which was occupied by the Roman governor on his visit to Jerusalem. The time is Friday morning after the scourging of Jesus and just before the final giving of sentence. About the shoulders of Jesus is the purple robe given him in derision by the soldiers, and upon his head is the crown of thorns. The presence of a great crowd is shown, not merely by the sea of faces in front, but also by the gesticulations of the man who occupies an elevated position near the archway, and is evidently reporting the proceedings to a multitude that can neither see nor be seen. "The crowd are not even looking at Jesus, for Rembrandt well knew that such a multitude, in this state of violent excitement, would be incapable of fixing their attention upon anything. One face alone has apparently caught the suspicion that this is no common culprit. It is a hard-featured soldier near him who is wrapped in thought. These are the real Jews, and this is the real Pilate—vacillating, bending in indecision, with his expressive outstretched, self-excusing hands and false, temporizing face,—who has no chance before them. It is not so much the clutch on his robe by one, or the glaring eye and furious open mouth of another, or the old Jew hoary in wickedness, who threatens him with the fury of the multitude; but it is the dreadful earnest face, upturned and riveted on his, of the figure kneeling before him—it is the tightly compressed lips of that man who could not entreat more persistently for his own life than he is pleading for the death of the prisoner. Rembrandt has given to this figure the dignity, because the power of a malignant delusion; horribly fine." (*Life of our Lord in Art*, by Jameson, ii. p. 95.)

By whom was Jesus tried?—According to the accounts Jesus was tried before the Jewish courts, before Herod of Galilee, and also before Pilate, the Roman governor.

The story of the trial of Jesus varies so much in the different records that a detailed statement is necessary.

(a) Before Annas. This hearing is mentioned only by John (xviii. 12-23). Annas had been high priest (6-15 A. D.), and, although no longer in office, was a man of great prominence.

Caiaphas, the actual high priest, was his son-in-law. The account in John, however, is very puzzling: in verse 24 we must read "sent" as in the Revised Version, not "had sent" as in the Authorized Version; therefore the preceding narrative can relate only to an examination before Annas, who is called erroneously the high priest. John has only an allusion to Caiaphas, knows nothing of any meeting of the Sanhedrin, or indeed of any Jewish judicial tribunal, and alone among our sources makes mention of Roman soldiers at the arrest of Jesus. It may be true that Jesus was examined by Annas, but the account of that examination, given in John, cannot be authentic.

(b) A nocturnal meeting of the Sanhedrin at the house of Caiaphas (Matt. xxvi. 57-63; Mark xiv. 53-65). This was not a merely preliminary hearing, as it is often represented, but Matthew and Mark would clearly have us believe that it was a regular, decisive meeting of the Sanhedrin. Yet everything is against this view: (1) The place of meeting—that the chief court of Israel held this session not in its regular place of meeting ("upon the temple mount itself, on the western side of the inclosing wall"—Schuerer), but in the high priest's house, is quite incredible. (2) The time. It was contrary to the Jewish custom that the court should be held by night, and least of all would a session be held in the night during the early part of which the Passover was celebrated. (3) The forms of proceeding are un-Jewish. The traditional forms observed in capital cases are wonderfully scrupulous in favor of the prisoner: reasons for acquittal were to be heard before those for conviction, after speaking in favor of the accused no one was allowed to speak against him, although the converse was permissible. The student disciples were allowed to speak for, but never against, the defendant. A sentence of acquittal could be given on the same day with the trial, but one of condemnation could not be pronounced until the next day. Great care was exercised also in polling the court, that its younger members might not be influenced by the decisions of those who were older, etc. (Schuerer, i. ii. p. 194). Not one of these forms was observed in the trial of Jesus as related by Matthew and Mark, nor can it be said that in hate the Sanhedrin deliberately set aside its established usages. The probabilities are altogether against such a supposition, and we are forced to conclude that these reports of a formal meeting of the Sanhedrin are unhistorical.

(c) A morning meeting of the Sanhedrin (Matt. xxvii. 1; Mark xv. 1; Luke xxii. 66-71). Matthew and Mark merely mention the fact that in the morning a second meeting of the Sanhedrin was held. Luke, however, knows only of this session, but most of the objections already presented in (b) are valid against his narrative also.

Singularly, the story of the Fourth Gospel commends itself here as superior to that in the Synoptists. There are, of course, unauthentic details due to the author's, or editor's, exalted conception of Jesus: in Gethsemane, there is no human agony, the traitor's kiss is omitted; the company sent to arrest him are overawed by the majesty of his person and fall to the ground before him—yet here, as else-

where, the Fourth Gospel seems to show signs of a perfectly historical tradition which has been worked over and put into form by another hand. There is a good deal of evidence to support the belief that in our Fourth Gospel we have a genuine Johannine tradition, which has been freely dealt with by a disciple of the apostle. It seems quite unlikely that there was a formal meeting of the Sanhedrin, and John is probably right in describing only an informal examination before a few chief men of the Sadducean party. Moreover John is probably right in introducing Roman soldiers at the time of the arrest. In the early years of the church, when its peace depended upon Rome, the tendency was to shift the blame for the death of Jesus from the Romans to the Jews. But we are compelled to believe that there can have been no formal action taken against him by the Jewish court. The truth probably is that a few of the leaders among the Sadducees, having no faith in Messianic ideas at all, angry at Jesus because of his conduct in the temple on "Palm Sunday," apprehensive of a popular Messianic outbreak at the Passover time, and desirous of gaining favor with Pilate, co-operated with the Romans in causing the arrest and death of Jesus. The so-called Jewish trials were nothing more than informal examinations conducted probably by Annas, Caiaphas and a few others. With this explanation of the alleged Jewish trials we may pass rapidly over the others.

(d) The first trial before Pilate (Luke xxiii. 1-7). This hearing was cut short by the mention of Herod's name, and Luke relates that Pilate, partly to rid himself of the responsibility for condemning a man in whom he found no fault, and partly to make friends with Herod, sent Jesus immediately to the tetrarch who had put to death John the Baptist.

(e) Trial before Herod. Luke alone knows of this trial (*cf.* Acts x. 27), and it seems to be only an attempt to implicate the Jews more deeply in responsibility for the death of Jesus.

(f) The second trial before Pilate. If we reject the Herod trial we may study the trial before Pilate as a whole. There are two points wherein all our authorities agree.

(1) Pilate did not wish to put Jesus to death (Matt. xxvii. 23; Mark xv. 10, 14; Luke xxiii. 4, 14, 22; John xviii. 38, xix. 4, 6, 12; Acts iii. 13). This is not incredible on the face of it, for when Pilate actually saw Jesus, who had probably been represented to him as a dangerous insurgent, he must have recognized at once that this was no mad stirrer-up of insurrections, and, therefore, his Roman instinct for justice would naturally lead him to discharge a simple, inoffensive man. Yet the accounts of his reluctance are certainly exaggerated: the story of his wife's warning dream and of his washing his hands that the responsibility might be transferred symbolically from himself to the Jews, can hardly be deemed historical. It is not likely, either, that he hoped by bringing Jesus before the people after his scourging to arouse pity for him. If Jesus was led forth at all it was probably intended as an insult to the Jew—Behold your king!

Pilate was a hard, cruel man, and it was only his love of justice that prompted his wish to release Jesus,

but the outcries of the mob and their threats (John xix. 12) were too much for him and he yielded. In face of the accounts in the Synoptists that Jesus was silent before Pilate, answering only "Thou sayest" to his formal questions, we must reject the long and impressive interviews in John. Pilate was not awed by his prisoner; he saw in him only a quiet, harmless man.

(2) Pilate gave the Jews their choice between Barabbas and Jesus (Matt. xxvii. 15-26; Matt. xv. 6-15; Luke xxiii. 18-25; John xviii. 38-40; Acts iii. 24). It is not probable that any great number of people accompanied Jesus to the judgment seat of Pilate, but while the trial was going on in the open air, a crowd appeared (Mark xv. 8), asking that the usual custom of the feast be observed and a prisoner be released. Thinking to find an easy way out of his perplexity, Pilate proposed to set the "King of the Jews" at liberty, but the people knew comparatively little about Jesus, and there was a prisoner upon whom their hearts were set—Barabbas, whom they honored as a patriot (Mark xv. 7). Therefore Pilate's purpose was thwarted.

What was the charge against Jesus? — That he declared himself the Christ.

Matthew (xxvi. 60, 61) and Mark (xiv. 50-59) relate that Jesus was accused of threatening predictions concerning the destruction of the temple, but the latter adds that in this particular the testimonies did not agree. According to all the Synoptists, however, the decisive question was, Art thou the Christ, the Son of God? and it was Jesus' affirmative answer, coupled with a prophecy of his future glory, which settled his fate so far as his Jewish examiners were concerned. Those who deny that Jesus believed himself the Messiah, deny consistently the accuracy of this report; but from the view adopted in these lessons it stands unimpeached. Before Pilate the same charge is urged,—that he professed himself the Christ, the King of the Jews. We have seen that he had spoken and acted as the Christ, that his arrest was brought about by the co-operation of a few leaders among the Sadducees with the Romans on account of this claim, and therefore it is entirely natural that this should have been the charge on which he was condemned. If he had been a popular hero like Barabbas, ready to take the sword, he might have had a popular following which would have made his arrest and execution dangerous, but he was comparatively unknown in Jerusalem (Matt. xxi. 10), and therefore the people were little interested in his fate. He was condemned to death.

Questions.

The Picture.—Does the face of Pilate exhibit the traits of his character as we know them? Do you like the face of Jesus in the picture? How has Rembrandt conveyed the impression of a great multitude? What is the scene of the picture? The time?

The Trial of Jesus.—What are the reasons for not believing that he was given a formal trial before the Sanhedrin? How was his arrest brought about? Recount the trials mentioned in the Gospels. What was the trial before Annas and Caiaphas? What are the two certain facts about the

trial before Pilate? Why did Pilate wish to release Jesus? Why did the people prefer Barabbas to Jesus?

The Charge Against Jesus.—On what ground would the Sadducees object to Jesus as the Messiah? The Pharisees? What would be the attitude of the Romans toward one who avowed himself the Christ? Did Jesus really believe himself to be the Messiah, and if so, how did he understand the term?

Last and Most Important Question of All.—Is it just to say that the Jews as a people were directly responsible for the death of Jesus? Was there an indirect responsibility?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ITEMS.

Mr. Albert Scheible has been elected Treasurer of the Western Sunday-School Society.

Rev. Joseph H. Cooke has consented to prepare the lessons in the fifth year of the six years' course—The Growth of Christianity.

A letter from the Unitarian headquarters, San Francisco, says of Mr. Gould's new book: "These 'Beginnings' are taking very well here; many—the writer included—consider them the best thing that has come out in the line of Sunday-school work for a long time."

A new edition of "Services and Songs for Sunday Schools," by J. Vila Blake, is just published. If any orders for this book have not been filled, will friends kindly notify us. For some time past we have been missing letters sent to this office. Hence this request.

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AMBER BEADS.—Every one who reads the Chicago dailies will remember the bright paragraphs on every-day topics signed "Amber." In response to many requests, sixty-four of the best of these have been put into book form by the author. Mr. Lederer, the Chicago *Herald* artist, has designed the cover. There is a pretty edition in paper at 50 cents, and one in cloth at \$1.00.

ELSIE; A Christmas Story.—Kjelland is the acknowledged prince of Norwegian writers of fiction. "Elsie" is his best story, and, strange to say, it has not been previously published in this country in the English language, though there is more than one Norwegian reprint. Mr. Miles M. Dawson has made a most pleasing translation, and the mechanical make-up of the book is unique and dainty. Cloth, 50 cents.

WHERE BROOKS GO SOFTLY, by Chas. Eugene Banks, with frontispiece by T. J. Nicholl, is one of the handsomest gift books of the season. The poems in this volume are simple and sincere, such as appeal to the hearts of the millions. Blue and white velum, gilt top, \$1.50.

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Notes from the Field

THE TIME-SPIRIT AT WORK.

The announcement which follows is taken from the Ketchum Keystone, of Alturas County, Idaho. Elsewhere in the same paper it appears that Mr. Gillette is to give a course of Sunday evening lectures on the Great Historical Religions of the World, treating them under studies of "Seven Great Religious Teachers." It is perhaps still farther significant of the religious breadth of the locality that these lectures are to be interrupted on the first Sunday of each month, because then services are to be held in "Union Church."

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FELLOWSHIP OF THIS SOCIETY.

With no questioning of one's beliefs and unbeliefs, but to sympathy and perfect freedom in the study and pursuit of all duty and truth and love, and to a fellowship of hopes and hands in the doing of good and the building of the soul's beauty, this society calls those who will join in its purpose, and invites all who desire to hear its message.

Place of meeting, at the Unity Club-rooms, on Main street.

FREDERICK K. GILLETTE,
Minister and Lecturer for Winter of '93-4.

Chicago.—A JEWISH COLLEGE SETTLEMENT has been opened within a fortnight at No. 178 Maxwell street, by Messrs. Jacob J. Abt and Jesse Lowenhaupt, as residents, with the co-operation of a number of Jewish collegians and other public-spirited citizens, including Miss Jane Addams and a number of the Hull House workers, and several of the most prominent rabbis of the city, Drs. Hirsch, Moses, and Stoltz; the latter of whom may in a

sense be regarded as the father of the movement, since it was his lecture; on "The Chicago Ghetto" subsequently published in *The Reform Advocate*, which led to the enterprise.

Chicago, Ill.—The Liberal Ministers' League will resume their sessions for the winter on the 18th of this month, at the Wellington Hotel, where a private dining-room will be reserved for the accommodation of the members and their guests. Rev. W. W. Fenn of the First Unitarian Church, will read a paper.

Geneva, Ill.—The Unity Club of the Geneva church, under the leadership of its minister, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, has undertaken work in two sections—Fiction and Social Science, each section meeting fortnightly on alternate weeks. In the department first mentioned Romola and Ivanhoe are discussed, and those who have had the pleasure of using one of Mrs. Woolley's guide books in such work need not be told that the treatment will be full and suggestive. The program for the sociological section deserves the attention of all who are contemplating such work, especially for its introduction. The subjects to be discussed are: What is Social Science? Primitive Society; Marriage and the Home; The City; Communistic Phases of the Ancient Religions; Man's Ownership of Man—The Feudal System; Man's Equality with Man—The English Constitution; The Church as a Factor in Social Evolution; Puritanism and Democracy; Social Theorists, French,—Rousseau, Fourier, Comte; German Social Theorists,—Marx and Lassalle; English Social Theorists,—John Stuart Mill, Arnold Toynbee, Herbert Spencer; Modern Theories,—Single Tax, Nationalism, Anarchism; Social Science and Modern Industrial Problems.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The Unitarian church at this place has a full program. From the 22d of October to the middle of December, Mr. Sunderland preaches morning and evening, and in addition to the Sunday school, Ladies' Union, King's Daughters, Unity Club (which is the entertainment branch of the church, providing a course of miscellaneous lectures, musical entertainments and socials), and Library and Reading Room, it is proposed to establish a Young Men's Guild, to be composed of the liberal young men of the university and city, the purpose of which shall be the promotion of practical religious and philanthropic work. One of the most interesting features of the year's work is Mrs. Sunderland's Bible class, which this year takes up Religious Denomination,—including not alone the best known of the older sects of Europe and America, but also the Salvation Army, and the movements known as Spiritualist, Theosophical, Christian Science, and Ethical Culture.

Janesville, Wis.—In a recent sermon, which has since been published, Mrs. Sophie Gibb spoke as follows of the Parliament and the Fair:

I think my hearers will join in the estimate if I say we have just passed through one of, if not the most marvelous summer in the history of our nation. Perhaps some seasons of the war were more thrilling or intense, but not more decisive as to many deep underlying interests of life. This has been a year of marvelous speech and deed, but of more tremendous and widespread thought. Battles by bullet and sword show many enemies slain, red fields of carnage and triumphant banners; but the battle of ideas is a silent warfare. Though the struggle is great, there remain no fields of blood and tears, but the effect is in tremen-

dous thought-waves that produce silent but sure revolution. The experiences of this summer of 1893 have been of such a nature as to challenge the best effort of brain and heart to account for its scenes, its deeds, assemblies, prophecies, hopes, and aspirations.

We have been obliged to surrender meager estimates of the value and breadth and meaning of life—of the relation of nations and the divided interests of men, and what, perhaps, many favorite notions of religion, of the immense value of one faith over the many. We may well believe that much narrowness of thought has been broadened, and many unworthy ideas rendered, without necessary confession of the same, and that as a whole, the people have more thoroughly organized thought toward progress, and the general betterment of the world. The will of the many, when condensed as a single purpose, or desire, especially if it be high and noble, does tend to sweep evil from its moorings and produce reform.

Arcadia, Wis.—Rev. T. G. Owen has resigned his ministry at Neilsville and returned to his work at this place, much to the joy of the people of Arcadia.

Humboldt, Ia.—The Unity Club of this place sends us a program from which we extract the following statement: "Unity Club, during the season of 1893-94, will study Geology and Social Science. Each evening's program will open with a roll-call and a response with an item of news, or a fact pertaining to either of the branches of the season's work. A geological paper not exceeding twenty minutes in length will be read by some member of the Club. Then will follow, under the leadership of Dr. G. Hardy Clark, a class exercise in the study of Mineralogy, given after the manner of an object lesson, with a specimen in the hand of each member of the class. It is hoped that the papers in Geology will state clearly and briefly the facts concerning the evening's topic and that alone. Opportunities for original thought will more readily be found in the other branch. Geikie's text-book is the work which the leader has most freely used in preparing his outlines in Geology, and it is desirable that each member have access to this or some equally good work on the subject. In Social Science there will be given at each meeting a paper not exceeding fifteen minutes in length, which will serve as an introduction to the half-hour discussion which will follow, and in which all are invited to participate. The entertainment section will interfere in no way with the regular work of the Club. All are cordially invited to work with us, and it is hoped that those accepting invitation will attend regularly."

From the program it appears that both subjects are to be discussed at the same time and place,—a somewhat unusual procedure: and we are interested to learn how it will work.

Philadelphia, Pa.—An interesting report comes to us of the "Evening Home and Library Association," Unitarian Chapel, located at Chestnut and Aspen streets, which at an annual expenditures of about \$2,000 is carrying out a number of helpful works for the young people of the vicinity, including a manual training school, a library, a night school, in which individual instruction is given to a few of the older boys and young men who are unusually deficient in knowledge of one or all the common English branches, a coffee room, a cooking school and a stamp savings bank. The Hugh Bellas fund of \$5,000 forms the basis of this work; for the rest voluntary subscriptions are relied upon.

Bedford, Mass.—We have received a handsome program of the service of installation by which Rev. Oliver Jay Fairfield was inducted into the First Parish of Bedford. Rev. Charles F. Dole preached the sermon, Rev. Grindall Reynolds gave the charge to the minister, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke that to the people, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley gave the right hand of fellowship, Mr. Wm. H. Baldwin, President of the Young Men's Christian Union, of Boston, gave an address to the young, and other parts were taken by Rev. Carlton A. Staples, Rev. Edwin Smith, and Rev. James Salloway; Mr. Arthur C. Buttrick, of Boston, sang Schloesser's "He That Keepeth Israel."

THE COMMITTEE ON FELLOWSHIP OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

Mr. C. D. Chunn, a graduate of the Yale Theological School, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.

D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

New York, Nov. 21, 1893.

Mr. Thomas E. Will, a graduate of Harvard College, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.

D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

New York, Nov. 21, 1893.

Mrs. E. M. Hickok, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon her qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that she is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.

D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

New York, Nov. 21, 1893.

F. H. James, recently of the Baptist Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.

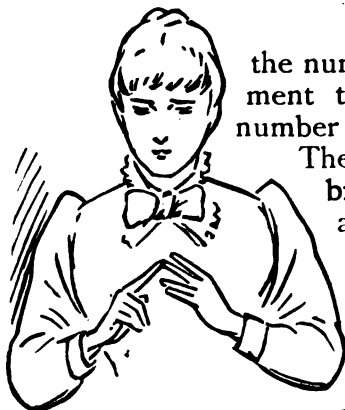
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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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Editorial

*Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will dawn return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories
wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds
down steering.
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high pal-
ace hall.*

—Milton.

**

AS MOST of the Sunday schools to which UNITY goes have a special service on the Sunday before Christmas, we have omitted Mr. Fenn's lesson this week in order to make this a Christmas number.

THE patience of those who have been long looking for the promised Chorus of Faiths will be rewarded eventually. Delays, scarcely unforeseen, have interfered with its publication until this week. Those in near contact with the office will probably see it before Christmas morning. To the others we trust it will possess an interest not destroyed by the passing holiday excitement.

**

A NOTE of greeting comes from Mr. Hosmer, who is stopping for a few days at La Junta, Colo. He went forth from us to rest, and the thought that he was resting was some consolation for his absence. But we find he has been preaching and lecturing at La Junta and at Omaha, where he stopped for a week or two on his way to Colorado. Doubtless his word will be appreciated wherever it is uttered, but we hope he will not forego the rest he went forth to seek. We trust he is not like Holmes' Culprit who got so fond of the treadmill that when discharged he had "a treadmill of his own." His wisdom and devotion are so needed in our larger work that we are jealous of any smaller call upon it.

**

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, of Des Moines, Iowa, contains the following note about the two Hindu lecturers who recently spoke there. It would seem that the line between conservative and reformer is so strong that the Orthodox Christian at once shows a preference for the Orthodox Hindu over the representative of the Brahma Somaj:

The presence of a number of the clergymen of Des Moines was noticeable at at least one of the Vivekananda lectures. The absence of the ministers was equally noticeable at the Nagarkar addresses. Vivekananda was very bitter—some would say almost insulting—in some of his references to Christian preachers. Nagarkar was courteous to a degree that would have caused the ministers to warm to him—had they been present. These gentlemen missed a good deal, in the opinion of the laity, by not getting into the In-

dian atmosphere that for a couple of weeks has been hovering over Des Moines.

**

IN a sermon discussing the influence of the late Prof. Tyndall on religious thought, Rev. S. M. Crothers quoted some words from the scientist which are full of suggestions:

Spirit and matter have been presented to us in rudest contrast, the one all noble, the other all vile. But is this correct? Does it represent what our mightiest spiritual teacher would call the eternal fact of the universe? Suppose we had been impregnated with the notion of the poet Goethe instead of the notion of the poet Young, and had looked upon matter not as brute matter, but as the living garment of God. Would not then our attitude to religion be different? In many profoundly thoughtful minds such a revolution has already taken place. They degrade neither of the mysterious duality, but they exalt one of them from its abasement, and repeal the divorce between them.

**

A TWO VOLUME history of the Congress of Representative Women is promised. If this is to be a private venture edited so as to introduce the personal equation of its editor, its appearance is to be regarded as only the second best thing. What we want here as in the other congresses, first, is the raw material, without note or comment, from which the reader or subsequent editors will draw their own conclusions. The world will not hold the management guiltless if they permanently neglect to secure the full publication of the important series of meetings held under the auspices of the Columbian Exposition, without omissions or manipulations. The Board of that Exposition or the Congress of the United States should see to it, before it is too late, that the records are preserved.

**

IN discussing the propriety of a creed for the Ethical Societies in *The Conservator*, its editor, Mr. Traubel, speaks wisely, as follows:

A creed would break us to fragments over-night. What could the creed be? If a creed on labor, why not a creed on everything? . . . Dr. Coit argues that it

is impossible to think that men holding two such opposed philosophies as, for instance, that of the single tax and that of private land-ownership, that of our present industrial system and that of the socialistic *regime* proposed as its substitute, should ever come together and remain as if working for a common cause. It is as if you expected two engines driving toward each other on the same track to save themselves from wreck or collision. But Dr. Colt is in error. While it is true that there are capitalists and workmen too angry and stupid to come to any understanding, there are others out of both classes who are willing to be questioned, and who agree that there are factors in the social fabric to be modified. There are workmen who do not proclaim all men of wealth robbers, and there are rich men who do not call workmen mudsills or anarchists.

A dozen men of equal power and equal fairness of mind, looking at a problem in sociology, will, ten chances to one, promulge twelve different theories by which to untie the knot. Organize these men into an ethical society. What can they do? Their work will witness to the world the advent of a fresh principle. They will investigate with ardor, they will search the wilderness, they will compare notes and mutually aid each other. The goal for all is truth. The lines of travel may differ, but they will converge. . . . What we need to acknowledge is the necessity of movement, the imperious declaration of growth, and the vital over-arching dictates of mental, moral, and physical integrity. . . . The societies must not promise to solve problems, but to speak for the spirit through which they may be solved. The individual will exercise his endeavor toward solution, and will gather ever new courage from the impress of his enlarged sympathies.

The italics are ours. These words have an application broader than the policy of the fraternity of Ethical societies.

Christmas Perplexities.

The complexities of modern life are alarming when they are not inspiring. The distractions of our day are made up of unappropriated blessings. What might discipline often defeats. The air is full of unuttered greetings and tremulous anticipations. Shop windows are burdened with the sweet temptations of the Christmas-tide. The evergreen serves trade before it is utilized by religion. It decorates the temples of commerce before it lends its suggestive presence at the altar. The glad Christmas time is upon us; but the times are also upon us which forbid gladness, rebuke jollity, and shame extravagance. Following hard upon our Exposition triumph and the national pride engendered by the same comes the humiliation of want, the pain of suffering, and the widely advertised fact that destitu-

tion in its grimmest form broods over the cities of our land. It is easy to enter into the Christmas joys. It would not be difficult to plead for pity in the interests of the suffering. The difficult task is to combine these two. Every child feels the pain of divided inclinations. The hoarded pennies that were meant to give joys at the home circle are wanted to make tolerable the Christmas in the home of some destitute laborer in their neighborhood, whose children will go to bed hungry and will wake up cold. It is a pity to let a single Christmas pass by without ringing the bells that speed the message of love and joy throughout the world. It would be a crime to turn a deaf ear to this cry of want at a time dedicated to the memory of the great helper, he who came to serve. How can we do these two things: make glad the hearts of the dear ones in the home circle, preserve the traditions of the merry Christmas tide at the fireside? at the same time walk through our sorrow-burdened streets with a clear conscience and an honest mind, and a heart responsive and sweet towards the less fortunate children not of our fireside?

We must do more than ring the changes on Bible texts. We must be careful lest our carolings become mockery, and our congratulations hollow. And we must be careful also lest our lives that should still move in radiance be draped in gloom, and the soul whose strength is measured by its buoyancy be handicapped by sorrow and distrust. The times are hard. On that account our hearts should be the more tender. Money is scarce. Let love be more abundant. How can we rise to this high adjustment?

A writer in the *New York Herald* of last year said that Paris requires forty thousand Christmas trees annually, but that the City of New York needed three times forty thousand, one hundred and twenty thousand, trees to supply its Christmas market; great cargoes being shipped all the way from Maine; while Maryland is in danger of losing from its forests entirely the beautiful, winsome, but slow-growing holly, because so many of the young trees are cut down or denuded for the Christmas market. This is one of the vandalisms of civilization, like unto that which is making extinct the buffalo,

the deer, the wild turkey, and the prairie chicken in order that young gentlemen may perfect themselves in marksmanship and know the delights of killing; and that other, sadder vandalism which has denuded Florida of its birds of brilliant song and feather in order that women may decorate their hats with their cast-off plumage. This Christmas tree, in its developed American form, has become a thing of marvelous contrivance. Letting alone the small inventions covered by profitable patents in the way of Christmas tree candle-sticks, candles and tinsel, we read of a special Christmas-tree electric lamp with a complete system of wiring, and of trees arranged so that they revolve by electrical power; while the fruit of this tree has become so costly that it has become the center of the shop-keeper's expectations. The Christmas trade is the retailer's harvest. He begins to get ready for it in July, is content if during the rest of the year he barely pays expenses. The profit of his holiday trade, as he calls it, will make a respectable balance sheet for the year. If any one would know the commercial tendencies of the age, measure the money-spending appetite even of temperate and sober Americans, let him try if he can to get at some of the figures of the money invested this week in the non-essentials, the luxuries, aye, the extravagances and curses of life, under the guise of Christmas presents. How few will remark the irony,—a *Christ-mass*, a celebration of the lowly born, a festival of the peasant prophet, a commemoration of the stable scene, where in poverty, obscurity, and neglect was born that teacher who through life "had not where to lay his head," and who enforced his message of plain living, simple service, with a martyr's death. Ask our dry goods men, our furriers, jewelers, and book-sellers how your people honor the meek and lowly Nazarene and his birth celebration. They will tell you,—in costly attire, expensive jewelry, sumptuous books so elegantly bound that they will always be too nice to handle. But worse than this are the absolutely demoralizing fruits of the Christmas tree, the many costly cigar cases, and other implements and appurtenances of the nasty and expensive habit, the wine glasses, the sumptuous though vulgar articles of apparel that will reveal the va-

cant minds and silly ambitions of the young men who ape the English of it and the young women who reflect the Parisian modes in the weeks immediately following Christmas. There was an ostentatious note in a recent paper from a man who announced that he and his wife had agreed to cut down one-half of their family Christmas presents this year on account of the suffering in our city, and so sent his check for one hundred dollars to the relief committee. What about that other hundred dollars? Would it be a very great sacrifice if most of that had gone, too? Would the assurances of mutual love be less real, Christmas kisses be less sweet, the home fireside seem less cosy, and the abundance of the family heard be less appreciated? If the superfluities of life on the one hand were transferred wisely to the miseries of the other, our land would have a Christmas celebration more joyous than it has ever yet known. It would be a merry-making more abundant than the hearts of America have ever dreamed. Folks are starving, shivering in ill-fed and ill-clothed bodies, this week, within three miles of this place. Bear that in mind when you go to do your Christmas shopping this week. It may be hard on the retail stores, but it will be joy somewhere else. How are we to meet the miseries of the city? By raising ourselves to that plane of high thinking that will make plain living delightful. He is the happy man to-day who might have lived in a mansion but preferred to stay in the cottage that he might have the margin of difference in expense with which to ameliorate the severities of life. She is the happy woman who can afford to dress like a princess but prefers the artistic simplicity that is within reach of the mechanic's wife; for she has a margin of strength, time and purse to do something with. Two strains of inheritance belong to the American life of to-day, the value of which is immeasurable. The Quaker simplicity of the Pennsylvania heredity and the Puritan self-denial of New England. Happy is the life that, released from the narrowness of the creed and the tyranny of the form that bound these fore-elders of American life, still retains that love of simplicity, the habit of self-control, the potency of reserved force, of directed energy, which was their glory and the secret of their power.

In the face of the misery of to-day, then, it becomes us to prune our extravagance, to cut off our superfluity, to curb our indulgence, that the hungry may be fed and the naked be clothed and the ignorant be taught. Last week there were at least three saloons closed in Chicago, because poverty had reduced the patronage so that the proprietors could not pay their license money. How about the wine bills at the club houses of Chicago? the people who live east of Wabash avenue? Have they cut down their liquor bills? The tobacco indulgence of Chicago would carry abundance to the table of every worthily unemployed man in this city, and these Christmas days are good days to think about that. The noblest Christmas present you can make your wife, your children, yourself, is to dedicate this indulgence money to the cause of the suffering at once, renovating thereby the besooted chambers of your own lungs and making glad the indolent wall of somebody's else stomach.

At some other time we may have another word to say of this Christmas perplexity.

A Ministry of Thought by a Prophet of the Rational Faith.

We promised last week to give to our readers in this issue some further particulars of the life and death of our beloved yoke-fellow, John C. Learned. Through the kind assistance of his son, Henry Barrett Learned, we are able to give the following sketch, all too meager, were it not that the man was so well known and so much beloved that a fuller sketch seems scarcely necessary. Mr. Learned was descended in the eighth generation from William and Goodith Learned, the first of the name who came to America, probably in 1638. His ancestors were sturdy New England men, active in the war and peace activities of their times. Our friend was the second child of Calvin Learned and Hannah Dunster Barrett, and was born in Dublin, New Hampshire, August 7, 1834. His mother died before he was four years old and the child was brought up under a step-mother's care. John's boyish days were spent in hard work on the farm during the summers and attending the district school in the winter. He early came under the influence of the venerable Dr. Levi W. Leonard, who for thirty-five years was pastor

of the Unitarian church in Dublin village. He was a scholarly man, a graduate of Harvard, a lover of books, a cultivator of flowers, a guide and friend to children. This friend of the boy furnished illustration to the man when in 1889 he published in the *Christian Register* a sketch entitled "Some Qualifications of a Unitarian Minister." By the time the young man was twenty-two years old he had taught several terms of district school and had already acquired the habit of high reading and close study. At this time a severe illness drove him westward, in company with an invalid companion, who soon died in Southwestern Missouri,—the young friend who was left carving with his own knife the headboard that enabled him years afterward to identify the spot and to return the sacred dust to the Eastern home. In 1856 our young man opened the "Ozark High School, for male and female," in Greene County, Missouri. Only those who know from experience and observation what a vital center of mental and moral life the old pioneer academy was in the early days of the West can form any estimate of the influence such a young man could and did exert, and the uneffaceable impression he left behind him. He had eighty-six pupils the first term, and taught everything, we suspect, from the multiplication table to the Greek grammar. The academy continued with marked success for two years and a half; through it Mr. Learned laid the foundations of tender friendships that continued to his dying day. Two days after his death a postal card was received from a small town in Arkansas. We are permitted to quote a sentence or two because they so touchingly connect the boy school-master on the frontier with the honored pastor of the metropolis, interpreting the intervening thirty-seven pregnant years:

KIND TEACHER: I have written two letters to you since receiving your last, but as I am anxious to hear from you I write this. . . . How are the children getting along educationally? Did you go to the World's Fair? Tell me lots of news. With regards to all, I am,

In the summer of 1859 Mr. Learned was again in the East, pursuing his studies. He passed his examination for Dartmouth College, but his life's work loomed before him. He was already twenty-five years of age, and instead of the college he entered the

Harvard Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1862 in a class in which James de Normandie, Frederick May Holland and Samuel B. Stewart were members. After graduation Mr. Learned and Mr. Stewart spent six months in traveling abroad, not before the latter had accepted a call to the Unitarian Society at Exeter, N. H., which work he took up May 8, 1863. Next year he was married to Miss Tercelia Wakefield, of Reading, Mass. Six and a half happy years were spent in this academy town, where the example of his old preceptor, Dr. Leonard, brought forth fruit; and again we have a pastor who is a lover and cultivator of flowers, an inspirer and guide to young men and women, a minister of culture, and thereby all the more a minister of character.

But inherited tendencies already began to reveal themselves, and he had to flee the inhospitable climate of New England. He resigned his charge and came westward, leaving wife and two babies behind, not knowing what was in store for him, not doubting but what there was work for him somewhere. A year before a small band, an offshoot from Dr. Elliot's society in St. Louis, had built for themselves a little chapel in the newer part of the city. They were prompt to discover their man. On Easter day, 1870, began the auspicious pastorate which lasted through nearly twenty-three eventful, fertile and happy years. Of his work during these twenty-three years it is hardly necessary for us to speak. From his platform many of the leading voices of our country have been heard. In that modest chapel the great questions of the day, the deathless Scripture of all religions, the inspiring words of modern poet and prophet have been studied. His Unity Club, organized in 1883, was the first, so far as we know, to lay hold of Sunday evening as an opportune and providential time for mutual study of high classics. During the ten years of its life it has studied in successive seasons the writings of Emerson, Browning two years, Homer, Wordsworth, Shelley, Milton, Dante, and the Old Testament, and before us lies the program for the current year, which returns to Browning again,—twelve Sunday evenings' studies running fortnightly from October to March.

From 1878 to 1886, Mr. Learned was regularly connected with the

Washington University as a teacher of metaphysics and political economy, taking the classes from the overburdened shoulders of the chancellor, Dr. Eliot. Last year again we find him back at work in the university as instructor in philosophy and political economy. His loyalty and zeal in this college task probably hastened his death.

On Sunday, Nov. 19, he took to his bed ill from a severe cold following swift upon a protracted attack of *la grippe*. The vulnerable spot in the otherwise magnificent body was soon found, and pneumonia, the "good angel" which he had often predicted would come and take him before the useless days would be reached, laid hold of him, and on Friday, Dec. 8, he breathed his last with his loving wife and three noble children at his side and a great city to mourn him. Mr. Learned was a diligent student of the best books. One said, "You were sure to find one or more of the latest things worth reading on his table." For eight years he was a member of the Board of Management of the Public Library, serving one half the time as Vice President, the remainder as President, two years as Chairman of the Book Committee. His records show that he solemnized one hundred and thirty-four marriages, officiated at two hundred and nine funerals, blessed the little ones in one hundred and eighty-two baptisms. Mr. Learned was for twenty continuous years Director of the Western Conference; much of that time he was also an active worker with the Sunday-school society. His leading of the second Summer Institute at Tower Hill and the course of lessons for the second year of the six years' course are fresh in the minds of our readers. And his contributions at Conferences innumerable, East and West, great and small, have become a necessary part of the history of Unitarianism and liberal thought in America.

An old and intelligent citizen of St. Louis said that he had never seen in that city so large an audience of such a high grade of character as that which assembled in the Church of the Unity at 2 o'clock on Monday, December the 11th. They came to pay their last tribute of respect to the faithful friend and great helper. The service was simple and brief. A couple of palm branches and a small cluster of white pinks were the only

floral displays. On the platform sat Mr. Snyder, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Gould, and Mr. Jones. The latter, his oldest comrade, yoke-fellow of twenty years in the work of the Western Conference Board and sixteen years on the editorial staff of UNITY, alone spoke.

How the memories rise, as we think of these twenty-three years' high warfare for freedom in religion and religion in freedom in the West. The present writer and Mr. Learned began their Western ministry in the same year, Mr. Learned beginning his work in April, Mr. Jones in June, 1870. What loving, loyal, and inspiring comradeship was that which rallied around the banner of the Western Unitarian Conference during these years. And now it must be sadly confessed that the old guard is gone. One by one have they fallen out by the way. The quaint and inspiring Herbert, the patient and unflinching Fisher, the gifted and splendid Maxon, and now John Learned, the reliable and the deliberate, have passed beyond. While Hunting, Miller, Effinger and Covell have laid down their active tasks as leaders of parishes; Hosmer, for the time being, has fled to the mountains "from whence cometh his strength," soon to renew, we trust, his active work among us; Gannett, removed beyond the old-time geographical limits, has laid down much of his responsibility here that he may take it up there; Simmons, the joy and inspiration of the Western Conference in his Wisconsin days, has become more and more imprisoned in his high work as pastor in the great metropolis of Minneapolis; and while the white-crowned patriarch of us all, once the mentor of the Western Conference, has just been receiving the congratulations of his seventieth birthday, as Robert Collyer of New York, not, alas, as the Robert Collyer of Chicago.

Surely this was a goodly company. Prophet souls were they, solicitous only that the truth might get full utterance; careless of consequences. We trust that they have fallen out by the way to make room for more competent banner-bearers. May their fellowship be as hearty, their comradeship as loving, their testimony as clear. Then through our tears we will try to sound the royal proclamation, "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

Contributed and Selected

A Christmas Carol.

Not over great Jerusalem

Rested the mystic star of old,
But over little Bethlehem,
In holy legend we are told.

It passed the mighty of the earth,

The pride of wealth, the pomp of
kings,

To mark a prophet's lowly birth,

And shame the scorn of common
things.

Nor beat of drum, nor bugle cry

Announced the prophet's coming
reign,

But "Glory be to God on high,

On earth be peace, good will to men."

The watching shepherds heard with
awe,

And felt the brush of unseen wings,

While from afar the magi saw,

And joyful came with offerings.

Still go before us, mystic star,

Our dull and blinded eyes to clear,

We follow with the magi far,

And with the wond'ring shepherds
hear.

Again the angel hosts draw nigh,

We sing with them the Christmas
strain,

"All glory be to God on high,

On earth be peace, good will to men."

—*F. L. Hosmer, in Light on the Way.*

Christian and Atheist.

A STORY.

"I must ask you a plain question?"

"But," said the youth, hesitating
in his reply, "I am afraid my answer
would only bring trouble. I shall
never force my opinions upon you."

"That may be, but I must know
for myself. I wish an unequivocal
answer. Into this relation I shall
not go blindly. Do you believe in a
personal God?"

The deep blue eyes of the young
girl flashed. It was rather a large
question to fall from two little red
lips.

"Anna," said her lover, as the flush
deepened upon his handsome cheeks,
"I have my convictions as well as
you. Religion to me is the life-breath
of the soul, out the thought-forms
of religion, I plainly see, will perish.
The doctrine of a personal God will
give place to the idea of moral impul-
sion. The ethical authority of the
universe—that to me is God!"

The young man evidently had his
theory of religion.

"I could not pray to a moral idea."
Then again the blue eyes flashed their
fire as she said, "I will never marry
an atheist."

The young man's face grew pale,
as the words came low and stern:
"And I will never marry a bigot."

Thus a theologic quibble separa-
ted two fond lovers.

The maiden was serious, beautiful
and intelligent. She was willing to
forgive in her lover a certain amount
of heresy: he might deride the doc-
trine of eternal pain, but she could
not allow the denial of a personal
God.

Her lover, though reared in an
atmosphere intensely theological, had
thought himself away from theo-
logy. He had come to think that no
science of theology was possible, al-
beit a science of religion might be,
and he was as stubborn in his views
as Anna was in hers.

Anna passed her lover's home every
morning on her way to the little dis-
trict school, of which she was teacher,
and occasionally, perforce, the lovers
must meet. It was hard to pass
each other with a cold bow. Things
went on this way for a month or
two.

Anna went to her church nearly
every night, a revival was in pro-
gress, but never met her lover there,
as he had ceased to attend the ser-
vices.

Anna found that he had been cut
socially by a number of the people.
He heard that the young minister
who conducted the revival was very
attentive to Anna. Their paths
seemed rapidly to diverge.

Among the pupils who attended
the district school was one of the
larger boys, in whom Anna became
much interested. He came from a
family of very limited means, but it
was evident that the intellectual
thirst had awakened in him, and he
had, if no brilliant powers, at least a
sturdy persistence. (But is not per-
sistence akin to genius?) He had
been converted at the revival meet-
ing then going on, which fact had
deepened Anna's interest in him. She
advised him to attend the neighbor-
ing High School, borrowing money
to pay his board and tuition for a
term or two. And the money she
thought he could easily pay back by
teaching district school in the win-
ter. She thought that his class-
leader or one of the well-to-do mem-
bers of the church would lend him
the money gladly. She encouraged
him to try, and the boy set out, his
face aglow with hope and joy.

Anna saw next day by his gloomy
countenance that he had failed. The
wealthy church member had turned
away the boy with various pretexts.

But the next day he came early to
the school house, his face all aflame,
and told her he had the money.

"Who let you have the money?" in-
quired Anna.

The boy's eyes fell as he replied:
"He made me promise not to tell."

Anna congratulated her pupil, but
wondered who his benefactor was.

Remaining after school was dis-
missed to put things to rights, she
picked up an arithmetic that had
fallen from a desk. As she laid it
up a slip of paper fluttered to the
floor. As Anna took up the paper

she found it scribbled all over in a
very stiff hand, with forms of prom-
issory notes. One of these forms
read in this way:

"One year after date, for value re-
ceived, I promise to pay John Truman
the sum of — with interest.

"CHARLES SAMPSON."

Her face turned scarlet, for, while
Charles Sampson was the name of
her favorite pupil, John Truman was
the name of her lover. She knew
now the name of the unknown bene-
factor.

That evening at the church the
Rev. Mr. Singleton preached a per-
fervid sermon on exaltation of faith.

After the service the minister and
some of the members remained for a
little chat, as was customary. The
minister, who wanted the approval of
the pretty school teacher, thought he
saw a protest in her expressive blue
eyes.

"That was a mighty strong sermon
you gave us to-night, Brother Single-
ton. In these days o' works yer can't
put on faith too thick." This re-
mark came from Charlie Sampson's
class-leader.

"But," said Anna, earnestly, "must
not faith be joined with works?"

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ
and thou shalt be saved," said the old
class-leader.

"Yes," persisted Anna, "but to be-
lieve in Christ means to have a spirit
of Christ, to copy his deeds. It is
Christlikeness that saves us. Faith
in Christ is goodness to one's brother,
helping him"—here Anna hesitated,
but finally blurted out—"to get an
education if he is worthy and in
earnest."

The old class-leader winced at this
stroke, but growled out: "Morality
is Godless."

"No," said Anna, "morality is God-
full; service of man is worship of
God," unconsciously using a phrase of
her lover's.

"Be careful, Anna," said the young
minister, coming to the help of his
class leader, "be careful or you will
be going over to the infidel's side."

The Rev. Mr. Singleton did not
walk home with Anna that evening.
She walked alone, deeply pondering.
She had called her lover an atheist,
but she herself had almost been
called an infidel!

The next day the snow came down
with ceaseless pour. Anna, finding
no one to take her home, was plow-
ing her way through the deep drifts.
A cutter, drawn by a gay-stepping
horse, overtook her, and a voice
whose tones were music said: "Why,
Anna, this is too bad. You must let
me take you home." She could not
speak as she was lifted into the
sleigh and tucked under the warm
robes. John after a time even ven-
tured to put a hand underneath the
robes and clasp one of Anna's. It
was not withdrawn.

"Anna," said John, "if I do not
believe in a personal God I do be-
lieve in you."

"O John," sobbed Anna, "I am learning that sometimes atheist means Christian, and Christian atheist."
J. G. TOWNSEND.

The Golden Christmas Time.

Wherever sunshine smiles on earth,
Or murmuring waves their music pour,
Glad tidings of the Christ-child's birth
Will be repeated o'er and o'er.

The story is as welcome, then,
As some dear friend not seen for years;
It quickens all the sons of men
With gratitude that life endears!

From tall cathedral towers will sound—
Its melody of bells in tune,
While anthems float in bliss around—
As perfume haunts the heart of June.

In savage lands the news will spread,
And be to them a wonder-word,
Awaking souls as from the dead,
As seeds in spring to bloom are stirred.

By Ganges' banks, in India's clime,
Where babes were cast in offering wild,
Christmas renews the golden time
Of preciousness to every child.

In desert wastes, where Arabs rove
And only prize the baby boy,
As song of nightingale in grove,
Is told again sweet infant joy.

By Thames, by Rhine, by all the streams
That run thro' Christian lands afar,
There'll be the light of holy dreams—
Because of Christmas and its star.

Each little one will dearer be,
Since babe divine has made it dear,
And as the moon shines in the sea,
He will in them all bright appear.

The little waif that roams the street,
Homeless, neglected, poor, and lone,
Some tender kindness now will meet,
Whereby child-love to child is shown!

Rich songs will rise, and gifts of love
Be free as are the flowers of May;
Our earth will seem like heaven above,
On merry-hearted Christmas day!

Wherever feathery snow may fall,
Or breathes the rose in fragrance fair,
When Christmas comes on each to call—
He'll find the soul's sweet summer there!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

M. J. Savage on the Value of Life.

I am one of those—I do not know that I have a great many companions—who believe that the gift of life, at least ninety-nine times in a hundred, is a good, and would be a good even

if there were nothing beyond. I am grateful every moment of every day that I am alive,—no matter what is the end, no matter how much pain and disaster I may have to bear, no matter if I go into nothingness at the end. Even if these were the conditions, I should be glad that my eyes have opened even for a little while on this wonderful scene of the world under my feet and the heavens over my head. I would be glad that I had listened to the tones of music. I have had a half-hour of bird-song in a summer morning that would pay to overflowing for years of labor and pain. If you cannot estimate that kind of measurement, I am afraid that I cannot help you. I shall have to wait until you grow into an appreciation of it. Yes, I am glad that I am alive, no matter what the end is to be.

Correspondence

The Iowa State Conference.

EDITOR UNITY: May I ask for a little space in your columns to say a word or two about the recent conference in Iowa? In the report of that conference I stated that Mr. Forbush admitted that the American Unitarian Association gave money "where it was needless, and did more harm than good." Mr. Forbush writes me that he must have been misunderstood, as he did not intend to make that statement. It is quite true that he did not use the words of the report. What he said was that the association gave money where he did not think it advisable; or, to use his exact words, "It stood so upright that it leaned over backward." It was my inference that the money thus given, where he thought it unadvisable,—where the A. U. A. leaned over backward,—would do more harm than good. I knew that Mr. Forbush was employed especially to investigate the cases where help was asked, and I naturally assumed that his advice would be the wisest, and that money given more freely than he advised would be harmful, as notoriously is the case when help is given too lavishly.

But I am glad to set Mr. Forbush right with the readers of UNITY, and admit that I was wrong in assuming that his advice was the wisest. He writes me that the cases he had in mind when he said the Association overdid in the matter of giving—"stood so upright that it leaned over backwards"—were cases in which his advice had been disregarded and that of "local men" followed; and that in those cases no harm had resulted.

If I understand him rightly now, he wishes to say that, judging by results, the A. U. A. acted wisely in following the advice of "local men," when that advice differed from his own. But if this is what he means, I do not quite see why he should describe the Association as "leaning over backwards" in deviating from

his advice. That description seems to assume that it stood upright only when following his advice, and therefore that his advice was the wisest.

But I will not venture again to infer a clear and consistent meaning from his words, lest I be called upon to retract once more. I will leave the readers of UNITY to infer any meaning they please, now that I have given them the revised version of his utterance.

There is, however, another word that I think it well to say about the matter touched upon in my report of the Iowa Conference. As Secretary of the Western Conference I feel it my duty to study the condition of the churches in our Conference; and if I find any obstacle to the harmonious action and free growth of those churches, I feel it my duty to point out that obstacle and try to remove it.

At the Iowa Conference I heard Mr. Forbush assert in his public address that the A. U. A. "leaned over backward" in its lavish benefactions to the churches of the West. And at the same time I heard the President of the State Conference report that they had returned the money given by the A. U. A. to their Conference, though that money had been so sorely needed for work that the people of the State had been urged to replace it at the sacrifice even of what are considered the indispensables of common life.

That seemed to me an unfortunate condition of affairs, when money was thus too lavishly given away in one quarter of our movement and thus sorely needed and yet not accepted in another quarter. I asked myself the cause of this lack of harmony, and the only answer I could find was that the Boston Association was regarded as an outside body and not an integral part of our organization. This answer was suggested to me by what the agent of that Association said about its feeling constrained to stand so upright that, in his opinion, it leaned over backward. And still more did its distrust of its own paid adviser and its rejection of his advice for that of the unpaid "local men" show that it felt itself and its agent outside of the organization here. Its separate headquarters, also, in a different part of the city, I found, was interpreted to mean that it did not recognize the local officers as the legitimate head of the movement in the West.

Now it does not really matter much whether this interpretation is right or wrong. The fact that it exists is a real obstacle to harmonious action and free growth here in the West. It seems to me that if the Boston Association really wishes to help this movement all it can, it must persuade the churches that it is acting as their representative head and not as an independent autocratic authority.

I am assured that it does wish to help the movement,—to be the representative of the churches,—and I

am glad to believe that assurance. Its legal adviser informed me recently that some years ago it felt obliged by the words of its charter to refuse to give help to any organization that was not "pure Christianity," or to act through any organization that refused to be bound by those words. Of course that position would make it impossible for it to be the representative head of any growing body of independent churches and conferences. If we submitted to have our religion defined by the Boston Association, we should be assuming a new orthodoxy, to be felt as a galling yoke or explained away by juggling with words. But some of the directors of that Association tell me that now it is willing to help any free religious movement whether it call itself "pure Christianity" or not.

This latter position puts it now on practically the same level as our Western Conference. Two organizations, so nearly alike in objects, it seems to me, ought to be able to work in harmony. The churches of the Western Conference ought to be able to use the A. U. A. as its representative head, its publishing house, and its common hand for missionary work outside of the conferences. And the A. U. A. ought to be able to use the local officers for its agents and their offices for its headquarters. But that can be done only by a frank and cordial recognition of the complete autonomy of all the churches and all the conferences.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say a personal word in conclusion. I trust no one will think that I write this in any spirit of hostility to the Boston Association. I have only the most kindly feelings toward that brave organization which has so persistently striven to overtake its heretics. And I appreciate heartily the earnest desire of the men connected with it to do complete justice to the growing West, even though they have to "lean over backward," as their agent describes them as doing. And no one who knows me will think that I write to stir up strife. I have done all I could to allay needless strife since I have been connected with the movement, and I am trying now to remove the only cause of strife which I see remaining—the unfortunate attitude of the Association. I have no fears that anyone will think I am pleading for a position for myself. I did not accept my present post because I wished it, but because the friends of the movement thought they needed me, and I shall stay only as long as I think they need me. If my resignation would bring about harmony, I would gladly resign at once. But as long as I remain secretary I shall stand for the complete, uncompromising independence of every church and every conference. It would be far better for our movement to cut entirely loose from Boston than to yield one jot in our claim for freedom. We must be free—free to do our own work in our own way—

or growth will cease and fossilization begin.

A. W. GOULD,
Secretary of the
Western Unitarian Conference.

Acknowledgment.

EDITOR UNITY: Will you please credit additional receipts for Sea Island sufferers:

Mrs. H., Toronto.....\$ 50
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W. C. GANNETT.

The Sunday School

Sunday School Items.

MR. HOSMER'S NEW CAROL.

Our Sunday school children will all be delighted to know that Mr. Hosmer has given us another Christmas carol. No poet of our little band understands so well as he how to touch the deepest thought in religion and still speak in the images of poetry and with a melody and rhythm that make the eyes of young and old kindle and their hearts to beat faster. This new carol will be found printed in full on another page. It was published and set to music in the English magazine of liberal faith called *Light on the Way*. We hope by another year to have copies of the carol with the music to use in our schools; but the poem itself will be excellent for the little ones to read or recite at their Christmas service.

HOME TRAVELS THROUGH BIBLE LANDS.

A little manual bearing this title has been prepared by Mr. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, and published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston. It is tastily bound and beautifully printed, as nearly all the works issued by that society are. And its contents are quite up to the standard set by its mechanical excellence. In thirty-eight brief chapters it passes through Palestine, Assyria, Greece and Rome, in the footsteps of Bible writers. References are given to the best sources and a topic suggested for an essay or paper in connection with each chapter. The book is quite as well adapted to Unity work as to Sunday school studies, and can be safely recommended as the latest and best guide to those who wish an outline on this subject.

LESSONS ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

Mr. Fenn whom our Sunday Schools have learned to know and admire by his weekly lessons in the Six Years' Course, is also publishing a series of lessons on the book of Acts. Any school which wishes to study that interesting bit of doubtful Christian history will find the latest work of scholarship clearly set forth in those lessons. They are issued by the Eastern Sunday School Society, Mr. Fenn being broad enough to reach from East to West.

A Correction.

THROUGH an oversight of the proof-reader Rev. Joseph Cook was announced in the last number of UNITY as about to prepare the Fifth Year's lessons in the Six Years' Course of the Sunday School lessons published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. We think no one would be more surprised at this announcement than Joseph Cook himself. It is quite certain that Rev. Joseph H. Crooker will, as he has agreed to do, provide us a more acceptable series of lessons on the Growth of Christianity than he of "Lady Macbeth's bloody hand" fame.

W. U. S. S. S.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society held its monthly meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 5. There were present President Gould and Messrs. Kerr and Scheible, Mesdames Leonard, Lord, and Perkins. Mr. Albert Scheible was elected Treasurer. Miss Lord reported the selection of lesson topics from "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds" for use in the second portion of the Fourth Year's Course.

The following is the list of twelve lessons; the Roman numerals indicating the number of the lesson in the series as published by the Boston Sunday School Society. The subject of the lesson and the individual who is chosen to illustrate it are grouped together:

1. Self-control.....Washington (I.)
2. Honesty.....Lincoln (III.)
3. Frankness.....Luther (VIII.)
4. Justice.....Garrison (IX.)
5. Simplicity.....Whittier (XII.)
6. Courtesy.....Emerson (XV.)
7. Spiritual-mindedness.....Channing (XVII.)
8. Conscientiousness.....Charles Sumner (XIX.)
9. Obedience.....Wm. Penn (XXII.)
10. Gratitude.....Theodore Parker (XXXII.)
11. Mercy.....Dorothea Dix (XXXV.)
12. Reverence.....Longfellow (XL.)

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Sermonettes.

BY ALICE EWING LEWIS.

Since there are novelettes and histories, why not sermonettes? Indeed, were there to be a popular vote taken as to whether the word sermon and sermonize should be parted from their present affectionate attitude in the dictionary to make room between them for the word sermonette, I think it would be unanimously carried,—provided, of course, that the happy state of affairs suggested by the word sermonette were thenceforth to become a reality.

For, loath as they are to perceive such a condition of things, it must be admitted that the shepherds are not few who weekly observe the appearance in their flock, at the close of the service, which George Eliot describes as "that brisk and cheerful air which a sermon is often observed to produce when it is quite finished."

It is, of course, true that some of the divines who witness this spectacle look out through semi-transparent optimistic blindfolds, and in consequence believe the phenomenon to be the result of their own enlivening eloquence, but others, who see with unimpaired vision, suspect that the congregation look pleased because they are pleased—at the prospect of a whole week of life uninterrupted by sermons. Here they are under a great delusion. As if one could ever escape from sermons!

From the sort heard in churches we may indeed absent ourselves; but we all know, if we reflect for a moment, how everything about us admonishes in silent language. The slow, but persistent, growing plant chides our too easily discouraged efforts. Day following day and the seasons ever repeating themselves re-monstrate with us when we chafe at life's recurring routine. Did not Shakespeare himself see sermons in stones and books in the running brooks?

I transcribe with this a few of the sermons which forced themselves on my attention as I walked my daily paths; and since it is our fate to be begirt with sermons, as with the other ills of life, perhaps those whose diminutive dimensions permit us to readily see that they really have an end, will be looked upon as the lesser of the two evils. I call them sermonettes.

**

DID you ever notice the stony, unsympathetic gaze with which the occupants of a street car analyze the costumes of their vis-a-vis traveling companions?

It is because they are strangers. We never for a moment think of subjecting a friend or even a passing acquaintance to such critical scrutiny. And why this discrimination between the friend and the stranger? Because remnants of our animal de-

scend still linger about us, of which this trait is one. The brute creation is notably inhospitable, not only to other triles, but to strange members of its own.

We are a trifle premature in felicitating ourselves on the distance that stretches between us and the inferior orders of life, on the supposition that we occupy a remote pinnacle all but out of sight of their valley; for Nature does nothing by jerks, her every act melts into the next by imperceptible gradations; and since she has not yet planed off from her human creation the last remnant of the bird's third eyelid—that little membrane visible in the corner of every one's eye—or effaced the final evidence of the ear muscles or the muscles that close the nostrils, such as is possessed in perfection by our water-dwelling relative, the seal, she is only pursuing her customary graduated actions and consistency when she refuses as yet to entirely efface all vestiges of the animal mind as well: and so while it is of course a truism that we should always act from the motive that virtue is its own reward, sometimes a lower impelling influence might also be the handmaiden of a great result.

Where we feel inclined to sneer, which would have the stronger restraining power, I wonder,—a recollection of the golden rule, or the reflection that the act of sneering is an inheritance from a very unaristocratic ancestor in his most unlovely mood? A suspiciously minded dog lifts his upper lip and shows his canine teeth; a sneering human does the same.

Bigotry, too, is a relic of the inhospitable animal nature, which is by no means absent from those who pride themselves on their advanced thought. I once heard a feminine member of one of the liberal churches remark: "I am thankful to say that I was never a communicant of any other religious organization, but was born into my wide faith of to-day." I will add, lest some one should dismiss this example as mere'y another instance of the proverbial feminine bias for her own belongings, that a masculine follower of the same belief was heard to ejaculate deprecatingly, after passing some Catholic Sisters of Charity, "A religion of pain!" None more than they of the larger faith should clearly perceive that belief is less a matter of option than of necessity, and necessity has so many guises that it is not difficult to understand that one unswervingly trained in any creed might grow to deem loyalty thereto a moral obligation.

If Darwinism demonstrates that men have been evolved out of brutes, the religion which it takes into account will also help men to bear in mind that they are now different from brutes.

The conscience, sense of duty,—the something, call it what one will, and which is higher than any faculty

of animal creation, environed though it is by traits descended from it,—is the leaven that will leaven the whole mass.

Tennyson, in one of his latest poems, has well said:

"If my body comes from brutes, though somewhat finer than their own.

I am heir, and this my kingdom, shall the royal voice be mute?

No! but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,

Hold the scepter, Human Soul, and rule thy province of the brute."

**

Humanity, after one of its moral lapses, is far too ready to proceed on the theory that one might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb, and, thus arguing, continue from bad to worse.

There might be a show of logic in such a procedure, could life be appropriately compared to some beautiful specimen of ceramic art, like a rare vase, which, when nicked, is, in the eyes of connoisseurs, as thoroughly ruined as if it were totally shattered.

Life, on the contrary, may more fitly be likened to a mosaic, made up of countless beautiful elements, the marring or destruction of one of which in no way affects the separate pieces that remain.

This complex construction of life can be discerned without the aid of glasses, since at the outset it is patent to the most careless observer that life is three-fold,—mental, moral and physical; for do we not all know the physically perfect individual who is anything but a mental exemplar, or the person of brilliant mind whose moral character is by no means flawless?

And these three general divisions can be infinitely subdivided, for a man may be healthy, or clever, or good—any one or all of the three—with various degrees of reservation, and it would be as sensible for an invalid, because of his invalidism, to chloroform himself off the planet; or for a pupil, because he had no bent for mathematics, to eschew therefore all other branches of learning, for which he did possess a talent,—as for a wanderer from the way of rectitude to cut absolutely all acquaintance with the strait and narrow path, because he had once stepped aside.

In every soul there is some door through which the good finds ingress. For the good is like the north-creeping spring, which, in spite of all the barriers man can build, will not be hedged out. In the densest of his cities with gentle fingers she will force her way, painting here and there a grass-plot, planting a weed's fresh stalk in some pavement's crack, and breathing her balmy breath o'er all; while from a foul puddle will come the crooning of the frogs as melodiously as from a meadow-embosomed pool, and athwart the droning dust-laden air will fall the warble of a chance bluebird or a robin's carol.

There is a reverse side to this, too, and a breadth as well as a length; for when a frail son of humanity boasts a good quality, he is quite as apt to err by deeming that his possession of that virtue will cover a multitude of sins, as is his neighbor who lacks that saving grace to be deluded into believing that its absence in him renders inharmonious the whole plan of his nature; for we are all acquainted, are we not, with the pretty woman who, because she is endowed with the one item of physical beauty, seems to be under the impression that no grace of spirit is demanded of her; and with the individual skilled in some particular line of knowledge who assumes airs of superiority because of that accomplishment; aye, and with the saint who, because he is not tempted, looks askance at the sinner who is.

When we feel inclined to excuse in ourselves small derelictions because of some particular quality or other to which a reward of merit is attached, we should recollect that symmetry does not consist of a bulge here, and a depression there, but is, instead, a harmonious flow of outline,—like the mountains whose feet are on the earth and whose heads in the clouds,—and that the observation of the every-day duties and amenities of life are the stones that help build the temple of a beautiful character.

Every one has heard of that Australian weapon, the boomerang, whose peculiarity of taking effect on an object situated in an entirely different direction from that in which it is sent, sometimes results, if unskillfully handled, in recoiling on the sender himself.

Selfishness is a boomerang that is invariably unskillfully thrown, since it always recoils on the one from whom it emanates: for selfishness, which seeks to deprive others in order that it may itself possess, results, without exception, in robbing itself.

Of what? Well, perhaps not always of material things; of these many times it succeeds in possessing itself: but a habit once formed of desiring and expecting all the gifts of the world of matter runs out as well into the realm of mind and morals,—an ethereal region where the grasp of a hand of flesh and blood is unavailing to secure the blessing.

Humanity is too ready to believe that what has been should be henceforth and forevermore, and that because the so-called gifts of fortune have been granted it, not only should they continue, but intellectual attainments, peace of mind, respect of the world, and love of individuals should necessarily follow, and for the mere asking; and when these graces are withheld, too ready again to spend precious time, time that might be used in making advances toward the kingdom of the spirit, in bemoaning the dearth in their lives,—an attitude which unfits the one assuming it for any progression as completely

as a paralytic stroke seizing a traveler incapacitates him for his onward journey.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

MON.—Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

TUES.—They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.

WED.—All things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

THURS.—Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

FRI.—Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

SAT.—Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.

—Shakspeare.

The Gift That None Could See.

"There are silver pines on the window-pane,
A forest of them," said he;
"And a huntsman is there with a silver horn,
Which he bloweth right merrily.

"And there are a flock of silver ducks,
A-flying over his head,
And a silver sea and a silver hill
In the distance away," he said.

"And a l of this is on the window-pane,
My pretty mamma, true as true!"
She lovingly smiled, but she looked not up,
And faster her needle flew.

A dear little fellow the speaker was—
"Silver and jewels and gold,
Lilies and roses and honey-flowers,
In a sweet little bundle rolled.

He stood by the frosty window-pane
"Till he tired of the silver trees,
The huntsman blowing his silver horn,
The hills and the silver seas;

And he breathed on the flock of silver ducks,
"Till he melted them quite away;
And he saw the street, and the people pass—
And the morrow was Christmas day.

"The children are out and laugh and shout,
I know what it's for," said he;
"And they're dragging along, my pretty
mamma,
A fir for a Christmas-tree."

He came and stood by his mother's side:
"To-night it is Christmas eve,
And there is a gift somewhere for me,
Gold mamma, do you believe?"

Still the needle sped in her slender hands:
"My little sweetheart," said she,
"The Christ-Child has planned this Christmas
for you
His gift that you cannot see."

The boy looked up with a sweet, wise look
On his beautiful baby-face:
"Then my stocking I'll hang for the Christ-
Child's gift
To-night, in the chimney-place."

On Christmas morning, the city through,
The children were queens and kings,
With their royal treasures bursting o'er
With wonderful, lovely things.

But the merriest child in the city full,
And the fullest of all with glee,
Was the one whom the dear Christ-Child had
brought
The gift he could not see.

"Quite empty it looks, oh, my gold mamma, ^U
The stocking I hung last night!"
"So, then, it is full of the Christ-Child's gift,"
And she smiled 'til his face grew bright.

"Now, sweetheart," she said, with a patient
look

On her delicate, weary face,
"I must go and carry my sewing home,
And leave thee a little space.

"Now stay with thy sweet thoughts, heart's
delight.

And I soon will be back to thee."
"I'll play while you're gone, my pretty mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see."

He watched his mother pass down the street:
Then he looked at the window-pane,
Where a garden of new frost-flowers had
bloomed,

While he on his bed had lain.

Then he tenderly took up his empty sock,
And quietly sat awhile,
Holding it fast, and eying it
With his innocent, trusting smile.

"I am tired of waiting," he said at last;
"I think I will go and meet
My pretty mamma, and come with her
A little way down the street.

"And I'll carry with me, to keep it safe,
My gift that I cannot see."
And down the street, 'mid the chattering
crowd,

He trotted right merrily.

"And where are you going, dear little man?"
They called to him as he passed,
"That empty stocking why do you hold
In your little hand so fast?"

Then he looked at them with honest eyes,
And answered sturdily:
"My stocking is full to the top, kind sirs,
Of the gift that I cannot see."

They would stare and laugh, but he trudged
along,

With his stocking fast in his hand:
"And I wonder why 'tis that the people all
Seem not to understand!"

"Oh, my heart's little flower!" she cried to
him,

A-hurrying down the street:
"And why are you out on the street alone?
And where are you going, my sweet?"

"I was coming to meet you, my pretty mamma,
With my gift that I cannot see;
But tell me why that the people laugh
And stare at my gift and me?"

Like the Maid to her Son, in the altar-piece,
So loving she looked and mild:
"Because, dear heart, of all you met,
Not one was a little child."

O thou who art grieving at Christmas-tide,
The lesson is meant for thee:
That thou may'st get Christ's loveliest gifts
In ways thou canst not see;

And how, although no earthly good
Seems into thy lot to fall,
Hast thou a trusting, child-like heart,
Thou hast the best of all.

—Mary E. Wilkins, in *Wide Awake*.

Christmas in a Convent.

It was a chill evening in November when Margery and Ethel were deposited by their guardian at the door of St. Agatha's. The wind whistled drearily through the leafless trees and the orphaned sisters shivered with cold and loneliness as they timidly clung to each other. But when the door was opened by the bright-faced novice to the warmth and

cheer within, when they were ushered into the benign presence of Reverend Mother Benedicta and enfolded in her warm embrace, when she took them to the refectory and asked Sister Teresa to make them some tea, they began to feel at home. After supper the Reverend Mother led them to a large pleasant room where a fire glowed in the grate and four pretty girls sat beside it studying their lessons. At the Reverend Mother's approach all arose and were introduced to the newcomers. On one side of the long room were arranged six snowy cots, partially hidden by screens. "This is your dormitory," said the Reverend Mother. "Each child is expected to make her own bed and to make it neatly. The prayer bell is ringing. Being Protestants, you are, of course, excused from attending prayers, but don't forget to pray in your own way. Good night, dear children,"—and the gracious lady was gone. Sweet were the slumbers of the sisters that night. Like a haven of rest seemed that hallowed house in which peace and purity reigned supreme. They both learned to love the good nuns, and the Reverend Mother they almost worshiped. Serene, calm and dignified, she was an example of the old adage that "they best know how to rule who have learned to obey." The convent was a little world in itself. Life flowed on evenly and smoothly, for this community had solved the vexed problem of co-operation that is now agitating so many minds. "My" and "mine" were unknown words among the sisters, for all belonged to each, and each to all. "Will you bring our bonnet?" Margery overheard one sister ask another one day.

Few of the pupils went away for Christmas. The holidays were short, and many of the homes at a distance. Canadian winters are severe, and traveling hard. The nuns preferred that the pupils should remain, and they did their utmost to make the great festival one of joy and happiness to all under their charge. Margery and Ethel were many leagues from their native land, strangers and alone; therefore they resolved to celebrate the day with their new-found friends.

At five o'clock Christmas morning the bell rang, as usual, for matins, and at six pontifical high mass was celebrated in the convent chapel. First came the Archbishop in full canonicals of crimson and gold; then the procession of priests and white-robed acolytes; the incense bearer, wafting spicy fragrance around; the black-robed nuns, with downcast mien, their slender fingers telling their beads the while; the mistress of novices, followed by her white-veiled flock; the "Children of Mary," in blue dresses and broad white shoulder ribbons, with silver medals; the young Cæcilians, softly singing the "Adeste Fideles," to the accompaniment of the organ; the Guild of

the Holy Angels, and, last, the little company of Puritans, who ought, doubtless, to have *protested*, by their absence, against such Popish pageantry: but they felt that "the Lord was in His Holy Place" just as truly among those devout souls as in a plain meeting-house. The altar was ablaze with lights, symbolical of Him who came to be the "light of the world," the air redolent of flowers, and faces radiant with spiritual joy.

After the service there was much hearty hand-clasping and wishing of Merry Christmases. Mother gave Margery and Ethel the religious kiss, saying, "I am glad you were with us this morning, children;" and after breakfast, which was a bountiful one, she invited them to ride with her to the city, where they visited many poor families, and left substantial mementos behind them. Among others, they visited Fogg's Alley, where lived the five little Fogs, who "did for themselves" and bravely fought the hard battle with poverty and want and misery. Their prematurely old faces brightened at the Reverend Mother's kindly greeting and well-filled basket, and many blessed the good nun as she went on her mission of mercy.

After the Christmas dinner had been disposed of, a dozen large sleighs were brought around, and, enveloped in furs and robes, a merry party of pupils and nuns set forth for St. Vincent's Orphanage, where the poor children were to be made happy by a Christmas tree, on which hung many gifts sent by the inmates of St. Agatha's. To Margery and Ethel the sight of several hundred children, motherless like themselves, was most pathetic. But the gorgeous tree, with its delicious fruit, gave unbounded joy to many little starved hearts that day. When the gifts were all distributed, the sleighs returned to St. Agatha's in time for the beautiful service of Benediction. Music, mirth, and dancing ended the day, and Margery and Ethel agreed that it was the happiest Christmas they had spent since dear mamma died.

M. R. G.

Shoshonomi.

Shoshonomi is a lad of the Moqui tribe in Arizona, now a pupil at the government school in Keam's Canyon.

One day about a year ago he was keeping the sheep in a valley near the Mesa* of his people, as he had done many a day before. To Shoshonomi it was simply one cold day, when the rain made him wet and uncomfortable, and when the ground was moist and chill. To the almanac it was December 24. To you and me it was Christmas Eve.

All through the long summer day the sheep had been living as best they could on the sparse and withered

herbage, but as soon as the autumn rains set in they were driven where they could revel in plenty of grass, and where there was plenty of water to drink.

All summer the men had been very careful of the sheep, never trusting them far from the Mesa unless under guard of a number of persons, because the Navajoes, a neighboring tribe, were constantly lying in wait to drive the stock away.

But now, when the pasturage was good nearer home, Shoshonomi alone was given the care of the flock, and he went with them wherever they could find abundance to eat.

It was growing quite dark, and he had rounded them up and started them back. The sun had almost gone down, and the chill day promised to end in a colder night.

Suddenly his dog whirled away from the sheep it had been driving, started with its sharpened ears standing upright, and barked fiercely out towards the valley. Shoshonomi knew some danger threatened, and he ran more swiftly about the edges of the flock. He hurried on, the dog following, but turning constantly and barking back there towards the gathering darkness.

At length Shoshonomi's ears told him of the danger his eyes could not see. A band of Navajoes were behind him on their ponies. They were creeping along the sandy bed of the creek, but as soon as they heard his cry for help they climbed the sloping, sandy bank and galloped straight toward him. He shouted again, long and loud; he heard their cry of warning to desist, he wept with vexation because the sheep were frightened and unruly; and then he abandoned them for the moment, darting into the shelter of sage brush and so escaping.

But Shoshonomi was a true Moqui. He was not afraid. After the Navajoes had driven the sheep away the little lad came out of the bushes and followed them. His dog kept close at his heels, and seemed to offer assistance with a mute devotion.

"I wish I had a lion's claw, or a panther's tooth," said Shoshonomi to himself. "Then I would pray."

For you must know the Moqui does not offer his prayers as you do. If he had had the panther's tooth or the claw of a mountain lion he would have stopped a moment, turned aside till his "heart was good," and then he would have laid them in some secure place where nothing could touch them till the sunshine came. He would have said nothing, even mentally; but to him this would have been a prayer to the Great Spirit for the speed, the tireless strength of the panther, that he might follow and overtake his enemy; and for the fierce courage and resistless power of the lion, that he might spring and punish them.

However, he ran along through the darkness, darting aside now and then as the needles of a yucca plant

pierced his thin-clad limbs, following the sounds, and at last the scent of his sheep and their captors. It was a long, long chase.

He thought of the warm room in his father's stone house up there on the Mesa, where he could have been long ago if the sheep had been safe in the corral. He thought of the supper of dried meat and corn bread he would have eaten. And after a while, as he trotted on, never for a moment thinking of abandoning the chase, he remembered the comfortable bed of blankets and skins. It was so very weary and cold out here on the plain; it was so painful when the Spanish bayonet wounded him.

"If I were in bed I would cover up with all the blankets," said the patient pursuer. Not that he said these things in the language you and I use; but the thoughts which are the same in all languages, came to him.

Hours and hours he followed the Navajoes, first running, then walking warily when they slackened their gait. Away in the right they came to a "hogan," which is Navajo for "house," and here they stopped till morning. They built a fire, for an Indian can do that no matter what the weather may be. They killed one of Shoshonomi's sheep, and he lay on his face in the cold sand and watched them eat it.

Then they went to sleep in the "hogan," leaving the sheep to take care of themselves; for though they had no dogs with them they knew the weary animals would not go far.

But after an hour of waiting Shoshonomi felt that his time had come. He crept forward with his dog, trembling lest his humble friend should bark, and so undo him. But the dog seemed to have caught some of the stealthiness of the Indian, for he ran this way and that, forcing the sheep to rise, and turning them homeward; but he did not utter a sound.

It was a weary drive, for the sheep had been hard run, and they could not hasten. Once he sat down to rest, but when he rose his limbs were stiffened and pained him so much he did not try it again. Hour after hour he followed the sheep, urging them on, till he saw a great light in the east behind him; and there just before was the Mesa, and his home.

Driving was easier now. The sheep climbed the steep path to their fold, and just as the last one went in Shoshonomi saw the great red sun blazing across the valley.

He remembered the prayer emblems he had wished for. If he had had them, this moment would be the answering. And it somehow occurred to the boy that a prayer without emblems was quite as much of a prayer.

* * *

This Christmas Eve Shoshonomi is in the government school. He has learned to speak English quite readily, and has told his teacher many things from that other life. He can write some, and is fairly advanced in

* "Mesa" — pronounced "Mass," the flat tableland on the summit of high, precipitous rocks, many acres in extent.

numbers. He sleeps in a comfortable bed—though no bed will ever be more comfortable than was that heap of blankets and furs in his father's stone house that Christmas.

But the lesson of lessons he has learned is the one that almost came to him that sunny morning as he stood by his rescued flock: If the heart be good the prayer is acceptable, even without any emblem.

—*Le Roy Armstrong, in American Youth.*

An Old, Old Story, and How He Tells It.

Walter Scott somewhere speaks of the joy of dining with the Whigs, because they had not heard his old stories. But I go every year to Miss Wiltse's charming kindergarten in Cottage Place, under a bond to tell the same story which I told the year before. This is now, indeed, a story eighteen hundred and ninety-three years old. The great merit of it is that, in describing the birth of the baby boy at Bethlehem, and the presents which the oxen and the asses and the cows and the sheep and the goats and the hens and the ducks in and around the "courtly stable" made to him, you give imitations of the languages of those animals. Now you may say what you will about Darwinism, all children, before they acquire their own language, are greatly interested in the languages of beasts and birds. If they "assist" in the imitations of the story-teller, there is no harm, and the popularity of this account of the first Christmas morning is such that a repetition of it is demanded on the bills from year to year. After the story has been told and the children have given each other their presents, a mysterious door is opened, and other presents appear, which are provided by the kind overseer of all these schools,—sleds and skates and puzzles and dolls and cradles and everything that heart can wish, if the heart have not been throbbing more than six or seven years. And whoever wants to see the real joy of the Christmas season will see it nowhere more than at Miss Wiltse's school.

—*E. E. Hale in New England Magazine.*

The Study Table

The New World.

The most interesting article in the *New World* for the autumn quarter is that of Wilhelm Bender, of the University of Bonn, on "The Relations of Religion and Morality." This is rather a philosophical than a sociological question; but in so far as the historical element enters the discussion it has to do with that which is of interest to the social scientist. The article covers twenty-six pages of the review, and here we can but touch upon its salient points. The author's thesis is that while they interact upon one another, religion and

morality are by nature distinct, and he takes special pains to show that morality does not spring from and depend upon religion, but that, on the contrary, the former may exist quite apart from the latter, and he seems to think that morality has done far more to improve religion than religion has to improve morality. The topic is important and timely, and whether or not the reader agrees with the author, a perusal of his paper will repay one,—the discussion throughout being careful and scientific. For in the first place the author does what of course all should,—but few writers actually do,—he makes an earnest effort to define his terms. Inasmuch as *religion* is a term that generally goes undefined, we may be very thankful that it has commanded our author's best thought. His account of its genesis is summed up in the paragraph beginning on page 458: "Religion arises out of the general experience that, in following out our life aims and interacting with the outer world, we strike upon facts and elements, upon laws and rules which we cannot make serviceable to ourselves through the power of civilization, but which, on the contrary, in their predominance, oblige us to suit and subordinate ourselves and our life aims to them. [Should he not rather have said: "Which we cannot make serviceable to ourselves through the power of civilization *except* by suiting and subordinating ourselves and our life aims to them?"] These factors lead us at once to feel our weakness and dependence; they waken in us the need of help and salvation and concentrate desires and hopes and faiths upon them—the desire and the faith that, where our own insight and power fail, we may reckon upon the support of a general world-order in the fulfillment of our life-interests, so far as these do not run contrary. One may briefly say: Religion arises from the everywhere emerging contradiction between our power and our will; it arises from the experience of our dependence upon a general world-fate, and it consists, at first, in nothing else than the natural and inevitable desire that this may prove itself favorable to our undertakings. [Here again a correction suggests itself, to wit: that, if by experience our author means a conscious perception, he is going too fast in speaking of a "general world-fate." In order to express himself in terms applicable to the lowest as well as the highest forms of religion, should he not say that religious feeling is aroused by the awe of power external to ourselves, which we can neither understand nor control? To feel one's self—at least to recognize one's self—as dependent upon a general world-fate, is to have reached a pretty high level of thought and feeling. Does not the savage rather feel himself subject to *various* more or less inde-

pendent superhuman powers, and seek to get the favor and help of one or more of them?] So long, then, as we have the ends and means of our undertakings in our power, the impulse of self-preservation does not necessarily take a religious form. But as soon as we strike the fact that the execution of our life-aims depends upon outer conditions which we can neither understand nor master, the impulse of self-preservation necessarily takes a religious guise,—that is to say, it completes its own insufficiency through the hope or the faith that the general order of things will favor our aims and somehow serve our advantage."

Thus deriving religion from man's relation to the power or powers that control the universe, our author proceeds to derive morality from man's relation to his fellow-man, showing how it is high or low, broad or narrow, according as the social organism is large or small, simple or complex. There are three essential features, our author says, in which the independence of religion and morality is made plain. "First: religious action, according to its nature, as desire, prayer, hope, and faith, is distinguished from the moral deed as from every other form of cultural action. Second: the religious act is connected with every activity, by no means only with the moral, or the expression of the fact that the result of our doings is always conditioned by the world-fate, as we may briefly call it. Third and finally: the religious act is called forth not only by moral, but also by specifically immoral efforts, as the history of all religions shows."

Taken as a whole, notwithstanding the qualifications suggested, it seems to us that the discussion referred to is one of the most pregnant that has seen the light for many a day. In it is much food for thought for philosopher, theologian, and anthropologist.

Another very interesting article is that of Rev. Edward H. Hall, who gives a masterly review of the progress of Unitarian thought under the title "The New Unitarianism," showing how modern Unitarianism has finally given up all forms of the doctrines of authority and supernaturalism. "To make my statement as definite as possible," he writes, "it stands for humanitarianism as against any conception of Christ or Christianity which removes them from the orderly sequence of human events: for rationalism, as against any theory of the Bible which denies its normal place in the world's literature and thought; for naturalism as against any known form of supernaturalism." It is to be regretted that a larger number of Unitarian ministers do not see as clearly as does Mr. Hall the logic of their position, and that when they see it they do not state their point of view more clearly to their congregations and to the world. We believe, however, that Mr. Hall's

article will have a considerable influence in bringing about this desirable self-realization.

One of the editors, President Orello Cone, has an article on "Jesus' Self-Designation in the Synoptic Gospels," a subject which there are few scholars more competent to discuss. E. Amelineau, of the Collège de France, has an interesting examination of "The Role of the Demon in the Ancient Coptic Religions." Dr. Bartol writes charmingly on Channing, Taylor, Emerson and Brooks, under the title of "The Boston Pulpit." James Darmstetter, also of the Collège de France, has an article on Ernest Renan. As James M. Whiton writes on "A Way Out of the Trinitarian Controversy," we must suppose that this is still a living question to some persons.

The number also contains forty-nine pages of careful reviews, embracing twenty recent works, chiefly Biblical studies, but also including ethics and theology. It is this feature of the *New World*, in particular, which makes it a necessity to the liberal minister of America who would keep in touch with current scholarship.

As we write this, the number for the winter quarter is already at hand, containing an article by Julius Wellhausen, of Goettingen, on the "Babylonian Exile"; one on the "Peculiarities of John's Theology," by George B. Stevens, of Yale; one by Bernard Bosanquet on "Plato's Conception of the Good Life"; one on the "New Socialism and Economics," by William B. Weeden; one on the "Religion of the Chinese People," by C. de Harlez, of the University of Louvain; one by Professor Momerie on the "Ethics of Creeds"; one on "Heresy in Athens in the Time of Plato," by Prof. Tarbell, now of the University of Chicago; one on the "Ethical and Religious Import of Idealism," by the English scholar, May Sinclair—an indication that the *New World* is abreast of the times on the woman question: one on "Thoroughness in Theology," by Richard A. Armstrong; one on the "Parliament of Religions," by Professor Toy; and nearly sixty pages of book reviews. Of the more interesting of these articles we hope to speak at a later day. The titles and the names of the writers suggest a rich treat.

Other Magazines.

THE NON-SECTARIAN for November is largely given to the Parliament of Religions. Dr. Thomas and Rev. Chas. F. Bradley both have a word on the subject, the latter noticeable for that impressive earnestness which characterizes all Mr. Bradley's work. Mr. Allen's reply to Mr. Sheldon's recent utterance as to the reasonableness of devoting one's attention to modern spiritualism illustrates how men may continue to use a term controversially without much reference to its real meaning.

Both Professor James, quoted by Mr. Sheldon, and Mr. Allen speak as though "psychic phenomena" were "beyond the explanation of science;" and the effort is made to show in what sense this is true, instead of promptly rescuing the term "science" from those who, whether counting themselves its friends or its enemies, would thus rob the great word of its comprehensiveness. The expression "beyond the explanation of science" is harmless, and may temporarily be true, if the emphasis is put on *explanation*, but where the emphasis is on *science* it is utterly misleading.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for November contains an article on costumes, illustrated by colored plates, which is indicative of its intention to be striking, at all events. Howells begins a new series of Altruriana, this time writing from the standpoint of the Altrurian. While a number of well-known names appear on the cover,—George Ebers, Mark Twain, Walter Besant, H. H. Boyesen, etc., including Adam Badeau,—the magazine nevertheless impresses one as a light one.

THE features of November's *Review of Reviews* are two studies of the Great Northwest,—one of its Possibilities, by S. A. Thompson; and the other of the Waterways for its service, by Emory R. Johnson,—an article on Lobengula, King of the Matabele; and a discussion of the future of silver production, by President Andrews. The first named of these articles is full and careful and well worth the attention of the economic student.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, 1893. Harper & Brothers, New York. Happy the boy or girl who has the weekly numbers of this delightful publication! Happier the boy or girl who has the bound volume also; and happiest he or she who carries one of the early volumes into the country every summer and gives it away at the summer's end to Tom, Dick or Harry, or Mchitable Ann. Then there is at least one more happy boy in the world and probably five or six, and girls as many. The volume for 1893 maintains the general character of the previous volumes. The illustrations are even better than usual, or they may seem to be so because "time's noblest offspring is the last." There is the usual proportion of continued stories and other matter. The great Exposition has left its sign and seal upon the volume, greatly to its advantage, and we have fresh assurance that the insubstantial pageant faded will leave more than a rack behind. It ought to be easier for boys and girls to be good now than it was formerly, they have so much more to make them happy and to keep them safe at home.

The golden rule of happiness is to be moderate in your expectations.

New Editions.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. By Charles Reade. Illustrated from drawing by William Martin Johnson. 2 vols. Silk boards, 8vo, pp. 1,233. \$8. New York: Harper & Brothers.

There is ground for a new hope of immortality in the new editions of good old books which are so much the habit of late times. What would Thoreau think of his magnificent re-uscitation? Harper & Brothers' edition of "The Cloister and the Hearth" competes with Dodd & Mead's, which is in four volumes with a soft, rough, canvas cloth upon the covers, very disagreeable to the touch, and a page led to the worst extremity. Harpers' edition is much more successful. Its general appearance is that of the illustrated "Ben Hur," a book a hundred times less deserving than this of the homage of the illustrator and the bookmaker. The page is that of "Ben Hur," and, as in that, the illustrations are marginal, breaking into the text as freely as need be. The illustrator of "Ben Hur" is the illustrator here also, but he has found his field less fertile than before. Certainly there is less variety here, but for this there is compensation in the greater elaboration of the illustrations. They are very happily conceived and their execution is most satisfactory. The novel is the masterpiece of Reade's great but irregular genius. The lovers of the novel are the parents of Erasmus, Reade starting from an historic fact in that particular. It is one of the great historic novels, remarkable for the complete assimilation of the historic matter with a story of surpassing interest and pathos, written in a style that is a constant pleasure to the mind.

UPLIFTS OF HEART AND WILL. By James H. West. 2d edition. Boston; Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 100. 30 cents.

The first edition of this little book met with such a measure of success that a second is now issued. The first one, we are told, went to England and Germany, to Japan and China, to India and Australia and the islands of the Pacific. Doubtless this new issue also will find many hearts to welcome it. Its aspirations are noble, its faith inspiring, and its helpfulness to devotion unquestioned.

It might better, in our opinion, have been called Prayers and Poems, but it is good under whatever name. Uplifts of eager heart and earnest will: Pulsings of soul.

H. T. G.

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DR. F. M. ABBETT, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I have prescribed it in cases of nervous debility, and they seemed to improve so much that I have prescribed several bottles in the last few months with apparent good results."

Notes from the Field

Chicago.—The Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference met at the headquarters Tuesday, Dec. 12. There were present Mrs. Anna B. McMahon, Messrs. Shorey, Jones, Effinger, Van Inwagen and Gould. On Mr. Jones' motion the following resolution was passed:

RESOLVED, That the Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference hereby records its loving debt of gratitude to John C. Learned, who, for twenty consecutive years, occupied a place among us, during which time he was ever unflagging in his zeal, unflinching in his interest, unwavering in his faith; a vigilant champion of the methods that were most progressive and outspoken. During the darkest days of the Conference struggle for the doctrinal position to which it is committed, Mr. Learned and his Society were an unflinching source of strength. By his death we have lost a loving co-worker and a comrade most dear and genial.

RESOLVED, That a copy of this resolution be spread upon the records of the Conference, that one be sent to the Board of Directors of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, and to the bereaved family with whom we sympathize, and that a copy be published in UNITY.

The report of the Committee on the Apportionment of the Conference Expenses Among the Churches was received, and after some amendments was adopted. It was also voted that the treasurer send out the request for contributions as early as possible. The following Committee on Program was chosen by the Board: The Secretary, Messrs. Jones, Crothers and Fenn, and Mrs. Woolley. Letters of suggestion were received from Mrs. Woolley and Mr. Crothers, and were placed on file for further action. The Board adjourned subject to the call of the Committee on Program.

Chicago.—All Souls Church, at the close of its services last Sunday, adopted by a standing vote the following letter, which the Chairman of the Board of Trustees was instructed to forward. The letter was preceded by remarks from the pastor:

TO THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, ST. LOUIS:
Dear Friends: We feel that we must send you some expression of our sorrow and sympathy in the great bereavement which has befallen you. To many of us in All Souls Church Mr. Learned seemed a near friend. We all loved and revered the noble man whose truth and steadfastness have been courage and inspiration to us through many seasons of trial. His life made it easier for all of us to be a little more loving and loyal in our own lives, and his death is our common loss. So in these sad hours we mourn with his dear ones and with you his people who so loved and honored him and who were blessed and honored by his high ministry.

December 17th, 1893.

On Dec. 7 at All Souls Church was held the first regular meeting of the Chicago Branch of the W. W. U. C., Mrs. Dow in the chair, and perhaps less than the average number of members present. After luncheon the meeting was called to order and the minutes of the last meeting read and approved. The usual collection for defraying expenses for printing programs and for postage was taken, resulting in \$5.26. As Mr. Louis E. Frank was ill, his paper on "The Gambling Spirit" was read by Mrs. H. G. Solomon. Dr. Low, having misunderstood the time of meeting, was a few minutes late, and the time was filled by a few appropriate remarks from Mrs. West. Dr. Low led the very interesting and animated discussion, which was also participated in by Mesdames Boyeson, Gane, Anderson, Martin, Solomon, Effinger, Mann, Wilkinson, and Miss Brinkerhoff. Meeting adjourned at four.

BETHIA C. REED, Sec.

Geneva, Ill.—Mrs. Woolley preaches on Doubt next Sunday, and the following Sunday, Dec. 21, the Sunday school and church have Christmas services together. The society will give its annual sale and supper Dec. 20.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Mr. Nagarkar has gone from us, but we feel that he has left an influence behind which will long remain. His course of four lectures deepened in interest from the beginning to the end. Our dailies and weeklies have had much to say about him. At the close of the last lecture on "The Message of the Brahma Samaj" enthusiasm rose to white heat. There was suppressed emotion in many and tears in the eyes of some as they bade him good-by. We all felt the sweetness and beauty, as well as the strength of his personality, but I think we felt something more. We felt that he was the representative of a great and unknown people. The sense of an enlarged fellowship came sweeping over us, a new continent of the soul was discovered, and our eyes rested upon it with a gladness we could not express. And so this simple, earnest, unassuming man will long linger in our memories, making a bond between the Orient and Occident which must carry good to both. How genuine the enthusiasm is may be realized from the fact that one of our brightest young ladies is seriously contemplating going to India, to teach in the school for girls which it is now Mr. Nagarkar's intention to establish.—L. A. H.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—A tasty little folder comes from Kalamazoo, containing the calendar for the month of December, and showing the activity of the church in all its forms:—services morning and evening, religious study class, Women's Society, Young People's Guild, and Junior Guild. We are glad to learn that the money necessary to be raised in order to secure the generous gift is now practically in hand, so that the work can begin with the opening of spring. And along with their efforts to raise money for their new church, they have not forgotten the suffering poor. They are giving more money to charity this year than ever before. Miss Bartlett's work is eliciting praise even from our English papers, though there she is slightly disguised as Miss Bartlett, of Kalamazoo.

St. Louis, Mo.—At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the St. Louis Public Library the following resolutions were adopted in recognition of the distinguished services of the late Rev. J. C. Learned:

WHEREAS, The St. Louis Public Library has been so fortunate as to be among the many institutions and interests of the city that have profited by the self-sacrificing labors of the Rev. John C. Learned; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is incumbent on this board to express its realization of the loss sustained by the community in the death of Mr. Learned and to bear public testimony to the great and peculiar value of the services rendered by him to the library.

Resolved, That the following succinct account of his connection with the library be spread on the records and published in the next annual report, and that a copy be sent to his family and to the city press.

For eight years, from 1884 to 1892, Mr. Learned was a member of the Board of Managers, serving half the time as Vice President and the remainder as President, with two years as chairman of the Book Committee.

As President he missed scarcely a meeting of any committee and brought to every department of the library the benefits of his practical sagacity, his extensive information and his untiring devotion to duty. In the Book Committee his services were especially valuable, and the strength of the collection in certain

lines and its value as a whole are owing in no small degree to his varied learning and literary judgment.

His cheerfulness, his urbanity and his quiet humor made the meetings of the board and its committees hours of social recreation and spiritual refreshment which his coadjutors will always recall with the greatest pleasure. His genial nature and his loving acceptance of every duty of life gave him the peculiar power of elevating the routine of business and making the dull details interesting and informing.

The influence of his character and the charm of his manner were felt even by the humblest employes of the library, and his withdrawal from the board, followed by that complete severance that death alone could cause, is the greatest loss the institution has ever suffered. It is no consolation to think how many interests and individuals must say the same.

O. L. WHITEHEAD, President.
F. M. CRUNDEN, Secretary.

Oakland, Cal.—Rev. C. W. Wendte is giving a course of six Sunday evening lectures on "England,—Picturesque, Political, Educational, and Religious,—with A Glimpse of London," and "Memories of Scotland." They are illustrated with nearly 400 stereopticon views, and they call out large audiences. On December 3, when he preached on the subject, "What Is the Evidence that Jesus Ever Lived?" an eye-witness informs us that 2,000 persons were present.

Seattle, Wash.—Thanksgiving eve was appropriately spent at this place in an effort to increase the effectiveness of a scientific system of associated charities. The meeting was held in the Plymouth Congregational Church, and was addressed by Governor McGraw; Major Rinehart, the President of the Bureau of Associated Charities; Mr. Joseph Shippen; Mr. Melvin G. Winstock; and Rev. D. C. Garrett. In this good work Jews, Orthodox Christians, and Unitarians united.

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Editorial

*O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes.
Marches of victory—man disenfranchised—
the conqueror at last.
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world.
all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence
and health—all joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank
earth purged—nothing but joy left.
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy
in the ecstasy of life!*
—Walt Whitman.

AFTER the article "Are We Just to the Orthodox?" was written, we were pleased to learn from an Oakland, Cal., paper that, at the joint Thanksgiving meeting of the Unitarian and Jewish societies, Rev. Chas. W. Wendte discussed a similar question.

**
THE last number of *Old and New*, the parish paper of the Unitarian Church at Davenport, Iowa, edited by A. M. Judy, has this to say concerning our recent comment upon the work in Iowa apropos to the annual meeting of the Iowa Conference:

There is truth in the complaint which the UNITY report of the Conference makes, that the American Unitarian Association has too much ignored the principles of our democratic polity in its dealings with the Western field. But it must be remembered that the Association is *American*, i. e., national, and by virtue of its title may rightly extend its jurisdiction to our field. It has right; as well as our own Association, and these we are bound to regard. How to properly co-ordinate and subordinate these respective rights is a problem to the solution of which the denomination should turn its serious, unprejudiced attention.

**
AT a meeting of the Ohio Universalist Ministerial Association last November Rev. C. C. Connor, of Hamilton, read an interesting paper on "Union of the Liberal Religious Forces," in which he said incidentally that the Unitarians were in the Universalist denominational press lustily decried as "unchristian in both faith and works." The address is reported in the *Universalist*, and its editor promptly protests against so much of the charge as we have put in italics. The distinction seems to us a good one; and as to the charge that Unitarians are un-Christian in faith we think it true of very many Unitarians and we should have no objection to finding it so of all.

**
THE New Year is at hand, and UNITY appeals to its friends to help it to a larger usefulness by procuring for it new subscriptions and patronizing its advertisers. Under present

conditions we cannot publish half that is sent us for that purpose, simply from lack of space; and we cannot bear the expense of enlarging our paper as we should like to do until our subscription list is longer. Week after week the editor is obliged to leave out much that he would gladly put in, that he may make room for that which has already been waiting too long in the contributors' drawer. The present size of the paper is no longer adequate to the demands upon it. It cannot fitly represent the various phases of thought and life that demand recognition therein. Give us your help now and we shall the better be able to help you in the coming months. And meanwhile bear with us when we fail to publish what you (and we also) think should be in the paper.

**
THE Wisconsin Unitarian Conference at its last meeting at Janesville put itself in line with the previous action of the Unitarians in Illinois and Iowa, looking toward a union of forces among the liberal churches and liberal people of the West. The liberal ministers of Chicago and vicinity at their dinner last Monday discussed the possibility of such a union from a practical standpoint. Mr. Fenn leading in the discussion. The pressure is felt on every side. There is a practical paralysis in the liberal missionary fields of the West. The heart has gone out of the sectarian motive. Denominationalism masking under the guise of liberality is dying from being found out. An inspiration for the Church Universal is being distilled in these alembics of discontent. When an opportunity is given to wisely direct the energies of intelligent people on lines indicated by the following resolution passed by the Wisconsin brethren, then the world will be gladdened once more by the missionary zeal of a devout faith:

Rejoicing in the spirit and work of the World's Parliament of Religions, demonstrating as it did the moral and

religious unity of the race, the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies resolves: first, that, emphasizing the same spirit, we desire to work toward its realization in organized effort; second, to this end we desire to record our willingness to co-operate in any movement looking toward the establishment of the Church Universal.

**

THE December *Freethinker's Magazine* has among its editorial notes the following:

Dr. Paul Carus, who has gained recognition as a philosophical thinker of ability, discusses the effect upon religion of the Parliament of Religions, recently held in Chicago. In his opinion, the Parliament scouted the death-knell of traditionalism in Christianity. "From its date," he says, "we shall have to begin a new era in the evolution of man's religious life. The religion of the future will be that religion which can rid itself of all narrowness and of the Phariseism which takes it for granted that its own devotees alone are good and holy, while the virtues of others are but polished vices. There is but one religion, the religion of truth. There is but one piety, it is the love of truth. There is but one morality, it is the earnest desire of leading a life of truth. And the religion of the future can be only the Religion of Truth."

Elsewhere in the magazine, Mr. T. B. Wakeman quotes from the New York Sun these words:

If the so-called Parliament of Religions at Chicago is for any other purpose than to be a sensational side-show to the big Fair, it is a purely agnostic purpose. It is to destroy the old conviction that there is a single absolutely true and perfect religion revealed from God, and to substitute for it the agnostic theory that no religious belief is more than an expression of the universal and ceaseless effort of men to discover the undiscoverable.

Even in the second of these two utterances there is shown considerable appreciation of the meaning of the Parliament of Religions. It is to be regretted that the many contributors to the *Free Thinker's Magazine* who have been belittling the Parliament, including the one who quotes this last passage, have not spent some of the time thus employed in pondering what this means. To show that all forms of religion are more or less imperfect attempts to express man's relation to the great uncomprehended power that manifests itself in the life of the universe, is very different from showing that religion itself—man's attitude toward the life of the universe—is false.

**

OUR readers have been much interested in the triumphs of our Oriental friends since the close of the Parliament of Religions. Mozoomdar has

reaped the honors and the opportunity that his genius deserves in and around Boston, and he is now on or beyond the Atlantic. Vivekananda has been finding more and more successfully a listening constituency in the West, and is now a much sought-for speaker on the lists of the Slayton Lecture Bureau. Mr. Nagarkar is putting his Southern blood to severest test by facing Western blizzards and Northern snows. He has been heard recently at Des Moines, Sioux City, Duluth and Minneapolis. Mr. Hirai is now in the East, and will probably be heard in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington before he returns. The engagements for the last two brethren have been largely made through the kindly offices of Mr. Gould, the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, aided by the UNITY influence, which has been freely given. Encouraged by the success of these gentlemen, we are now anxious to commend to our readers' attention another voice from the East, who as a spokesman of the "young men of the Orient" made a strong impression upon the Parliament, which impression was deepened by his subsequent address before the humane congress.

—Mr. Herant M. Kirétchyian. This young man is a child of the ancient Christian Church of Armenia, a graduate of Roberts College, Constantinople. He has been a close student of the Mohammedan religion and a loyal subject to the Sultan. He has a pleasing presence and an admirable speech. Now that his work is over at the World's Fair, he desires, if occasion should present itself, to spend some time in deepening the impression made upon the American mind by the Parliament of Religions and pushing forward the movement towards unity and harmony set going by that auspicious gathering. Mr. Kirétchyian speaks from the standpoint of undogmatic Christianity, and would feel equally at home on a Presbyterian, Unitarian, Roman Catholic or Pagan platform. He is one more advocate of universal religion. We hope that he will have a hearing before many of the churches and clubs interested in UNITY. Any communications concerning this matter will be attended to by the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, the Rev. A. W. Gould, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

A New Year Gift.

These times of strain bring the need of money into the foreground, and it is easy to discover the mean man who shuts his purse against all cries of need, but there is a meaner man than the money-miser, and he is the brain-miser. The man who will not give thought to the misery problems upon us; but who undertakes to buy relief from such obligations by giving money, is a poor benefactor. The poorest, meanest, and on that account the most cruel way of meeting the misery that now overlies our cities is by meeting it with money. The last thing these people need is money. It is possible to expend money for the relief of the poor so as to make it a curse to the poor. Woe to the man who takes the bread out of the orphan's mouth. Woe to him who in his sharp business transactions crowds the toiler to the wall, pins him to that wall with his iron barbs of profit, and then leaves him there. Woe to the capitalist who when he finds that he can make more by withdrawing his capital from that circulation which alone made it, than by allowing it to remain in the business at reduced profits, thus turning out of employment the very men upon whose shoulders he climbed into prosperity, and through the diligence of whose hands his accumulating percentages came.

But still greater woe to the man who puts bread into the orphan's mouth in such a way as to render him a double orphan, taking away his self-reliance, taking away the courage that fights to the end. Still greater woe to him who, having wronged the employe by his grasping methods, outwitted hands with brain, eases his conscience, satisfies his sense of respectability by throwing back 1 per cent. of the 10 per cent., perhaps, of illegitimate profit, into the charity fund, and then dismissing the case. Still greater woe to the capitalist who, having by means of his superior brains secured for himself a competency, now refuses to use those brains of his in the more inspiring task of devising means by which the unemployed can be employed again: finding a way of putting bread upon that man's table without de-vitalizing and de-humanizing. Are not those living in dreary acres of workingmen's cottages—dreary because the homes of enforced idle-

ness—our brothers and sisters? Can they be fed from a crib like sheep? Can they be stanchioned like cattle, each to eat his portion and then to lie down and be satisfied until feeding time comes again? Indiscriminate charity has proven itself to be a greater scourge than famine. This blind gospel of pity, this churchly habit of buying heaven by giving alms, has made of Italy—the sunniest land of Europe, a land as bountiful as it is sunny—the swarming place of paupers, the paradise of beggars. This atoning for great money made, by free contributions of money to alleviate the misery which ought to be wiped out, remedied, has made Ireland what it is. This emergency has come upon this country through somebody's blundering or crime; some men, wittingly or unwittingly, are responsible for this stagnation and indolence, at a time when neither disease nor famine, neither blight nor pestilence has interfered with the legitimate activities of life to cause this present strain. Somebody, nay, many bodies, are responsible for this. They are most responsible to whom most is given. Let them not seek to palliate the suffering, but to remove the cause. And this cannot be done by starting soup houses, or encouraging, as one of our correspondents calls it, "chicken-pie charity." This same correspondent suggests that this principle of relieving first, investigating afterwards, is as dangerous and deceptive as the act of the man who, suffering the tortures of thirst adrift in his boat, determines to allay the same by drinking the salt water that rolls round him everywhere. What these men need is not money to buy bread, but work that will earn bread. And it is within the power of the people who made America's millions to find a way in which these men shall continue to toil; at least to the extent of winning the bare necessities of life. It is cruelty to take them out of the struggle for the next four months, because at the end of that time many of the sinews of the soul will be withered; courage, the toiler's only capital, will have taken flight. We have kept the man from starving, and have made an imbecile of him. We have saved the body and lost the soul; changed the workingman into a beggar. It is a small distance between thrift

and squalor. It is on very long lines that the man has traveled out of the beast of prey who takes all he can get in the easiest way it is obtainable, to the man who prefers to starve rather than eat dishonorable bread, who would rather go hungry than beg. When a man has got to that regal position, in heaven's name let all be done to hold him there, to help him stay there.

And so we beg a New Year's gift of yourselves, for which there is no money substitute. We want an investment of brains. There is great need of skill. Business, not sentiment, is the demand now; it is not charity but justice, not pity but equity. And the men who have made the money out of these workingmen, live in houses built by them, traffic in goods manufactured by them, must turn in and by the power of their superior wisdom show these dependants the way out. Ours at the present time is no sewing-society problem. We cannot well delegate it to our wives and daughters. We must do it ourselves. The first thing and chief thing needed to meet this emergency, is brains, brains to cover our cities with a network of helpfulness as complete, self-correcting, adjustable and controllable as the mail delivery service. This could be done at less cost, fewer workers than the mail delivery. Who will say that it is not as important. The deserving poor, those who for the time being are meritorious dependents, can be found out, located, classified and treated, each case according to its needs, as a physician prescribes for his patients, not as the reckless Western farmer used to care for his cattle in winter: dump his fodder in piles in the open field, a wagon-load at a time, and then let the cattle fight it out; the steer with the sharpest horns getting the first and biggest meal, while the mild and dutiful cow, with a dependent calf, came in at the end to get what was left, and she had to be helped up in the spring. Under such a districting we may hope to see each home of misery endowed with its greatest need: a friend, a friend from the ranks of the more favored, a friend that proposes to see the family through, a friend that in the long run will win their confidence and not betray them. What they want is not alms, but this friend who

will advise, find work, lend, and in the last extremity, give or get what will tide them over. When these home-makers are staid, and their calamities brought into a conscious relationship with a human providence that will prove to them to be divine providence, then we may be more able to cope wisely with that more perplexing, ever growing, ever menacing class of the professional malcontent; he who is scheming to live without work, the unsuccessful speculator in rags,—for that is what every professional beggar is. He, like the speculator, tries to get something for nothing. He hopes to cut across lots and come out ahead of the man who keeps on the main traveled road. The only difference between the speculator and this kind of a beggar is, the speculator succeeds and he does not. This class of men must be met with the sternness with which nature deals with such. It is kindness to such to be severe. A lazy man receives from God this alternative, work or starve, and men have no business to interfere with the divine method. God knows best in this matter.

We ask for a New Year investment of brains, of love which money cannot buy and which money cannot substitute. If every family in Chicago that is lifted above the physical wants enforced by this season were to start out to find one other family in distress, not to throw a turkey or a candy bag in at the door and say, "Happy New Year's," but to find them, to know them, to be patient with them, warn them, guide them, help them, and ultimately, of course, love them: every suffering home in our land would be lightened with a New Year's joy, and it would come out at the end of this season of pressure not weakened but strengthened. There are not miserable families enough in the United States to match the prosperous ones. Every sinner, every beggar, every dawdling drunkard, every shame shadowed sister might have, could have, ought to have at least some one friend who, though rejected and refused, would still continue to have a thought for him or her, to lay hold with something of the everlasting love of God that will not turn aside or be refused. Something like this is the solution of the so-called cha-

rity problem. We cannot help human beings in bundles. We must help them individually, one at a time. In the battle of life each one who falls has a wound of his own, peculiar, individual. It requires special treatment, a prescription that must not be duplicated. Only quacks ignore this fact, and expect to care for all the sick with one prescription. Let us have done with this quackery in philanthropy, rise above this periodic burst of sentimentalism that weeps over the miseries of winter in order that it may go jolly and careless all summer, and give at this New Year's time, that only thing we have to give that is unquestionably ours, ourselves.

Are We Just to the Orthodox?

In our correspondence column, under the heading "A Union Thanksgiving Service," appear the reasons of a Methodist minister for declining to unite with "liberal" churches in such a service.—upon which Mr. Foster has asked a comment from UNITY.

Such action as our correspondent here calls attention to must be distasteful to liberals; but are not we of the liberal faith inclined to address our criticism to the wrong point? It is sad that the Orthodox Christians for whom Dr. Rhea speaks should have such a narrow thought of the universe, such an inadequate conception of man's relation to the world and the World-Spirit. But, having that view, we can but commend Dr. Rhea for his consistency and honesty. He not only professes to believe the doctrines of his church, but by his words and actions he shows that he is trying to live up to (or down to) his belief. He does not mean to hold his creed—as do so many of the "liberal-orthodox"—in a Pickwickian sense; and for this loyalty to principle he deserves our respect.

Of course, it may be said that he is far from being truly consistent, inasmuch as he professes to take the Bible and the life of Jesus as therein set forth for his guide in life, and in his present action he really diverges widely from the true spirit of Jesus' teaching. But such inconsistency as this is inherent in the nature of the case. The New Testament itself does not give us a consistent picture of Jesus; and no one who accepts as a divinely inspired and infallible guide a whole literature, expressing

the various thoughts of many different minds in successive ages of unequal culture.—giving to the expressions of the crude morality of the earliest day exactly the same authority as to the later expressions of the highest thought of the nation,—can possibly have a consistent theory of life. But Dr. Rhea has taken the most consistent course possible in the dilemma in which he is placed. Having, by the act of joining an orthodox church, accepted its interpretation of the teaching of the Bible as the true one, he purposes to live in accordance therewith, and,—quite naturally, as it seems to us,—objects to uniting in a public religious service with those whose life and work are given to the overthrow of what he regards as vital truth and as necessary to the final salvation of the soul. If the vicarious atonement and salvation by Christ alone are the essential truths of religion to Dr. Rhea, what common religious ground has he with a Unitarian? Should we be willing to unite in a service of thanksgiving with those whose reason for giving thanks was that God had confounded us and rendered the teaching to which our lives were devoted, futile? And are not the cases parallel? Is not one of the reasons for the liberal's thankfulness of heart, that the world is fast outgrowing the enervating and immoral superstition of the vicarious atonement and salvation through the blood of Christ alone? Certainly it is so with the writer. To him the doctrine named seems a damnable one. But he cannot reasonably, and does not, expect his Methodist brother to unite with him in his thankfulness that that false and pernicious doctrine is dying out.

It seems to us that in finding fault with the orthodox for illiberal action, we are often unjust, and show very little power of imagination. The spirit of the golden rule requires that we should put ourselves in the places of those whose conduct we would weigh; and this we fail to do. If we should try to follow Charles Reade's rule,—“Put yourself in his place,”—we should find that if the orthodox were sincere and consistent in the beliefs they profess to regard as cardinal, their actions would be far less liberal than as a rule they actually are. The fact is, that their conduct is generally much broader than their doctrine,—

an evidence, it must be admitted, of very loose thinking on their part, or else of what is coming to be known as intellectual dishonesty. Liberal actions from subscribers to illiberal creeds or disciplines, is more pleasant than commendable; and when we do find a man who thinks clearly enough to see the inconsistency, and has the strength of mind to act in accordance with his profession, let us honor his moral integrity, even if we must regret his intellectual perversity. If there were more such men the progress of truth and righteousness would be more rapid. Their moral integrity would soon bring-out in strong relief the absurdity of their theological dogmas. It is a common saying that the best way to bring about the repeal of a bad law is to have it enforced; and in like manner, to effect the overthrow of false religious dogmas which have survived from a less enlightened era, it is only necessary that men should be earnest enough to try to carry them into practice.

F. W. S.

Men and Things

IN the December *Forum* Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer says: The triumph of women in their detached existence in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair . . . does away with its farther necessity. Having proved what they can do together, women may now the more easily cease to treat themselves as a peculiar people. Henceforth they are human beings. Women's buildings, women's exhibits, may safely become things of the past. . . . After what has been achieved the self-consciousness of women will be lessened, and their sensitiveness about their own position, capacity and rights will be naturally outgrown. People will find less interest in these artificial classifications. Even at Chicago large numbers of women preferred to range their exhibits in the common hall rather than under feminine banes. Their demonstration of the needless of any special treatment of their sex must be reckoned one of the permanent gains for women from the Fair.

THE Woman's Temple, conducted by the Baptist City Mission of New York, besides holding numerous services every Sunday, has a kindergarten, a boys' brigade, a service for Hebrews, one for Italians, a hot-coffee stand, an employment bureau, a free dispensary, a wood-yard, a printing office, and many other forms of activity.

CHARITY is narrowed and demeaned when it is thought of only as the gift of money or material help. Charity is love, and it is love that binds hearts together and interweaves lives. There is a necessity for trained workers, but their best training is the school of divine love. —United Presbyterian

Contributed and Selected

The Golden Age.

My friend, your golden age is gone:
But good men still can bring it back
again;
Rather, if I must speak the truth, I'll
say
The golden age of which the poet sings
In flattering phrase, this age at no
time was
On earth one whit more than it is to-
day;
And, if it ever was, 'twas only so
As all good men can bring it back to-
morr.w. —Goethe.

In the Great Northwest.

So far as extent of territory is concerned there is a greater country upon our northwest borders than even the United States itself. From Vancouver to Winnipeg via the Canadian Pacific Railway the traveler gets suggestive glimpses of the bigness of this semi-foreign country so near our own doors. If the traveler has occasion to stop at a dozen or more places on the way and thereby comes into touch with the people, his experience and knowledge of these cousins over the border is significantly enlarged. The trip adds positive additions to one's geographical repertoire, not only of rivers and towns but of provinces and territorial divisions. Many people have heard, for instance, of the charming summer retreat at Banff, with its curative hot sulphur springs and its magnificent setting of massive mountain scenery. But suppose we wished to send a letter to Banff, would it not puzzle us to address it correctly without immediately previous and definite instruction? The question would be raised whether the address should read "British America," "Dominion of Canada" or "Northwest Territory." The Dominion of Canada is co-extensive with what the old geographers once included under the name British America. The subdivisions are provinces and territories. For instance, Vancouver and Victoria are in the province of British Columbia, and Banff and Calgary are in the territory of Alberta. Regina is in the territory of Assinabola, and Winnipeg is in the province of Manitoba. The provinces correspond to our state governments, with their own capitals and legislative houses. The territories are under the Dominion government, the executive representatives of which are the red-coated, double-spurred "mounted police," who add a picturesque feature to the streets of the territorial villages and towns. The people of this Northland are hearty livers. They eat and drink with a zest. Tea is the favorite beverage, but no hotel would be considered fully equipped that did not make special provision for the supply of other beverages besides

tea, coffee and milk. Out-of-door sports, such as hunting, racing, and games of polo, enjoy the highest popular favor. The church is everywhere spoken of with deference and respect. People are members of a church and support it as a matter of course—much as they support a volunteer fire department.

Even in a large and bustling town like Winnipeg one is impressed by the Sabbath quiet of Sunday. The stores, shops, fruit stands are all practically closed. Even the street cars are given a Sunday rest. The Sunday quiet is not a loss in any real way, but is certainly a help to rest and refreshment of body and an opportunity for the quickening of heart and soul. Of course there is no Sunday newspaper, but there is one on Monday, it may be observed. The practical advantage of being a member of church is suggested by some of the newspaper advertisements. Young men advertising for rooms and board consider it in their favor to state that they are members of this or that church. Whether they expect special rates because they are Methodists or Episcopalians cannot by me be affirmed, but it is plain they consider it worth while to mention the fact. Here is a stretch of nearly 2,000 miles, from Victoria to Winnipeg, where there is not one Unitarian or Universalist Church. Liberal religion has here no local habitation and scarcely a name. There are many places where the lack is scarcely felt as a want. But in some of the larger places there is a field for our nimble-footed Postoffice mission epistle apostles, who, if rightly directed, will cheerfully cross the border and travel 1,000 miles on a two-cent fare. Calgary, Regina, Brandon, and Portage la Prairie, all thriving towns of from 4,000 to 6,000 population, are some of the places where such service might meet a grateful reward. Here is the land of ten-thousand-acre wheatfields and abundant harvests of breadstuffs. Here also ought to be other sowing than dry, conservative husks of spiritual truth. In Winnipeg it gave me great pleasure to meet with the Unitarian congregation of Icelanders one Sunday evening. The address, fortunately for me, if not for the majority of the congregation, was given in the language of the United States. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Petersen, speaks Icelandic, but he was absent from the pulpit on account of sickness. His place was supplied by his wife, who speaks English only. At Grand Forks, N. D., is another one of those surprises of brick and stone and bustling trade. Here is a town of metropolitan proportions, so new that its name has scarcely found a place in the most lately revised geographical text books. A Universalist church movement is here under way. The Sunday services are held in the Opera House and have drawn large congregations. At St. Cloud, Minn.,

where the Father of Waters is but a little boy in kilts, it was a pleasure greater than that given by the rich autumn colors of the oak and the maple to meet the genial smile of the Unitarian minister, Rev. Mr. Staples. With his gem of a church and the strong support which he has won for his constituency he may well look with eyes of genial sunshine upon the world about.

Minneapolis was my last stopping place before reaching the World's Fair City.—Minneapolis, the city that does more than any other towards answering the daily bread petition in the prayer universal. Rev. Dr. Shutter, of the Universalist Church, extends the right hand of fellowship. Not being able to meet the Unitarian pastor, Rev. Mr. Simons, the Unitarian Church here was studied only from the outside. It is centrally located, is solidly built of rugged red-tinted stone, and is evidently the home of a large and influential fellowship. NAPOLEON HOAGLAND.

How Do Unitarians Celebrate Christmas, and Why Do They Celebrate It at All?

Well, in our church, we have used for ten years the beautiful Christmas service in our "Unity Festival" book. Church and Sunday school unite in one common service. We link ourselves with the past of "Merrie England" by singing her quaint old carols. We sing "How Lovely Thy Tabernacles, Lord," and our hearts warm as at the touch of a dear old friend.

On Christmas, as on other festival days, the babies are brought for christening, and the elders are welcomed into the fellowship of labor for and good will to men.

Let me quote from our service:—
Holy and joyful is the Christmas festival
Wherein we call to mind Jesus of Nazareth
To rejoice in his birth, to give thanks for his goodness.

When a holy prophet appears on the earth,
And hath wrought righteousness,
And renews the faith and hope of men,
Teaching the truth which maketh free,
Then the people adore him with gladness,
They glorify his birth, deeds and life.

Is this sufficient answer to the question why do Unitarians celebrate Christmas?
M. H. P.

The mind that is parallel with the laws of nature will be in the current of events, and strong with their strength.

—Emerson, in *Power*.

DO NOT MISS OUR PREMIUM LIST AND CLUB LIST on next to last page.

THE test of a good sermon is not that the congregation go away saying, "O, what a beautiful sermon!" but that they go away saying, "I will do something."
—Fenelon.

Church-Door Pulpit

The Future of Religious Evolution.

ADDRESS READ BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF EVOLUTIONISTS, CHICAGO, SEPT. 28, 1893, AT THE ART INSTITUTE.

BY E. P. POWELL.

The future of religion from the evolution standpoint is not fortuitous. It is a product of evolution and has never changed its specific nature. Local and temporary features arise, but they never have affected its inherent character or altered its purpose.

Religion arose in the primitive family as the care of the dead. Its object was to feed and nourish the departed members of the family. Death, with simple peoples, never has seemed to be anything but departure. Annihilation never entered the head of anything but a philosopher.

Religion thus at the outset involved two ideas, departed friends and immortality. Gradual elimination made gods of the heroic dead; and farther elimination, with the expanding views of science, left God and Immortality. These two ideas have accompanied all social progress and bottomed all civilization.

Religion—from *religo*, to bind together—had therefore as its object the perpetual union of the living and the departed. It was so important a matter, as the primitive families grew, that the household patriarchy was differentiated into two; the father and the priest; that is, the father, or patriarch of civil affairs, and the pope, or patriarch of spiritual affairs. This division of offices was at the dawn of history; it has never since failed to be an essential factor of history. It probably will never cease to be such.

Church and state have moved side by side: rarely ever free of jealousy; and not seldom antagonistic. Each, however, has touched the other at times helpfully. In great crises of the state the church has been its true friend. It saved Europe from barbarism after the dissolution of the Roman Empire; it equally saved us in the anarchy that followed our Revolution for Independence. It is but just that the state shall equally befriend the church.

The expansion of the original family into tribes was easily tallied by the development of tribal religions. National organizations were also no more speedy than the formation of national religions. The rise of internationalism is already anticipated by the rise of "the religion of humanity." A great exposition of the world's arts naturally included a great parliament of religions. Do not mistake history; the Church has always moved as fast as the State; sometimes faster. Our tyrants are not either the secular rulers or the priests; but ignorance and imperfection. So long as evolution goes on

the two factors of progress, *pari passu*, are State and Church.

Dei gratia monarchy made *vox populi vox Dei* republicanism a deal of trouble; creating a sentiment of atheism, with a practice of agnosticism. The warfare of theology with science added to popular dissatisfaction, and led to a condemnatory judgment of religion. Liberal minds in the nineteenth century have steadily tended to desert the Church; if not to wish for its dissolution altogether. I have been accustomed to believe churches would gradually become transformed into teaching institutions.

If so it does not imply that the Church can be allowed to assume the control of State education. It must attend to its own business, that is, God and Immortality. These involve all of ethics, and conscience, and character. The offices of Church and State need never collide, nor should they coincide. The chief trouble has been that the Church has its eyes on the future, which it inclines to exaggerate at the cost of the present. It despises and then despairs of this world.

No great religion ever existed that did not become pessimistic. Optimism is, however, the highest social necessity. A progressive age cannot continue to exist with a pessimistic Church. The consequence would be nihilism and suicide. The phenomena of Ibsenism, Tolstoism, realism, belong to an age where the State is out-running the Church,—inducing an offclearing of old theology.

The new theology must have a new science; for all theology begins with cosmology, geology, astronomy and biology. The Mosaic yields to the Copernican and the Darwinian already. With this change of data it is possible, for the first time, to establish on the earth a religion of optimism. Mr. Mivart so denominates the theology of evolution. It dispenses with the Fall, and the failure of a creative plan; but it establishes a rise of life and love from the dawn of anthropoidal existence. Evolution begins with establishing our common brotherhood as children of an eternal and universal purpose; a purposing without beginning and without end. It knows only one law, that of progress, by obedience to the right; it has but one fear, that of stagnation and degeneration by disobedience.

The religion of evolution withdraws a part of the emphasis placed on duty toward the eternal, and lays larger emphasis on duty toward the temporal. On the whole I do not see in it anything not essentially involved in pure Christianity. Jesus rid of tradition is the Christ of evolution. The golden rule as much as natural selection is a law of nature. The parables are the enunciation of a religion of humanity. The church of the future will move alongside the state, as it always has done, but in the tide of hope and progress.

These two great factors of history will necessarily be perpetual, if each adheres to its own office. The state will tend at points to lapse into anarchy, and will be saved by the church; at other points the church will become arrested in development, only for the aid of the state. The two are complementary parts of the original family-unit of society. Neither can exist alone. Neither can absorb the other wisely. A state church is a lapse in evolution.

That the church of evolution will continue to build heathen temples, or Parthenons and mosques, I do not anticipate. Nor will it be, or seek to be, an owner of landed or other estates exempt from taxation. Its buildings will most probably be homes, asylums, retreats and schools. It does not belong to the church to teach agriculture, art, mechanics, commerce, economics, finance; which will constitute the burden of secular education. It will always emphasize the future and economics of the soul, while the State will emphasize the present and economics of the body. Therefore on no account will it do to allow the church to secure control of the common schools. The republic should be based on education; but not on that which the church will furnish. We do not ask the pope of evolution to pronounce a benediction on our secular efforts. There must be no cessation in the determination to complete a system of distinctively American education.

Our heredity from Europe comes strongest in church and school. We emancipated ourselves only in sociopolitical affairs. We left monarchy behind in the State, but brought along the monarchical schools. Our education was directly a descendant and heir of monastic institutions. Our colleges were religious schools, and our girls' seminaries were hardly transformed nunneries. We have never yet built an educational schedule coequal with the political; because we have abnormally endeavored to leave our higher education under church control, while the fundamental common schools have been secularized. Each State should proceed to complete its popular educational system as a unit from bottom to top; should, in fact, organize all the people in a scheme as perfect as the political. Begin in each State with the kindergarten, and move on up to the higher schools and the university of the State. At this point let all the citizens, graduating by a system of university extension, find at Washington a vast national university with such appliances for higher culture as exist nowhere else in the world. At no point would this system be else than a collateral of the political system; its object to make self-sustaining, honorable and wise citizens. I care not how liberal any church may be, how ethical and how progressive; it is not that organism which we call the nation. Let it do well its own correlative

work. When the Church has no distinct office let it die.

Will the church of the future not pass largely into the hands of women? This is a problem also to be solved by evolution. There is nothing in history to indicate that this may not occur. Woman in the Church has occupied relatively about the same position that she has in the State. Nearly equal now in secular affairs, she is also nearly on a level in church affairs. The Church of the Roman Empire passed into a stage of this sort. Other national churches developed similar eras. It is altogether the more probable in our own history, because the latter part of the nineteenth century, in all its industrial and professional features, has eliminated the masculine in favor of the feminine. It is a feminine age by preference. Placed purely on the basis of the struggle for existence, the woman has many advantages over man in all church offices. Some half dozen of our denominations have, within the past twenty years, begun to give over the preaching as well as the ministering office to women. It must be borne in mind also that the Christian church had for its founder a man of that peculiar type, probably the most perfect type, in which feminine sentiment blended most completely with masculine vigor and force of character. The early church was nourished and nursed into strength not so much by its male disciples as by its female. It never has been able to completely secure its hold upon the populace without the exaltation of the Virgin Mother beside the spotless Son. And to-day the real Savior of the pitiful lower classes of humanity is Mary. In other words, the feminine spirit is needed to render the strength of the church most potent among the people.

Will the coming church be exclusive or inclusive, esoteric or exoteric? Will it be an organization for the saints, the elect, the chosen, or for the whole people,—in other words, the whole family of man, as it was at its inception? The tendency historically has always been for a priestly class to arise, claiming peculiar relations to the gods, and admitting only its believers and favorites to the privileges of light and love; and ready always to doom to eternal misery all its antagonists, or even half-way friends. The next stage of evolution has invariably been the decay of the church, partly by a natural process of dissolution, and partly by force of reform; giving rise to a new church with doctrines less artificial, and a sympathy more humane, and a philosophy more in accordance with advancing science. These eras of decay and reform have curiously been historically about five hundred years each. Dating from the Reformation of the sixteenth century the evolution of the present reform will be complete about the year 2000. In other words we are moving forward to the ripening of the great reforma-

tion of rationalism and modern science. Beginning with the announcement of the Copernican theory, this era passes on under the control of Darwin and Spencer. Evolution establishing a larger brotherhood of mankind, at the same time enlarges the idea of the fatherhood of God; and gives back to religion its old meaning of bind together, *religo*.

What will be the organic form of the evolving Church? Fusion would only be confusion. Progress has always depended on coition, in order to separation and duplication. Multiplication ends in unity; unity again ends in reduplication. Nothing is to be dreaded like stagnation. You must first make masses into men, in order to secure real unity and aggressive force. A thousand stoutly individualized persons are stronger than a million in a lump. Our sects do not do as much harm as we imagine. They made freedom possible. We had first to create the rights of the hundreds before we could have the rights of the units. Yet sects are ephemeral in their very nature, because begotten of a temporary need. They are excessively provoking; and sometimes must be helped to die out. But the great Parliament of Religions does not mean that we are to pool all our ideas and sympathies, and slough all our intense heredities. The tendency is toward a federation of States in Federal affairs. It is most likely we shall come to a federal union of independent sovereign churches. The central absolutism of the Papacy and the isolated non-orbital condition of Protestant sects are equally out of line with evolution. Politically we have invented a plan far ahead of either; a plan that sacrifices no valuable, and that combines for higher ends. The world's Church will probably hereafter be of the same sort.

This will not hinder our looking backward; nor in the least will it break historic connection with organicism or functioning of earlier ages. Jesus will remain as dear to the aspiring soul of the twentieth century as to the down-looking ascetic of the fifth; or to a Kempis and Pascal; or to the more outward-looking Luthers and Beechers. The Sermon on the Mount has the same sort of historic reality as the American Constitution. But to restore primitive Christianity would be, if possible, only a reversion and not evolution.

Our duty is not to work in the pell-mell of effort to harmonize Moses or even Jesus with modern ideas and methods; but to determine what the truth is, and apply the same unflinchingly to solve the problems of morals, education, politics, sociology. We must learn that religion once more requires close study and severe thinking, as well as emotion and sentiment. The chief trouble is our heredity of shiftless thinking. If we must conflict with organic Christianity it is not because it offers bad theology, but because

the churches exist to-day with practically no theology at all. The creeds swing all the way from pole to equator; and the preachers do not even pretend to be true to what creeds they avow. Evolution comes forward as a very positive, aggressive, defined creed. It undertakes to demonstrate immortality and divine imminent universal life. It has decisive words on our duties and our lives. It weaves the Golden Rule into everyday being, from the begetting of children to the care of old age. That we shall be called to choose between Chicago and Jerusalem I not believe. Speeches made before the Parliament of Religions will not displace the Parables.

The morals of the coming Church are perhaps a matter of most import. Altruism has crowded out honor for ourselves; and in mediæval as well as modern piety it collapsed into the most intense selfishness. Evolution can never abandon the individual; it can never indorse absolutism. Paternalism in every department of life is passing away in favor of fraternalism. Primitive Christianity laid its emphasis on charity and chastity. These are properly both secular virtues; and must be given back to the care of the State. The Church has never been able to construct a wise system of either charity or chastity. Meanwhile, by assuming these to be peculiarly identified with religion, the secular organism has been left neglectful of decency and honor. So long as men do not profess religion, they hold themselves absolved of honor in social or sexual relations. It is in evolution to hand these virtues back to the state, and say: "Organize charity so that there shall be care and comfort for all; and as for purity, know that your governments will rot and your citizenship fail without it. The Church may advise on these points and help you to enforce the right." Piety covers only the one morality of loving our neighbors as ourselves because of our common childhood with the Soul Father. Our duty is to save ourselves, our whole full selves; to use ourselves without waste; to hold our faculties as trustees thereof, and not absolutist owners.

Religious evolution will constitute the same steady and sure, but slow, progressive change that we find in society and biological organisms. It is inconsistent with supernatural inspiration and authority. It is purely the natural flow of human sentiment on questions of tenderest import: following the enlightenment of the intellect by science. As we know more, we shall feel more honorably and act more purely. The making of man is a process but just begun. His hopes are not too vast. His immortality is not the greatest of his endowments or achievements.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For Impaired Vitality.

and weakened energy, is wonderfully successful.

Correspondence

Jesus and Modern Life.

EDITOR OF UNITY: In your issue of Nov. 16th my friend Mr. Fenn has a review of my last book, *Jesus and Modern Life*. It is a complimentary review; and I am glad he could say so many good things about it. But, in a wholly gentle and kindly way, he has put on my shoulders a few more "blunders" than I am quite willing to carry. I ask the privilege of unloading two or three of them.

1st. Of course, my reference to Paul as the author of the saying, "Who for the joy that was set before him," etc., is a slip of "popular" speech.

2d. But I cannot at all see how my reference to Psalm cxix. shows any thought of David's authorship lurking in my mind. If any one will take the trouble to read bottom of p. 46 and top of p. 47 he will see.

3d. As to whether belief in a future life is taught in the Old Testament: My first statement (p. 57, near top) is, "There is not a single clear trace," etc. I still think that is true. The passage in Is. xiv. 9, *seq.*, is only a strong bit of poetry. There is nothing here that we would speak of as "a future life." It is that on nothingness. As to Saul and the Witch of Endor, it is a bit of local superstition which the teachers did not teach, but suppressed. In any case, it is not what we mean by "a future life."

I notice that the Rev. Edward H. Hall, in his volume of sermons just out (p. 202), says, after reviewing and quoting from the Old Testament, "The idea of the future life is absent then from the Old Testament." On the page preceding, he says, "It is wholly silent upon the subject."

4th. As to Jesus the Christ, Mr. Fenn is correct. If I had said *generally* instead of "everywhere," I should have been more nearly correct.

5th. In the last case, I must once more decline to shoulder the "slip" or blunder. I think the ordinary critical use of the word "authentic" carries the idea of a document's having a *known* and so a *credible* authorship. Now, as to the story of the woman in John viii., I *hope* it is true; but Mr. Fenn agrees with me that it does not belong in the fourth gospel. Unless, then, he knows the author, or at least that it is *true*, I should question his right to speak of it as *authentic*.

So, of the *five* "slips," I am ready to plead guilty as to only two. And they are the least of all.

I do not often reply to criticisms. If Mr. Fenn had said it was a bad book, I should not have replied now. It is only that I do not like to appear guilty of any more *mistakes* than ought really to be laid to my charge.

M. J. SAVAGE.

[If there is one thing that I detest more than almost anything else it is controversy, especially newspaper controversy, but since Mr. Savage's letter

ought to be printed in justice to him, may I be allowed a few words in reply?

Of the five points made against his valuable book, two are admitted at once, but they are only trivial oversights, as, indeed, was said in the review. With regard to Ps. cxix. It is a little hard to be asked to read the passage upon which the criticism was based, as if I had not already done so. But, waiving this, what can we say as to the facts. Ps. cxix. is evidently of very late date; Cheyne (Bampton Lectures, p. 51) places it in the pre-Maccabean portion of the Greek period. At this time only a comparatively small portion of the Old Testament was unwritten, and not a "large part," as Mr. Savage says. Furthermore, there did exist at this time a book containing part of what we know as the Old Testament. The Torah in substantially its present form was undoubtedly in existence, and it is this "Law" which the Psalmist has in mind (cf. Ryle, O. T. Canon, p. 89). In the earlier prophetic books it is true that the "word of the Lord" has no reference to a book, and the use in cxix. 89 may be similar, but it seems reasonably certain that in the verse which Mr. Savage cites the word does refer to a book and that that book is the Torah. So Cheyne (Bampton Lectures, p. 348): "The 'lamp' of the *sofer* is not the 'spirit of man' (Prov. xx. 27), divine as this too may be, but that brighter light (Ps. cxix. 105) which includes the ancient 'wisdom' as a part of an already varied and comprehensive Bible." Mr. Savage's statement cannot be true of a Psalm so late as cxix., and to make it seemed to indicate that for the moment the author was giving the Psalm, unconsciously of course, a very early, if not a Davidic date.

The point of Mr. Savage's answer to the second criticism is that the state described in Isaiah and the Witch of Endor story is not "what we mean by a future life." It is true that our hopes have invested that term with the notion of desirableness, but that is only a derived sense, like the use of the word life to mean "life indeed." By future life is usually meant continued existence after death, without reference to desirableness or undesirableness, and that future life was believed in by the Jews: according to Dr. Toy it is a so "the old Semitic conception." That the quotation from Isaiah is poetry and that from Samuel is superstition does not at all affect the fact that the Jews as a people did believe in existence after death. The belief was never urged by the prophets because of the character of sheol, there were no rewards or punishments, and the practice of necromancy, which they steadfastly condemned, contributed to keep it in the background. Mr. Savage says (p. 57), "The Jews did not believe in any future life;" Dr. Schultz (O. T. Theology, II. p. 321) says, "The Hebrews, like all the civilized nations of antiquity, firmly believed in a continued existence after the death of the body." Mr. Savage says: "In the Old Testament there is not a single clear trace of any belief in any future life for men, with the one exception of the book of Daniel." Dr. Schultz says: "Even in the oldest parts of the Old Testament death is never thought of as being actually the complete end of existence." For reasons already given, the idea is not prominent in the Old Testament, or used for didactic pur-

poses, but it was a belief of the Jews and there are traces of it in the Old Testament.

Mr. Savage's use of the word authentic is not quite accurate. The ordinary critical use of it is that given in the quotation from Bp. Watson in the Century Dictionary. "A genuine book is that which is written by the person whose name it bears. . . . An authentic book is that which relates matters of fact as they really happened. A book may be authentic without being genuine and genuine without being authentic." The Fourth Gospel, for instance, is probably not genuine, but it may be authentic nevertheless. This story of the woman taken in adultery, ascribed to John, is not genuine, but it may be a true story. I did not say it was authentic, but only that its excision from the Fourth Gospel, by no means proved that it was not. My position was that taken by Dr. Hurt (Introduction: Notes on Select Readings, p. 87): "The story itself has justly seemed to vouch for its own substantial truth, and the words in which it is clothed to harmonize with those of other Gospel narratives. These considerations are, however, independent of the question of Johannine authorship. They only suggest that the narrative had its origin within the circle of apostolic tradition." From Mr. Savage's point of view not a single story in Synoptics or Fourth Gospel could be termed "authentic," since we do not know that Matthew, Mark and Luke wrote the books which bear their names, nor do we know on other grounds that these (critically) anonymous stories are true.

It was certainly presumptuous to criticize the work of an older and better scholar than myself, but it has been shown, I hope, that there was foundation for the criticism. Yet it is unfortunate that the good points of the book were not more strongly emphasized, lest a false impression should be left as to its really great value.—W. W. FENN.]

A Union Thanksgiving Service.

EDITOR UNITY:—Permit me to call your attention to the following clipping in which an orthodox minister gives his reasons for not uniting with a liberal church of this city, that *all* might give thanks on a day set apart for the purpose. Such narrowness I cannot commend and it is just such actions of men professing to teach Christianity that shakes my faith in the church and its professions. I should like to hear you comment on the matter, editorially.

Yours truly,

F. E. FOSTER.

Iowa Falls, Iowa

Dr. Rhea, pastor of the Methodist Church, preached last Sabbath morning on the difference between Evangelical and Unevangelical churches, and the reasons why they could not consistently unite in religious services as churches or ministers. He showed that there were certain vital and essential doctrines taught by the evangelical churches, which are denied and opposed by what are called the liberal churches, and that the one is tearing down what the other is trying to build. He said he had no personal ill-feeling toward anyone, was glad to yield to every one the right of free thought

upon all questions, and was anxious to hold friendly relations with all men, but could not consistently or conscientiously unite in a public religious service with anyone whose life and work were given to the overthrow of what he believed was vital truth, and as necessary to the final salvation of the soul. He also said that the pastors of the Congregational and Baptist churches had said to him that they held the same views on the subject and that he was right in the position he had taken concerning the proposed union service. He said he thought that if men would look at the question in an unbiased light they would reach the same conclusions. The Evangelical Alliance, embracing the Evangelical churches of all Christendom, does not admit Un-evangelical denominations to membership. The Y. M. C. A. requires its active members to be of some Evangelical church. He also said, that while the Evangelical churches were not agreed among themselves on many questions, they were not at variance on the vital and essential doctrines of salvation. The doctrine of future eternal punishment for the wicked is not to be believed as a condition of salvation, nor is it required by the Methodist church, but most Evangelical Christians accept it as taught in the Bible. "We are saved by faith alone" is Methodist teaching. Evangelical Christians teach the necessity of the new birth by regeneration, and the witness of the Holy Spirit in the believers' hearts, as a condition of acceptance with God, and a holy life growing out of such change of heart. They believe in the inspiration of the Bible and in the divinity of Christ. They hold that the only condition of salvation is faith in Christ and a holy life, growing out of the regeneration of the heart by the Spirit of God. So-called liberal Christians virtually deny these things and hold that there is really no such thing as being lost—and that it is in God's plan to finally bring all to Himself and to the fellowship of heaven, and that it is not possible for any soul to be finally lost and ruined. The discourse was kind in spirit and manner, and was free from personalities or denunciation, and was listened to attentively by all present.

John C. Learned.

DEAR UNITY: What a man was that! When I went to St. Louis with eyes half opened to the light, pastor of a Congregationalist church, but not orthodox enough to suit those of the old faith, Learned came to me as a real brother, and I learned to thoroughly honor him. He was clean cut morally and intellectually; sincere and unflinching in his devotion to right and truth. But his peculiarity was his modest aggressiveness. No man was nearer the front; but you never heard him shouting captain's orders. He was eminently a scholar, and he went through things: not all over the surface. If I were to live a thousand years I should treasure the memory of John Learned. Truly yours,
E. P. POWELL.

Clinton, N. Y.

THE tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony.—*Shakespeare*.

The Study Table

The Magazines.

THE START, Mr. Sidney H. Morse's long expected magazine of art, science and literature for young people, is now in the hands of its readers, and we trust that it gives all something of the pleasure it gives to us. Mr. Morse has the divine quality of perpetual youth; and this youthfulness of heart gives him a fitness for the editorial management of such an enterprise which nothing else could supply. For this reason we believe that as fast as it becomes known to the young minds of the land, *The Start* will become so strongly entrenched in their affections that no juvenile magazine—however much money and brains be expended upon it—will be able to supplant it. Others can select and write things that are entertaining to the young, but it takes a mind like his, with all the sympathy of the artist, to recognize in the written or spoken word that which speaks for the young—which is the boy's own utterance. Most of the present number has evidently been written by the editor himself or by real boys and girls, youths and maidens. There is in consequence a freshness and sincerity about it all that, while it has all the attraction of a self-revelation for the young, has hardly less charm and perhaps even greater value for older readers, in the insight it gives into what is too often a sealed book to the care-worn adult—the soul of a child. We have not space to speak of the illustrations and the special art instruction which make so large a feature of the magazine, but must be content to counsel our readers to get the January number and examine it for themselves. In view of the favorable welcome that has greeted the venture, the editor gives us reason to hope that the magazine may be a bi-monthly instead of a quarterly, although at the same price—50 cents a year.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for December contains,—besides character sketches of Serge Julich Vitti, the Russian Minister of Finance, and a member of the talented Dolgoruki family, Tom Mann, Carter Harrison, Benjamin Jowett, Charles Gounod and the well-beloved Louis Ruchonnet, twice President of Switzerland, who died last September,—a very brief but suggestive and inspiring article entitled, "Two Experiments: Abbotsholme and Bedalls," treating of the boys' schools of Dr. Cecil Reddie and Mr. J. H. Badley, in which the attempt is made to apply the new ideas of education, by giving much time to outdoor work and the training of eye and hand and applying the results of modern pedagogics to the methods of pursuing such of the old-fashioned studies as are retained.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE for November contains an admirable view of the Progress of Evolutionary

Thought, from the pen of B. F. Underwood, editor of *New Occasions*, who delivered it as his opening address at the recent Congress of Evolutionists, of which he was chairman. In the same number Mr. D. K. Tenney treats us to one of his characteristic papers, combining admirably sensible remarks with most extraordinary misstatements and nonsequiturs.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has been given over by Mrs. Bundy into the hands of Mr. B. F. Underwood, who has for a considerable time contributed to the strength of the paper. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* is the one paper controlled by spiritualists which, from its moderation and the high degree of ability shown by most of its writers, commands the respect of readers of all shades of belief. It is doing a good work in bringing to the front that which is most unquestionable in psychic phenomena and most urgently demands explanation. The theory of the spiritualists as to the cause of these unexplained phenomena is not allowed to distort the facts. Under its new management we expect it to continue upon the high plane upon which it has previously been conducted.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for November 18 is mostly taken up with a very interesting account, apparently perfectly authenticated, of the wonderful case of Miss Mary Fancher, of Brooklyn, N. Y. For a single case it is the most many-sided illustration, known to us, of our ignorance of the nature of psychic phenomena.

IN THE *Open Court* for November 16, Mr. T. B. Wakeman has an article entitled "Cellular Genesis Explains Heredity." Although the work of a layman, it seems to us suggestive of lines of thought which biologists would do well to consider with some care.

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY for December 14, H. Olerich has a remarkably good article on educational methods for the reformer.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE SISTINE MADONNA. A Christmas Meditation. By Amory H. Bradford. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Japan paper, 8vo, pp. 41. 35 cents.

THE GUIDE TO LASTING HAPPINESS. By Rev. Christopher Hoffmann, President of the Temple Colonies in Palestine. Translated by W. F. Schwillk and S. B. Howe. Schenectady: Printed by Geo. W. Marlette. Paper, 12mo, pp. 80.

SERMONS FOR THE CHURCH. By Caleb Davis Bradlee, D. D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 275. \$1.25.

THE LORD'S SONG AND OTHER SERMONS. By Frederick Frothingham. Cambridge (Mass.): Printed at the Riverside Press. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 147.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR. By William T. Stead. Being the Review of Reviews Annual, 1893. London. Paper, crown 8vo, pp. 116.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—Life is sacred, for the sun of life is God.
 MON.—Life can be had only by living it.
 TUES.—Moral life is life for living purposes.
 WED.—The first law of morals is *self-control*.
 THURS.—Industry, and not overwork, is a moral obligation.
 FRI.—Cultivate Godliness if you will see God.
 SAT.—The greatest thing the soul creates is character.

—E. P. Powell.

"School Is Out!"

The village street is full of children
 Bounding along with joyous feet,
 Till the work-crowned folk, the burden-bearers.
 Feel the current of life they meet
 Enter their own like a matchless tonic,
 Putting the orderly pulse to rout,
 And waking the heart to youthful echoes
 That beat at the door of care and shout,
 "School is out!"
 Yet the tide is turned in the glorious morning
 And tends to the grander depths of the sea;
 The children front the tasks of the future;
 The toiler's pulse beats strong and free,
 Since the arm God needs, rest nerves and strengthens,
 And the cares of men gird earth about
 With a myriad sweet and kindly blessings;
 School calls again! Then hail the shout,
 "School is out!"

MARION LISLE.

Her Young Were Saved.

A herd of five thousand beeves were toiling over the lonely trail from New Mexico to Kansas, leaving behind them across the grassy plains and valleys a swarth as bare as if it had been swept by the fiery breath of a simoon.

Suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, started back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning, and moving to the right passed on. Those immediately in his rear turned to right or left, and their example was followed by each long-horned pilgrim as he reached the dreaded spot.

When the entire herd had passed, a wide, trampled track lay behind, but near the middle of this dusty

space stood a luxuriant island of grass three feet in diameter.

A Lerdsmann rode up to the spot and dismounted, expecting to find a rattlesnake, a creature of which cattle as well as horses have an instinctive and well-founded dread. Instead of a serpent, however, the grass tuft contained only a harmless kildee plover, covering her nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken by the steer for a rattlesnake.

She did not take flight, even at the cowboy, but valiantly pecked at his boot as he gently pushed her to one side to find that the nest contained four unfledged kildees. —*Selected.*

A Story About Venice.

Let me tell you a story about the pigeons of Venice. If you were there you could see, at 2 o'clock every afternoon, flocks and flocks of pigeons lighting on the pavement near the great church of St. Mark's. No one ever thinks of disturbing them; no boy or girl in Venice would dare to throw a stone at them. But the people, young and old, like to go at that hour to see the tame, beautiful birds.

What do they come for? To be fed. A great many years ago, in the early days of Venice, the people used to keep what they called movable stores in the great square. They were something like the fruit-stands at our corners, only they were dotted about in the square, and a large umbrella was spread over each. One man had four of these and was quite rich. He was a good, kind-hearted man, and liked to have the pigeons come down from their cotes away up in the high buildings and pick up the crumbs around his stores. The magistrates, seeing him so interested in the birds, allowed him a sum of money to buy food for them, and he was to feed them every day at a certain hour.

Why this was done we do not know, unless it was for the pleasure of having the birds around. For Venice is a strange city, built on a great many little islands; the streets are all water, and the people go about in boats. They never ride, and there are many persons there who never saw a horse or even a cow. They have a few dogs, and the government is so kind that they have water carried every morning to fill the vessels all over the city where the dogs may drink. Perhaps it was this same kindness that led them to provide for the pigeons.

After awhile there was a change in the government, and the birds were neglected. But they still had a friend. A kind woman, who lived near the great church, began to miss the birds. Her name was Signora Polcastro. She made up her mind that if there was no one else to feed them she would. She did this as long as she lived, and when she died

it was found that she had left money enough in her will to feed the pigeons always.

So now, strangers who go to Venice can go out in the square any day at two o'clock and see the pigeons fed. They come by hundreds, and seem to enjoy their food and company very much. —*M. S., in "The Angelus."*

The Rabbit's Tracks.

The reason a rabbit makes but three tracks in the snow is thus explained: In a deep snow a rabbit cannot run because its body is too long and its legs are too short. Were it to attempt to leap with its high legs spread apart like a dog's, which are no longer, it would only flounder. To acquire greater momentum and speed through the snow, the rabbit places one hind foot upon the other and thus concentrating the strength of both hind legs at one point instead of two, it projects itself through the entangling drifts. Of course its fore feet are spread apart to receive the descending weight of the body, else it would tumble sidelong in the snow. As it leaps on to its forefeet, it quickly places its lapped hind paws in another spot, and pushing from behind makes another leap, and thus it goes on for a great distance. And this is the reason why a rabbit leaves only three tracks in the snow.

—*The Scholar's Companion.*

The Wisdom of Life.

Use well the moment; what the hour
 Brings for thy use is in thy power;
 And what thou best canst understand
 Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.
 —*Goethe.*

"The Japanese smile, often thought by foreigners to signify insincerity, is a race characteristic," says Lafcadio Hearn in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "The Japanese child is born smiling. Smiling is an elaborate and long-cultivated etiquette—it is a silent language telling of their happy character."

The Kind of

medicine
 you need is the
 old reliable tonic and
 blood-purifier,

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

It
 can have
 no substitute.
 Cures others,

will cure you

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XVI.

THE DEATH OF JESUS.

*Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt
old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and
behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above his own.*

—Lowell.

Picture: The Crucifixion, by Michel Angelo (1457-1564).

The picture is as painful to see as the lesson is to study. It represents Jesus after death while darkness still covers the land. The right hand has the conventional gesture of blessing, the crown of thorns is still about the head. At the foot of the cross lies a skull, partly to denote the place of crucifixion—Golgotha, place of a skull—but mainly to illustrate an ancient legend. Tradition relates that Jesus, the second Adam, was crucified over the grave of the first Adam, thus signifying that as the latter brought all woe into the world by taking the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, so the former brought all blessing to men by means of the tree of the holy cross. It will be noticed that "the blood which brought salvation" is trickling down upon the skull. The cross is the Roman cross, with four ends, and the letters on the placard nailed to the upright stand for Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. This picture has been chosen in preference to others because it shows the crucified in loneliness and darkness.

How did Jesus die?—He was crucified near Jerusalem on Friday of Passover week.

The place of crucifixion cannot now be determined. Perhaps the weight of opinion is in favor of the "northern extension of the Temple Hill Seen from the Mount of Olives and other points of good view, this hill looks strikingly like a skull with a great eyeless socket" (Broadus). The name Golgotha, an Aramaic word, is interpreted to mean "the place of a skull" (Matt. xxvii. 33) and was probably given because of the shape of the hill. The name Calvary (Luke xxiii. 33 A. V.) is due to an Englishing of the Latin word Calvaria, found in the Latin Bible, which means skull.

After Jesus had been condemned by Pilate and scourged by the Roman soldiers he was led forth with two others, malefactors, to the place of crucifixion. As was customary, he was compelled to bear part of his cross, probably the transverse piece or pieces, and to pass through a frequented part of the town as a warning to evil doers. On the

way he seems to have sunk under the burden, and a certain Cyrenian, Simon by name, whose sons were afterwards well known in the church (Mark xv. 21), was impressed into service and obliged to shoulder the cross. To a multitude of women who followed with wailings and lamentations, apparently not because they knew or cared for him personally, but only because he was doomed to a horrible death, Jesus spoke of the days that were coming, in which fearful calamities should befall the city. After the arrival at Golgotha preparations were speedily made for the execution. The upright was set in place while the victim was bound or nailed to the transverse beam lying on the ground. Then with ropes and ladders the crosspiece was lifted into place and made fast by nails or cords. The body was hoisted on a little peg, that its unsupported weight might not tear the hands away from the nails. The feet were spiked to the cross, and there the victim was left to die. Over his head was placed the board, which had been borne before him on the death walk, inscribed with his name and offense. According to the Fourth Gospel this was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Although the precise words are not reported (since no two evangelists agree concerning them), the accusation is unmistakable. "King of the Jews." There seems to have been a kindly usage that the condemned should be given a stupefying draught (provided, it is said, by certain women of Jerusalem) to deaden his agony, but of this Jesus would not drink (Matt. xxvii. 34). Was it because he would not creep past death, but taste the whole of it, "fare like his peers, the heroes of old" (Browning's *Prospice*), or because he had a faint hope that at the supreme moment divine assistance might come? That he refused to lose consciousness accounts for the tradition of

THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.

(a) "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do." It is unfortunate that there should be doubt about the genuineness and authenticity of this utterance. It is found only in Luke, and even there some manuscripts omit it. Moreover, it is found, with no variant, in Acts vii. 60, ascribed to Stephen: and tradition relates that James, brother of Jesus, died with a similar prayer. It is possible that the prayer of Stephen was put into the lips of Jesus because it was so tenderly beautiful, and also because it fell in with Luke's idea of relieving the Romans, so far as possible, from the guilt of the death of Jesus.

(b) "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43). According to Matthew and Mark both "robbers" who were crucified with him joined in the ridicule arising from Roman soldiers and those who despised his Messianic claims; but Luke has heard that one of the robbers afterward repented and begged to be remembered by Jesus when he should come into his kingdom, and that in reply Jesus gave the second word from the cross. It is altogether improbable that in such circumstances one of the malefactors believed in Jesus as the Christ, yet it may be that the request proffered in derision was taken by Jesus in earnest. There is a pathetic undertone in the answer of Jesus which is almost invariably overlooked. It reads as if he were wavering in his belief concerning himself.

As to the kingdom, of that I say nothing, to-day you and I will be together in the place of departed spirits, so much I can promise. As a Jew the malefactor probably expected to enter Paradise, and Jesus knew that he would be there too, but of the future he declined to speak. This word from the cross was the beginning of that awful loneliness and doubt which are to find expression presently in the bitter "Eloi."

(c) "Woman, behold thy son! Behold thy mother!" (John xix. 23, 27). Jesus had not seen very much of his mother during his public ministry. She had watched his course with surprise and alarm; he had refused to heed her restraint and had spoken slightly of human relationships. Let us confess frankly that Jesus' treatment of his mother detracts from our ideal of his character. It is not noble to spurn earthly relationships as Jesus is reported to have done (Matt. xii. 46-50). But now, as his dreams of Messiahship are fading away, the simple, tender, human feeling of the home in Nazareth comes back, and, forsaken by his disciples, he sees his mother there, weeping near the cross. She has not forsaken him: he might have known that she never would. And so he commends her to the loving care of the disciple John, the only one who has come to the cross, and him to her motherly care. It is hard to understand why he should have taken her from the care of her own sons and daughters, but possibly knowing them he was convinced that she would be happier with John than with her own children. This would gain in plausibility if we could be sure that Mary had no children of her own besides Jesus, and that "his brethren" were sons of Joseph by a former marriage.

(d) "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46; Mark xv. 34). This is the one dying cry of Jesus which seems to be past dispute. And how heart-rending it is! A man who has always been sure of God, who has felt his presence everywhere and always, and trusted gladly in his loving care, now feels in his extremest need that his God had forsaken him. *Jesus has lost his God.* It may be sufficient to say that this feeling of utter loneliness and dismay was due entirely to his great physical suffering, but great as his bodily agony must have been there is in this heart-broken cry a hint of infinitely greater mental torture. Did he now realize, or feel, that this Messianic belief of his had been only a dream? that this death which had seemed to him so certainly the will of God was really not His will at all? Is this the agonized cry of a disillusioned man? One shrinks from such an idea because of the horror it suggests, but it may be true nevertheless.

(e) "I thirst." (John xx. 28.) Matthew and Mark relate that the Roman soldiers, not understanding Aramaic, mistook Eli or Eloi for the name of Elijah, upon whom they thought he was calling for assistance. It would have been out of harmony with John's conception of Jesus to put such a despairing cry into his lips, and therefore he has the vinegar, or cheap sour wine, offered to Jesus in response to a particular request and fulfillment of prophecy (Psalms lxix. 21).

(f) "It is finished." (John xix. 30.) As one who has accomplished his work and has power to lay down his life

Jesus majestically dies. Such is the picture in the Fourth Gospel, but Matthew and Mark know only that after the "Eloi" Jesus gave one long and bitter cry and then died. The Synoptists are decidedly to be preferred to John.

(g) "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke xxiii. 46.) We can but hope that this was spoken by Jesus, for in that case we should know that the horror had rolled away and that his God-consciousness was once more unclouded. But the "great cry" of Matthew and Mark seems more credible.

We need only mention the remarkable events that are said to have attended the death of Jesus as the star and the chorus of angels marked his birth.

(a) Darkness. All the Synoptists say that from noon till 3 o'clock there was a great darkness over all the land. The newly recovered "Gospel of Peter" has the same tradition, and adds that many went about with lanterns thinking it was night. Our own surprise that nature should be blithe and gay when we are sorrowing (Emerson's *Threnody*) shows us how the legend arose. It is said that the darkness cannot have been due to an eclipse, and therefore, if believed at all, it must be as a supernatural occurrence.

(b) The veil of the temple was rent in twain. (Matt. xxvii. 51; Mark xv. 38; Luke xxiii. 45). The Christian idea which probably gave birth to the tradition is given in Hebrews (ix. 11-28; x. 19). The veil was drawn between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies and was passed through only once a year, by the High Priest on the day of Atonement.

(c) Earthquake (Matt. xxvii. 51). This also was viewed as purely supernatural.

(d) The Resurrection of Saints (Matt. xxvii. 53). There is an obscurity in the verse referred to, and it is possible that although the graves were opened by the earthquake, their occupants did not come forth till after the resurrection of Jesus.

(e) The Water and Blood (John xix. 34). Death came to Jesus sooner than it did to the malefactors and than was usual in the case of the crucified. To make sure that he was dead one of the soldiers is said to have thrust a spear into his side. The tradition that water and blood followed must be of comparatively late origin, since the two substances are symbols of the water of purification, by baptism, and the blood of redemption.

(f) The Centurion, according to all the Synoptists, was so overwhelmed by the extraordinary occurrences he had witnessed that he confessed, "Truly this was a son of God" (Matt. and Mark), or "a righteous man" (Luke).

What is the meaning of the death of Jesus?—Jesus was a martyr to a popular, although mistaken, idea of the Messiah, which he also shared.

It was incumbent upon the first Christians to find a satisfactory explanation for the death of Jesus, since God's permitting Him to be crucified seemed to refute decisively his Messianic claims. The theory that found most favor and that has prevailed in one form or another even to the present time, is based upon the sacrificial idea. But such an explanation must be false, for the notion that God cannot

forgive the guilty without exacting penalty from the innocent is repugnant to every sentiment of justice and love and to the best teaching of Jesus himself. Moreover, it robs the death of Jesus of much of its heroic inspiration. When yearly, almost weekly, we hear of some man who bravely dies that he may save others, perhaps unknown to him, from physical death, why should we speak so fulsomely of one who gave up his life, not that a few but that millions might be saved, not from physical death but from inexpressible torments that last forever? The need of an explanation of the death of Jesus was felt because of the prevailing idea that in God's world goodness must be attended by prosperity and length of days. We have outgrown that notion, and hence the difficulty felt at first does not trouble us. Jesus died only as hundreds of other martyrs have died. Had he kept on preaching, he might have suffered violence at the hands of the Pharisees or of Herod, but the Romans would not have been likely to interfere with him. But when he laid hold upon the idea of the Messiah and assumed the authority of the Christ, death became inevitable. But the Messianic idea was only a popular Jewish delusion which he was not able wholly to cast off. He gave up his life because he was heroically, grandly true to a mistaken idea of the Messiah.

Sunday-School Items.

THE ANNUAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Our Treasurer, Mr. Scheible, has been sending out letters to some of our schools, asking them to remember our society as generously as possible. And the earlier the gift is sent the more acceptable it will be. One contribution of fifteen dollars has already arrived from Mr. Gannett's school in Rochester. We hope the other schools will follow this good example. As fast as the money is received it will be acknowledged in this column.

THE BEGINNING OF CHRISTIANITY AS SHOWN IN THE GROWTH OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

This subject is admirably treated in a little manual prepared by W. H. and M. J. Savage, and recently published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society of Boston. There are thirty-eight lessons; the first thirteen of which take up Paul's letters in the order in which they were written, as the earliest elements in the New Testament record. Then come the composition of the Gospels and the birth, youth and career of Jesus, ending with a few lessons on the later epistles and the Gospel of John, along with the growth of Dogma. This is the right way, and from the historian's point the only right way, to study the New Testament as a book. Of course if we wished to study the Growth of Christianity, we should have to begin with the Old Testament and the Apocalyptic literature and trace the development of the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Perhaps the one criticism that would be suggested to the casual reader is the inadequacy of the treatment of this Kingdom of Heaven.

But taking the book as a whole, it seems to us by far the best manual we have seen on its special subject.

LESSONS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

We are sorry that we cannot commend the weekly lessons on the Old Testament now being issued by the Eastern Sunday-school Society. Judging by the few numbers of the intermediate and advanced grades that have reached us, they are hopelessly antiquated in their standpoint. For example, in the lesson on the deluge the question is soberly discussed at considerable length whether the deluge was universal, and we are informed that "thoughtful men of all shades of religious opinion have latterly come to the opinion that the Noachian Deluge was only local:" and "the sons of God" and "the daughters of men," it is suggested, "probably mean the worshippers of God, or the race of Seth and Enos, and the women of the race of Cain." And Peikie's "Hours with the Bible" is the first of the four works to which the compiler refers the student. To be sure, the Advanced lesson on the same subject and on the same leaflet frankly calls the Deluge "another of the beautiful stories of man's childhood," and says that the "half-children of the gods correspond to the Greek heroes." But such contradiction hardly helps the usefulness of the lessons—unless, indeed, the plan is to keep the young from a too early knowledge of the truth about the Bible and have them learn in the Intermediate grade what they are to unlearn in the Advanced grade. But that plan seems to us a mistake.

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Notes from the Field

Wisconsin Conference.—The fiftieth session of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies was held in All Souls Church, Janesville, Dec. 5-7, 1893. The opening sermon was delivered Tuesday evening by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago, the western agent of the A. U. A. "Jesus' Gospel of the Kingdom" was his subject. Its central principles were shown to be, God with us and personal righteousness because God is with us. It was a kingdom of character, the development of man's capabilities. It was life eternal, this striving to be perfect here. The form of Jesus' kingdom may be faulty, but the principles he enunciated are eternal.

Wednesday morning the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. A. W. Gould, of Chicago, the Secretary of the Western Conference. The Hon. William Smith, of Janesville, gave an inspiring address of welcome, which was responded to in the same way by the Hon. H. M. Lewis, of Madison, the President of the Conference. The reports of officers and churches were in every way encouraging, eleven churches being represented. An invitation from the Minnesota Conference to meet with them in joint session at Winona in the spring was cordially and unanimously accepted.

Wednesday afternoon the papers and discussions of the Conference were begun with a thoughtful address by Rev. R. C. Douthit, of Baraboo, on "The Church and the Children." He thought the church could foster a better home life, better social conditions, better school life. Preachers should try to reach the children in sermon and service and to organize them in practical work for others. Rev. O. R. Washburn, the Universalist minister at Stoughton, took the topic "The Church and the Young People." He advocated clubs for girls and boys for debates, reading, refreshments, and general good times. The many religious questions of the time, springing from all sources, we should be able to help the young people answer. An animated discussion followed these papers, participated in by most of those present.

In the evening the high-water mark of the Conference was touched by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. His thrilling theme was "The Cause of the Toiler as Interpreted by the Pictures at the World's Fair." He showed how the artist helped us, interpreting nature and life: how the higher art puts on canvas the truths of human life. He went over the world's great pictures that illustrate man as a toiler, reproducing them in brilliant word painting, and sketching in many a lesson it be-
hooves the world to learn.

Thursday morning the devotional service was conducted by the Rev. O. R. Washburn. Rev. C. F. Niles, of Menomonie, read a most valuable paper on "Unity Club Work," regarding it as a means of reaching those within and without the church. A Unity Club can be made the mediator between the Orthodox and Liberals, and should be put in line with church work. It should be intellectual and social in its aims and ends, but how these two can be worked together is always a problem. The work of the Club must always have reference to local conditions. The Rev. Sophie Gibb, of Janesville, then read an interesting paper

on "The Church and the Community." She said the church is a servant, and the higher the work done the more the service rendered. Religion cannot be divorced in any sense from human interests. The great opportunities for work to-day were pointed out: work, not controversy, for we were to use the truth, not defend it. The discussion following these papers occupied every available minute.

Having considered the work of the church—for the children, the young people, the club, and the community—the church itself came in for its share of attention in the afternoon. "The Object of the Liberal Church" was the subject taken by Rev. A. W. Gould. He showed how it must stand for religion and for freedom in religion, not for a definite, final theology. The right and duty of private judgment was insisted on, and as evolution shows that advance comes by variation, so from our variety of opinions there must be constant growth. Two great objects served now are that we receive those who are outgrowing the old forms of religion and help to make that new theology necessitated by the change in the front of the universe. "The Obstacles of the Liberal Church" was the subject taken by the Rev. Lloyd Skinner of Eau Claire. As outlined, the obstacles were: people do not think, they do not feel the need of a rational yet reverent religion; they do not see that religion is not only the worship of God but also the love of Nature and the service of man; the prevalent religious conceptions are bound up with law, administration, and the existing order of society, so that in disturbing them we seem to strike at these: the name ordinarily chosen—Unitarian or Universalist—is faulty and unfortunate; our practices of playing cards, dancing, etc., prejudice people against us. Some of these obstacles we can overcome, some we cannot overcome, some we do not wish to overcome. Rev. J. F. Schindler, the Universalist minister at Racine, voiced the dream of those who are looking for a union of the Liberal forces, in an able paper entitled "The United Liberal Church." He said, to recognize and promote religious unity is a high moral duty. The puzzle to foreigners was the way the Unitarians and Universalists stood apart, and the only reason seemed to be that we distrust one another's motives.

Resolutions thanking the Janesville people for their hospitality were passed, and also the following: "Rejoicing in the spirit and work of the World's Parliament of Religions, demonstrating as it did the moral and religious unity of the race." The Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies: *Resolves*: First, That, emphasizing the same spirit, we desire to work towards its realization in organized effort. Second, To this end we desire to record our willingness to co-operate in any movement looking towards the establishment of the Church Universal."

The following officers were elected: President, Hon. H. M. Lewis, Madison; First Vice President, Hon. William Smith, Janesville; Second Vice President, Rev. C. F. Niles, Menomonie; Secretary, Rev. Lloyd Skinner, Eau Claire; Treasurer, R. Jackson, Baraboo; P. O. M. Secretary, Mrs. Minnie S. Savage, Evansville.

It was matter of serious regret that Rev. H. T. Secrist, of Milwaukee, was unable, through illness, to be present

at the Conference, and especially to open the platform meeting of Thursday evening with his expected address, "The Foundations on which we Build." Rev. C. F. Niles spoke concerning "The Purpose for which we Exist," saying it was to discover the truth and incarnate that truth in life. All churches are striving for the same end, but others than our own are looking for truth in the past. While we do not reject the word of prophet, priest or church, we winnow it, a diting whatsoever reason bids. For us character is the final outcome. Rev. G. H. Clare, of Madison, though far from well, spoke a most fitting closing word for this helpful and inspiring session of our Conference. In the marvelous diction for which he is noted and with ringing rhetoric he portrayed "The Glories of our Gospel," showing how each purpose, as outlined by the previous speaker, was a halo of glory. So also the rescue of Jesus of Nazareth from the *debris* of dogma and the bringing in a purer conception of God. How our theology was the highest truth that has been revealed to man, but high as this revelation may be we still dream of higher and higher truth.

L. S.

Whitewater, Wis.—The Universalist Society in this place is in an encouraging condition. Through the untiring and unselfish efforts of our pastor, Rev. Mr. F. W. Millar, much good is being accomplished. Never before in the history of our society has so friendly a feeling existed between all of the societies in our city as at present. Last year the Union Thanksgiving service was held in the Baptist Church, the Universalist minister preaching the sermon. This year the service was held in the Universalist Church, and the Methodist minister preached the sermon.

UNITY comes as a welcome visitor to many of our homes. Through UNITY we learned of Mr. B. B. Nagarkar's lectures, and were so fortunate as to secure him for one night in November. He delighted his audience, and has been urged to come to us again, which he has consented to do for two nights in January. Surely people are becoming more and more anxious and glad to hear the truth.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The Unity Club at this place is divided into several sections, one of which is making a study of evolution and has issued quite an elaborate little pamphlet on the subject. It has an illustration of the genealogical tree of life on the front page, and on the last page a tower representing the evolution of motive power, from women grinding at a mill to the triple expansion engine. Inside is a list of seven lectures by such persons as Cope and Fiske. And there are eight topics in as many months, taken from Romaine's "Darwin and After Darwin," and discussed by the members of the club. That is followed by a valuable list of the works on evolution in the Public Library of Milwaukee, with occasional notes, indicating the nature of the works. The program ought to be both interesting and profitable.

Cooksville, Wis.—Rev. O. R. Washburn, of Stoughton, preached here the evenings of Dec. 3 and Dec. 17, and will be here again after the holidays. There is some talk of a Sunday school, and it is hoped one may be formed.

Chicago, Ill.—On Monday, Dec. 18, eighteen gentlemen met in a private dining-room at the Wellington Hotel, under the auspices of the Chicago Liberal Ministers' League. Thanks to the care and good management of the Secretary, Rev. R. A. White, of the Englewood Universalist Church, those present were able to discuss an excellent dinner as well as plans for larger work; and it was agreed to meet at the same place in future. Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the First Unitarian Church, presented a plan of action, which was discussed at length by Messrs. Hirsch, Towne, Jones, Mangasarian, Blake, White, and Thomas, who presided. A committee consisting of one man from each of the bodies represented was appointed to perfect plans, and to this committee Mr. B. F. Underwood, editor of *The Religio-Philosophical Journal* and of *New Occasions*, a guest of the league, was added. The committee was directed to report to the next meeting, to be held at 1 p. m., Monday, January 8, 1894.

Saginaw, Mich.—Rev. Howard MacQueary has resigned the pastorate of this church to accept that at Erie, Pa.

St. Louis, Mo.—Mr. Learned's church is bravely bearing its loss, as the following circular shows:

CHURCH OF THE UNITY.

The Trustees of the Society of the Church of the Unity, having the assurance of continued and efficient help in supplying the pulpit, desire to inform its members and friends that it is their expectation that the Sunday services will be regularly maintained.

Believing as they do that the monument most acceptable to Mr. Learned and of the greatest credit to his friends and those who co-operated with him to be a living one, they ask of you that continued support which will insure the perpetuation of those ideas and the growth of that society to which he gave the best years of his life.

He stood pre-eminently for "freedom, fellowship and character in religion," and he never doubted the ultimate triumph of righteousness and truth over ungodliness and error. Let us by our works show our faith in the value of his teaching and example.

Dr. Snyder preached for the society on the 17th, the Western Secretary preaching in Dr. Snyder's church. On the 24th the Secretary preached in the Church of the Unity. The people of the latter church will hold a memorial service on the 31st, conducted wholly by themselves, in which a few of their number will speak fitting and loving words regarding the leader they have lost.

Meadville, Pa.—The article quoted in UNITY from the *Independent*, descriptive of the New Haven Social Science Club, might have been written concerning the Meadville "Round Table," which has been in operation much longer, and which brings together every month a score or more of men of various occupations, actively interested in all subjects pertaining to the welfare of the community and the State.

New York, N. Y.—At the monthly meeting of the liberal ministers of New York, Brooklyn, and neighborhood recently, we counted nineteen at table. The full list of members approaches thirty, and the attendance has steadily increased. The best of feeling evidently prevailed; and the

usefulness of such occasional meetings of our liberal ministers, without regard to sectarian or other limitations, is beyond question.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, has been invited to be the principal speaker at the next meeting of the Unitarian Club, to be held Jan. 17.—*Christian Register*.

Syracuse, N. Y.—The following item, which was clipped from a Chicago paper, will be of interest to UNITY readers:

Oriental Buddhism was openly taught in a Christian pulpit in Syracuse last Sunday, when the pulpit of the May Memorial church, one of the most fashionable in the city, was occupied by Buroham Harding, of the New York Theosophical Society, who expounded the teachings of theosophy to a large audience. This is said to be the first instance of the sort in the world, and is a direct result of the Chicago Parliament of Religions.

Chino, Cal.—Revs. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce have been holding meetings here, and it is hoped that a liberal church will result.

Pasadena.—The Universalist Church has introduced the UNITY hymn book, a decided improvement over the hymnal formerly used.

Berkeley.—October 29, Mr. Wendte preached in exchange with the pastor. November 5 the annual meeting of the society was held, and the following gentlemen were elected trustees: N. S. Trowbridge, D. L. Bishop, J. L. Scotchler, J. G. Wright, Dr. J. Henry Senger, William Carey Jones, W. J. Trott. After the morning service, a forum meeting is now held, when topics are brought up and discussed. At the first one Mr. Gibson read a paper on "Cremation;" at the second one, Mr. Payne spoke on "Church Membership." November 26 a special Thanksgiving service was held, and the choir rendered extra music. The ladies will give a bazar from December 7 to 9, inclusive.

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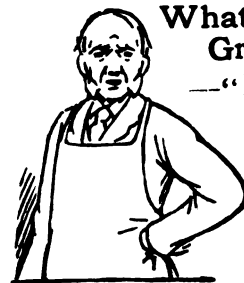
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VOLUME XXXII

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Editorial

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen

In the gray dawn, they will be manifest When the light widens into perfect day.

—Longfellow.

**

IN the reawakened appreciation of the Orient that has been brought to us in these days, it will not do for us to forget that there is value in the light that has broken upon the Occident. There is something stupidly

conservative that has made of Asia the playground of famine, pestilence and superstition, and this was not on account of its superior spirituality, but because of its lack of spirit. True spirituality reveals itself in the powers of thought that exterminate lions, use flesh to fell forests, compel soil to yield corn instead of swamp grass.

**

ALL SOULS CHURCH was made beautiful with Christmas decorations of holly and palmettos presented to it by a loving sister and friend who is a loyal member of the Roman Catholic Church, and who celebrated her Christmas at its venerable shrine. Who will say that there is not a coming together, the unity found in the universality of ethics? The church that helps is not only open to all but is loved of all.

**

THERE can be little doubt that the Amherst self-government plan of college discipline is that which will obtain in the future. Its senate of students has recently suspended a number of undergraduates for a disgraceful escapade. To be thus condemned by one's fellows is a disgrace keenly felt by all subjected to it, whereas to be disciplined by the faculty is considered as something of a distinction by a certain class of young men.

**

WE call attention to the announcement in our Sunday School column of the course of lectures on the Stories of Genesis to be delivered by President Harper for the University Extension department of the University of Chicago. When given in New Haven, Philadelphia and Boston, they drew crowded houses and numbers had to be turned away. Whether or not President Harper entirely discards the supernatural method of interpretation,—as to which we can not at present speak, having neither heard nor read these lectures,—we know at least that he approaches the subject

from the standpoint of the scholar, a standpoint which is necessarily more or less critical; and there can be no question as to the beneficial effect of such work in removing the childish prejudice and superstition with which so much of this noble literature is surrounded. The scholarship that is exerted in developing the deep human interest that belongs to the religious literature of the past is always welcome to the liberal religious thinker.

**

WITH the new year UNITY begins a series of sketches "By the Way," from the pen of "S. H. M.," whose words UNITY readers have learned to look for with very pleasant anticipations. His "Thumb-Nail Sketch," which appeared in UNITY at the time his "World's Fair Notes" were running, was widely copied all over the United States. The same artistic power by which a vivid picture—and one large with suggestion—is sketched with a few bold strokes, which made the Thumb-Nail Sketch so impressive, will be recognized in these sketches By the Way.

**

Another watchman has fallen. One who had ever stood upon the outer wall and was always quick to herald the approaching dawn, one who in the darkest night never doubted that such dawn would break,—William J. Potter, in the fresh ardor of what his friends called a renewed youth, has laid down his life without warning, without sickness, and we trust without pain. We hope one who has a better right to speak of Mr. Potter's life and work will estimate the same in a future number of UNITY. At this time we content ourselves by expressing our own love and admiration for the man, and regret that so clear a conscience and loyal an intellect should have passed away when his services seemed to be so much needed and the time seemed almost ripe for him to begin to gather the fruits of his long sowing

If the Free Religious Association which he served so eminently was a dream. It was a dream some day to come to fruition. While the silent clay was being prepared for the burial we were anxiously waiting to hear from our friend the result of a private meeting of the officers of the F. R. A. to be held in the parlors of Mr. Savage's church Dec. 11th, to "consider what the Free Religious Association could do to meet the new demands in this era of agitation for a new religious synthesis." To attend this meeting the present writer received an urgent letter from Mr. Potter under date of Dec. 1. A letter, warm, loving, and heroic. In this letter he says: "What I am longing to see, and nothing much short of this would much interest me, is a definite constructive movement towards organizing societies of the new Unity. The new and rising faith. The new universal religion." May we not hope that in death John C. Learned, William J. Potter, and their kindred speak more eloquently than when alive to those of us who are left to go forward, occupy the land they have pre-empted, and continue the work they have begun?

.

A great meeting has been held in Yokohama to listen to the reports of the Buddhists who have returned from the Parliament of Religions. Some fragments of this report have reached our shores, and our newspapers are having their amusement over it, and our orthodox friends, solicitous for the fame of supernatural Christianity, are having their opportunity to say, "I told you so." The priests report a "wonderful surprise" that greeted them when they found that they had been invited, not to the end that we might convert them, nor yet that their religion might be ridiculed, which was what they half suspected, but because "Western nations have come to realize the weakness and folly of Christianity, and they really wished to hear from us of our religion and to learn what the best religion is. There is no better place in the world to propagate the teachings of Buddhism than in America. Christianity is merely an adornment of society in America. It is deeply believed in by very few. The great majority of Christians drink and commit various gross sins, and live very dissolute lives, although it is a

very common belief and serves as a social adornment. Its lack of power proves its weakness. The meetings showed the great superiority of Buddhism over Christianity, and the mere fact of calling the meetings showed that the Americans and other Western peoples had lost their faith in Christianity and were ready to accept the teachings of our superior religion." A newspaper comment before us, speaking of the address in full, which we have not seen, says that the report "illustrates the extent of the best Mongolian culture, the keenness of observation, the power of incisive thought, the philosophical egotism and the boundless faith which Oriental scholars and priests possess. The report, though distorted, is an instructive mirror in which we may see ourselves as others see us." Both the comment and the report illustrate the mental confusion that comes from the indefinite use of terms. What is the "Christianity" these people are talking about? What is the Buddhism which is offered as a substitute? There is a Buddhism that is nonprogressive, superstitious, while there are in Christianity and Buddhism as well as other religions elements of reverence, devotion, beauty and tenderness, of which we can never have too much, for which Asia as well as America and Europe await. The Parliament was a groping for this universal religion, the ethical religion of reason, law and evolution.

Books on the Parliament.*

Here are the forerunners of the great library of books upon the Parliament of Religions that is to appear. Mr. Mozoomdar went directly from Chicago to Boston after the Parliament. While there he completed and published a book entitled "Heart-Beats," prefaced by an interesting sketch of himself by S. J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register*. It is a book of the inner life, soul-food, of rare pen-

*HEART-BEATS, by P. C. Mozoomdar, with biographical sketch by S. J. Barrows. Boston: George H. Ellis. \$1.00.

THE THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS. Report of proceedings and documents published by the American section, 144 Madison Avenue, New York. Paper, 195 pages.

NEELY'S HISTORY OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS, Prof. Walter R. Houghton, editor-in-chief, Chicago, 1001 pages. \$2.50.

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS. Edited by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D. Chicago: The Parliament Publishing Co. 2 vols., 1600 pages, cloth, \$5.00; leather, \$7.50.

A CHORUS OF FAITH as heard in the Parliament of Religions, with an introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co., 333 pages. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.50.

etration and subtle power. It will always be associated with the Parliament, as witness to the fact that devout vision and trustfulness are by no means confined to the Christian name and its antecedents in modern any more than in ancient times.

The Theosophical Congress has set a good example to all the other congresses by publishing officially a full report of their meeting, which proved to be perhaps the most attractive of all the side congresses. Let other denominations hasten to do likewise. If nothing better can be done could there not be an inter-denominational syndicate organized to print uniformly the reports of the various denominational congresses? This would make a series of books which the serious-minded and cultivated of all denominations would be glad to possess. The financial success of such a scheme is assured beforehand. It only needs the necessary energy and sagacity to accomplish it.

Neely's History is a fat, clumsy volume of a thousand pages, thrown together in great haste in order to catch the first trade, but it contains so much good matter that \$2.50 is well invested in it.

Dr. Barrows' two-volume work is of much better workmanship and is by far the most desirable book obtainable or likely to be for some time. But it is by no means the book we ought to have as a basis for all subsequent study, a store-house for future authors; nothing less than an unabridged record of all said and done, without note or comment, will satisfy the demand. The chronicler must precede the real historian. This book fails to be the adequate history of the Parliament on account of two serious interferences: the first interference is that of the commercial man. He clashes with the scholar all the way through. The book shows haste, incompleteness, and not always wise eliminations. It is filled with pictures not germane to the text, men who were not present at the meeting, idols and temples not relevant to the subject in hand, with no descriptive text whatsoever. This is an annoyance to the scholar, misleading to the superficial reader, but tempting to the large number of buyers represented by the last class. It looks too much like some of the old-fashioned books on Christian missions, and gives one an uneasy feeling lest he

may come unexpectedly upon the good old picture of the Juggernaut crushing Pagan babies under its wheels. If the space given to this extraneous matter could have been given to a more satisfactory exhibit of those who were present and the constituency they represented, in some tabular form, it would have been better. Great pains were taken to secure a registration of those present during the seventeen days. The large number of cards thus secured by the registration bureau, duly classified and analytically studied, would have pointed to some interesting facts which we might have expected in such a work as this. There are occasional allusions made to "Ten Great Religions" represented in the Parliament. What were they? The student of this book and companion literature may be bothered to make out the list.

In the second place, consciously or unconsciously,—chiefly the latter, we think,—the theologian has interfered with the historian in this book. A doctrinal bias has colored the editing. The whole book is Christo-centric, while the Parliament was homo-centric, if the words are allowable. Not the supernatural Christ but the natural soul of man was the center round which the Parliament moved. Not so this so-called history.

The Chorus of Faith, like the book just referred to, is a book with a bias, a book compiled for a purpose. The difference between the two editors being apparently that the latter was conscious of his bias and confessed it. He meant to use the Parliament to teach a lesson and if possible to establish a principle,—viz: the kinship of all religions found in the universal brotherhood of man, the common inspirations of spirit; while the standpoint of interpretation of the other book, if we understand it, was some mystical power inherent in "Jesus Christ the Savior of the World." Both of these methods are entirely justified. Such books are desirable. Many more will be written. The thing to be said about the Parliament is, better and worse books there will be but a poor book about it there can scarcely be. The subject is too good to be spoiled, and our advice is, buy all the books there are concerning the Parliament and study them all. But if you can buy but one, buy Dr. Bar-

rows' book. Meanwhile let us clamor for the true basis of all future books on the Parliament, an official-record report to be published under the direction of the Exposition management and to be distributed by the government to all the libraries of the world. This alone will be the fitting climax of the great Exposition. Emerson has said:

One accent of the Holy Ghost

The heedless world has never lost,

and we believe he is right, but many half accents have been lost. The records of mind have often been obliterated to the permanent loss of the world. The best things said often go unpublished, and future ages will not hold the Columbian Exposition Management and the United States Government guiltless if they do not see an adequate publication of the records of that great six months Exposition of spiritual commodities made in the Art Institute on the Lake Front in the city of Chicago in the year 1893.

A Trifle in Criticism.

The learned and excellent reviewer of the *Dial*, in the last number of that excellent periodical, reviews the new novel, "Dodo," by E. F. Benson. In it we are told that Dodo "is a delightfully wicked creation," and that the book consists largely of a report of her conversations, of which he gives us a sample, as being "almost preternaturally clever." As I fear not many of the UNITY readers will read this book, although lured by the bait of "delightful wickedness," and as I know also they would dislike to miss anything which is really "preternaturally clever," I will transcribe for their benefit this precious morsel. Here it is, and if the rest of the volume is equally brilliant, I don't know but what we shall all be forced to peruse it, to the endangering of our morals:

"Yes, I know, but you do me an injustice. I shall be very good to him. I can't pretend that I am what is known as being in love with him,—in fact, I don't think I know what that means, except that people get in a very ridiculous state, and write sonnets to their mistress's front teeth, which reminds me that I am going to the dentist tomorrow. Come and hold my hand,—yes, and keep withered flowers and that sort of thing. Ah, Jack, I wish that I really knew what it did mean. It can't be all nonsense, because Chesterford's like that, and he is an honest man if you like. And I do respect and admire him very much, and I hope I shall make him happy, and I hear he's got a delightful new yacht: and, oh! do look

at that Arbutnot girl opposite with a magenta hat. It seems to me inconceivably stupid to have a magenta hat. Really, she's a fool. She wants to attract attention, but she attracts the wrong sort."

H. T. G.

Men and Things

WHY is religion without brotherly love like a personal devil?

Because there isn't any.

"It's a great secret," said the canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk, I saw, maistly gave three-penny bits. Weel, when I got the money every Sabbath evening I carefully picked out the sma' coins and put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number of three-penny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have maist o' them at present under lock and key, the folk maun give sixpences, at least, instead. Sae, that's the way the collections are doubled.

—*Spare Moments.*

ENVIRONMENT AND EVOLUTION.—A writer, in a paper before the French Academy, Jan. 2, 1891, states that rabbits which have been taken to the Pic du Midi Observatory (9,500 feet above the sea-level) have produced in seven years a race somewhat different from their original race in the surrounding plains. They are a little smaller, have less developed ears, and their fur coats are of a lighter color and very thick. Moreover, the consistence of their blood has undergone a notable change. It contains more iron, and possesses a greater power of absorption for oxygen. The writer goes on to say that "an anatomical change is thus produced by the environment: and no naturalist will doubt that, if the race continues to multiply for a great number of years in the same conditions, it will maintain its present characters or develop new ones on the same line, the more rapidly so if natural selection eliminates the less adapted individuals."

—*Independent.*

THE mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken, or other bird that roosts on a limb, is a marvel of design. It often seems strange that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is perfectly simple. The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract, and thus hold with a sort of death-grip the limb round which they are placed. Put a chicken's feet on your wrist and then make the bird sit down, and you will have a practical illustration on your skin that you will remember for some time. By this singular arrangement, seen only in such birds as roost, they will rest comfortably, and never think of holding on; for it is impossible for them to let go till they stand up.

—*The Myrtle.*

If anyone is ill or in trouble in your family or among your friends, let the minister know of it. He has no other way of finding it out except by some accidental mention. Absence from church is not always a sign of trouble at home.—*The Visitor.*

Contributed and Selected

Life and Death.

A seed fell into the Earth.
From where? That was something
which no one knew, —
The Earth least of all, but she clasped
it close
And warmed it through and through.
She fed it with dew and rain,
And the pulse of her throbbing heart
Beat through its coating of brown,
And made something within it start
And break through the dull cold form
Which the Earth was blessing and
brooding,
Till it left it, and left it in ruins,
Earth's tenderest care eluding.
Was this life? Was this death?
The Earth said death: she saw no gain.
But the Sun and the Air cried life!
For a plant arose where a seed had
lain.
We weep when a life moves on
To a higher, invisible shore:
We cry, "This is death," and hear not
those
Who shout, "This is life! Oh, life ever-
more!"

JULIA M. PARSONS.

John C. Learned.

O, sad and sorrowing here this winter
night,—
The winds moaning and shaking the
window-panes,
I do bethink me of the friends of
Light
Who, years ago, befriended me; the
gains
That I, enriched, did count my cer-
tainities,
And heard and feel deep satisfaction in
As ever miser did with his pure gold.
Ah, none brought me a love more
prized than his:
None gave a strength more equable
and kin
To all one cherishes and fain would
hold
Eternally. The quiet humor sweet
That played about the eye and used to
greet
One when afar and bid him welcome
home,
Still chiding him that he so long did
ream:
It was all of a mingling, strengthening and
good.
As one by one, companions of those
years,
They fall away and disappear, I list
Faint echoes from a land remote. Fain
would
I hear a voice declaring, "Dry your
tears,
For we are separate as by a mist."
There nothing comes so tangible, my
ears

Drink in the sound, yet somehow all
my fears
Go fleeing 'fore me when I think of
souls
Transcending all of time and space;
great wholes
Of Truth, of Love, of Joy! It may
not be
That the old Universe is prodigal,
Beyond all sense of reason, honor, too!
So much may daring sense of justice
see.
This nobler faith and credence in the
All
Be ours: abides always, the good, the
true.

SIDNEY H. MORSE.

The Andover House.

If, as political economists and so-
ciologists are now teaching, the one
effective lever by which we may hope
to lift the poverty-stricken masses
into a happier condition, with a pros-
pect of permanence, is an elevation
of the standard of living, then the
principle of the social settlement, or,
as it is generally designated, "col-
lege settlement,"—which seek to
bring more of brightness and human
interest into the lives of the poor,
thus inevitably awakening the ambi-
tion of the younger generation for a
higher life than that in which they
find themselves,—is worthy of our
hearty commendation and support.
We have recently received the report
of the Andover House, located at No.
6 Rollins street, Boston, which has
now been in existence about two
years; and although it is too long to
be set forth in UNITY, we believe
that the interest of our readers is
such that they will be glad to read
what the Head of the House has to
say under the subtitles which follow.
The motto of the report is a sentence
of President W. J. Tucker's,—
"The theory of work is to be lavish of per-
sonal influence; to put a great deal
of one's self into the thing one un-
dertakes, whatever it may be."

The following extracts indicate the
general line of thought and work:

THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND DISTRICT.

The neighborhood to which the
residents particularly give their at-
tention includes seven blocks lying
between Washington street and Har-
rison avenue, together with certain
outlying groups of houses. They
find themselves also becoming more
and more concerned with interests
affecting the whole South End dis-
trict. In the immediate neighbor-
hood perhaps the most distinctive
effort has been in the way of friendly
visiting. In this visiting, while one
great object is to learn more truly
all out the actual life of poorer people,
to make a careful and systematic
study of it in fact, yet all formal
and inquisitive methods have been
avoided, and the effort has been to
be perfectly simple and friendly.
People have not been called upon so
frequently as to make the acquaint-

ance commonplace, and the residents
are not expected to be "visitors" in
the professional sense of that term,
going daily in a monotonous round
from house to house. And yet a sys-
tematic plan for the neighborhood is
followed, by which several groups of
families that live near together have
each become the particular care of
one of the residents, who takes a
personal interest not only in the in-
dividuals and families, but in the
little group as a group, whatever
there is that may hold it together.
He becomes to them adviser and
helper. They learn to come to him
and seek his advice and assistance.
He sees that the boys have good
books to read, and he takes care in
various ways that they have some
wholesome and beneficial outlet for
their activity. He has the girls pro-
vided for in the same way as far as
possible. Occasionally he gives a
highly appreciated "party" at the
House, where old and young come
in together.

In a less close way the residents
are gradually becoming acquainted
with many people here and there in
the immediate neighborhood and
throughout the surrounding district
—people upon different grades of life,
having varied interests. This kind
of acquaintance was very largely in-
creased through the connection of
the residents with the South End
Free Art Exhibition, at which some
of them were present for a greater or
less time every day during the four
weeks while it was open. In all
sorts of ways the men are becoming
familiar with the past traditions and
the present activities of the South
End, with the public officers, with
school teachers, with clergymen,
with social workers, with trade-union
leaders, and, largely through these
friends, with leading local citizens,
with workingmen and their families,
and particularly with the boys, who
one of these days will be themselves
assuming the management of South
End affairs. Among all these kinds
of people there is, so far as can be
known, entirely good feeling toward
the House—though we may be glad
to know that the House to most of
these people stands for the men who
live in it. Those of them who come
to the House, in the main remember
it as not anything else than a place
where certain men live.

WITH REGARD TO RELIGIOUS WORK.

From January to April was held at
the House at 8:30 on Sunday evening,
a musical service consisting of hymns,
anthems, an appropriate reading,
and some collects from the prayer
book. The musical help came from
the Conservatory through Professor
Hale, to whom we have been so much
and so frequently indebted. There
is great need in the South End for
some popular service of this kind,
which should be held in a large hall
where people should feel perfectly
free to enter. The service should be
worshipful, but only as appealing to

the simpler and deeper religious instincts of people, and should be absolutely without the taint of proselytism. Our own principle with regard to the respect paid to each different form of religious faith has been carefully held to—not at all as a policy but as a principle. As to undertaking definitely religious work our attitude has been exactly the same as with regard to every other kind of helpful effort; that is, it is our aim to work here as far as possible by co-operation with existing agencies rather than by inaugurating entirely new enterprises. The Andover House as such does not attempt to do the work of a church any more than it attempts to do the work of a charity board. To both of these kinds of work already organized in the district it gives its hearty sympathy and co-operation.

SOCIAL INVESTIGATION.

It has been by no means lost sight of during the year that men come to the Andover House to study as they work and to work as they study. It has been found constantly that work among the people brings with it not only an illumination as to the people's life but as to one's own life. One is shifted almost unwittingly into a new point of view, from which we cannot doubt, the various affairs of human existence are more clearly and truly understood, and from which as a point of departure for action one can move with a far clearer insight, a far deeper human feeling. But besides the various points of working-class life which have been touched and learned about through the particular social work of the House, the residents have followed out closely and systematically certain lines of investigation into social conditions. One has observed carefully the various forms of popular amusement which fill up so much of the leisure time of the working people and to so great a degree give quality to their lives. Another has sought to find exactly what the supply is of churches and church workers in those sections of the city where the working classes have their homes, and with the hope, also, of getting some senses of the social value of the church's activity among the poorer people of the city. Another has undertaken a thorough investigation of the cheap lodging-houses of Boston, which are to so large an extent a new and unknown land to the social student, except that it is well known that they are the resort and the breeding-place of pauperism and crime. This investigation will be continued through another year, and the result will be a *brochure* which will be, we feel sure, a distinct contribution to the study of social conditions. Still another has compiled the "Guide to Evening Classes," which has been sent to members of the Association, and has had a considerable sale at the bookstores. A careful statistical statement of the number of the unemployed in Boston has just been

prepared by a resident and an associate worker of the House.

By the Way.

"Freddie" writes for a "Christmas overcoat." He is "ten years old and not particular about appearances, only so it's warm." The coat is taken to him. He has a mother, who "gets some sewing to do." She earns when she gets work, which is not always, by "working steady, 37½ cents a day—long days, some of them running away into the night." "Freddie *has* to go to school, so earns nothing." The older boy gets work off and on. "If it wasn't for the rent" they could manage—or, if the rent was "less," it would be better. But the two little rooms in which they "live, move, and have their being" are not comfortable. Dark, dingy, and cold. No sign of any modern convenience. Water and coal brought up four flights by hand. "Freddie keeps the pace as neat as he can, and gets the meals mostly, washes all the dishes, and never breaks one. He deserves the overcoat or anything else. I'm rather glad he *has* to go to school, for if he didn't he'd be earning \$3 a week. *He* can always get work, but the schoolin' is so much better for him; and I think if we can shift till he gets an education he'll be a man."

"Freddie" comes in. The overcoat fits.

"Thanks! If I'd had it a week or so ago, when it was so cold. But may be there'll come cold weather again 'fore the winter's over."

Yes, they'd had a turkey sent in, and some other things, and, "with the overcoat, Christmas will go off jolly."

She lives alone. Has one neat little room. Conveniences all her own planning. The stove is polished and the floor is white and clean. There is one window. It has a lace curtain. There are tidies on the stand and rocking chair. *She* knit them. In person she is slight built, and is dressed neatly: her brown hair brushed down over her ears like George Eliot's. But then, she never heard of George Eliot. Has seen better days. Was the mother of four children. Three died, the other went to parts unknown seeking his fortune. Promised to return. "And he *will* return, for he never broke his promise; he will come with his fortune and mine.—How long? Twelve years now. But he'll come." Her wants are few. She supplies them by "doing mending" for the boys that have no homes. They keep her busy; more than she can do. She "sews buttons on for half a cent, and does lots of mending—well, for what they can pay. I've lots of friends among the boys and men who live in boarding houses, and I've learned them to bring all their mending before it gets too bad. A stitch in time saves nine, I tell them, and *costs less*. So I manage very well, and have quite

a family. It all keeps me cheerful, and that's half the battle."

Three fellows have one room—none too big; none too clean; none too comfortable. A little stove, "bought second hand, cracked and smokes." Only one has had work for more than a month. The other two sit around, read and smoke. Saturday night the one with work brings home five dollars. Rent \$1.50, \$3.50 for coal, grub and tobacco. Couldn't drop the tobacco; could easier go without milk. "A pipe when you have to loaf keeps a fellow from committin' murder." By and by the others would have work, and the one now working may not have. Then he'll keep house, read and smoke. No relation. Just drifted together—birds of a feather. Pretty well posted, too, on matters in general. Have discussions on the best way to govern Chicago. Are down on turnstiles. Want elevated roads everywhere, and all roads to be run by the people. The city is in the hands of a mob—a mob of a few bloats who've got money and rule. If the people would turn out and do things—they'd soon straighten things. Gambling could n't be suppressed till you got rid of gamblers. "Must kill 'em off or stop breedin' 'em." But then, "what can you expect, when most the business's done by gambling? How else do millionaires get their millions? Earn it? Bah!"

These three are a conspiracy. Have designs on the world. Mean to take the world in hand. They don't cry with Hamlet, "Woe is me that ever I was born." They're glad of it. It gives them their opportunity to set the world right. They will do. When times are better they'll start a paper. "Not a newspaper. D—n the news! What we want is ideas—sense; show *how* things can be done. Everybody knows the news; that is, that things ain't done. What paper shows *how*? We'll do it."

Query: Are these the thinkers Emerson said the world must beware of?

S. H. M.

For Colds,

Coughs,
Croup, Influenza, and
Bronchitis,
use

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Church-Door Pulpit

Mortal or Immortal?

BY LOUISE NYDEGGER.

Mortal or immortal? Among the questions with which human reasoning has wrestled, there is perhaps none more ancient in its origin, none more universal in its interest, than this one. From the earliest ages of thinking mankind it has been asked in the most various ways and under the most various circumstances. Philosophers have contemplated it profoundly and sought its solution by all the arts of logic; it has been meditated in the quiet of a study or on long solitary walks. Some have voluntarily fixed their minds upon it, to others it has been suggested at some particular occasion.

One of the greatest philosophers of antiquity died conversing on it with his disciples. Thinking he had solved the question with positive proofs for his conclusion, his last moments in this life were radiant with the hope of entering soon into a pure spiritual state of eternal duration. To-day, after more than two thousand years of progress, with all that science has revealed and demonstrated, most of these proofs can no longer be admitted, though the sublimity of the discourse is still admired. Then another Master came with prophecies, even promises of an eternal life; and as his teaching was clad in a much more concrete form than the speculative thought of the Greek philosopher, it was more easily comprehended by the humble and the ignorant. The Christian belief in immortality soon spread among the nations, and was handed down through a long series of centuries until at the present time the majority of people consider the question solved beyond dispute by this assurance of eternal existence. But there is another class who, refusing to believe in anything beyond reality and reducing everything to the laws of matter and motion, deny the continuation of soul life in another world. Between these two extremes there are those who are satisfied neither with the evidence which the former draw from revealed religion nor with the materialism of the latter. From the fact that science, still in progress, has not yet explored and demonstrated all that we can ever hope to know, they infer that what is now unsolved and almost seems unsolvable, may yet be known clearly and positively.

The question did not originate in a philosopher's brain, when plunged the deepest in speculative thought,—it presented itself inevitably in the most solemn and the most awful situations of human life. More frequently than at any other time, it has been put with despairing or hopeful eagerness at the prospect of death or beside the lifeless body of a beloved one.

Ever since man began to be a thinking being, he sought to understand Nature and her phenomena around him, gaining twofold in this effort: on the one hand, the development of the intellectual faculties by exercising them: on the other, the knowledge obtained in their exercise. But go back to primitive man in the first period of his search for understanding. Of all the mysteries around him, that of death must have been the darkest, the most awe-inspiring, yet exactly the one he was most eager to penetrate. Accustomed to consider himself the center of all Nature, and expecting to continue forever in the present state of existence, he could not comprehend why life departed from the human body, leaving it to decay like that of animals, like the leaves that fell, like everything else that had served its time and was worn out and useless. He could not conceive that he should ever cease to be. To him, the idea of absolute destruction, of passing into nothingness, was full of horror. In this he already felt, perhaps, one of the fundamental laws of the universe, though he could not yet understand and formulate it,—the law of indestructibility of matter and energy. But, unable to rise above the concrete, ignorant of everything beyond his immediate experience, he could conceive no other way of continuation than by means of a personality, distinct and separate from everything around him. Either the body from which the mysterious and invisible life had fled was to be resumed and revived in another world, or he must be endowed with another body in order to continue existence. This seemed self-evident to him; no proofs and no arguments were needed, because doubt simply did not enter his mind.

His idea of the future life could not differ much from his perceptions of real life, except that hope pictured him the former with everything united that was agreeable to him in this world. By and by, as his intelligence and moral sense developed, the idea of retribution for good or evil done in this life, was added. With the progress of intellectual development, his conceptions of deity and future existence changed constantly, becoming more and more independent of what he saw around him in real life and more abstract in their character. The imagination, like all the other faculties, unfolded its power and became active, especially in the realms of the supernatural and the mysterious. Tradition came, and did her work in handing down from one generation to the other all the hope and aspiration concentrated in religious belief of those that preceded. The religious writings of every people deal largely with the life to come after death.

Then, at another period of development, doubt and the spirit of criticism came to play their important roles. Put on their guard by many

errors of the past, men became less apt to take as self-evident what at first appeared to be so, and less inclined to believe without seeking a demonstration for believing. But such is the diversity of the human mind that arguments which convince some are rejected as unsatisfactory by others. The earth and almost all of her secrets have been explored, even from the distant stars man's search for knowledge has returned with success; but the mystery of death, so near to us, concerning all of us, is not yet explained in a way that all can admit. The certainty of the Christian's belief is built upon faith alone, and from this point the philosopher cannot reason. The conclusion of the materialist is drawn from science, and science is not yet at the end of her revelations. The evidence of facts and experience is wanting, because man's ingenuity has not yet penetrated the realms of the dead, neither have any of them returned hither to bear testimony of the state into which they passed.

Since we lack a positive and all-convincing evidence for belief in personal immortality, let us see if the idea of the cessation of personality is still so full of horror as it must have appeared to ancient man. Since that time man's attitude towards Nature has greatly changed. As a result of thought and investigation, he no longer considers himself as her center, for whom all else exists, but as part of her. He may think himself a noble part, but still a part is less than the whole. He has gained a fair insight into her workshop: his instruments have revealed him the infinitely small as well as the infinitely vast and distant. By tracing the relations of cause and effect, he has seen that life and not death is her principle and aim, that death everywhere means new life. A grain of corn is laid into the earth, but in order that a new plant may arise, it must first decay and then gradually give up its substance, its *personality*, to the germ of new life. Just from this fact, too, has been drawn the inference of eternal life to come out of death. As if this new plant was not destined in its turn to decay and pass away.

Let us go to the graves where our ancestors rest. Before they were brought here they had lived and toiled upon earth sixty, seventy, eighty years,—some more, some less. Small and weak they began life, mere tiny germs. The earth gave them sustenance, they built up their physical being and grew strong and large. Like the plant, they have had their season of growth, of maturity, and then of decay. Their bodies were given back to earth whence they had drawn every particle of their being. The substance which composed them had returned to its source and was assimilated by it to go forth again into new life substance of some kind. Just so the water passes from the ocean into clouds, and from them

into the ocean again, after manifold transformations and wanderings, and after having been put to many uses. All Nature's movements are in circles and everything returns to its starting point. But just as part of the ocean is constantly distributed in rivers and lakes, just so a part of humanity is constantly upon the face of the earth until its time comes to return to the great source and to be replaced by the continuous flow of the life-stream.

An essential element of the life of these ancestors still courses among us. Each dying generation leaves behind it what its intellectual and muscular power achieved, the product of which we call civilization. The prominent factors in this product are immortalized by fame. But also the many thousands who passed into oblivion left, nevertheless, an important share in the same product. Humanity as a whole, and not single individuals, has brought civilization this far, and the great mass of humanity are ordinary beings. Even he who performed nothing but humble manual toil is not to be despised, for such is as necessary in the order of the whole as the more lofty occupations. If it were not for the labor of the many thousands, the thinking man could not sit apart, liberated as he is by these from drudgery, to dwell in the regions of intellect and speculative thought. Not only do they supply his physical wants, but he also needs them to convert into reality and usefulness the results of his thinking. A cultured mind can plan a bridge, a machine, a temple, but he depends upon the toil of the lower thousands to realize their construction. The scientist carries on his investigations with the aid of instruments that their labor furnished him.

Thus each one had an activity of some kind, more or less conducive to the general end and aim of all, until his or her strength was gradually spent. The brain grew weary and less fertile, and by and by lost its power of abstraction. The muscles were worn and acted no longer with the same vigor and promptitude. Mind and muscle had yielded all that they could yield. How perfectly natural that they should disappear and make way for the new vital current which was ready to replace them! But the life-force of the dying generation was left behind, not only in what their hands and minds had achieved; it throbs and pulsates also in the stream of the present, for those that took the places of the dead are of their own flesh and blood. The fluid that had become weak and sluggish in the former now courses with new vigor in the latter. Their forms and features, in renewed youth, are still upon earth, and will be transmitted through all the centuries to come. An even more intimate part of their personality still exists, in the shape of mental and moral qualities: for the laws of inheritance are

as true there as they are for the physical being.

Among the dead may be many who spent a life of humble toil, but who possessed rich talents that for lack of opportunity remained undeveloped or were crushed by poverty. But of the same brain substance was given from parent to child. It may thus have passed through many generations until, at last, it found genial soil in which it could thrive and bear forth its fruit. Thus the many that pass away and are forgotten have their functions of importance that count high through all times, and one of these is the transmission of genius.

Considering death as a return of worn out substance to its source, there can be no idea of horror associated with it to an intelligent mind, even if there is no assurance of personal existence after this life by means of an immortal soul. Especially he who loves Nature and communicates intimately with her, cannot be horrified at the thought of finally mingling with her and being absorbed by her, while part of his mental and physical substance is still circulating upon earth as embodied in the works he left behind him. His ego had completed the circuit and returned to the starting point, the great All. In life he admired Nature's beauty and grandeur; by death he becomes one with her, indistinguishable from her. Thus we are assured, at least, that in no case can total annihilation be our destiny, for what is once created can never pass out of existence again; it can only be transformed. When we have grown weary in a life-time of continuous toil and struggle, the thought of such complete repose is consoling; and for those who are capable of rising above self there is a quiet satisfaction in the prospect of such a continuation among the living. Especially when we are oppressed with sorrow, the idea of passing into an unconsciousness, which means a cessation of all woes, is calming.

The eagerness of mankind to find assurances of an eternal life after death has yet another source than the love of self-preservation. Every being endowed with thought and feeling has a desire for happiness, the virtuous as well as the wicked; but as their conceptions of it differ, so do their means and ways of pursuing it. But life is such that no individual could yet pass his entire existence in unbroken happiness—if it is not troubled from without, it is from within, by the conflicts which grow out of the imperfections of human nature. Of course, not all have to undergo the same amount of sorrow, but every one knows of some struggle, disappointment or trial. If they do not come to him directly, he has hundreds of occasions to suffer them with some fellow-being. Pure, unmixed happiness is rare and transitory in this

world, at least for those who do not consider it to be in mere material welfare. Thus the great majority reach the end of life with longings unappeased. But hope, that comforter and inspirator, which so often has sustained them, points beyond the mystery of the grave to another world. There the efforts and sacrifices that remained unrewarded here will be recompensed, the sorrow that was left unhealed will be soothed, the knowledge that was unattainable here, there it will come in floods of light. All contradictions will be reconciled, all wrongs redressed, all strife dissolved in everlasting harmony. The longings of the human heart for such a state of being have been interpreted as a prophecy of Heaven. Indeed, it is very reasonable to expect that this natural longing will find sometime, somewhere, a realization. But another interpretation may be given to it by those who believe that mankind is in constant progress, intellectual and moral. As man becomes more enlightened century after century, he will live more in conformity to natural law; as a consequence his existence upon earth will be more perfect and harmonious in every way, and the amount of happiness for every individual will increase in the same measure. All the wrongs and contradictions which now abound in life, making men miserable, were not put into it by Nature or any supernatural being. Man himself created them, they grow out of his many faults and weaknesses, and man himself can make them disappear again. If every individual would attempt to do it and link effort to effort, such a change could be accomplished in a short time. But as it is, those who are striving for good are always thwarted and counteracted by the wicked and even by the indifferent ones. As virtue and not wickedness sustains the mental and physical life of humanity, the former will survive in the end, if humanity is to continue its existence through a great length of time. Therefore it is probable that the state of being, for which the heart seems to have a prophetic yearning, will finally be established upon earth. Here again we have to rise above the idea of personality; for not we as individuals shall pass after death into that existence, but mankind as a whole will attain it, though it be in the distant future, but centuries count little where eternity is involved. Is it so difficult, then, to renounce that self in the contemplation of grander things and vaster interests? Those who are capable of doing it, will rejoice in the prospect of heaven upon earth and in the consciousness that they are hastening its coming by their struggle for good. For we know by the laws of inheritance that the efforts of one generation advance the succeeding ones, not only by what is achieved thereby

but also in disposing them to continue these efforts in the same direction.

The answer to this question, "mortal or immortal?"—which has been repeated again and again in the calm words of philosophy and in the strains of agony,—is not of such vast importance to man as it has been made to appear by the idea of future retribution for good or evil done in this life. If we believe that moral order and justice prevail in the Universe, we see not even a necessity for such retribution, for by the laws of cause and effect evil is punished, just as certainly as good is rewarded, by its natural consequences. The effect may not always be immediate, nor apparent to our eyes; sometimes it even seems to be reversed; but that does not change the fundamental principle. Just this fact increases the merits of the moral man. Indeed, what kind of morality would that be which consisted in doing good with the certainty of reward, and in avoiding evil through fear of a scourge?

In looking forward too intently for a life to come there is danger, not only of falling into error and mysticism, but also of slighting duties near to us in real life. The present has problems the solution of which are of far more vital consequence to mankind than that of immortality. We feel this when we look upon the dark stream of ignorance, misery and crime that courses through humanity, and which means death in the direst sense of the word. How to make this disappear is a problem of stronger demands upon hard, earnest thinking than the attempt to lift the veil from death. Whether our knowledge will ever be extended beyond the things of this world, can neither be denied nor affirmed at present. The limits of the unknown have constantly receded before the progress of the mind—we cannot yet foresee whether they will once become fixed as the limits of the *unknowable*. In the meantime, a thinking mind will appease his desires for more understanding by the certainty which he can obtain, and renounce with patient resignation the curiosity which wants to go beyond that. The understanding of highest concern to every individual, that of his duties in this life, is found, not in the speculations about an infinite and unknown future, but in the needs of the present.

Correspondence

Churches Versus the Boston Society for Ethical Culture.

The question has often been asked, both jestingly and seriously, "What is there unique in the Boston Society for Ethical Culture? Why do not churches cover all the grand moral and religious needs of humanity?" To answer this question intelligently, inquirers must meet on common ground. That common ground is

the love of perfection. Permit a reminiscence here.

In my early years I frequently experienced a sense of loneliness. I pondered how to harmonize the warring elements of religion. When invited to participate in the intellectual feasts of Harvard University, I grew less lonely, the vacuum in my life was filling, and at last, as I sailed for Germany, a new hope was born, a hope which has deepened into the realization of to-day. That hope developed from my vision of the church in '67.

Space forbids narration of the causes, but the picture I saw was this: Caste was present in the clergy who dared not be the prophets they would; again, in the lay people whose highest conception of brotherly love was the offering of material gift. Intellectual sectarianism was seen in the narrowness of investigation on the subjects of religion and ethics, so that a communicant of any one church was practically forced to close his ears to all truth outside, be it ancient or modern. The subordination of the ethical to the theological was too sadly disclosed by the fact that "church membership" might cover a multitude of sins, such as lottery, fashion, slander, hypocrisy. So the reform I prayed to inaugurate was practical,—nay, vital to the race.

For three years, from 1871 to 1874, I received the courteous attention of Divinity School professors, sharing every exercise of the students, except public debate and sermonizing. Finally, after a trip and study abroad, marriage and parentage also intervening, in 1881 I called for a novel assembly.

In Dorchester, my present home, I asked for a people who would associate on the basis of character, since that was "common ground." From this starting point, all could grow through investigation and brotherly love. Each would lend to others such weight of truth and love as he could attain, while the leader counted simply as one who offered his or her peculiar gift, the power to organize and speak.

In the process of evolution, incident to all life, dilemmas arose. I realized of course that warfare must be held with custom. The first that greeted me was formal organization. I established at once the claim that, while all varieties of outward government are essential to progress, yet they are but stepping stones, and should be withdrawn as soon as the summit of self-control shall be reached. I believe this is true of individual and association alike, and I trust, in the end, it will apply to national and race life.

In our Ethical Society, the vital relation of members as friends alone sustains it. This I conceive to be the ideal attitude, however long it may take to mould the parts into a perfect whole. It precludes the possibility of war, concerning which the

distinguished thinker, Herbert Spencer, has lately written me. He says: "In efforts toward ethical culture, there is constantly overlooked the one effort more important than all others,—the effort to suppress militancy. Abundant proof exists that with war come all the vices, and with peace come all the virtues." But to proceed. After three years of prosperity, in which I christened (by my own formula) twenty children, and officiated at seven funerals, having had in charge some fifty families, a new break in custom was suggested, and then inaugurated.

I discovered that hymns and responsive services were ill adapted to opposites in theological and ethical belief. This knowledge was forced upon me by the fact that some kept silence at the hour when all should join in spoken aspiration. This led to the collation of hymns which I published in '84. But the greatest struggle was to come. Conservatism and radicalism, like the centripetal and centrifugal forces that they are, found it hard to maintain the desired equilibrium.

It was noised abroad that the woman preacher, at whose ordination hundreds were turned away, was "traitor" to the church! One clergyman, formerly of the place, had already advised "quiet parlor meetings," and though fed at Cambridge from the same table with herself, suggested that perhaps the lady was "entering a wedge" in the old meeting house on the hill! Another (Episcopalian) asked what "new truth" she had to teach. Several popular clergymen of Boston (now deceased) wrote personal messages, in which my thorough preparation was commended, while the hint was given that "health and sex" considerations might deter from a public ministry on the hill. All this, without a study of the earnest work we proposed to do!

Only when a deeper faith possessed my soul, so that I dared not accept the anthropomorphic deity of the churches, and only when my love of truth became so strong that I dared to think (if need be) that my small identity might be swallowed up in the large race life, did I meet my last great trial of misrepresentation!

Our society is religious, deeply religious. We are called otherwise only by the unthinking world. It is our devotion to the eternal principles of the universe that makes us emphasize the ethical law. We believe that, conforming to this, we pay profoundest respect to the "Power that works for righteousness." And we so worship that we see, in every human, ability to do likewise. We think no man or nation can exist without this faith, though imperfectly expressed.

We further believe it to be simple justice to the rising generation to lay before them the treasures of the Orient, so lately revealed by Sanscrit scholars, and in fact the gems of any

nation under the sun, that pride and prejudice may find no place in their souls,—that, intellectually, they may know the why and wherefore of their belief, while every child of humanity shall stand to them an oracle of the divine! Let not Buddha and Zoroaster, Confucius, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, those sweet, strong characters of long ago, be lost to memory when we breathe the no less winsome name of Jesus! Let our vision and our life grow!

In this spirit was our Society founded, and thus it continues! Based upon sincerity, its primary work is the building of character, the development of the homely virtues, or "flowers of the heart," as we express these to children. Our plan is to address the individual, and through him, in ever increasing circles, the home, the nation and the world!

CLARA M. BISBEE.

Dorchester, Mass.

Buddhism and Christianity.

EDITOR UNITY: It is stated that the representatives of some of the Eastern religions, while in Chicago, were questioned as to what their belief was concerning Christians and adherents of other religions—whether God would save them if they did not believe in Buddha or Mohammed. The Buddhist and Mohammedan priests both expressed their belief that infinite goodness would save them. They seem to attach a more beneficent character to Deity than some Christians do. That eminent churchman, St. Augustine, declared: "What is called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian." With equal truth it may be said that Judaism or Buddhism has existed from the beginning of the human race. What is surprising about the Buddhist religion is the fact that it has never persecuted. The Christian religion has no such beneficent record. Mackenzie, in his Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, estimates the lives sacrificed in the propagation of Christianity at a total of 26,100,000. His estimates are: holy wars, 17,600,000; Holy Inquisition, 5,000,000; religious massacres, 3,000,000; burnings, broilings, roastings, etc., 500,000. This is an appalling record. It is no wonder that an eminent Christian minister, in speaking of Buddha, at the Parliament of Religions, referred to him as wise and humane. Buddha lived only a few hundred years before Christ, yet the number of his adherents greatly exceed those of the latter, being nearly five hundred millions.

JEFFERSON.

The Coast Sufferers.

EDITOR UNITY: Please send me two copies of UNITY for Nov. 16, 1893,

the number which contains Mr. Gannett's article about the August storm on the Sea Islands of South Carolina. I wrote an account myself, but this is far better.

Massachusetts people have responded generously to the call to aid the Sea Islands. The fund received at Dr. Hale's (*Lend a Hand*) office is something like \$3,000.00, and many scattering contributions amount to at least \$2,000.00 more. If only the other States would assist, Miss Barton's heavy labors would be lightened. She writes that "not one in fifty has bed, blanket, or cover, not one in a hundred has food for two days," except the rations she issued (one peck of grits and one pound of pork per week for a family of seven). Can you not do something through your paper to get assistance for the Red Cross work? Port Royal Island has been my home for many years. Please direct to

MRS. A. H. CRISTENSEN,
Brookline, Mass.

The Study Table

Recent Books.

DEATH A DELUSION: With an Account of some Personal Experiences on the Borderland between Sense and Soul. By John Page Hopps. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 45. 2s.

This is another interesting little contribution to the literature of "Spiritualism" so called. The manner in which the subject is treated may be inferred from the author's mental attitude in regard to it. "I am well aware," he says, "of the feeling that exists against the whole subject, but I know nothing of closed or of improper questions; I do not believe we know everything yet; I call no fact 'common or unclean'; I deem nothing 'childish' or 'unworthy' which may lead to truth; and I take it to be the sign of truest wisdom when one is free from rash assumptions, hasty condemnations, and that worst of all bigotries, the bigotry of an uninformed prejudice. We are here in this world to seek for the truth, and no one can be a thorough seeker after the truth who is unprepared to go *all* the way with the thing that is, whatever it may be."

M. H. L.

KORADINE LETTERS: A Girl's Own Book. By Alice B. Stockham. M. D., and Lida Hunt Talbot. Chicago: Alice B. Stockham & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 400. \$2.25.

Every teacher looking for new inspiration in her work, and every mother anxious for assistance in her study of the individuality of her growing boys and girls, will find help—and that abundantly—in "Koradine Letters."

Gerlisenbois School is a kindergarten grown to maturity. One sees there how the beautiful principles of the kindergarten may be carried out even in the higher school life, and

the real disciples of the Master will rejoice at even this ideal presentation of what all believe may be and will be.

Though written entirely in letter form, a form not calculated to hold the attention readily, the interest is caught and held from beginning to end, and glimpses of many beautiful characters given between the lines.

E. J.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

A novel. By Richard Garbe. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1894. White cloth and gold, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 80. \$1.00.

This daintily bound and neatly printed little volume pictures in a general way the present day-life of the caste-bound Hindus, brings out the privations and sufferings of those who have the misfortune to be widowed, and relates how a brilliant young Brahman who in his poverty was assisted by one of the merchant caste to pursue his studies, realized at length that he loved the merchant's daughter, and in the hour of the merchant's impending social and financial ruin because of his refusal to subject his daughter (who had been married in childhood to a youth who had never taken her to his home and who finally died at a distance from his virgin wife) to the rules of widowhood, declares his love, abjures his caste, and starts life afresh. The caste prejudices of the young Brahman have been undermined by a wise and humane English judge whom he has been instructing in the ancient language of his people. The story was originally published as a serial in *The Open Court*. Such glimpses as it gives of Indian life will give it a value to those who are not interested in the psychological development of the hero.

F. W. S.

The Magazines.

TO ONE who has not direct access to all of the leading English magazines, it is hard to estimate the value of *Littell's Living Age*. Each week one may count on at least one strong article, whatever his special taste may be. The accounts of travelers in all parts of the world,—which appear in almost every issue, sometimes several the same week,—are often of great value to the student of social science, notwithstanding the fact—perhaps because of the fact—that they are rarely written from the ethnographer's standpoint. In a somewhat different line, one of the most suggestive essays that has appeared for many a day is the *Spectator's* review of Frederic Houssay's "The Industries of Animals," which was reproduced in *Littell's* of November 25th. The difference in the degree of intelligence and civilization (if we may thus use the expression) in different groups of the same species of animal, is one of the most marvelous facts which the careful observations of

modern science is bringing to light. The old thought about instinct is now manifestly out of the question.

THE CYCLOPEDIA REVIEW OF CURRENT HISTORY for the third quarter of 1893 commands our admiration and gratitude even more than its predecessor. A quarterly review seems to be the ideal. It can give an amount of detail that would make an annual too cumbersome, while at the same time it does not appear so often as to preclude the busy man from attending to it. And this Cyclopedic certainly lives up to its opportunities. The place of honor in this number is given to the monetary question, but we are not sure that in this the editor has put his best foot forward. The account of the Franco-Siamese affair will, we think, be more highly appreciated,—perhaps because so many of us are particularly ignorant of the facts of which the French grab was the outcome, and are correspondingly anxious to learn what is so well told in the review. A special feature of the number is a sketch of Mr. Gladstone's public life; and in view of the fact that he began his parliamentary career about sixty years ago, this is very acceptable to the younger generations of his fellow beings.

CURRENT TOPICS is one of Chicago's institutions which we hardly dare call a stripling, not quite so old as that young giant, the University of Chicago, with which it is in a way associated. While it has not yet achieved such a wonderful success in its field as has the University in its, the magazine has some able contributors, and may yet attain the representative position in the West which it seeks to gain. The December number contains a symposium on the Parliament of Religions by some of the most prominent American ministers who took part in it, an article by Prof. Henry Drummond on "The Three Things that make up Life," a brief word on "Labor's Needs and W. T. Stead's Suggestions," by Thomas J. Morgan, the labor leader, and a number of other articles in prose and verse, three of which discuss subjects brought to mind by the recent assassination of Mayor Carter Harrison. Having spoken of its association with the University, it may be well to quote what the magazine itself has to say in reference to this:

Current Topics is devoted, first to the discussion of living issues, secondly to the publication of literary matter of general interest. It also wishes to aid in giving popular expression to the ideas for which the University of Chicago particularly stands; but it is in no sense an official publication of the University. Each writer of a signed article is alone responsible for all statements and for all expressions of opinion contained in his article.

LEND A HAND for December is devoted to the New England Conference of Charities, Corrections, and Philanthropy, of which it gives a

very full report, taking about 160 pages. Of special interest to UNITY readers will be Dr. Chas. P. Worcester's discussion of the problem, "Institutions or Families?" in connection with the care of neglected children. Dr. Knight's address on the care of the feeble-minded, especially that part of it which had reference to moral imbeciles, and the discussion which followed, although sad reading, are of value to all students of human nature, as well as to those especially devoted to charitable work. Another subject, which was very fully discussed, was Probation in the case of those brought before the courts for law-breaking. As Massachusetts is the only State in which the probation officer has yet become an institution, its experience will prove valuable to all students of law and administration. This is the most valuable number of *Lend a Hand* that we have seen, and we question whether there is now to be had such another mine of practical and theoretical information for the charity-worker.

WORTHINGTON'S MAGAZINE, good from the start, gets better all the time. With its many well conducted departments, its essays and well told short stories, and its serial—it is an ideal family magazine. In this number Mary A. Livermore begins a very human, albeit somewhat sad story of American life, "One of the Forty-Niners," there is the usual number of pretty stories and of essays, S. G. W. Benjamin tells of the Life-Saving Service of the United States, there is a rather amateurish "Day with the Pueblos of Nambe," and the several departments are as usual ably represented by Walter Blackburn Harte, Lillian Whiting, Charlotte Perkins Stetson and Dr. Starr. One greets Mrs. Stetson's bright article on "The Modern Conscience" with the greater interest since reading the remarkably clever verse which she has just put forth in a little volume.

THE NEW EDUCATION is the name of a monthly magazine which aims to "unify" the teachings of home, kindergarten, and school. It appeals to parents as well as teachers and would guide both in their efforts to help the children grow in the right direction and develop into full efficiency all the possibilities of their being. It furnishes methodical courses of procedure, working programs, manual and intellectual occupations, stories, songs, games, studies of child-growth and child-nurture, discussions of various methods of training and teaching, of guiding the children in play and in work.

The subscription is \$1 a year, and the publishers are Simpson & Co., 21 University place, New York.

THE CHURCH EXCHANGE is the name of a handsome little monthly published at Portland, in the interest of the Maine Unitarian Conference, which tells of the liberal religious

thought and action of that territory. It is interesting to notice how similar the conditions are in this far Eastern field—which is largely a new country even to-day—to those which prevail in the West. We hope *The Church Exchange* will receive the support it needs to make it an effective agent in the spread of large religious truth.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for December is another World's Fair number, and contains some handsome illustrations. Walter Besant's "American Notes" are thoughtful and kindly, as well as interesting. It goes without saying that Mark Twain's "Traveling with a Reformer" has an abundance of humor.

NEW OCCASIONS, beginning with the December number, promises to have great value by reason of its regular publication of the addresses delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Society and the discussions thereupon. The December number contains Dr. Janes' able and inspiring paper upon "Cosmic Evolution as Related to Ethics."

UNIVERSAL TRUTH, a monthly magazine of "Christian Science," has come to our exchange table. Its spirit seems to be sweet, but it does not impress us as scientific, or, if truth means correspondence to reality, as eminently true.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, excepting foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE BLIND AS SEEN THROUGH BLIND EYES. By Maurice de la Sizeranne. Authorized translation from the second French edition by F. Park Lewis, M. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 154. \$1.25.

HENRY OF NAVARRE AND THE HUGUENOTS IN FRANCE. By P. F. Willert, M. A. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 478. \$1.50.

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT, or The Principles of Political Rights. By Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Translated by Rose M. Harrington. With introduction and notes by Edward L. Walter. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 227. \$1.25.

HEART-BEATS. A Book of Meditations. By Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. With portrait and biographical sketch of the Author. Cloth, red edges, 330 pages, \$1.50. George H. Ellis, Boston.

TANAGRA: An Idyl of Greece. By Gottfried Kinkel. Translated by Frances Hellman. With a memorial sketch of Gottfried Kinkel. Illustrated with photogravures from designs by Edwin H. Blashfield. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth and gold, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 77. \$1.75.

IN VARIOUS MOODS. By M. A. B. Evans. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth; white, blue and gold; gilt top; 24mo; pp. 80. \$1.00.

TWO GERMAN GIANTS: Frederick the Great and Bismarck: The Founder and the Builder of German Empire. (Heroes of the Nations.) By John Lord. With Addison and two portraits. New York: Fords, Howard & Hubert. 1894. Cloth, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 173. \$1.00.

PICTURES FROM GREEK LIFE AND STORY. By A. J. Church, lately Professor of Latin in University College, London. With illustrations. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. "1894." Cloth, 8vo, pp. 320. \$1.25.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God's great day and humanity's great day are still ahead of us.

MON.—Joy in one's work is an important element in its success.

TUES.—The only money a man owns is that which he rightly uses.

WED.—Learning is only getting rid of illusions.

THURS.—Remember that others may be right, though they differ from us.

FRI.—The wise will look back to learn of both failure and success.

SAT.—Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.

—M. J. Savage.

The Russians in Winter.

The Russians seek forgetfulness of the long cold winter by introducing into their houses every possible suggestion of summery fragrance and verdure. Creeping vines cluster and climb over trellised doorways and window-frames, and large sums of money are expended by the wealthy in the purchase of rare exotics, and the poor make sacrifices of other pleasures to enable them to fill every available spot with flower-pots.

When state balls occur in the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, the banquet hall, which comfortably seats 3,000 people, is converted into a beautiful garden by means of trees brought from green-houses, and sitting beneath the leafy boughs the guests forget the cheerlessness without.

This Winter Palace is one of the largest and most noted palaces of the world. It is built in the form of a square, four hundred and fifty-five feet long and three hundred and fifty broad. When the Emperor occupies it, it is said to contain more than six thousand inhabitants. Its wonderfully beautiful halls are filled with the rarest statuary, gems, and pictures, together with tables and vases of malachite. Connected with the Winter Palace is the Hermitage, which was built by the Empress Catherine II., as a refuge from the cares of state, and contains forty rooms of paintings, a museum of statuary, arms, gems, and engravings, besides a theater.

The Russians envelop themselves so completely in fur or sheepskin as to defy the bitter cold. The shooaba, or cloak, extends from the head to the feet of the wearer, the sleeves covering the finger tips, and the collar is so made that it will completely cover the head. Their caps are also made of fur. This material, however, can only be afforded by the wealthy, the poorer classes contenting themselves with garments of sheepskin.

Double and triple windows, with little cones of salt placed between

them in order to absorb the moisture, are used to exclude the cold, and although furnaces similar to our own are used in some of the wooden buildings of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the true Russian stove is constructed of bricks, and placed in the house in such a location as will warm several rooms at once. This stove resembles a large oven, and every morning a fire is kindled in it, and allowed to burn down to a bed of coal; the chimney is closed, and the port holes near the top of the stove are opened into the rooms. The hot air escapes in sufficient quantity to keep the house comfortable for twelve or fifteen hours. The "port holes" are never opened during the burning of the wood, so that there may be no danger from the escape of carbonic gas. The peasants use the top of the stove for a bed, as it is of sufficient size to accommodate three or four lodgers.

A great part of the winter's enjoyment is found in skating and riding on the ice. The river freezes about the 1st of November, and remains frozen until May. Considerable care is observed in regard to the condition of the ice. No one is permitted to venture upon it until it has been officially declared secure, and in the spring, when the ice melts, no boat can be launched without this same official permission.

When the river is opened—says the pleasant writer from whose book this article is gleaned—there is an elaborate ceremony, and a part of the performance includes taking a glass of water from the river, and presenting it to the Emperor. Formerly, his Majesty drank the water, and filled the glass with gold coin. It was observed that the size of the glass increased annually, until it assumed the proportions of a respectable flower-vase. The Imperial stomach could not hold so much water at once, and the Imperial purse objected to the price. A compromise was effected, by fixing a certain sum to be paid instead of filling the glass with gold.

—Scattered Seeds.

A Tear.

Only a tear, but how much it expresses of love and sorrow, how much of hate and despair.

Like the sparkling dew drop, it "Mirrors both Heaven and Earth," and there lives not the Alchemist who, by trick of subtle science, can separate it into its component parts of emotion.

"Jesus wept!" How short the eloquent sentence, and what does it not suggest of gentleness and sympathy, and yet his simple "plan of salvation" is crystallized into these drops, and a Heaven has smiled out for ages from the shining depths.

J. R. B.

NO MAN fears men but he who knows them not;

And he who shuns them may not hope to know them. —Goethe.

Our Best.

"We have given of our best,
And our merry days are done,"
Lisp the little leaves that fall
Like rich jewels in the sun.

"Happy birds we've hushed to sleep;
Snowy lambs have sought our shade;
Many weary ones have joyed
In the shelter we have made."

"We have kept no songs of cheer
In our wee hearts hid away,"
Chirp the birds. "To earth and sky
We have told our joy all day.
Haply through the winter's gloom
Some sweet thought of us may glad
Eyes that watch the falling snow,
While the winds are keen and sad."

"We have glided, oft unseen,
Giving all the joy we could
To the parched and heated field,
To the silence of the wood,"
Softly chime the tinkling bells
Of the brooklets, silver-clear.

"We have given of our best
Since the Father led us here."

Have we sung our songs of joy
Unto some sad heart below?
Kept no kindly word unsaid
In the past years' ebb and flow?
Have our cooling leaves of balm
Sheltered any weary guest?
Like the birds and leaves and brooks,
Have we given of our best?
Selected.

THE old is gone: 'tis wise and well
That old things fade and pass
away.
Each yesterday's the half-grown bud
That bursts and blossoms in to-day;
And from to-day's imperfect will be born
The finer issue of to-morrow's morn.
M. J. Savage.

Do You Cough?

It is a *sure sign of weakness*.
You need more than a tonic.
You need

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XVII.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

*No good thing is failure,
No evil thing success.*

—Gannett.

Picture: Easter Morning, by Ploekhorst.

"The Jews used to take so much care of the burial of men that they took down those that were condemned and crucified and buried them before the going down of the sun" (Joseph. Wars, iv. 2). Although it was customary for the Romans to leave the bodies on the cross, they were not unwilling to respect Jewish scruples, which would be especially strong on the day before the Sabbath, particularly the Sabbath in Passover Week. It is important to observe that all our sources are unanimous in testifying that Jesus was buried not by his avowed disciples, although certain women watched the interment (Matt., Mark, Luke), but by an otherwise unknown friend—Joseph of Arimathæa (Matt. xxviii. 57; Mark xv. 43; Luke xxiii. 50; John xix. 38). The burial was hastily done, since it was desirable to have the work over before the beginning of the Sabbath, and it was late in the afternoon before the bodies were taken down. Matthew has an account of a guarding of the tomb, apparently by a Roman guard, which may unhesitatingly be rejected as unhistorical, for the following reasons:

(a) It presupposes more jealous hostility on the part of the "chief priests and the Pharisees" than we have found actually to exist.

(b) It represents the Jews as pleading a prophecy by Jesus regarding his resurrection, of which the disciples appear to have been profoundly ignorant. If one thing is clear in these narratives it is that the disciples had absolutely no idea that Jesus would rise again. Can his enemies have understood him better than his dearest friends who had been with him constantly?

(c) The women who came to embalm the body know nothing of any watch about the tomb, but are anxious only lest they may not be able to roll away the stone.

(d) The bribing of the soldiers to give testimony which would have exposed them to severe punishment, from which it is incredible that the influence of the Sanhedrin could have secured them, bears evidence against the narrative.

(e) It is evident that the story was invented to account for and disprove the popular report that the disciples had stolen away the body. It is obvious, therefore, that this "must be referred to the category of unhistorical legend" (Meyer).

What discovery was made on Sunday morning?—Certain women found

the tomb empty, and from this fact the report started that Jesus had risen from the dead.

Upon this point, also, all our authorities agree (Matt. xxviii. 6; Mark xvi. 6; Luke xxiv. 3; John xx. 2). Here then is a fact to be accounted for. The disciples explained it by alleging an actual resurrection from the dead. In support of this hypothesis, the following arguments, among others, have been adduced:

(a) The testimony of the disciples that they had actually seen Jesus alive after his crucifixion and burial. Let us, then, examine this testimony and see what it amounts to. For the sake of convenience, we may take the appearances as they are arranged by Robinson in his "Harmony of the Gospels," although the order and enumeration are given differently by others.

1. To the women returning from the sepulchre (Matt. xxviii. 9). Nothing is said about this appearance in Mark and Luke, which relate the visit of the women; and according to John and the (probably) spurious ending of Mark, Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene.

2. To Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre (John xx. 11-18; Mark xvi. 9). In Mark and Luke other women than the two Marys mentioned by Matthew visit the grave together, and there is not the faintest hint that all do not leave the sepulchre together. According to Matthew Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene and the other Mary while on their way back to the city. John, however, brings Mary alone to the grave, where she has a revelation of the risen Jesus. Obviously our sources are at irreconcilable variance as to the first appearance of Jesus. Such contradictory testimony as this can win little credence. The only way to harmonize the accounts is to say that three or four women came very early to the grave, and finding it empty, all save Mary hastened back to the city to tell the disciples. While Mary was lingering near the sepulchre Jesus appeared to her, and while the other women were on the way to the city Jesus appeared also to them. Does not this, however, seem like an advocate's attempt to reconcile discordant witnesses by slurring points of disagreement?

3. To Peter, perhaps early in the afternoon (Luke xxiv. 34; 1 Cor. xv. 5). According to Luke this must have occurred on the first Easter Sunday, but besides its omission by the other Evangelists, we have to notice that Mark (xvi. 7) distinctly teaches that Jesus was to appear to Peter in Galilee, and Matthew knew of no appearances of Jesus to his disciples save in Galilee (xxviii. 7, 10).

4. To the two disciples going to Emmaus (Luke xxiv. 13-35; Mark xvi. 12, 13). This is another of the Judean appearances which Matthew and the genuine Mark, with their Galilee cry, distinctly forbid. Moreover, in Mark the two were not believed by the others, who according to Luke greeted them first with the news of the Lord's resurrection (Luke xxiv. 34).

5. To the Apostles (except Thomas) assembled at evening (John xx. 19-24). Mark and Luke also knew of an appearance by Jesus to his disciples on Easter evening, but to the eleven (Mark xvi. 14; Luke xxiv. 33) and not to the ten. Paul says carelessly and with no distinct note of time that he appeared

to the twelve, which is a manifest error, since Judas was dead and Matthias had not been chosen in his place (1 Cor. xv. 5).

6. To the apostles, Thomas being present, eight days afterwards at Jerusalem (John xx. 26-28). This assumes that the apostles remained in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, instead of going at once to Galilee, where alone it was promised that they should see him. Furthermore, according to Luke (in the Gospel, but not in the Acts), the ascension of Jesus occurred on the same day with the resurrection.

7. To seven of the apostles on the shore of the Lake of Tiberias (John xxi. 1-22). It is to be observed that of this appearance John says: "This is now the third time that Jesus was manifested to his disciples after that he was risen from the dead" (xxi. 14).

8. To the eleven apostles and to five hundred other brethren on a mountain in Galilee. If the two references in Matthew (xxviii. 16) and Paul (1 Cor. xv. 6) are to be combined as they are by Dr. Robinson, whose scheme we have been following, Matthew is certainly at fault in not mentioning the great company of believers. But there is no reason why the two should be combined: Of the five hundred brethren we know absolutely nothing; Matthew speaks only of the eleven, and adds with great significance that even then *some of them doubted* (xxviii. 17). Doubted after all the appearances that have been enumerated!

9. To James (1 Cor. xv. 7). There is no other evidence of this, and Paul is evidently only a hearsay witness.

10. To the eleven in Jerusalem (Acts i. 6-11; 1 Cor. xv. 7). There is, again, no good ground for identifying the two appearances. According to Luke, Jesus parted from his disciples near Jerusalem and ascended into heaven. In Matthew, however, who knows of no Jerusalem appearances to his disciples, the last interview with its "great commission" was on a mountain in Galilee. And, as we have already seen, in the Gospel Luke knows of no interval of forty days between resurrection and ascension, but puts both events on the same day.

From this survey of the evidence certain conclusions appear.

1. Unless we accept the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel, we have not a single direct, first-hand witness to the fact of the resurrection.

2. The disagreements in the testimony are so numerous that it cannot overcome the justifiable presumption against the resurrection. It should readily be admitted that perfect agreement among our witnesses would be far more suspicious than the existence of slight discrepancies, but only if the accounts are regarded as purely human in origin. The palpable disagreements pointed out prove that we have to do only with human testimony. Yet there is a natural presumption against the reality of an occurrence which, confessedly, is unique in the history of the world. The burden of proof rests not upon those who deny but upon those who affirm the resurrection of Jesus, and is the evidence given in the four Gospels sufficient to establish such an extraordinary event?

Two other important arguments should be noticed in favor of the resurrection.

1. The Testimony of Paul. It may be that ignorant Galilean fishermen were deceived, it is sometimes said.

but Paul was too acute and logical a reasoner, too thorough a scholar, to be deluded. But in answer to this it seems enough to say that Paul's belief in the resurrection was based solely upon the fact that Jesus had appeared to him alive on the Damascus road. But that fact could prove only that Jesus was still alive; and one might easily believe that who denied the resurrection, for immortality does not in the least depend upon resurrection. Granting the reality of Paul's vision, we must still insist that it has absolutely no bearing on the question whether the body of Jesus rose from the grave.

2. The Importance of the doctrine to the Church. It is sometimes alleged that the Christian church was based upon belief in the resurrection, and that consequently if that belief were vain, the church is based upon a falsehood. But the doctrine of the imminent second advent of Jesus was every whit as prominent in the early church, and we know that that was a pure delusion. It was belief in the resurrection that made the disciples strong. That belief they unquestionably held, but it was the *belief* that was potent. Whether or not a fact lay behind that belief is a question to be decided by the weight of evidence, and not merely by the belief of the disciples.

3. The Fitness of the resurrection in view of the character of Jesus. The uniqueness of the resurrection (so the argument runs) is only what might be expected in view of the unique personality of Jesus. But what ground is there for asserting the supernatural character of Jesus save the supernatural events related of him? This species of argument is reasoning in a circle: Jesus is established by miracles and then Jesus establishes miracles.

It appears, therefore, that the explanation which the disciples gave of the empty tomb is not warranted by the evidence or by other considerations. Is any other hypothesis possible? There are a few scholars who plead for the Reanimation Theory. It is contended that Jesus did not really die, but only swooned on the cross; and that in the tomb he returned to consciousness and arose. Then he went to Galilee, where his disciples actually saw him, but his system had been so shattered by the horrible experiences of Passover Week that he soon died in Galilee. This is very plausible, and it accounts both for the empty tomb and for the legends about his manifestations. The choice would probably lie between this theory and the one next to be mentioned.

In Mark (xvi. 1) and Luke (xxiv. 1) it is said that the women came on Sunday morning, bringing spices with which to anoint the body of Jesus. John, however, relates that Nicodemus brought a hundredweight of myrrh and aloes, and that he and Joseph wrapped the body in linen cloths, with the spices, and buried it (xix. 39). The women, therefore, must have been ignorant of this, else they would not have brought spices for the same purpose on Sunday. But the Synoptists said that the women watched the sepulchre till the body was buried and the stone was rolled before the opening. *Either, therefore, the legend of the anointing in John is entirely unauthentic, or else the body was prepared for its final resting-place by Joseph and Nicodemus between the departure of the women on Friday evening and their return Sunday morn-*

ing. May not the order of events have been as follows? The body was hastily laid in a temporary tomb on Friday, since the approach of the Sabbath left no time for the usual anointing. Immediately after the Sabbath, that is after sunset on Saturday, Joseph and Nicodemus came, anointed the body for the grave, and carried it elsewhere for final burial. The women, knowing nothing of this, come in the early morning with their spices, and find the tomb vacant. Perhaps a figure vaguely seen in the dim light of morning was taken for the form of Jesus, but even without this the fact of the empty tomb might of itself be sufficient to give rise to all the rumors of appearance.

It should be mentioned that many critics hold to a vision, or spiritualist, hypothesis,—which accepts the reality of the appearances either as caused subjectively by supernatural will or vouchsafed objectively as the dead are believed to materialize nowadays. Obviously, however, this explanation would not account for the vacant tomb, which seems to be the one established fact in all the narratives.

If it be asked why Joseph and Nicodemus did not disclose the fact of the two-fold burial, several answers may be suggested. They did not belong to the immediate circle of the disciples, and consequently would not hear of the resurrection rumor till the disciples returned from Galilee, whither they had fled and where the belief grew to full proportions. They may not have cared to divulge a fact which would lessen the fame of Jesus, or perhaps they were not believed. It is certainly possible that the report referred to in Matthew (xxviii. 13) is an echo of statements made by Joseph and Nicodemus.

No good thing is failure.
No evil thing success.

Yet the life of Jesus, to human vision, had ended in failure. Belief in resurrection carried with it the reversal of the seeming verdict, and proclaimed success. But, although the body of Jesus has long ago become part of the dust of Palestine, he has triumphed by entering upon a larger life and by wielding an influence second to none in the history of the world.

Though he be dead, he is not dead,
Not gone, though fled,
Not lost, though vanished
Though he returns not, and though
He lies and molders low:
In the true creed,
He is yet risen indeed:
Christ is yet risen. (Clough.)

Questions.

The Burial.—Who took charge of the body of Jesus? Where were the immediate disciples of Jesus? Why was it needful that Jesus should be buried so quickly? Was the burial on Friday night thought to be final or only temporary? What are the arguments against the watching of the tomb?

The Resurrection.—What is the fact to be accounted for? What explanations have been offered? What can be said in favor of the disciples' theory of actual resurrection? "The resurrection of Jesus is the best attested fact in history"—Is this true? How much does Paul's testimony weigh? Between what two theories does the choice probably lie? Does the truth or falsity of the bodily resurrection of Jesus affect the idea of immortality?

Stories of Genesis.

The University Extension Division of the University of Chicago announces a course of twelve lectures, "Stories of Genesis," to be given by President Harper at the Memorial Baptist Church, Oakwood boulevard, near Cottage Grove avenue, on Saturday evenings at 8 o'clock, beginning Jan. 6, 1894. The program of dates and subjects follows: Jan. 6. The Creation of the World and the Institution of the Sabbath. Jan. 13. The Origin of Man and his first State of Innocence. Jan. 20. The Garden of Eden and the Beginnings of Sin. Jan. 27. Cain and Abel and the Beginnings of Civilization. Feb. 3. The Long-lived Antediluvians and the Demi-Gods and Heroes of other Nations. Feb. 10. The Sons of God and the Daughters of Men; Angels and Giants. Feb. 17. The Hebrew Stories of the Deluge. Feb. 24. The Deluge in Other Literatures and in History. Mar. 3. The Dispersion of Nations. Mar. 10. The Confusion of Tongues. Mar. 17. The Divine Element in the Stories of Genesis. Mar. 24. The Human Element in these Stories. Course tickets, \$1.50. Single admission, 25 cents.

Notes from the Field

Grand Rapids, Mich.—The Thursday evening "Conference Meetings" are continued this year and are well attended. A printed program of the last four months of the year contains the subjects and the names of the speakers or essayists. We find such interesting topics as Ancient Monuments, Bible Study as Literature, The Divine in Man, Music as a Religious Expression, and Temperance. The meetings open with devotional services and then a talk or essay of twenty-five minutes by the leader, and then a few eight-minute talks by others.

Hinsdale, Ill.—All the activities of Unity Church seem to be going on quite as vigorously as when it had a minister. Its Unity Club is at work in two sections, one studying Hugo's "Les Miserables," and the other the Application of Science. A fraternity, which looks out for the social side of the church, has been recently organized, and the Sunday school has been reorganized and is doing good work. The church is still hearing candidates, Rev. E. M. Fairchild, a recent graduate of Andover, having been the last.

Jersey City, N. J.—The "settlement idea" is receiving new illustrations here. Two institutions have been at work some little time,—the Tabernacle Church and the People's Palace, under the guidance of Rev. Messrs. Scudder and Wells,—and now a Woman's Settlement, of which Miss Bradford, the sister of the well-known editor, is the head. One more minister to the higher needs of humanity.

Whitewater, Wis.—The *Weekly Gazette*, of this place, recently published as a supplement Rev. W. D. Cole's Thanksgiving sermon.

San Francisco, Cal.—Rev. Leslie W. Sprague preached recently on the unemployed, advising that they be set to work on public improvements.

UNITY

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Ass't Editor, FREDERICK W. SANDERS.

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Publisher's Notes

What They Say about Unity.

The editor of *The Arena*, of Boston, Mass., says he values it highly and reads it with much pleasure, and asked that the editor's works be sent him for review.

The President of the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston, Mass.:

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The manager of the *Southern Unitarian*:

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A lady in Allegany, N. Y.:

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Similarly, a man in Monrovia, Cal.:

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A new friend in Cambridgeboro, Penn., ordering sample copies to be sent to four names, writes:

I like the ring of the metal in one stray copy which fell into my hands.

A correspondent in Perth, Ont.:

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An old friend at Quincy, Ill.:

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A lady in Quebec, Canada, writes:

I wish to add my humble congratulations to Mr. Jenkin L. Jones. I think he is to Chicago what Mr. Stead is to London. I hope UNITY will continue to prosper. I am sure it will, too. It has certainly helped me. I wish it all success. Though I belong to a different fold I am thoroughly in sympathy with it. Best Christmas wishes to all the staff.

A friend in Ontario:

Am pleased with its liberal religious sentiments. It grows. It has outgrown its child-clothes in being no longer exclusively Unitarian but also Humanitarian.

The bringing under the same law the present and the hereafter, the "here and the elsewhere," clearing religion of superstition, should commend itself to the multitudes who see the absurdities of orthodoxy, who are truly spiritual and earnestly for the right. Conscientious freethinkers should join the Free Church.

A faithful friend at Catskill, N. Y.:

In sending you an additional name for UNITY—see enclosed envelope addressed to subscription department—I cannot help testifying to my inexpressible satisfaction with the transformation the little paper has of late experienced.

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UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

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AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, will preach at 11 a. m. on "The Challenge of the Parliament to All Souls Church."

MR. M. M. MANGASARIAN will lecture to the ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, at 11 a. m., on "Some Things We May Reasonably Expect of the New Year." The Ethical School meets Sundays, at 10 a. m., 303 Masonic Temple.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 11, 1894.

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Editorial

*Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish—Be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands
have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.*
—Wordsworth.

PROFESSOR ALBION W. SMALL was greeted with a good audience at All Souls Church last Sunday night to listen to the first lecture in his course on Sociology. It was as good a sermon as lecture; a better lecture because a sermon. We hope more churches will try to use their Sunday evenings for the education of the people in the living questions of the day.

**

ONE of the results for the city of Chicago of the new University of Chicago is already apparent in the many University Extension courses offered. For the winter quarter some eighteen regular "class" courses are offered, including courses in psychology, political economy, civil government, modern history, Latin, German, French, literature, rhetoric and composition, public reading, mathematics, physics, astronomy, chemistry, geology, zoology, and botany. These are largely designed for teachers and other earnest students. In addition to these there are several lecture courses in the city already arranged for, including one to which we recently referred by President Harper, and the one on Social Science, at All Souls Church, by Head Professor Small.

**

WE cheerfully print in another column a correction from the officers of the Iowa Unitarian Conference. Not being present at the session we mistook the action of the Executive Committee for that of the Conference itself, and put a prospective inflection to what was technically only retrospective. The comment we made still stands in our judgment, and it is in accord with the spirit and temper of the Iowa work from its beginning as we understand it; the doing of their own work in their own way. We repeat the words in our editorial note of November 23d: "This is the first condition of power. And the sooner the other States in the West shall follow their example

the sooner they will find the work growing on their hands."

**

WE print this week in our sermon department another prophecy. Another call of the spirit to religious unity. Mr. Roberts calls it a "dream," but it is more than a dream. It is beginning to be contemporary history. There are now churches that practically confess the unrimmed life so clearly stated and so eloquently urged. We hope our readers will give this sermon wide publicity, read it, lend it, send it, and then send for more. We wish it might be made into a little leaflet of envelope size, that it might borrow the wings of the personal correspondence of many of our readers. But there are so many of these things we want to do, and we have so little to do with, and so few to do it. When will the believers in the "Free Church of Humanity" begin to sacrifice for it? The age of prophecy is well nigh at an end. The age of action must soon set in.

**

AFTER eight years of diligent work the Rev. T. G. Milsted has severed his connection with Unity Church, Chicago. Mr. Milsted came to Chicago a young man, single and practically untried. He came to a pulpit made large and difficult by the creations of Robert Collyer. He goes away a matured man, married, widely known, and much respected in our city. It was not for Mr. Milsted to come into such close relations with UNITY and the work it represents as we had hoped, and as we think his power and convictions would have justified. But he has worked quietly in his own way, his work molded, as all our work is, by the subtle influences and entanglements that make this life mysterious, reverent, holy. With his beautiful, accomplished wife he goes to seek a year's rest and the enlarged culture that comes from travel. Mr. and Mrs. Milsted will sail this month for the older world. Their travels

will reach from Skandnavia to Palestine. Europe, Asia, and Africa woo them and we trust will win them. UNITY joins with a host of friends in wishing them a joyous journey, and will welcome them back to the increased influence and the larger fellowship that will await them.

**

It is not what Unitarianism has stood for, nor what those who represent it stand for now, that leads a growing number of its friends, at least in the West, into a cheerful discontent under its limitations. It is the growing conviction that there is that to be, and that now is, in the way of a Liberal sentiment, a religious hospitality, which can never be identified with any one of its root movements, because it has many root movements each represented by a different word equally vital. The new liberal churches that are to grow in the future cannot be called exclusively Unitarian any more than Quaker, Universalist, Free Religious, or Independent, because all and not one of these, and many more forces are at work creating them. There is an inevitable synthesis taking place. That synthesis must have a name before it gets very much farther along. When people use a name with an apology or an explanation it is an indication that that name is inadequate. What we have said of the word "Unitarianism" is still truer of the word "Christianity." There is a bigger thing coming into the thought and love of intelligent people everywhere than "Christianity," and that is UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

The Books of 1893.

Looking over the literary field for the year past we find not a single work of fiction that promises even temporary notoriety, unless there are grounds for such hope in regard to the "Heavenly Twins," a book which our friends tell us must be read, but which we have not come to. Madame Sarah Grand, whoever she may be, may be the new name we have been looking for to continue the line of great novelists which seems to have stopped at Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Expectation has been on tiptoe looking for another promised book from Olive Schreiner, but it turns out to be but a slender collection of published, fugitive, and, most of them,

earlier pieces; however, the world is glad to get anything from her pen, and it will continue to wait for that riper and richer book of which her "African Farm" and "Dreams" make such ample promise. In the realm of poetry the harvest seems to be almost as meager as that of fiction. James Whitcomb Riley seems to be well-nigh to the front of popularity among American poets to-day, and his star is still rising. He is so human, so domestic, so homely, so native to Western soil,—we are tempted to say so Hoosier-like,—that it would be a shame not to like him; nay, indeed one must be somewhat mean and sordid not to love him. But then what becomes of our propriety, our dignity, our good English and our relation to polite letters? We give all these questions up, but confess our delight that Riley has given us a new book this year, "Green Fields and Running Brooks," full of nonsense, fun and pathos, jingles that will delight the baby, and lines so searching that one at least ventured to bring them to his Sunday pulpit as Scripture, helpful in the hour of prayer and sermon,—and the bated breath and moistened eyes have justified the venture.

We wish we had more leisure, then we think we would know Edith Thomas better. We are sure she is worth the knowing. She follows after Helen Hunt and leads the singing sisterhood of America to-day. She stands half-way between Helen Hunt and Lucy Larcom, subtle and mystical, like the one, enamored of out-of-doors, in love with birds and flowers, converting them into easy parables, like the other. She has given us a sheaf of ripened corn the year gone, the pretty book entitled "Fair Shadow Land." Mrs. Martha P. Lowe, the widow of Chas. Lowe, of blessed memory among Unitarians, has given us a new and enlarged edition of "The Olive and the Pine." The book is divided, as the name might indicate, between Spain and New England. The long stretch from the old Castilian Knight to the quilting and the husking is reached by this book. At the last of the year we have an "Idyll of Greece" translated to us from the German of Gottfried Kinkel, a compatriot of Carl Schurz. So "Tanagra" becomes an idyll of liberty as well as an idyll of Greece. It is attractively illustrated by E. H. Blashfield. Of the

life-helping kind, after the pattern of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," a book which thus far has tempted many to imitate but inspired none to equal it, Emma Forbes Cary gives us this year a collection entitled "The Dayspring from on High." There is a tempting variety of sources, a provoking lack of index. The last, and probably the most respectable, contribution of poetry of 1893 is given us in the gathered poems of William Watson, the young English poet, who, during the year, has emerged again from under the cloud of ill-health. This is the poetry which must please, for it is the poetry of rhythm and melody, accompanied with delicacy of thought, more of Tennyson than Browning, and still a poet of the new day, one who consorts with scientists and is not afraid of science. William Watson is to be cultivated. His "Wordsworth's Grave" brought him immediate and merited fame. In connection with the study of the poetry of the year it is pleasant to know that Stopford Brooke has given us another primer, on the "Development of Theology as Illustrated by English Poetry." It is enough to say that it is like his others.

Alfred Church, who has made so many beautiful books for children, which the older people are sure to read, has given us another of his classical stories, entitled "Pictures from Greek Life and Story." The stately series entitled "Story of the Nations" has been enriched during the year by a volume on Parthia, by George Rawlinson, and we are impressed anew by the marvelous diligence and skill of this radical and scientific age in rediscovering lost nations and their mental and artistic treasures. Those who like such giants will be glad that the author of "Beacon Lights of History," Doctor John Lord, has told the story of Frederick the Great and Bismarck. The latter largely tells his own story in his famous speech before the German Reichstag. Helen Gardner seasons her dishes with both salt and pepper. She talks plain, always with noble intent, if not always wisely. Her "Facts and Fictions of Life," published by the Charles H. Kerr Company, is good reading for the dilettante, the men and women who live on the surface, the easy-going communicants at the tables of conventional piety and propriety. In popular science we have

already referred to Professor Shaler's "The Interpretations of Nature." The Brooklyn Ethical Association, whose headquarters are in our brother Chadwick's church, and which does more than any society we know of to popularize the doctrine of evolution and to prove the spiritual and moral value of science and scientists, has given us another splendid volume of seventeen lectures under the general subject of Sociology. The closing lecture is by John Fiske. In this direction our readers are in danger of going farther and faring worse if they do not acquaint themselves with Mr. Gould's little book on "Beginnings." It is published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. Many will steer clear of it because it is a "Sunday-school book," but it is not only good but necessary reading to grown-up folks, who would find foundations for their religious convictions in the nature of things, and who would fit their religious experiences into the law of evolution which obtains everywhere.

An original thinker never grows old. Some Ann Arbor workers have brought out in modern dress and with full introduction Rousseau's book on "The Social Contract; or, The Principles of Human Rights," a work one hundred and thirty years old. In memoriam volumes of sermons from Henry Doty Maxson and Frederick Frothingham, come to some of us like messages from the beyond, for between the weighty lines we see the radiant faces whose sincerity transfigured them before the transformation time came.

The higher criticism is breaking new ground in Biblical and theological fields, even to those who have accepted the rational theory of interpretation. Good work has been done in this direction this year by Doctor Cone of Buchtel College, Mr. Crooker, Mr. Sunderland, and Mr. Fenn, the first three having given us books on Bible or New Testament topics, while the last, Mr. Fenn, is giving us admirable food for thought through UNITY. Mr. Shutter, pastor of the Universalist church in Minneapolis, has given us a book with the startling title of "Wit and Humor of the Bible;" and why not? Must not the "Man of Sorrows" have been also the man of joys? The "Smiling Jesus" has scarcely yet appeared to the artists, but there must have been a smiling Jesus. His conquering powers must have been part-

ly rooted in the geniality of his nature. The Bible as a human book has both wit and humor in it.

How unerring are the subtle laws that make history. Time discovers greatness. The verdict of everybody is safer than the verdict of anybody. Five new books on Lincoln last year, John T. Morse's two-volume life, M. Louise Putnam's "Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln," C. C. Coffin's "Lincoln," elegantly illustrated, written so as to attract the attention of boys of all ages, and Rensburg's study entitled, "Abraham Lincoln: Was He a Christian?" As we said last week of the Parliament of Religions, there are better and worse books about Lincoln, but there are no poor books. The subject is so good that no author can wholly spoil it. The rule in this case is, "Buy all the books you can about Lincoln, read all of them, and get your children to read them."

From Lincoln it is easy to slip into the sympathies of Elizabeth Hyde Bottune, who has written of "First Days Among the Contrabands." It tells a simple story of a woman's labor along the battle line. She represented the best side of New England. She was backed by James Freeman Clarke and his parish. Read this book and realize how one woman's life was glorified by teaching a "nigger" school.

We must speak of the three notable contributions to English literature made during last year, and there has come within our range of vision none other that we dare speak of in this way. First, the dying gift of the lamented Symonds, the two-volume life of Michael Angelo. Either as a substitute for or as a supplement to Grimm's great life of the great artist and the greater man, this work has come to stay. Second, the charming, juicy, luscious, nutritious Letters of James Russell Lowell, by Charles Elliot Norton,—such fun and wisdom, so much information and learned lore given us unwittingly. We catch him at it when he thought nobody was looking. Happy is the man who possesses himself of this first edition, simply as a money investment. It is like Chicago real estate, sure to bring large profit if you hold on to it long enough. Third and last,—take it up gratefully, take it up tenderly,—another and a new volume of Emerson, the sage of America, the Zoroaster of the West-

ern world, the prophet of universal religion. A new volume, the twelfth in the final edition, with the eighty pages of general index. We suspect that after the entire book crop of 1893 shall have become water-soaked and sunk to the bottom of the river of time, this book will be floating, and, in the main, legible.

William J. Potter.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

Another of our best and bravest gone! Another, who, for thirty years, has been identified with all that makes for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion,—unflinching in that cause, and gentle as he was unflinching. Another of whose spirit one may speak with reverence unre-served.

William Potter was a birthright Quaker who never lost the quiet mind and lighted face the birthright gave him, although he became a "hireling" minister and a Union soldier. Somehow the Friends' School opened into Harvard College, that into the Divinity School, and that into the New Bedford pulpit, where he was ordained a Unitarian minister in the "John Brown" days that heralded the outbreak of the war. When the draft summoned him in 1863, he welcomed it as the voice of the Spirit, a call to holy service, and his people furloughed him to go as chaplain to the camps. Soon after the war the little Unitarian world began to rock with its own freedom issues, and the men who voted for the limitations—mild, but intended and distinct—of a "Christian" preamble and article in the constitution of the National Unitarian Conference, carried the day. The Free Religious Association came promptly into being as a protest. (1867-8.) Octavius Frothingham was its president and orator; Francis Abbot bore the sword and blew the trumpet in his "Index"; Potter was the working secretary; such men as Emerson and Weiss, and Samuel Longfellow, and T. W. Higginson and George William Curtis, and such women as Lucretia Mott and Hannah Stevenson and Ednah Cheney, were members or speakers on its platform. Potter's period of active service outlasted that of nearly all of them; it lasted all his life. He was the planner of conventions, the official correspondent with the Orientals, the

composer of differences, the filler-in of gaps, the ever patient scribe. As years went by both Abbot's editorship and Frothingham's presidency fell to him, and he discharged his new duties faithfully and well. It was by this long service in the Free Religious Association that his uneventful life has touched the world most widely. It has been from first to last a very quiet Association; a propaganda of ideals rather than ideas, of an intellectual attitude rather than a body of doctrine. It has been a champion of free exploration in religion, and of fellowship in spirit instead of in belief. But its aim has been too broad for party action and for definite campaigns, and its tone too mild for popularity. Its temper has been that of sympathetic criticism rather than aggression; its method that of evolution, not of revolution; and its influence has made not for new separations in religion, but for unity with independence. Only a still small voice, then, among the noises of the day, but it has had at least the permeative inreach of the still small voice. Its very name, like "Free-thinker," has become a standing criticism of the Churches. It has had much to do with the gradual broadening of Unitarianism and the steady growth of its faith in freedom. Its spirit has thoroughly leavened the Western Unitarian Conference and half converted even the Unitarian Associations of the East. And the World's Parliament of Religions only realized on the large scale the ideal which the prophetic Free Religious Association had been exemplifying for years in its modest conventions.

Of this Free Religious spirit and attitude William Potter, the born Quaker, was the truest, most consistent of interpreters. In the interest of larger fellowship, the fellowship in spirit instead of in belief, he openly resigned this "Christian" name, deeming it untruth to imply that Christianity was one with absolute religion, and injustice to claim as "Christian" those ideas and virtues which equally grace believers in other religions. Hence, by his Unitarian brethren he was reckoned radical of radicals, and subjected, not to ostracism—that is too strong a word,—but to continuous avoidance. For a while his name was dropped by the Ameri-

can Unitarian Association from its official year-book list of ministers,—though it has long been restored to the place he claimed there as his right,—and for the last twenty-five years probably not a dozen ministers have done themselves the honor, and their people the good, of offering exchange of pulpits to Mr. Potter.

As to his pulpit work, he might be called a typical preacher in a typical parish of the latter end of the nineteenth century. In a typical parish, because his people gave him perfect liberty of utterance. And a typical preacher in it, because of his stress on the faith of ethics and the faiths of evolution. He once told his people—it was in the sermon closing his twenty-fifth year of ministry to them: "It has sometimes seemed to me that, whatever the topic I treat, my sermons always come to this one goal—*character, true and beneficent character*,—this above all things, this forever and evermore" This was the flower, the test, the outcome of all religion to him. And as he had baptized his mind in the spirit of the new science—Darwin's book was published in the year he was ordained,—he could not but preach the faiths of evolution. The sermon just alluded to contains in serial form a statement of what he calls "my creed, mine, though not necessarily yours"; and it is so clear and strong and lofty a statement that in the West we printed it as a tract,* calling it by that very title, "The Faiths of Evolution." "God" was to him the Eternal Energy within and behind all phenomena, working in and through nature, vitalizing all organisms, "welling up within us also as the vitalizing force of our mental and moral perceptions, —the very power that constrained us within to follow the true and to do the humane and the right." This winter he has been giving in Boston a series of free Sunday afternoon lectures on the Twenty-third Psalm in the light of the nineteenth century,—an attempt and a title most characteristic of his mind. The spiritual quality in his thought, and the luminousness of it, combined with the absence of the picturesque, makes him a veritable Channing of these latter-day faiths. The book which his people printed a few years ago, "Twenty-five Sermons of Twenty-five Years," is one of the noblest outcomes of the Liberal pulpit.

* "Unity Short Tract, No. 6"; price 60 cts. a hundred copies.

But the man himself behind the thinker is what those who knew him all these years will most miss. What words were synonyms for "William Potter?" Transparency, truthfulness, justice of mind, serenity, gentleness, inflexibility of ideal. Not "courage," merely because he did what he did in such simplicity that you never thought of it as taking courage. And his face was the index of these qualities; it was luminous with the goodness shining through. The very limitations of his nature and his culture—on the side of art and poetry and organizing power, for instance—were the limitations of his Quaker birth-right, parts of the Quaker's single-mindedness. But during the last two or three years of his life there had come a strange belated spring in him of some of these very qualities, and friends had noticed with surprise a pliancy and spontaneity and playfulness in his mood, and a poetry in his utterance they had not known before. He seemed to have come out of his reserves,—out from that cloistered self in which to even those who knew him well he usually lived.

His New Bedford people were loyal to him throughout the long ministry,—long for changing days like these. The years grew until, nine years ago, they celebrated his five and twentieth anniversary; and still, but with decreasing health, the service lasted on. Midway in it a shadow fell upon his home,—the going from him and from his children of the lovely and gifted woman who shared his inmost life. At last, on Christmas day a year ago, he preached his farewell sermon,—but still the people would not let him wholly go. They did an original and blessed deed; settling a young minister, Paul Frothingham, in his place, they commissioned Mr. Potter, with a living salary for five years, to be their *roving pastor*, and carry his gospel and theirs to whatever part of the earth he would. The release from responsibility proved to be a new lease of strength. Last winter he and his word were welcomed in California; in the fall he conducted the Free Religious Association's meetings in Chicago; this winter he has been giving those lectures in Boston and Worcester on the twenty-third psalm,—lectures to be printed, we may hope; and had he lived he would probably have made Chicago the center of his Free Religious work in close affiliation with the Western Conference.

Had he lived! But without a moment's warning Death touched him on a Boston street one night, and only strangers watched the closing of his eyes. Save for the loneliness of it, how happy such a swift, unheralded escape into the Light!

W. C. G.

Contributed and Selected

John C. Learned.

DECEMBER 8, 1893.

Thy work abides, though thou hast
passed from sight:
Unconsciously hast thou thy monu-
ment
From year to year built fair and per-
manent
In lives to which thine own was cheer
and light.
Wisdom and meekness clothed thee
with their might;
In thee the sage and saint were equal
blent;
Strength, courage, tenderness dwelt
in thy tent,
Thou soldier of the everlasting Right.
By so much as we mourn thee, we re-
joice
That we have known thee in these
earthly ways
And with thee striven for the things
unseen:
Still in our silences will speak thy
voice
And thy dear memory inspire our
days,
Till we too pass the veil that hangs
between.

F. L. HOSMER.

What We May Learn from the Artist.

The man in "business life" is very apt to hug the delusion that *he* of all others is the "busy" man of the world who may readily plead "want of time" to many of the social occasions that arise, while the artist may at any moment be solicited to engage in affairs not his own, or be intruded on in his retirement. The artist works when his inspiration comes, it is said, and "between times" has much time in which to "loaf and invite his soul," or otherwise, as the case may be. But it may be put down with assurance that no artist has ever had an "inspiration" that amounted to anything for which he has not already paid in advance by long hours of continuous labor. Nevertheless the artist learns what all men should learn, that "leisure" becomes a part of every man's best activity. Not to accomplish so many things, but those things which are superior, is the urgency that bids him fall in with the fate of each succeeding day and keep as sweet tempered as his mortal clay will allow, believing, if he shall never "hew to the mark" of his ambition, he will yet accomplish that whereunto he is sent.

—S. H. Morse, in *The Start*.

We pray to be conventional. But the wary Heaven takes care you shall not be, if there is anything good in you.

—Emerson, in *Society and Solitude*.

We believe in telling the truth even to the young.

BY THE WAY.

II.

"Yes, he drinks; but the poor man is that distracted and mortified he drowns his sorrow in that way."

"And leaves his children crying for the bread he can't furnish because he drinks—to drown sorrow, you say. One would suppose his sorrow, when he sees those little ones suffering for his neglect, would be all the keener."

"And so indeed it is; he has often said as much himself; but he can't help it."

"Oh, yes, he can."

"Oh, no, he can't."

She would not admit it, and she would not "listen to reason that was not reason," as she pronounced all reason to be which would bring a censure on the man she loved "in spite of it all." What this infatuation may be only a woman can tell, or nobody can.

But there they were, three children, the oldest nine, and the mother leaving them to go out house-cleaning when she could get the chance; for only so did she keep a very gaunt wolf at bay.

The husband "drowning his sorrow" sometimes with a part of the pittance she could earn.

He enters sober enough from a day's work,—a chance job; hands her the few pieces of silver; in all, 75 cents. She gives him an encouraging or grateful kiss. He smiles feebly; goes to his seat in one corner meekly, and the two-year-old crawls into his lap.

Some clothing has been brought for the children, and now one holds up first a pair of shoes, then a dress and a pair of mittens. He pays no attention.

"Let your father alone; don't you see he is that tired he can't be bothered now?"

He did not raise his eyes. A struggle was going on, evidently. He is thirty-five or forty

Whoso predicts the future may be wrong or right.

"Certainly, they offered me food if I would work."

"Why did you refuse?"

"I did not; I only said I must have food before I could work."

"And they refused it?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose they had to. It was their rule."

"They set you to breaking stones?"

"They tried to do that; but I couldn't break the back of a mosquito."

"No, I have no parents nor any relatives that I know of. We did have some, but they all returned to the old country when I was a baby. So mother said."

"Then you are alone—"

"No, not exactly. There's another fellow who came with me two years ago from Missouri. We worked at the same place. Two months ago

our pay fell off to \$3 apiece, and now we are glad if we can get two days work a week. That will keep us from starving, anyway. But if that goes—well, we ain't the kind to borrow trouble. An overcoat? Yes, we will be glad of that. We can use it between us, for the two days he works I stay at home. Read? Yes; get library books."

"Oh, I'm well fixed now. But two weeks ago I was nigh kicking the bucket, and on purpose, for I did n't see a thing to live for. Well, I was going along—street, feeling pretty blue, as you may imagine. But when I came to a certain house and saw 'Room and Board' in the window, I hurried up the steps on a jump, rang the bell, and was shown in. A big, good-natured landlady came in and started back on seeing me, with a little scream. Then she asked what I wanted. I told her I wanted a room and board, but I did n't know how I was going to pay for it. Then she asked why I came in. I told her I did n't know. I felt I must somehow, and did it before I knew it almost. She looked at me a while and began to cry. Finally she wiped her eyes and said: 'You are just the image of my boy that died a while ago, and I understand if you don't why you came in here. The good angels did it.' Or something like that, she said. Anyway she gave me the room her boy used to have and a suit of his clothes, and they were an exact fit. She said all the pay she wanted was for me to do what he did, help her about the house and do chores. I was agreeable, and now it's just like a home.

"I don't understand it, but she says she does." s. H. M.

It is only by the unremitting performance of individual duty that any public evil will be remedied or any public good accomplished.—A. W. Tourgee.

The Thought Divine.

Two souls lay in the smile of heaven,
Bathed in that light divine;
Two souls that erstwhile strangers
were,
Whom each as silver must refine,
Yet knew it not, till one fair even
From out the sunset glow
There flashed a golden chain of
thought
That did all wrong forego,
But caught the good in each man's
heart,
Then flung itself to God,
Who gently drew the chain of thought
To paths by angels trod.
And there they walked in converse
bright—
Both souls—the weak, the strong—
Each aided by the faith in each
To live the good, forget the wrong.

HARRIET H. SINNARD

Correspondence

The Iowa Conference.

EDITOR OF UNITY: Will you kindly allow space for the following explanation of the action of the Iowa Conference in returning \$150 to the American Unitarian Association? This money had been applied for by the Executive Committee of the conference, but at a meeting of that committee, held May 19, 1893, the following action was taken, as recorded in the Secretary's minutes:

Considering the pressing demands upon the treasury of the American Unitarian Association, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, Rev. Mary A. Safford, volunteers to raise, if possible, the amount needed by our association within the limits of our own State. The Executive Committee sanctioned the proposition and instructed the Secretary to present the A. U. A. with the \$150, provided the money could be raised within the State.

At the Conference, Nov. 15, 1893, the Finance Committee reported the money raised. The Conference, as a whole, took no action relative to the \$150 except that of approving the work of the Executive Committee for the year.

The Conference does believe in raising its own missionary funds, so far as possible, because it believes that "to give is to live;" but neither the Executive nor the Iowa Conference has ever voted "to accept no more help in its missionary work from the A. U. A." The Conference would sincerely regret to hear any of its actions construed as indicating any antagonism to the Association. As the report of the Conference given in UNITY, Nov. 23, suggests such antagonism, this explanation is offered.

MARY A. SAFFORD, Pres.

LEON A. HARVEY, Secy.

For the Iowa Unitarian Association.

Kansas Labor Bureau.

EDITOR UNITY: An inquiry comes to me from Kansas regarding the labor bureau referred to in a recent article. The gentleman's letter was unfortunately mislaid, and I take this method of replying.

The statement concerning the bureau was copied from Miss Field's article in the *Chicago Tribune*, and is all I know about the facts in the case. Doubtless my correspondent can procure information from any of the State officials. H. T. G.

OUR conviction is that our primordial affair is not to speculate about the universe, but to guide our actions within it.—*Paul Desjardins*.

CHRIST's words were uttered to all men, and must be obeyed by each for himself, according to his own conviction.—*A. W. Tourgee*.

All my good is magnetic, and I educate not by lessons, but by going about my business.

—*Emerson, in Plato*.

The Study Table

A Primer of Philosophy.*

The handsome appearance of this little book disposes one at once in its favor. Binding and presswork are admirable, and the index and table of contents are just what they should be, enabling one to consult it with the least possible loss of time and effort. In his preface the author says that he "means by 'Primer' a presentation of the subject in the plainest and most lucid form in which he could put it." In the effort to do this for philosophy it seems to us that the author has succeeded remarkably well. In little more than 200 pages he has set forth the monistic positive philosophy in a way that cannot but be of service to all earnest students of philosophy. But more than this, he has so presented the general subject of philosophy as to render it not only an enduring, but even an inviting field of study to that great part of mankind that has not a strong natural taste for the abstruse because of its abstruseness and for intellectual gymnastics for their own sake. This is a work for which there has been great need. It sometimes seems as though the metaphysicians of the past had determined that philosophy should be understood by no one but themselves, and had therefore sought to make the subject as difficult as possible, first by the voluminousness of their discussions, and secondly by their abstruseness. That a philosophical student of the scholarship of Dr. Carus should reverse this precedent, and take sufficient time and pains to write briefly and, at the same time clearly, is cause for profound gratitude. As a result of such treatises as this we believe there will be a greatly increased interest in the study of philosophy, a subject from which the sanest minds have too long been alienated by the unwise treatment it has received at the hands of its professors.

Dr. Carus' fundamental proposition is that experience is the basis of philosophy, a thesis that very many will deny before they have read his discussion of experience who will admit it after they come to understand what he means thereby. He defines experience as the effect of events upon sentient beings—a very happy definition which he explains and defends in a masterly fashion. The discussion of this matter, which begins on the twenty-sixth page, and in which he points out the current ambiguity in the use of the term,—an ambiguity of which our greatest philosophers, not excepting Kant, have been guilty,—is very helpful, and is perhaps the strongest part of the book. His discussion of axioms is another valuable feature of the treatise, though perhaps somewhat more difficult to

*Primer of Philosophy. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 232. \$1.

comprehend than his exposition of experience. His treatment of free will is very strong.

Of course the book is not without faults. Among minor ones we count the attempt to use the word "atsight" as a rendering for *Anschauung*. Had English been his mother tongue, we do not think our author would have made this attempt; and we say this in full consciousness of the fact that Dr. Carus has a masterly command of English, and uses it with a power possessed by few scholars of English and American birth.

His use of the word feeling,—particularly in the discussion of perceptions and consciousness, beginning on page 182, is unsatisfactory. This discussion seems to us the weakest part of the book. It would have been clearer had the section devoted to the definition of psychological terms (p. 189) preceded it; for the author is generally so careful in his use of terms that if you take his definitions you will accept his statements, and the opposition that will often suggest itself when he opens a subject will usually disappear when one has in mind the exact sense in which he uses his terms.

While speaking of defects it may be well to notice a typographical error which we recall, occurring in the fifth line of page 185—"bring" for being.

The author says that the book is not expressly designed to give instruction to beginners in philosophy, but that it is nevertheless eminently available for that purpose,—and in this judgment we concur. The tyro and the teacher, as well as the independent student, are under obligations to Dr. Carus for this excellent treatise. F. W. S.

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER. Edited by Melville Phillips. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 316.

The sixteen articles of which this volume is composed "first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, constituting therein the Journalist Series, the chief object of which was to afford the public a close and comprehensive view of various phases of newspaper life and work." They are admirably adapted to that purpose and make instructive, as well as very interesting, reading for all who are in any way connected with the press or interested in it. We commend the volume to all aspirants for a journalistic career. The first papers deal with such subjects as "Getting Out" the Paper," "The Managing Editor," "The History of a News Dispatch," and the like,—the more strictly professional topics,—while the later papers are, as a rule, of a more general character, containing reminiscences of the most eminent American editors and correspondents, with some accounts of the methods by which they have scored some one or more of

their greatest successes. It goes without saying that a series of articles from the pens of Halstead, McClure, Cockerill, "Gath," Handy, Julius Chambers, John Russell Young, and others who have worked or are working beside them, is eminently readable; and we hope that the book will be widely read. Certainly no student of public life can afford to be ignorant of the manners and methods of the press, the influence of which, for good and for evil, is in our day so far-reaching.

F. W. S.

POEMS HERE AT HOME. By James Whitcomb Riley. Pictures by E. W. Kimble. New York: The Century Co. Cloth, 12mo. \$1.50.

"Everybody likes poetry," said Emerson; but it depends a good deal on the poetry whether it is liked or not. Mr. Whitcomb's poetry is having an enormous circulation and his readers include persons of the most liberal culture and those who have none at all. We have had, before now, the spectacle of a writer making a lucky hit with a piece of homely verse appealing to the common heart, and then going on for years "dropping his buckets into empty wells and growing old in drawing nothing up." Mr. Whitcomb's course has shown nothing of this ethical defect. He shows no signs of falling power or weak invention. Moreover he would have been a true poet and would have made a reputation if he had never written a dialect poem.

For witness of this read the first poem in his book, a sonnet, "When She Comes Home," an old favorite with many, who cannot read it without some of the symptoms it describes:

Tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat.

The book is a collection of pieces ranging all the way from grave to gay. The selection is admirable, and yet leaves one questioning why some things were omitted. Surely "Let's Go a Visiting Down to Grigsby's Station" is worthy of a place with "Nothin' to Say," "The Old Man and Jim," "At 'the Literary'" and "The Raggedy Man," admirable as all these are. Of the graver sort we have "The Absence of Little Wesley," in the dialect form; and in every-day English, "Bereaved," "Some Day," "The Dead Wife," and "Dead Selves." The humorous kind are the more numerous. But the laughter and tears are both in one cradle, as Beecher used to say, and one is always wakening the other. The making of the book is altogether beautiful. The only possible criticism on it is that its outward show is too supremely elegant for the homeliness of what we find within.

A STRING OF AMBER BEADS. By Martha Everts Holden ("Amber"). Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1894. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 139; \$1. Paper 50 cents.

The name of Amber is familiar to all readers of Chicago newspapers.

This book contains selections from the work of many years, short, sprightly articles upon a great variety of topics. Earnest, cheerful, unstudied, the every-day thoughts of an every-day woman, they will appeal to many readers. The book is very prettily gotten up by the publishers.

H. T. G.

MARY. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Leslie Brooke. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 204. \$1.

The charming stories for children written by Mrs. Molesworth are known to all the world. A series of ten of them published by Macmillan come in a box at one dollar apiece. Of them Swinburne says: "Any chapter of the 'Cuckoo Clock,' or the enchanting *Adventures of Herr Bobby* is worth a shoal of the very best novels dealing with the characters and fortunes of mere results." "Mary" is written for very young children, and will captivate them like the others.

H. T. G.

THE HOME; or, LIFE IN SWEDEN. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 2 vols. cloth, gilt top, 12mo, pp. 329 and 335. \$2.50.

This elegant edition of the well-known Swedish classic is issued by the Knickerbocker Press, and is heartily commended to the attention of those who are not already familiar with the writings of the gifted author.

SOME THINGS THAT CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW. By Blanche L. Delaplaine. 32mo pamphlet, 16 pages. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe street, Chicago.

This helpful discussion of the delicate question which confronts all parents should be in the hands of all who have the care of the young. It not only states what all thinkers are beginning to realize, that the mystery of birth ought to be explained, in some degree, to children, but it suggests *how* this often difficult duty may be performed. The writer has done her work admirably.

F. W. S.

The Magazines.

THE MONIST for the first quarter of 1894 contains an interesting paper by Prof. Richard Garbe on the "Connection Between Indian and Greek Philosophy;" four papers on Monism,—"A Monistic Theory of Mind," by Lester F. Ward; "The Unity of Thought and Thing," by Dr. Lewins; "The Subjective and Objective Relation," by G. M. McCrie, and "Monism and Henism," by the editor,—of which the first and the last two are worthy of study; a rather fantastic theory in "The Problem of Woman, from a Bio-Sociological Point of View," by G. Ferrero, who puts forth what he calls the law of non-labor; several articles of less general in-

terest; and several brief reviews of interesting foreign books and publications,—notably those of the second volume of Max Nordau's *Entartung*, and Dr. Ernst Krause's book on *The Troy Towns of Northern Europe (Die Trojeburgen Nordeuropa's)*.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for January is chiefly devoted to relief work. Dr. Gladden has an article treating of this subject; and the American editor, Dr. Shaw, presents reports of the method adopted this winter in some fifteen American cities.

VOLUME I. of the two-volume edition of the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of the English language will be issued on Dec. 16. This volume has been four years in making; two hundred and thirty-eight editors and specialists have been employed upon it; and the cash outlay has been about a half million dollars. The advance orders for the work mount up into the tens of thousands. It has been granted an award at the Columbian Exposition.

AN astonishing proof of the popularity of the new book, "Samantha at the World's Fair," which was first issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company on November 16th, is the fact that the fortieth thousand copies are now coming from the press. Such a record is seldom attained, particularly in so short a time, and more than assures the phenomenal success of the book.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

NATURAL THEOLOGY. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1893. By Prof. Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1893. New York: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 272. \$1.50.

NO HEROES. By Blanche Willard Howard. With illustrations by Jesse McDermott Walcott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 97.

ROMANCE OF THE INSECT WORLD. By L. N. Badenoch. With illustrations by Margaret J. D. Badenoch and others. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1893. Cloth and gold, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 341. \$1.25.

APPRENTICES TO DESTINY. By Lily A. Long. New York: Merrill & Baker. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 348. \$1.00.

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Church-Door Pulpit

The Dream of Religious Unity.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. JOHN E. ROBERTS BEFORE ALL SOULS CHURCH OF KANSAS CITY, MO., PUBLISHED BY THE CONGREGATION.

That they may all be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us—John xvii. 21.

Before the fraternity of religions was discovered or even dreamed of save by the noblest few, before the generic unity of mankind was known to be a fact, before science had revealed the laws of nature and shown the universe to be one, before the one-God concept had become a philosophical and moral necessity to thinking man, the sublime teacher of Judea saw afar the possible unity of religions, and prayed that it might be realized. When we remember the inveterate animosity that existed between the different sects of religion, the bitter and implacable hatred which each religiously cherished for the others, the hostility, jealousy, exclusiveness and intolerance common at that period to all religious parties and factions, the prophet's prayer seems wantonly sanguine and rashly prophetic.

The religious world was a chaos. Conflicting theories and hostile camps engendered discord and fanned the flames of strife. Religions were a system of standing armies snuffing the battle from afar. Fraternity, tolerance, sympathy, and co-operation none dreamed of—none save one. And this one, this brave and undaunted herald of the golden days, saw in vision the time when even religions should put away the blood-rusted sword and learn war no more.

Looking back to that day of the prophets and then at this day, with its comprehensive unities, one may see what a sublime opportunity religion lost. It might have been the potent agent for blending the thought and purpose of mankind and making real the brotherhood of men. It might have led forth the kingdom of God on the earth as the great teacher hoped. But though this was the dream of the great leaders in religion, yet the rank and file seem to have been incapable of embracing their high purpose and fulfilling their noble ambitions. Religions grew more arbitrary and exclusive. Mutual hatreds grew more intense, wars and persecutions more bitter.

Meanwhile the world's life was to be revolutionized by other and unexpected influences. The desirability of peaceful relations between the nations of the earth was a proposition that the interests of commerce first made and the enlightened moral sense ably seconded. The progress of science and discovery brought to the attention of the thinking world questions of universal importance, questions that admitted of no local or biased solution. The spirit of philanthropy widened and deepened until

it began to be perceived that all human beings have equal and inviolable claims upon justice, both human and divine. After these mighty forces, commerce, science and philanthropy had wrought and revolutionized the world, factional religion found itself out of harmony with the spirit of the age and inadequate to the needs and longings of the spiritual life of men. Religions were in need of restatements to adjust them to the changed conditions of human life. The divine informing spirit of religion had outgrown the form. Multitudes of men were more religious than was religion itself. Minds were broader than creeds. Human hearts were more divine than theories of atonement. Truth was ampler and richer than Bibles. The Christ was coming again to the world, not in the clouds of heaven, with angel trumpeters proclaiming judgment to a doomed world, but in the tenderer sympathies, the truer humanity and the nobler spiritual purpose of thousands and thousands of the children of men.

Religion was not outgrown nor superseded nor disallowed by the intelligence of men, but many of its forms and statements and methods were. Its forms are local, temporary and pass away. Its informing spirit is eternal. Since man was man that spirit has impelled him to believe in and to seek after the Supreme One; nor have we any reason to infer that that search will cease so long as man is man.

It is inconceivable that the religions of the world should remain unaffected by the world's modern life. Forming as they do a large and corresponding part of that life, they must in one way or another respond to whatever alters or affects it. Until modern times the attitude of religion to change, discovery and improvement has been one of hostility and stubborn resistance. It has called honest criticism ungodly, science atheistic, and many things introduced for the betterment of man's physical condition it has pronounced interference with the designs of providence. Happily the spirit of hostility has passed away. And this change in the general attitude of religion to the non-religious forces of society constitutes the most remarkable of all the effects wrought upon it in modern times. For ages religion sought and kept the cloister and the cell; within their sheltered gloom visions were awaited and inspirations sought. Moreover its books were supernatural, its Christs were extrahuman, and its authority was attested by miracles that were exceptional, if they did not transgress and transcend natural laws. It worked from without. It was distinctively not of this world. It suffered no alliance with reason and sought no aid from the great forces of mind and heart that were steadily working to make the world new. All this has changed. Before the intelligent world religion

lays claim to no authority not founded in reason and boasts of no sanctity not warranted by the rational order of the universe and the nature of man. It no longer resists science nor fears knowledge and light. It has taken its place as one of the great hierarchy of moral and spiritual forces whose united purpose is the lifting up of mankind.

A special phase of this stupendous change may be seen in the different character of the questions that occupy religious leaders. Until recently these questions have been wholly speculative and doctrinal.

It is difficult to realize that the Christian world was once divided into warring factions upon the question as to whether Jesus was made of the same substance as or of similar substance to that of God. Even speculative theology is at last more reverent than to make of the Infinite a plaything of logic and debating societies. The question of whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father or from the Father and the Son is not now of startling moment to the average man or woman. The questions relating to original sin, theories of atonement, and modes of baptism,—questions that never yet, as has been truthfully said, presented a practical difficulty to any earnest soul, are no longer of burning importance. They are like bunches of dried herbs, supposed to be medicinal, which some people gather in the autumn and hang up in the attic, and then forget until they bring in another bunch next autumn.

The questions of to-day are practical. They relate to human needs; they belong to the people. Theology-making is fast yielding to applied religion and applied ethics, which may be the same thing. The problem of poverty, the obligation of wealth, the care of destitute children,—these are problems that the spirit of true religion leads to and tries to solve. Religion is being adapted to the life that now is. It has set its feet upon the round earth. It no longer despairs of this world in which the Christ prayed that the will of God might be done as it is done in heaven.

There are some things already accomplished that presage religious unity. The scientific spirit is possessed by all seekers after truth. The laws of reason are recognized as universal. Truth is welcomed and held sacred. These form the rational basis for religious unity and contribute to its realization. The scientific spirit implies pains to investigate and open-mindedness. The laws of reason require that any rational conclusion sanctioned by clear thought is valid everywhere. Reason is one, and religion may claim no exemption from rules of evidence and laws of thought that rightly control the minds of men working in any other field. The sanctity of truth implies that all truth is of God, and wherever or by

whomsoever found, it constitutes a veritable word of God. The scientist, though men may call him atheistic, is still a revealer. Humanity is a revealer, making more clear by its moral purposes and spirit longings the mind and will of God. Thus the real Bible, the true word of God, is an unfinished book, while every discoverer, every age, and every noble life contributes to its inexhaustible riches. I have stated these propositions in such a way that I believe no truly religious person of any name or faith would care to take exceptions to them.

The dream of religious unity does not imply nor require similarity of form in religious expression. It does not imply the organic unity of religious parties. There will always be diversity in all things external. Temperaments, tastes and manners differ. The Catholic worships best by means of some appeal to eye or ear. His worship is ornate, picturesque and dramatic. The Quaker worships best by plain words and few, or by silent contemplation of the invisible and unspeakable realities. Yet both worship, both feel after God. All forms are merely aids to the longing, yearning soul. Beneath or within the form, giving it potency, sanctity, and making it sublime, is the human soul. Above the form and embracing it is the longed for and answering Supreme. These two unite in all true worship. Could we rightly interpret it, the language at all altars is the same.

While organic unity is not desirable nor practicable generally, yet it will without question be achieved in certain cases in the interest of economy and effectiveness. Smaller communities, instead of having a number of churches with infrequent and irregular service by untrained ministers, will have one or two with both the intellectual and spiritual standard at least as high as the average in the community. The public ministrations of religion will be adapted to the needs and capacities of the community, rather than having the community adapted to the ambitions of mere sectarianism.

Under all the names and forms of religion there will be one controlling purpose, one comprehensive aim, the realization of the divine in man. This oneness of aim is the essence of religious unity. For this end all religions shall yet join, then shall they all be one. Belief will be solely an individual matter. Creed will be subordinate to character. The one requirement will be the desire to live a finer, higher life. The one duty will be service for others. In the spirit of religious unity the selfish seeking of heaven will disappear. The sectarian pride and ambition will disappear. Religious controversies and rivalries will cease. And the pride of opinion and prejudice of custom will no more stain the cheek of religion with tears of pity and shame.

It may transpire that in the interest of the spirit of religion a new church will grow up, a church without any of the limitations or peculiarities implied by each of the old names, a church born anew, born of the spirit of God, a church born of the deepening spirituality of the human soul, a church that shall be called not Unitarian, not Protestant, not Roman Catholic, not even Christian, but the Free Church of the world, a church in which no man shall say, I am a Jew or I am a Mohammedan, or I am a Christian, but a church in which all men shall say, we are brethren and God is our Father. A church in which the spirit of devotion is so commanding that all shall forget their differences of race, creed and title under the holy spell of worship. A church where no man shall be a stranger, a church in which each shall feel the spiritual uplift and hear the voiceless benediction of peace and say in their inmost heart, This, this is the house of God, the very gate of heaven.

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- FRI.—Half the wealth of the world is lost to most of us from lack of power to perceive.
- SAT.—The strongest, most beautiful characters are those who see the good that is in each person.
—*Elizabeth Harrison.*

Jesus' Christmas—in 1893.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

What would he do if he were here—
Jesus unto our hearts so dear ?

If Jesus were here, a little child,
Led by his mother Mary mild
And goodman Joseph, his father true
(So good that he called God, "Father,"
too!),

If Jesus were here, I am sure that he
Would be glad to see the Christmas
Tree
With its candles bright and its glittering
star,
And the children trooping from near
and far
To his birthday party.

But then I know
(For do not the gospels tell us so ?)
If there was any forgotten child
Who the glad day long had never
smiled--

There might be ninety and nine so gay—
One little boy would steal away
Out in the darkness and snow and cold
To bring that child to the Christmas
fold.

And what would *you* do if he were
here—
This Nazareth boy to the world so
dear ?

Would you build him a throne by the
Christmas tree
And round it solemnly bend the knee
And sing: "How high and holy is He,
The only child of Deity?"
If you should—

I think his gentle eyes
Would rest on you in vast surprise;
You would hear his voice so tender
and true

(Speaking just as he used to do)
"God's *only* child !

Then—who are *you* ?"

And, O, what shall we do to bring him
here—
The Christ-child unto our souls most
dear ?

We must be Christ-children too,
Helping the world in all we do,
Making father and mother glad
To see God's child in their girl or lad.
Then—this is the secret I have to tell—
The dear Christ-child will be here to
dwell
In the home and the town we love so
well.
For it means the same to be tender and
true
In Nazareth and in Kalamazoo.

—*Caroline Julia Bartlett.*

The Matsuyama Mirror.

Among the many marvelous things to be seen in this country of marvels that first attract the attention of the foreigner is the Japanese mirror. Its peculiarity consists in the fact that it is made of metal—generally of bronze—coated on the front with an amalgam of tin and quicksilver, and so highly polished that but for its weight it might be mistaken for an ordinary looking-glass. The back is adorned in relief with flowers, birds, or Japanese characters, which extend to the handle, and the general appearance is that of a handsome metal fan.

That which is most extraordinary about the mirror, however, is the quality it possesses of reflecting a luminous image of the design on the back. In other words, the sunlight seems to penetrate the metal and display the figures that are otherwise hidden from view. The attention of men of science has long been attracted to the phenomenon, but no explanation heretofore given has proved satisfactory. The consensus of opinion is that the effect is produced by an unequal convexity resulting from the manipulation of an iron tool accompanied by the application of mercury.

In connection with these mirrors, the Japanese have a pretty fairy tale, and because of the poetical thought it conveys, and the pleasure it may afford to young as well as old, I send you the following free translation as it has been given to me by one of the English residents here:

A long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a daughter, to whom they were greatly attached, and their home was known as Matsuyama, a beautiful village in the province of Echigo. It so happened that the father was obliged to go to the great city of Tokio, the capital of Japan. The mother, never having been farther from home than the next town, could not help being frightened at the thought of her hus-

band making such a long journey, yet she was proud of the fact, for he was the first man in all that country side who had been to the big town where lived the emperor.

At last the time arrived for his return, and dressing the baby in its best clothes and arraying herself in the pretty blue gown which she knew her husband liked, she waited to give him welcome. And when he came, how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight over the beautiful toys her father brought. "And for you," he said to his wife, "I have brought this. It is called a mirror. Look and tell me what you see inside."

He gave to her a plain, white wooden box, in which on opening it she found a round piece of metal. One side was white like frosted silver and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers. The other was as bright as the clearest crystal. The young mother looked into it with delight and astonishment, for from its depths was looking at her with parted lips and bright eyes a smiling happy face.

"What do you see?" asked the husband, gratified at her astonishment. "I see a pretty woman looking at me. She moves her lips as if she was speaking, and—dear me, how odd, she has on a blue dress just like mine!" "Why, you silly woman, it's your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that was new to his wife. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror, and everybody in the great city has one, although we have not seen them in this country place before."

The wife was charmed with the present. But the wonderful thing was far too precious for every day use, so she shut it up in its box again, putting it away carefully among her most valuable treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife continued to live happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who as she grew up became the very image of her mother. The latter, mindful of her own passing vanity on finding herself so lovely, kept the mirror carefully concealed, fearing that the use of it might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl. She never spoke of it, and as for the father he had quite forgotten the circumstance. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, knowing nothing of her own good looks or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

After awhile, however, a terrible misfortune occurred in this happy little family. The good mother fell sick, and though waited upon with loving care by day and night, she grew worse and worse, until at last the sad announcement was made that she must die. Calling the girl to her, the mother said, "My darling child, I must soon pass away and leave you and your father alone, but I want

from you a promise. Here is what is called a mirror," taking it from its hiding place and handing it to her daughter. "Promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and morning, for there you will see me and know that your mother is still watching over you."

The child promised with many tears, and the mother, being now calm and resigned, soon after died. Obedient and dutiful, the daughter never forgot her mother's last request, and each morning and evening took the mirror from its box and looked at it long and earnestly. There she saw, as she supposed, the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother. Not pale and sickly as in her last days, but the beautiful young mother of long ago. To her at night she told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day, and to her in the morning looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever troubles might be in store for her.

So, day by day, she lived as if in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had done in her mother's lifetime, and careful always to avoid whatever might give her pain or grief. Her greatest joy was to look in the mirror and say, "Mother, I have been to-day what you would wish me to be if you were by my side."

Thus seeing his little daughter every night and morning looking into the mirror holding converse with it, her father one day asked her the reason for the strange behavior. "Why, father," she said, "I look into the mirror every day to see my dear mother and talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish and how she never had failed to fulfill it. Touched by so much simplicity and such faithful loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection; but he could not find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw was only the reflection of her own sweet face, which by sympathy and association had become more and more like her dead mother's day by day. And so she lived on, happy in the thought that though absent in the flesh, the one she loved best was always present in the spirit and always looking on her from the depths of her cherished mirror.

—G. W. C., in *Ithaca Daily Journal*.

WHEN Washington Irving used the phrase "the almighty dollar" he gave an undesirable but nevertheless accurate epitome of the life and aims of many Americans. But, perhaps, we ought not to set any geographical or national limits. It's about the same the world over, especially in civilized(?) countries. A Bombay dealer in curios shows beside a Chinese Joss marked "Heathen Idol," a \$5 gold piece labeled "Christian Idol." The Celestial can evidently be sarcastic when he tries.

—Voice.

"It don't matter so much *where* you are at as *what* you are at."—John Slowman.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XVIII.

AN INVISIBLE COMPANION.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Matt. xxviii. 20.

When children are playing alone on the green

*In comes the playmate that never was seen,
When children are happy and lonely and good*

The Friend of the children comes out of the wood.

*Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,*

When children are happy and playing alone.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Picture: *The Unseen Jesus*, by Hofmann.

The story of the picture is obvious. The scene is in a German home. The father and the mother, with their three children and the dear old grandmother, are gathered for family prayers. One of the volumes of the big family Bible has been taken from the shelf above the niche in the wall where the crucifix stands, and the father is reading. But, unseen by all, Jesus himself is in the room where two or three are gathered in his name, and with eyes bent upon the baby in the mother's arms stretches out his hands in invisible benediction. Their eyes do not see him, but he is there, and perhaps their hearts are burning within them while the Scriptures are read.

What was the manner of life of the Christians after the death of Jesus?

—They walked by faith, not by sight, and endured as seeing him who is invisible.

One of the most beautiful things about the life of the Christians as we find it described in the New Testament is their perfect trust in unseen influences, which were guiding them in perplexity and helping them in need (cf., e. g., Acts xiii. 1-4; xv. 28). Out of the invisible world where Jesus was came intimations in dreams and visions (Acts xvi. 9; xviii. 9), in promptings or restraints (Acts viii. 26; xvi. 6, 7), which were ascribed to the Holy Spirit, to angels, to the continued ministry of Jesus himself. This mental attitude is best expressed by Paul—"We walk by faith, not by sight." For usually in the New Testament faith means an obedient trust in things unseen. Christians were those who had faith in Jesus as the Christ, and during his absence they must keep their faith in him if they would enter his kingdom at the second advent. Moreover, many of the Jews who became Christians were deprived of much that had previously been precious and helpful—the temple with its altar, the priests with spoken assurances of forgiveness and blessing. To meet this need the epistle to the Hebrews was written by an unknown

Christian who sought to strengthen belief in an unseen temple, altar, priest, and offerings, which were the realities of which earthly things were only shadows, whose service of faith was better than that of sight in Jerusalem. Naturally this temper of mind was exposed to the very real dangers of other-worldliness to which, as we know, many of the Christians succumbed. Yet it fostered the imagination and so put the church in training for a purer idealism. One of the most distinctive faculties of man is his power to direct his energies toward the attainment of remote results which, as ideals, govern his life far more than considerations of present utility or apparent benefit. So, even by the delusion of the second advent, the noblest qualities of manhood were exercised.

Can this faith of the primitive Christians mean anything to us? Believing in the indefinite progress of man, we cherish the hope that at some time in the far distant future justice and love will be actually supreme in the world and the spiritual ideals of Jesus be realized in human society. This is our faith in the kingdom of God, based not upon the promise of Jesus but on the history of the world, which stimulates and strengthens. And if those who die live on in a world imperceptible by our senses in which Socrates continues his research into true and false knowledge, conversing with Orphæus and Hesiod and Homer, Ajax and Odysseus (Apology §41), then must Jesus be as eager to help men there as he was on the earth. And if in ways that the senses know not of, any suggestions of counsel or reassurance can come to men who are in spiritual sympathy with those who live unseen, or on the earth, those who look to Jesus, to the saints, to their friends, for help may receive it. Psychical research opens great possibilities and makes the faith of the Christians much more rational than it appeared a generation ago. *The evidence is yet far from sufficient to warrant an affirmation, but it is more than sufficient to silence unthinking denial.* Nobody can say that this picture does not represent an actual fact; on the other hand, no one has a right now to say that it does. But in a general sense, if not in this particular and personal way, religion has to do chiefly with the imagination, and "to walk by faith" is still the essence of the religious life. A religious man will not excuse himself for wrong-doing by pleading that everybody else acts in the same way, for, as a religious man, he owes allegiance to higher standards of morality than have yet been popularly accepted. He will not be discouraged by the victory of evil for the very heart of his religious belief is the faith that right must triumph in the end. For us, at any rate, religion must be life in the power of things unseen.

What was the early Jewish belief about a future life?—It was believed that at death all passed alike into sheol, an underground cavern, from which all that made life worth living was absent.

The course of Hebrew thought regarding the future cannot be traced with certainty. Yet we may venture to sketch it. According to ancient Semitic ideas there was, under the

earth, a vast cavern whither the shades of the dead were gathered (cf. Is. xiv. 9). There all lived a colorless, monotonous existence from which those living on earth prayed to be kept. Long life was fervently desired, death was dreaded because of the nature of sheol. As the Messianic idea enlarged and the dream was indulged of a vast Jewish kingdom dominant in the world, the question arose whether the Jews who had been so unfortunate as to die before the coming of this kingdom were to have no share in its glory. This was answered by the teaching of the resurrection (D.n. xii. 2). All Israelites were to be brought from sheol up to the earth again, but the bad were to be put to shame and punished. Thus there came to be a division in sheol. Those of its inhabitants who were destined to a happy future on the earth were in better case already than the rest. For them sheol was a place of hope, for others there was despair mingled with regret. The colorless cavern has become bright on one side, lurid on the other.

What was the early Christian idea of the future?—The believer who died passed at once into the presence of Jesus and was forever with him sharing his joy.

It does not seem possible to bring all the New Testament writers into agreement on the subject of the future. In the book of Revelation, the picture is very distinct: Satan is bound; the believing dead are raised to live and reign with Christ a thousand years; then Satan is loosed and all the unrighteous forces of the world make war against the beloved city only to be overwhelmed by fire from heaven; then follows a second resurrection and the general judgment, after which all the ungodly, with death and hades (i. e. sheol), are cast into the lake of fire and the righteous who have believed in Christ enter upon their inheritance in the new heavens and the new earth (Rev. xx. and xxi.). Paul's thought as to the future marks by its different phases his spiritual growth. Yet two ideas seem to persist through the various forms: (1) the believer in Jesus went at death to be with his lord (Phil. i. 23) and (2) there was to be a passage of the body by the spirit. The latter idea takes sometimes a very high form: while Paul often speaks of the resurrection as a future event (1 Cor. xv. 52) he also views it as a spiritual experience (Col. iii. 1 (?); but the germs of the idea are in Rom. vi. 4, viii. 10, 11, by which the body becomes the friend of the spirit instead of its foe). The thought of Jesus concerning the future is quite obscure: we cannot be certain whether he believed in one resurrection or two, or indeed in any resurrection at all. He did believe, however, in a future life and in an eternal difference between righteous and unrighteous. But while his followers differed widely as to the details of the future not one of them doubted that for them it would be bright and glorious. Hence in the New Testament, never in the Old, the future life conceived of as something to be coveted or dreaded becomes a motive for holy living. Never except in a few of the most exalted utterances of Paul does the New Testament think of a final restoration of all souls to holiness and happiness, but the spirit of the New Testament has made us think of

it and the ethical sense which created the idea of eternal punishment is rapidly abolishing it. If there be immortality for all there must ultimately be blessedness for all.

The present significance of the early Christian idea, these Lessons are not to discuss. Certainly what is true of Jesus must be true of all men. If he lives we shall live also; if he is happy those who have lived as he lived will be happy too, and spiritual gravitation may be trusted to bring all such together. For clear thinking, however, it is essential to discriminate between resurrection and immortality: the one implies cessation and renewal of life, the other unbroken continuance. With few exceptions, resurrection holds no place in the minds of modern thinkers, the only question concerns immortality. And granting the reality of future life at all, the questions are these: (a) Is immortality an acquirement or is it native to the soul? (b) Can a soul by continuance in evil-doing destroy itself? Is restoration or annihilation the end of those who continue in selfishness?

If we may not hold the hope of the early Christians so stoutly as they, we are at least free from terror. Whatever may await us in the future must be that which is best for us.

Questions.

The Picture.—What Scotch poem does this picture remind you of? What sort of home does this seem to be—rich or poor, peaceful or quarrelsome, happy or sad? Is it Roman Catholic or Protestant? Is there any possibility that the picture represents a fact? Does it illustrate an idea of primitive Christianity?

Faith and Sight.—What is the usual meaning of faith in the New Testament? What did walking by faith mean to Paul? What may it mean to us? "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." Is this ethical? Would Paul have assented to the principle (cf. Rom. xii. 2)? Would Jesus?

The Future Life.—What was the Jewish idea of sheol? Distinguish between resurrection and immortality? How did the idea of resurrection arise among the Jews? How did it react upon the conception of sheol? What is certain about the belief of the Christians concerning the future? What discordant elements were in their thought? To what inconsistencies in the mind of Jesus do these correspond?

Sunday School Items.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

Mr. Mangasarian has kindly consented to write a short introduction to the twelve lessons from Noble Lives and Noble Deeds which are to form the concluding portion of our Fourth year. This introduction will be published in UNITY in a week or two, and will be reprinted in a cover to contain the twelve lessons. Those ordering the lessons will obtain them in this form without extra charge.

MR. GANNETT'S OLD TESTAMENT CHART.

We see that this little chart, which was published as a help to the third year in our Six Years' Course, has been recommended by the Eastern Sunday School Society for use with

their Old Testament lessons. We are sure they will find it excellent. It is the best birds-eye view of the growth of the Old Testament we have ever seen. The chart, combined with his Three Stages of a Bible's Life, published as Unity Mission Tract No. 40, will enable a Sunday school class to get a clearer understanding of the Bible than all the ponderous commentaries of our theological schools can give. Indeed, the little tract has been reproduced by the English Sunday School Society as a series of lessons, and might well be used so in this country.

A SECULAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday schools started a century ago with the attempt to teach the uneducated young the rudiments of a common school education, reading, writing and arithmetic, and not the catechism or the Bible. An attempt to do a similar thing has been successfully made in St. Louis. Prof. C. M. Woodward, known all over the world for his success in introducing and developing manual training in our public schools, determined something over a year ago to start a Sunday forenoon school for those who had to work hard all the week and yet wished to educate themselves better for the duties of life. This school is now in its second year and has an attendance of over fifty, with seven teachers. Algebra, geometry, arithmetic, chemistry, physics and similar studies are taught, with excellent results.

Mozoomdar's Book

The Oriental Christ. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. 193 pages Cloth, \$1.25.

The "idea" in this remarkable book may be best briefly stated by combining a saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahma leader, with a sentence or two from the author's Introduction: "Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. . . . Yet the Christ that has been brought to us in India is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back. . . . Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fullness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. In England and Europe we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. . . . Look at this picture and that: this is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. When we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. When we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace."

Thirteen Chapters, viz., *The Bathing, Fast-ing, Praying, Teaching, Rebuking, Weeping, Pilgrimage, Trusting, Healing, Feasting, Part-ing, Dying, and Reigning Christ.*

The existence of this book is a phenomenon; more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

It is a stroke of genius. It contains a whole philosophy of Christianity. Jesus was an Oriental. He is only to be rightly interpreted by the Oriental mind. This fascinating book comes as a revelation of essential Christianity.—*The Critic.*

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Notes from the Field

Sheffield, Ill.—Union Thanksgiving services were held here this year in the Unitarian Church, the Methodists and Congregationalists and their ministers joining in the meeting, and the Congregationalist clergyman preaching the sermon. This is an advance over last year, when the Unitarians and Congregationalists united in the latter church, but the Methodist minister refused to join with them. Mr. Hewitt and his people were also invited to assist at the dedication of the Congregational church a few Sundays ago and accepted the invitation.

Battle Creek, Mich.—One of the true churches of the West is the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, which some ten or eleven years ago, under the pastorate of Rev. Reed Stuart, came out of its bondage to the Presbyterian creed into the freedom of untrammelled search for righteousness. Since 1888 it has continued its work under the Rev. W. D. Simonds. It is a strong church, and we believe our readers will be interested in its "Service of Consecration," which we give below :

ADMONITION.
 DEAR FRIENDS: We are commanded not to lay up treasures on the earth only, but to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

We are taught that the divinest law of life is to love God and our fellowmen; that the Lord requires nothing of us but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly.

We are persuaded that religion is best defined as being a passion for righteousness; that the religious life is not of necessity characterized by the observance of any forms or ceremonies, or by the acceptance of any formal statements of doctrine.

We do not, therefore, understand that by presenting yourselves here to-day you commit yourselves to any fixed intellectual creed, but only to a moral purpose, that purpose being to seek in the spirit and method of Jesus, to make the world better and happier.

FELLOWSHIP.
 Most gladly, dear friends, we welcome you to the fellowship of this church, believing that your aims and ours are one; that in mutual charity and love we shall together seek to promote the cause of truth and righteousness in the world.

And to this end may the kind Father bless our efforts to advance his kingdom and to make free his truth.

Pentwater, Mich.—This pleasant little town by the lake has quite a liberal element, and we learn that Rev. John Snyder, of St. Louis, held services here during his vacation last summer. He preached in the Baptist Church, which has since burned down—a judgment upon them, some of the good brothers may perhaps think. It is expected that a hall will be engaged for the services the coming summer.

Hobart, Ind.—This little town has not had services on Thanksgiving Day for many years, but this year the Unitarian church planned to have a Union Service in their church. They persuaded the stores and saloons to close, and then sent out invitations to all the families in town to join with them, and invited the three orthodox ministers to take part in the service. But one of the ministers immediately started a Union Service in his own church and invited the other two ministers to join with him. The orthodox people had their services, and so did the Unitarian, who put laymen on their program, when the ministers declined; and the latter had their church filled to the doors.

Cleveland, O.—From the monthly bulletin of Unity Church it appears that the young people are particularly

well provided for, there being a Young Ladies' Circle, a Hand Club and Progress Club for their benefit.

Topeka, Kan.—Under the pastorate of Rev. Abram Wyman the Unitarian church at the above-mentioned place is hopeful and active. Besides the Sunday-school, there are two services on Sundays and some form of activity every Friday night,—a reception, a literary lecture, a musicale, or something of the kind. From the subjects announced in the monthly bulletin it is evident that Mr. Wyman's evening services are intended to enable outsiders to learn what Unitarianism is, while the morning sermons are devoted to the discussion of non-doctrinal topics. Two sermons a week in addition to the duties of an active parish, are much for one who has not a "barrel" to turn to, and we hope that our ardent young ministers who undertake such work will not overdo their strength.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Ty.—From the daily paper of this new city we clip the following note :

Under the energetic pastorate of Rev. C. H. Rogers, the recently organized Unitarian church of this city is making rapid growth in membership and influence. Rev. Rogers is an original thinker and forceful reasoner, which attracts to his church persons who admire a broad, liberal discussion of subjects, theological as well as secular. It is the intention of the Unitarian Society to organize a literary club in connection with the church, a feature of which will be a first-class scientific and literary library, and the brightest minds of the city will be invited into membership and to take part in the discussions which will be a prominent part of the work.

Oakland, Cal.—Christmas was celebrated in Mr. Wendte's Church on Sunday with a very elaborate musical program, rendered by a chorus choir and a Sunday school orchestra of twenty-five instruments in the morning, and by instrumental quartette and the chorus choir in the evening. Mr. Wendte gave an address at one service and read a story at the other.

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Unitarian Sunday School Society.

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A SHORT HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM SINCE THE REFORMATION—By Rev. F. B. Mott. In cloth binding, 50 cents a copy. \$5.00 a dozen.

HOME TRAVEL THROUGH BIBLE LANDS—By Rev. J. T. Sunderland. Linen paper covers, 15 cents a copy. \$1.50 a dozen.

CHILDHOOD'S MORNING—For kindergarten use in Sunday-school and home. By Elizabeth G. Mumford. Price in cloth covers, 50 cts. a copy. In paper covers, 40 cts.

SUNDAY HELPS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE—By Alice C. Dockham and Lucy F. Gerrish. A manual and thirty-eight large, finely illustrated cards in colors. Price of the pamphlet manual, 20 cents per copy; price of the cards per set (38), 25 cents; dozen sets, \$2.50.

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LESSONS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT—By Mrs. J. C. Jaynes. Thirty-six finely illustrated four-page leaflets. Price per set, 15 cents.

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LESSONS IN RELIGION—For the older classes. By Rev. Charles A. Allen. Price for single copy in cloth, 35 cents; in paper covers, 25 cents; per dozen in cloth, \$3.50; per dozen in paper covers, \$2.50. The same in leaflet form, four lessons to a leaflet, 3 cents a copy.

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Publisher's Notes

What They Say About the Chorus of Faith.

Rev. W. I. Nichols, Philadelphia: I received last week from a friend a copy of your beautiful "Chorus of Faith." It is a fine thing and I hope will have a wide circulation. The introduction is excellent.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Geneva: Your book is a good one and I foresee that I shall make much use of it in the pulpit; and others will also, I have no doubt. I like your plain statement and purpose.

Miss Josephine C. Locke, Chicago: The "Chorus of Faith" is a jewel—a treasure. You certainly are inspired to say the right things in the right way, right time and right place. Pages 13, 14, 15 of the Introduction take the cake. That description of his reverence Bishop Shibata I shall always bless you for—so graphic, so humorous—just what I felt about him and could not voice.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer: I opened a package that came by to-day's mail, looking to see Dole's pamphlets; when lo, my two copies of the neat and attractive "Chorus of Faith" gleamed upon me. I've been able just only to glance through it; but reviewing it thus, *a la* Sidney Smith, I praise it! This will go where Barrows' bigger book will be kept out by the price, and it will sow good seed.

UNITY'S PREMIUM LIST

Apropos of the Fiftieth Birthday of the senior editor the publishers of UNITY are anxious to co-operate with its readers in making a push for doubling the constituency of UNITY, thus extending the influence of its editor, multiplying the usefulness of the paper, hastening the time when its dream of the Liberal Church of America will be realized,—a church creedless but not thoughtless, based on ethics, and open on all sides and from above to the thought of God and the inspirations of the God-serving, truth-seeking, and high living prophets of all ages.

To this end the undersigned solicits the co-operation of Pastors, Post-Office Workers, Study Classes, Unity Clubs, and all the forces that make for culture and for character everywhere. To this end we desire to secure an agent in every town who will make a thorough canvass in every parish.

In order to secure the co-operation of all of our readers we make the following offer of PREMIUMS, to hold good as long as the supply of stock holds out.

In some cases the stock is limited.

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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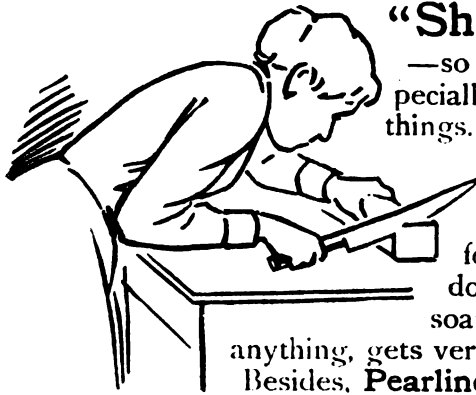
AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, will speak at 11 a. m. on "A study of Midlamar." At 8 p. m. PROF. A. W. SMALL will give the second of his course of University Extension lectures on Social Science, entitled: "What is Socialism?"

MR. M. M. MANGASARIAN will lecture to the ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, at 11 a. m., on "Benedict Spinoza: Atheist and Jew." The Ethical School meets Sundays, at 10 a. m., 309 Masonic Temple.

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Editorial

*"Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar.*

*So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for
her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish
her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to
thee,
When thou art working in the furrows;
ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God."*

—Jean Ingelow.

SEND us names of friends and oth-
ers to whom we may send sample
copies.

**

WE have received an address on
The Martyrs of the Liberal Faith, by
Mr. M. M. Mangasarian, which is pub-
lished by the Chicago Society for Eth-
ical Culture and will be on sale at
UNITY office. It deserves attention
for the conscientious care with which
the lecturer sought to avoid injustice
to the mistaken zealots who sacrifi-
ced the martyrs to their diseased
sense of duty.

**

NOW THAT the two homicidal
"cranks," Vaillant and Prendergast,
have been found guilty and con-
demned to death, we believe that there
will be strong protests against carry-
ing the sentences into execution.
The difficulty which here confronts
us—the unwillingness to put to death
a man of whose sanity and responsi-
bility there may be grave doubt—
would be obviated if the death pen-
alty were done away with, imprison-
ment substituted, and the pardoning
power curtailed. That such men
should be put in custody, whether
sane or insane, is a proposition to
which all must agree. But as long
as we have the death penalty, reason-
able conscientious scruples and senti-
mentality will combine to make it
difficult to give society the protection
it needs.

**

WE urge our readers to consult our
club list and premium list in their
own interest as well as ours. We
have not given pages of our space to
advertising our splendid offers. But
we have nevertheless made very valu-
able offers, and offers which have
rarely been equalled. To one who
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utterances at the Parliament of Reli-
gions, "The Chorus of Faith," is
worth the \$1.25 for which a new sub-
scriber may procure both.

**

THE reported movement by the
Roman Catholics, with Mgr. Satolli
and Cardinal Gibbons at their head,
to obtain the appropriation of a
portion of the public funds for
the support of parish schools,
seems to be quite without definite
foundation, Cardinal Gibbons having
expressly denied the part attributed
to him in the movement. This might
have been anticipated. The Roman
church in America is far too wise to
make a demonstration of this kind
in the face of adverse popular opin-
ion. What it does in this direction
will not be done with the fanfare of
trumpets and with colors flying; but
quietly, here and there, where the
opportunity offers. *The Independent*
has undertaken to get the opinions of
Romanist prelates on the subject,
and publishes the replies of five arch-
bishops, twenty-four bishops and sev-
eral other prominent clergymen to a
letter of inquiry which it sent out.
These answers, taken as a whole, are
far from definite and leave us just
where we were before, as far as ob-
taining an expression of the Roman
Catholic policy is concerned. This
also was to be expected. The intel-
ligent American public, however, has

little need to depend upon information of this kind. It knows fairly well what it may in general expect from the Church of Rome.

The Parliament's Challenge to the Unitarians.

Believing as we do that the Parliament was more than a passing compromise, a dramatic play in the religious history of the world, a spiritual sensation, we must take seriously to heart the prophecy we find in it. We believe it was an object lesson in church building. We think it pointed to the possibility to unite men of divers races and faiths in an actual fellowship, in working organizations, potent, inspiring, in short the Parliament of Religions predicted a movement that will undertake to organize a new church in the world; a church that will bear none of the existing denominational names in Christendom or out of it, but will be friendly and hospitable to all churches. We believe that there is a liberal church coming into being that will enlist the sympathies of the thoughtful and the dutiful who now perhaps stay outside of all churches because all of them are more or less allied by creed or by name to theological controversies in which they are not interested and that do not now represent vital interests. The most liberal of the Christian denominations have come into being on textual lines. They have fought the battle of doctrine with proof-texts. It has been a matter of chapter and verse. "How readest thou?" has been the appeal. The newer thought is indifferent of the lexicon. Religion no longer rests, for the thoughtful, on Greek roots or Hebrew vowels. All the existing denominations in Christendom and probably out of Christendom have been more allied with systems of theology. The new religion will be allied more to questions of anthropology. Ecclesiastical history is getting to be a study in archaeology, a study of old things. History is perennial and universal. Sociology is the new vehicle that is to convey gospel forces into power.

Who can fail to see what all this means to the Unitarians? If they are to wear the jewel called consistency the Parliament challenges them to take their own medicine. With uplifted fingers pointed to them it says: "Practice what you preach.

Dare to do what you predict others must do. Go to work and realize this prophecy. Put yourself in the way of co-operating with all those who thirst for the fellowship of universal religion. Put yourselves in line with the Church of the Future, and thus indeed represent the fellowship of Channing, Emerson, Parker, and Martineau." They who would belong more to the Unitarian *movement* must belong less to the Unitarian *sect*. The old controversy as to whether there are one or three persons in the Godhead has but little place in modern thought. Not unifold nor trifold but manifold is the Deity that challenges our reverence to-day. The Unitarian denomination that has been hesitating and halting along the cool and ragged edges of Christendom, missing the fervor and strength of its dogmatic heart, but dreading to trust the splendid inspirations of natural religion, of universal faith, is doomed. The sect will die in order that its spirit of individual responsibility and free inquiry may live. The Unitarian cannot go consistently to his inconsistent Methodist neighbor, his incoherent Baptist friend, and discontented Presbyterian acquaintance, and say, "Leave one sect for another, take off one denominational badge and put on another." But he can say, "Come, let us each have done with this labeling business. Let us both step out and on to a platform upon which neither Christianity, Buddhism, Brahminism nor Agnosticism has any pre-emption. On that broad plain of humanity, let us build a temple of universal religion dedicated to the inquiring spirit of progress, to the helpful services of love. We will sing and work and worship in chorus, but our chorus will not insist on uniforms. We will differ freely in our joyous union." Some such church as this already exists. It exists all over the world where commerce and science, letters and philanthropy have gone to break down the conceits of creed and the pretensions of sects. We believe that in the so-called Liberal forces of America—the Unitarian, Universalist, Reformed Jewish, Ethical Culture and Independent movements—there is found the material for the great prophetic Free Church of America. Democratic, progressive, helpful. A church where heresy-hunting will be absolutely impossible, because the spirit which makes heretics will be

the central inspiration of its life,—the spirit of inquiry, the spirit of individual responsibility in matters of thought. It will find its cohesion in the emulation of the growing thought and purest lives of humanity. It will find its inspiration in hearing one another's burdens and its commission in promoting truth, righteousness and love in the world. The Parliament has thrown its challenge to the Unitarians of America and asks them to venture to live up to this standard. "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will not eat meat; no, not while the world lasteth," said Paul. In that same spirit let Unitarians say, "If the word 'Unitarian' giveth offense, if it misinterprets us or we misinterpret it, we discard the word that we may cherish the thing."

Thus far the liberal forces are shy of each other. They are afraid of the disguised bishops at denominational headquarters, of the halting ones in the parishes. These terrors will continue until they are defied, and preacher and congregation together say, "Henceforth we take the open road." Our bishops are in front. The glimmering lights of the future guide us. We go to build the church of the twentieth century,—open temples of reason, holy shrines of helpfulness, confessionals where the soul will not be afraid to confess its ignorance, acknowledge its limitations,—where it will bend the knee to kiss the hem of the inevitable. There is the beginning place of prayer. From the touch of this hem will come in due time the courage to lift the eyes upward, and the soul will find to its delight that the inevitable is also the inflexible. That which at the lower hem is fate, at the upper end fringes the face of a benignant providence. Somebody must start, some church. Let the Unitarians dare, and here in Chicago, the scene of the Parliament triumphs. Chicago should become the cathedral city of the world for the world-religion that was here exemplified more forcibly than formulated. What better place to begin than in the West, where we have much to gain in the way of unhappy souls to make earnest and joyous, a great world of bigotry to ameliorate, a great country of wealth and intelligence to consecrate, and so little to lose in the way of influence, wealth, position, or reputation for soundness of faith even of the Unitarian kind.

For, as Lowell sang of Theodore Parker:

"From their orthodox kind of dissent we've often dissented."

"If the war must begin, let it begin here," said the grandfather of the same Theodore Parker on the Lexington green. And so we say that if the Parliament is to bear fruit in a visible movement toward a Free Church of universal religion, let it begin with the Western Unitarians. Let them stand up to be shot at, and run the risk of ridicule and defeat that the triumphs of life may come abundantly if not to them in a measure through them to others.

Let them change their organizations, if necessary, from technical to actual Unitarian churches. This is a high test placed upon their interest and sincerity in this matter. If they would win freedom even from a loved name, independency from the limitations even of a cause dear to them, in order that they may serve it better, they must sacrifice for it, win the transfiguration by climbing the mount. Let them realize the dream of a church which will be as closely and dearly related to the Japanese Hiral as to the Boston Savage, a church affiliated to Robert Collyer and to Mozoomdar, a church as open for fullest fellowship to Dhamapala as to Edward Everett Hale. Then we may look for a great passion to publish their word, a greater joy than ever in missionary activities. The church that lives for itself alone does not live as a church. It may be a club, a fashionable society, patron of music and oratory, weekly exhibitions of which it generously supports, but it is not a church. A church does not live unto itself. And even in these hungry days we must never forget that he is still a starveling whose heart goes un-fed and whose mind is not nourished. The charities of mind are ever in demand, aye, ever the most urgent.

"O Church of God! my life is lent
For yours, to spend and to be spent."

A Present Duty of Chicago Women.

The managers of the sewing-room for needy women at Harrison and Halsted streets, under the direction of the Emergency Relief Association and affiliated with the Woman's Club, says the most needed help to their enterprise is work. They have one hundred women at work at fifty cents a day, and are doing for these women the one thing really helpful, giving

them the chance to help themselves. But as yet it has been hard to find enough sewing to keep them all busy. They have done some work for various hospitals and for the School Children's Aid Society, but if much more work were sent in to be done the enterprise would be on a more lasting basis and a larger number of those needy women could be employed.

Now I submit to all the kind-hearted housekeepers of Chicago who are anxious to help in alleviating the pitiful distress of this winter, that everyone of them has need of new household linen, bedding, and of many undergarments. Perhaps they have been accustomed to buy these ready-made "cheaper than they could make them," or, certainly, cheaper than they could have them made in the house. They have, perhaps, read Helen Campbell's disclosures of the way some of these garments are made by women at starvation prices in New York City, and perhaps they have debated within themselves whether it would be better for those poor needlewomen that all women should cease buying their product because it is ill-paid or to go on giving them a chance to do something rather than nothing at all. If every city woman had sought out a needy seamstress to do her work—and ceased buying the sweaters' goods—it would have solved the problem. But that it was clearly impracticable for most busy city women to do. Now, however, an organization has been formed, of unimpeachable standing, which is gathering together needy women to sew. If Chicago women would give their orders for all plain sewing—for plain undergarments, and, as the scheme is perfected, for boys' clothing and children's cloaks—to this Relief Association, they could wear the garments thus made without the haunting fear that they were made at starvation prices, under disgraceful and even infected conditions. Moreover, they could paraphrase in earnest the irreverent woman of fashion, who said that to know that her dress fitted well in the back gave her the peace that passeth understanding.

The Association, if encouragement were thus given it, could extend and make permanent a Co-operative Needle-Room, could buy materials at wholesale and furnish its customers with garments which, while costing perhaps more than those sold in the

stores—but perhaps no more, since one profit would be eliminated,—would certainly still cost less than garments made at home out of material bought at retail. There would of course at first be many difficulties in the way of getting experienced cutters—and good workwomen—and of managing a sweater's business without sweating. But the women of Chicago have shown business ability that is equal to this, and with the co-operation of the factory inspectors, and even, let it be hoped, of some of the great retailers themselves, the Co-operative Needlework Association could banish the doleful Song of the Shirt from many tenements.

"Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,"
might then sound in a well-appointed workroom, from women not "in womanly rags" and not
"With a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tones could reach the rich,"
but a happy Song of the Shirt.

F. G. B.

Roads and Steeds.

Smooth is the shining path before us,
Straight it runs through the Arctic snow,
Clear and polished and hard as granite:
O'er it flashing our good steeds go.
White the prairie lies around us,
Level and bare as the boundless sea,
Here and there a bush for a way mark,
Hither and yon a sentinel tree.
Smoke curls up from the distant chimneys
Dotting the prairie here and there,
In and out by the straggling fences
Cattle are huddled, steaming the air.
Ring our bells in the silent snow fields,
Ring and echo the fields along,
Quick we flash by the crowded windows,
Floats behind us a time-worn song.
Boundless seems the space before us,
Lonely space upon either hand,
Lightning speed in our matchless horses,
Why should we ever come to a stand?
On and on we will go forever,
Circle the globe, and circle the spheres,
With roads and steeds so fairly mated.
We will ride and ride for a thousand years.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

It Pays.

It pays to read the papers, especially your own family paper, for often in this way good business opportunities are brought to your attention. For instance, B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., are now advertising, offering paying positions to parties who engage with them, devoting all or any part of their time to their business interests. It might pay you to write to them.

Contributed and Selected

MY SAINT.

TO THE REVEREND DR. JOHN S. LEE.

I know a good, brave man, whose locks
are white
With frost of many winters: on his
brow
Peace smiling sits: and thought with
human love;
And in his deep blue eye the quiet self-
respect
That upright living yields the pure in
heart.
Fame has not crowned him victor in
the fields
Of carnage, trade or party,—yet to me
He seems a being of the golden age
When men were knights of honor;
sage and seer,
His counsels swayed my little ones, as
winds
Stir the spring violets in meadows
sweet;
His blessing sanctified the solemn rite
That gave my lamb unto the stranger's
fold.
His saintly prayer above my precious
dead
Was balm and healing to the bruised
heart.
His sun-bright spirit lit the farther
shore.
And gave me farewells cruel fate de-
nied.
His truth and kindness all his blessed
days
Have honored manhood, and his
Christly faith.
The good he wrought shall greet him
when he goes
Smiling to other fields of happy toil—
Shall blossom round him in eternal joy
And charity and knowledge. Here
There will be lamentations and the
tears
That never flow save for the great and
good.
These shall make sweet the arid,
wasted soil
Of doubting hearts. His faithful work
Shall praise him in the future of the
race,
His children carry the white fire he
made
To frozen natures, dark and cheerless
lives.
His spotless memory their anchor
sheet
*To whom fair justice veiled her loveli-
ness,—*
His life shall never fail them, or mis-
lead:
When beat the surges of temptations
dire
And faith in others perish utterly.
This one white life, a symbol of the
next.
Shall live for man, his country and his
God.

HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

BY THE WAY.

III.

He came from Arizona to Chicago—out of work, and to see the Fair. How was he going to see it? Get a job inside the grounds. And he did. Got put on as a Columbian Guard. "Size, shape, good looks generally" did it. Saw some of the Fair; but not as much as he intended to; for, about as soon as he got his "suit paid for, they cut off the heads of about half of 'em; mine included." Since then? Well, he got pretty low down, even to begging. Slept anywhere he could crowd in when night came, or laid down on the grass on the Lake Front. Had had no trouble with the police, except once. Then a "cop" came along when he lay stretched out asleep and rapped him on the bottom of his feet. "Gee-whitkers! how it stung. I got up quicker, and was a mind to thrash the scoundrel. He deserved it, and I believe I could have done it. But I could n't thrash the whole city of Chicago, which would have backed him up, and so I chewed my tongue and thought better of it. But that ain't the way to treat a man, and Chicago should be ashamed to uphold such conduct. Suppose I was a tramp? Suppose I was tired out and threw myself down where I ought n't to? A decent man would n't treat another that way just because he was an officer and had the power. And shame, I say, on a community that'll uphold it! Suppose he had put a dynamite bomb under me and blown me to atoms. 'Twould n't o' hurt any worse. No, I've always been a law-abiding man, even though I have my opinion about the laws, and the men that execute them. I've thought a good deal over the matter. A man without work, food or shelter has a chance to think a good deal. I could give some of our law-makers at Washington, D. C., points would benefit them—if they had the wit to accept and appreciate them. I studied law once myself.

"Yes, I'm going back West again, as soon as I can. It is n't so easy getting away, though. If I foot it, I frighten all the women on the road. If I go aboard a train they put me off. If I go into a hotel in the city, they run me out. If I stop on the street corner, they order me to move on. If I lie down on a vacant spot of God's earth, I'm rapped over the feet. The only place where I'm not insulted or abused is in a saloon.

"No, I don't drink."

"Yah, you vas welcome to come in. There was mine frou, mine girls and mine kids. Yosef, you get up an' give the gentlemen a seat: an' you pour the beer for the gentlemen."

It is a cleanly room—the floor hardly dry after a good scrubbing. A few old prints in black and gilt frames are hung on the walls. The stove shines, and the "frou," seated in a high-back chair in the corner,

with a white kerchief or shawl about her neck, crossing the front and tying around her waist, looking comfortable enough.

The large round table had been brought into the center of the room, and about it were grouped all the younger members of the family, the "girls" and the "kids," eight or ten in number, divided about equally. Perhaps it was five boys and four girls: the oldest a young lady with fine bright eyes and a good forehead. The forehead, in fact, was the distinguishing feature of the whole family. Broad and bulging. The little girl, six or seven, looked up from her picture book, her great eyes of brightest blue, set under a forehead of such smooth expanse one at once wondered what would she think of the world when she grew up!

The eldest boy was nineteen. The father said:

"Mine Wolfgang vas good for not much. He do the 'tings over all the vall—I guess vas porty goot, an' he learn the architect—he built the house vas in next yard. But he vas not much money to me yet."

The mother smiled, as Wolfgang did. It was the father's way. So many fathers mingle their praise of their boys with grains of discredit, as though they were afraid of spoiling them if they simply confessed the real pride in them. The way this Herr Steinberg said "mine Wolfgang" atoned, however, for the disparaging word, and his "not much money to me yet" was possibly intended as a reflection on himself as well.

Wolfgang was busy with some drawings that would have done credit to much older heads, and showed that he already had no little skill in his chosen profession.

A younger brother had covered every scrap of paper he could find with ships. Questioning him, it seemed, to a novice at any rate, that he had the navigation of the world in his grasp. He could tell all the different ships afloat, and give the names of most of them, naming also the nations to which they belonged.

"Yah, he vas goot at those. He go to sea some of these days in a tub; all same to him."

The 13-year-old girl was at her embroidery. One brother had constructed a rocking-chair, carving a little scroll on the top, and she was at the upholstery. It was a unique pattern. She was stitching on the back.

"I brought it from Shir-ma-nie"—to try to spell the word as the mother pronounced it. And the girl explains it was from a "very old water-color miniature her great-great-grandmother did."

Now, this family had not been much to school, but when the smallest boy with a big atlas spread before him asked a question, every one at the table was ready with the answer. And the conversation developed that they were well read in history, and knew of the poets: the architect

often chiming in, "as Shakespeare has it," or "as Goethe puts it."

A thrifty, intelligent, industrious, educated and educating family, at home with themselves, and apparently with the world. All of them at work during the day. Pursuing their various avocations by night, resting so from the day's toil. Illustrating what their Goethe wrote :

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

S. H. M.

One Solution of the Labor Problem.*

The last issue of *Employer and Employed*, published by the Association for the Promotion of Profit-Sharing, contains the story of the Leclair experiment, by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale visited Leclair last February. He describes the town itself as very attractive. The site, covering 125 acres not far from St. Louis, was purchased in 1890 by the company manufacturing plumbers' supplies, of which Mr. N. O. Nelson is President. The houses, "not uniform in construction, but all pretty and artistic in design," are sold by the corporation outright to the workmen, not simply rented to them. The business was started in 1877 by Mr. Nelson in St. Louis. In 1886 he proposed the profit sharing innovation. By the original plan 6 per cent. of the profits was first set aside as interest on the capital invested, then 10 per cent. for a reserve fund, and 10 per cent. more for a provident fund. "The remainder was divided by an equal percentage between capital and labor." During the seven years of the experiment these wages dividends have averaged 8 per cent. They were originally payable in cash, "to make it clear that they meant money," although the employees had the option of taking the dividends in stock, to encourage co-operation. Now these dividends are payable only in stock. But when an employee leaves the company it buys his stock at par. The separate provident fund has been dropped. The employees maintain a co-operative store. All purchases must be paid for in cash. "The business of this store has steadily grown. It has paid 6 per cent. interest on the capital, and has returned an average of 15 per cent. on the purchases. It is conducted on the Rochdale plan of selling at the usual retail prices and returning the profit in proportion to the purchases." The experiment seems to stand well the test of the hard times. A proposition to take in sail, made by the management to the men last July, was accepted unanimously and "with cheers." The present arrangement is this: "Until the hard times are over, three-fourths of the present rate of wages and salaries will be paid in cash, and the other one-fourth will be paid at the end of this year if there is any-

This summary is taken from *The Outlook*.

thing left after allowing 6 per cent. interest on capital for that part of the year during which full wages have been paid, and 4½ per cent. interest on that part of the year in which three-fourths wages have been paid. If not made good out of this year's profit, it will be made good out of any future year in which there is a profit above simple interest on capital."

A Good Example.

The Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., is having a series of meetings in the interest of "working men," and with the hope of bringing them and the church nearer together. Last Sunday (Jan. 7) Rev. Perry Marshall, a former pastor of Unity Church of that city, spoke to an enthusiastic audience of several hundred people on "*The Problem of the Age*." The people did not fear to applaud at the beginning and end of the discourse, and at any place where they wished especially to show their approval. After the speaking, questions were asked and answered. Several persons at the close went forward to declare for the first time their faith in the speaker's teaching,—that in the "evolution of government" is great hope of preventing poverty; that monopolies by which millions are poured into the laps of the few must become more all-embracing until they shall finally pass over to the government, "for the people." The daily papers gave abstracts of the discourse, which thus obtained a wide hearing. The first Sunday in February, Rev. Graham Taylor, a former pastor of the Fourth Church, and now a professor in a Chicago college, is to be the speaker.

Certainly this move is in the right direction. Immediately after the death of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, speaking in Music Hall to Parker's people, said: "The pulpit should use the day [Sunday] and opportunity for the training of the community in the whole encyclopædia of morals—social questions, sanitary matters, slavery, temperance, labor, the condition of women, the nature of government, responsibility to law, the right of a majority, and how far a minority may yield, marriage, health,—the entire list. For all these are moral questions and they are living questions, not metaphysics, not dogmas. . . . The pulpit, as seen in the north of Europe and in this country, is not built up of mahogany and paint. It is the life of earnest men, the example of the community; a forum to unfold, broaden, and help mankind. That is the pulpit. If this were recognized and acted upon, people would not desert the church, as they tend to do; or go, if at all, from a mere sense of duty; but would be drawn to the pulpit, as they are to the press and the theater, by a felt want." True, it is a much easier matter to "preach about the sins of the ancient Egyptians," and to lead a society for mutual admiration. M.

Correspondence

Ramabai.

DEAR UNITY: I sent to our friends at Sioux City a contradiction, as definite as I could make it, of a story which had been circulated there regarding the Pundita Ramabai. This story asserted that she was engaged in converting Hindu women to the Church of England, and that was the object of her school. As it happened, we knew the particular incident on which this story was founded. It is that of a girl who, after a good many turns of fortune, brought up in the English Government School, with which the Pundita has nothing to do. A good deal to the scandal of her friends, she was baptized in one of the English chapels there. But with this transaction Ramabai had no more connection than the teacher of a high school in Chicago has with the confirmation of any girl who has been in her school.

While such charges as this are occasionally made in American churches, another set of charges against Ramabai complain of her that there is no religion at all in her school, and that it is a school of atheism and what is called infidelity. She is thus between two fires. Neither of these fires seems to have hurt her so far, and I do not think that you and I suppose that they will hurt her. But I will thank UNITY to say to any of our friends who have sustained Ramabai heretofore that the spirit and wisdom and breadth of her administration since the school was opened have been such as to give new confidence to all her friends who have the pleasure of seeing her correspondence and reading the reports of the school. The school is attacked all the time, now by the missionaries, now by bigoted Brahmans, now by Tom, now by Dick, and now by Harry. All the same, it accommodates all the pupils whom it has room for, and it seems to satisfy those who have intrusted young people to its charge. It is just what it set out to be,—a school for child-widows. It appears to have the same religious influence that a good high school in one of our American cities has, and the teachers exercise just as much and just as little religious influence as do the teachers in such a school.

If anybody needs farther information and will address me or the general secretary of the Ramabai Association, we shall be glad to answer them. Mrs. Andrews, the chief of the Executive Committee, is at this moment in Poona, and as soon as her letters arrive, we shall have the view of an intelligent American lady on the position. Truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

P. S. We publish almost every month, in *Lend-a-Hand*, the latest reports from the school.

A BORE usually makes a big ho'e in a busy day.

Church-Door Pulpit

A Personal Tribute to John C. Learned.*

BY W. L. SHELDON.

It was one of the mild, warm days which came early last spring when we were together lying on the ground out under the open sky at Tower Grove Park. We were talking of death and eternity. Men will do that sometimes; although it was strange that we should have done so in the early spring. He said to me that he was perfectly ready to die. He did not think that it would give him the faintest uneasiness or concern if he knew he were to die on the ensuing day. He believed that his work was done. Few men can say at heart what he said. No matter what they look forward to or anticipate in that Beyond, they shrink back and cling to earth and say: "I do not want to go."

I think of that talk we had together because it was characteristic of the man. He was so calm, so steady, so fearless and so true. We who knew him did not want to have him go. We did not believe that his work was done. As though the work of a personality ever was done! He did not know, himself, the kind of an influence he was exerting. He had no clear appreciation why men clung to him and wanted so greatly that he should stay. No man ever has any measure of his own influence. Those who exert it the most are the least conscious of it. They seldom think about it at all, especially if it be the influence, not simply of an idea or of a teaching, but of a personality. But that was the influence of Mr. Learned.

It was two or three years ago, I believe, that I once remarked to a friend that when Mr. Learned came to die I would like to preach his funeral sermon. It was a strange thought on my part. It may have sounded cold and unfeeling; but it was with a sense of solemn awe that I made the remark. It came in those moods which men have when they feel themselves, as it were, in contact with something great, yes, with something almost divine. It was the kind of feeling which I used to have in walking up and down the aisles of the cathedrals in Europe, and I would say to myself, "If only now I could sit down and write out what is on my heart." It was the kind of awe I felt when standing on the Acropolis at Athens, or on the summit of the Mount of Olives and looking down on Jerusalem. It was a solemn, religious emotion. Men only are great, and not things. Mind and soul are what we care for in ourselves and in the universe. They alone call forth awe and the sense of sublimity. It is not nature as such that we are thinking of when we are looking at it, but rather the something which is

akin to ourselves in nature. The stars are grand to us because the stars have a kinship with ourselves. We and they somehow are connected together. They all tell of life, but most of all they tell of mind and soul. And when one man calls forth that feeling in you it may be right to speak and endeavor to say what is on your heart. I revered this man as I revere no other living man on earth. He was my best example of living mind and soul. And so it was that he made me think of those of Athens and Jerusalem.

It is so grand, so helpful, so inspiring when you meet one man who does call forth your sense of awe and reverence. If that has been your good fortune, its influence will stay with you to the end of your days. You will care more for life; you will see more in life that is worth living. You will think less of death and have less fear of death. You will believe more in the human race. You will have more faith in nature and the universe. You will see even deeper into what is hidden behind or underneath or within that name of "God." I do not know how many others had this same feeling about that one man. We choose our ideals by instinct. It is the same instinct which leads us to choose our heroes, to recognize our ideals in living men. And so it was that I made my choice, and the instinct within me chose him as my ideal of incarnate, divine, pure manhood. And yet when now I sit down to think or say what has been on my heart in regard to him, to put into words what I have felt, to express those emotions which were, indeed, so eager to find expression, it would seem as though the thoughts would not come. My mind stands still. The words falter and I feel as though I had nothing to say. All that he was and did fuses together into a personality. I see his figure in my mind; the personality seems to go before me; the soul of the man is present to my consciousness, but I cannot describe it. It seems just a personality.

We have stood side by side, working together. We have been hand in hand at the same graves. We have talked together as few men ever talked together, expressing our hopes and our fears, our aspirations and our despondency. I talked to him as to no other living man. He was to me, as I presume he was to others, a kind of confessional. We felt that what we said to him would not be known to others. It was like talking to ourselves, and yet somehow while saying it to him we seemed to gather strength, merely by his listening to us, though he might give no answer. There was a peculiar strength in his look, because it all lay back in that personality. I have never been tempted to talk to others as I talked to him. We had brooded together over mankind and the universe,—in expressing to one another that sorrow of all sorrows, the depression over the

condition of our human brotherhood, and on the slow, so slow, advance that the race of men seem to be making. We had talked of our care to uplift the race of men: to make them better, to lead them to care for the things that we cared for, to stir them to a love for the inner higher life, to make them want to be religious and to believe in an ideal form of religion.

Now that he is gone there is a sense of solitude for me which I have never felt before. The one man with whom I had communed as with my own soul is gone and is taking his rest. It was not that we talked together a great deal or saw each other often. It was simply that he was there and I always knew he was there, though I might not see him for weeks or months at a time—we rested on the bare fact of his presence. It sustained me almost as much even if he was not by. That did not always seem to matter. But so long as he was here we felt somehow that he was there to lean upon. I have never known an instance of his kind in all my personal experience, nor have I ever seen any example that was like it. He set all my rules, as it were, at defiance. It was impossible to judge of him and his work in the same way that we judge of the work of other men. He did it in a different way because he was a different kind of person. We think of him as the minister and leader of a church, but his congregation from Sunday to Sunday for many years would seem to have scarcely averaged above a hundred or a hundred and fifty people. And yet on the other hand I believe he has been of greater actual influence on our city than any other minister or clergyman who has ever been in St. Louis. He was not the minister only for that hundred people who listened to him on Sunday morning. They seemed to be only one minor portion of his parish. I have met with people who never went to his church, who scarcely ever saw him personally, but they would seem to say in their language about him. "He is our minister." When the solemn day came, they would call him in to say the last words over their dead. He stood for them. He represented them. He was their church. I believe that we might say that at least a thousand families in our city looked to him in that way. What other man has ever held that kind of a position in St. Louis? It is something so peculiar as almost to be baffling and unexplainable. He did not know of this himself. We knew it because we could see it all the time. His presence seems to be a kind of a pillar in the city on whom hundreds, if not thousands, of people leaned, who scarcely ever came in contact with that presence. But they drew strength from the bare fact that he was there. That was enough for them. They believed in him, they looked up to him. He was their man. Their cause was

*Address delivered to the Ethical Society of St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 7, 1894.

safe while he was at hand. They might go on about their business, doing their daily work, but they had the assurance that the something which they believed in and cared for, or felt they *ought* to believe in or care for, was represented by one man. They had a kind of sense of safety in it.

It has been said by those that loved him that it was within the walls of that little church that he exerted his influence. I hope they will pardon me in taking the contrary view; in assuming that what he did there was only a small portion, scarcely one-quarter of his work in St. Louis. That hundred people were not his church. Our city was his church, more than it has been the church of any other man I have known in St. Louis. He belonged to the city. He cared for its growth. He knew about it. He was interested in its institutions. I believe we owe the fact to him more than to any other man that within a few weeks we are to have a public library in St. Louis. We owe it to him more than any other man in our midst that so many thousands of persons in our city have come to believe that a man can be a true, noble man, whether he be orthodox or unorthodox, believer or unbeliever, so long as his aims have been true. He has been the one individual in St. Louis who has asserted that man could, and should, and must think for himself in order to be truly religious. It has been the weakness of the whole liberal movement in our country as well as in other countries that it had so few men to whom it could point with pride. It has had leaders, great thinkers, scholars, powerful characters, wonderful speakers, good reasoners. But the one thing it seemed to be lacking was *men*. Yet here was an instance to the contrary. This person did belong in the higher sense to the liberal movement. He stood ready to offer the hand of fellowship to the struggling soul in China or Japan or India or Africa though that soul had never heard of the Bible. He could say in his heart, "I am his brother."

He might have been atheist, as he was not; he might have been believer in Buddhism, as he was not; he might have belonged to the Hebrew faith, as he did not; he might have been an agnostic, as he was not; he might have been orthodox Christian, as he was not,—but all persons would have said just the same, "There is a man." And while he held out the hand of fellowship to Buddhist, Hebrew, Atheist, or Agnostic, those who could not feel the same spirit of sympathy still said of him, "There is a man." He made "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" respected in St. Louis. Alas that we appreciate so little what it meant to accomplish that one result.

The older I grow the less hope I have for the bare influence of ideas.

It may seem discouraging, but I cannot escape from the impression. There was a time when as a young man I believed with my whole soul in the dominant power of a thought. I had faith in truth's own power to conquer. That hope within me has been dying away. But another conviction has been taking its place which may or may not be encouraging to others. Human history does not seem to be changed mainly through ideas or principles. When on the other hand these ideas are connected with a great and true *personality*, then they triumph. Yet what triumphs is not the idea, but the personality. I doubt sometimes whether there ever will be any new thoughts given to the world. It has occurred to me that all the ideas which men will ever possess have already been expressed. They are incarnate in past literature. But with personality it is different. *There* we can anticipate an endlessly growing power. When that element is associated with a truth, it becomes an influence. This is why I have such a reverence for Mr. Learned.

He had grand thoughts, deep feelings, and yet those feelings and thoughts might have been uttered by some other man and not have had any kind of influence at all on this or any other community. We can listen to the utterance of a truth. We can read it in a book and it can pass through our minds without so much as leaving any consciousness of it or any recollection of it. Why? Because we are not interested in the man who tells it. But when that thought comes from a man who has deep personality it takes hold of our consciousness, roots itself there, and sometimes changes the whole course of our lives. That is what we call *religious* influence. It affects our motives and will-power, because along with the idea is imparted something of the other man's will-power and motive. It comes through his personality. This man had a way of leaving an impression upon you by the word he exchanged with you at the street corner. You went home feeling differently from what you did before. Those men are the *creators* in human history. Whatever comes from them is original with them. It is born out of their souls. There is little or no truth which ever comes to men in just one form. We all receive it differently. None of us ever think exactly alike. If two men utter what is considered the same thought to us, it will not come precisely as the same thought. It will have about it inevitably a tinge of the personality of the man who expresses it. It is not in the words he uses, but the impression we already have of him, which reacts on what he is saying and fixes the thought in our consciousness. The one hope for the future to me is in such personalities. Where they get their ideas from I do not care. Who inspired them or what stirred them is of small consequence.

But one man may be of more influence than ten thousand others who may be his equal intellectually, solely by that difference of character and personality.

You will perceive now what I mean in reference to the singular influence of this man who is gone from us. It explains why it was that his parish meant not one church but all St. Louis, why it was that he could have been speaking only to a hundred people every Sunday and still have been the leader of many thousands. The more I think of him, the more I lose faith in what is called "numbers." There are men who are writing books of which thousands of copies may be sold, and yet they will not in the end exert the influence which has come from this one man who never wrote a book and yet seemed so great and so strong. It was hard at first to appreciate the feeling which I met with in regard to him in other cities. We are accustomed to see the clergy gauged by the size of their churches, by their writings, the books they have published, the calls they have received elsewhere. This man wrote no books, did not have a large church, may have received no calls elsewhere,—and yet when I mentioned his name in other cities there was something peculiar, a kind of look of awe which came on the faces of the persons at the mention of his name. One clergyman in another large city said to me with a kind of reverence,—a man who has written books and is far more widely known,—"We all take off our caps to Learned." That is what I call grandeur. I wonder sometimes whether there is grandeur in anything else. Who cares for numbers and position and what men call "power" in contrast with an influence of this kind? It makes a man want to begin over again and try his life in a different way. It gives me a different measure of true success. What other kind of success after all is worth having? It is true now and then such an influence may also go with reputation and actual earthly power. But this is rare. Yet there is one parallel which has come to me again and again in the last few weeks; possibly it has come to others. Mr. Learned has seemed to me to have been to St. Louis what Phillips Brooks was to the United States,—not, however, as preacher, but as a *man*.

These two men each belonged to a church or a sect, and yet what has been said of the more widely known man is as true of the other. They seemed to belong still more to a kind of universal church. All classes of persons claimed them as theirs. I hope Mr. Learned's church will forgive me in saying that I do not think of him particularly as belonging to them. He was to me something broader than any sect. I cannot connect his personality with any denomination. He was more than anything else a disciple of Jesus, but to a degree he was a disciple of Buddha and

Confucius; he stood perfectly ready to call any one of them "Master."

Sometimes I have wished that he could have known of the influence he was exerting; that he could have appreciated what he stood for and how men leaned upon him who never went to hear him. He said once, I believe, in former years, that he would like, just for once, to see that little church crowded full on Sunday morning at one of the regular services. I do not know that he ever had the experience. It was half my wish that he could have been there the last time when the church was crowded full and the people took leave of his earthly form. Yet, as we know, outside of that solemn group of people, was an invisible church of a multitude who could not have entered those doors because there would have been so many of them,—children and grown people, men and women of all races and all churches, whom he had been kind to and who looked up to him as a great and good man.

We speak of his personality; it is hard to define what we mean by that word, because we are conscious of it more by feeling than by thought. Men knew of it by the way it helped them. That was all. He had a peculiar method, although it was not a method but an instinct with him. He always knew what *you* were thinking, what was happening in your life, but you very rarely knew what he was thinking or what was happening in *his* life. He asked you questions about yourself, but he never encouraged you to ask questions about *himself*. He did not seem to be interested in that subject. He let you talk, tell your story, what you were thinking about it, how it was going with you, but you never knew how it was going with *him* inside of *his* soul. He never talked about that. I have wondered whether he even thought about it. He seemed to keep perfectly still as to what was going on in his own consciousness. Sometimes when he would have been questioning me and letting me unburden myself I have turned upon him playfully and asked *him* something. But I would get no reply. He would come back with another question about myself. That was my only satisfaction. Only great and deep men can do that kind of thing. Only grand characters are capable of suppressing themselves, or rather of being unconscious of themselves in that way. As I have said, it did not seem to be a method with him. It was his nature. What a multitude of persons in our city have unburdened their hearts to him. How few ever thought of letting him unburden his heart to *them*. They never thought about it because he was so full of thinking of them that he forgot to think of himself.

I do not say, of course, that he was an absolutely perfect and complete man. By no manner of means. That would be effusive eulogy. He had his weak side and strongside, though

even upon that point men would differ. It always seemed to me, for example, that his nature or mind was not quite fully open to the great struggle and upheaval going on now in the understratum of society. He did not seem to comprehend the meaning of the great labor movement, at least in the way it impressed me. I used to wish he would see it and see the struggle himself in a different light. And yet now I am almost glad that he did not do so. It would have made him too perfect. I should have been afraid to go near him. There would have been something superhuman about him if he had had that other quality a so. The very lack, as it seemed to me after a fashion, drew me nearer to him. It would have been almost painful if he had been absolutely complete. But he had grown up in a different way, under a different line of influence. He came of an early class of men who made themselves, and they had such sublime faith in human nature that they believed all men could do the same if they only *would*. That faith in human nature led him perhaps to have less appreciation of the weaknesses of the under class. It was a noble thing and gave his character dignity and power. It made him in the supreme sense of the word an individualist. But his individualism came not from lack of sympathy, but from what I looked upon as perhaps a mistaken faith in the capacities of human nature.

But, on the other hand, I never knew of a man who was so capable of closing his eyes to the weaknesses of his immediate fellows in order to help them. He dealt with us personally just as though we were his equals and were as strong as he was. He never let us see that he did recognize our weaknesses. In rare moments I have discovered it in a sudden twinkle of the eye which he could not quite control. It is a power most rare and unusual,—the quality which more than anything else, perhaps, gave him his influence over the men with whom he was thrown most in contact. They somehow had the feeling that he always recognized what was in them. But it does take grandeur of character to be able to deal with human nature as though it had no weaknesses, when we know those weaknesses are there. He was one of the few men who had that power. He never let us know what he was thinking of us. He only gave us the impression that he had faith in us. It was that support which helped to make us stronger. We did not think of this when he was alive; but I believe it comes home to us now, to everyone of us who knew him.

I do not say that he was only a great personality, although that would have been enough in itself to have endowed him with grandeur. When I first knew him he impressed me as one of those highly cultivated men of rare education who have had

unusual opportunities of study and travel, such as we would expect perhaps from the graduates of Oxford, in England. There seemed to be culture about his every movement and word and influence. He was an intellectual man. He did love thought and thinking. I remember the shock it gave me when he told me that he had not even been to college. It made me wish that I, too, had never been to college if I could be that kind of a man and exert that kind of an influence. There is something subtle and deep in that culture. It is of a kind which is becoming rarer and rarer. There will be little or none of it in the next century. It would be useless to try to get it in that way. You must be that kind of a man in the first place in order to be able to acquire culture in that fashion. Most men who seek it in a self-made form blunder at it, and you recognize the self-made element everywhere. He seemed to blend the qualities of a finished training and education along with the qualities of the self-made man. In this regard also I know of no other example of that kind; a man who could seem to have come from Oxford and never have had any kind of collegiate education at all! He is said to have regretted the fact. I think most of us who knew him would have regretted it still more if he had had it. We were contented with him in that respect as he was, and asked for no finer or higher form of culture. In this respect he seemed to be every year of his life a growing man.

Mr. Learned to me more than any other man resembled our own great Ralph Waldo Emerson. Again and again the two men have come to my mind at the same time. I never saw Emerson, though I have a very vivid impression of him. They seem to me to be very much alike. There was the same calm, sweet, gentle, lofty, peculiar simplicity about them; there was the same exquisite modesty and reserve in reference to themselves; there was the same intense sympathy with new thought and broader views of the world; there was the same disposition to let their ideas speak for themselves and refuse to make any effort to push their own personalities forward: there was the same sober fearlessness; the same aspiration for freedom of thinking; they were both intense individualists; they were each devoutly religious, yet each shrank from pronouncing the name of God too often lest they should weaken or mar its grandeur. They were each reverent without form. They would have each walked straight into the fiery furnace if loyalty to their convictions had required it of them,—and yet on the surface they were each apparently unaggressive.

But there was one great difference. Emerson, after all that can be said for and about him, seems to have been rather a cold man. Mr. Learned

could be intellectual, and yet at the same time could be tender, oh, so tender! It was such a rare combination. Sometimes I have wondered what he would have been or done if he had had the thing we call "ambition," or if he had been able and disposed to push forward and be the leader. But all we can say is that without having pushed forward or had the thing we call "ambition" he ~~was~~ a leader. He and Emerson are the two men I fall back upon and lean upon for strength when I want hope and encouragement. They give me the assurance that we have had at least two persons who could be ideal men and yet think for themselves. There has been plenty of thinking for one's self, but, alas, so little of ideal manhood. This kind of a leadership can live and stay just the same after the presence of the man is gone from the earth. It does not require a lasting stay in this world. We only need to have had it so long that it shall have made one fixed expression. After that, it is indelible. Mr. Learned will be for me as much of a living force twenty years from now as he is to-day. An example is an example and absolutely never dies. A thought is far more liable to perish from the earth than the influence of one true personality.

It makes me look with less dread upon death even for those who are near and dear to us. Life is more deep, more grand, because it is short and comes to an end on earth. If it were not for death I do not think most of us would care to live. We should tire of existence itself. But the shortness of it all makes our thought of it intense and the fact of it precious. We want to crowd in it all that we truly can, to make of those sixty years as much as if we had six thousand. And I venture to say that if we had six thousand we should do less than if we had sixty. There is no true gauge or measurement as to what would be the right length of life, but the close of its days gives it a grand religious solemnity. It makes us pause and think, though it need not fill us with dread or dismay. As each man goes on in years he comes to realize how close together are life and death; how much they seem to belong together; how little of awfulness or terror there is about death. The time will come in the future when we shall take away those trappings of woe. We shall no longer read those mournful lines at the graves of men about the shortness and worthlessness of life. The black of mourning will be replaced by the pristine whiteness of simplicity and purity. We shall come to look upon death just as though we were lying down to sleep at the night, with the same calmness and composure, though we knew that we were not to waken upon earth again in the morning. We shrink from losing existence here, of having our presence or influence pass away, but we make the mistake in realizing

that the determining fact is not length of life but the amount of personality we have developed and the influence we have been able to exert. When a personality becomes vivid, intense and strong it will leave such an indelible impression behind it that it will seem incapable of death, and men will feel as though it were left here although without bodily presence.

The passion of his nature was to get at God through *rational conceptions*. He was "God-intoxicated," like Spinoza and Emerson, but like them he was intensely, wholly rationalist, believing that all the deepest and best religious facts and truths could be discovered directly by the human mind. If ever his eye gleamed it was in telling of some one who was as it were beginning over again in shaking off anything like absolute authority over belief. It was in his method that he was so radical, not in his actual beliefs. There was something awe-inspiring in his fearlessness. I think if he had wanted to say anything in his pulpit on Sunday he would have said it, though he knew every person would rise and leave the church. "Whatever was rational was right" was the basis of his whole intellectual position. This trust in *mind* led him to think little of form and ceremony. On that side he was cold. The bare truth had warmth enough for him.

I do not say that he accomplished the main purpose of his life. No, that could not be. It would have been impossible. Men with his aims never accomplish their purposes, because the purposes have aimed so deep and so high. He was conscious of the fact that he could not achieve what he wanted to accomplish. It left a touch of sadness on his nature just as it leaves a touch of sadness on all such natures with such aims. They can never be quite buoyant and gay like the rest of the world, because they are all the time so conscious how far away from the ideal is this human world. He wanted to make men care for the things he cared for, to be interested in those supreme objects we call "religious." That was his one great ambition. He cared more for that than to simply set men's minds free from superstition or to give more enlightenment. He wanted to stir mankind and urge them on toward religious culture. The sorrow of all deep natures was his sorrow. But though it affected his spirit it never bent his will. He worked loyally, steadily, courageously, to the end. If he could not accomplish in one lifetime what we know can only be realized in ten thousand years, he would still do what little he could toward realizing that last great day. The imperfect success of the religious teacher is more sublime than the most complete success of the worldling. These spiritual natures are few and come seldom. But they make us think what we are here for, whenever we

think of them. We often wonder why such men do not change other people more. But we forget how much we and others have been changed by them already without knowing it. If he had made everybody like himself then they would all have gone forward as missionaries in the same field of labor. When that kind of a man has lived his real mission work often mainly begins after he has passed away. Then comes the unconscious influence of the past. It builds and rebuilds. And so it will be with Mr. Learned. Here was a man who did have a great, great personality. He exerted a deep, deep influence. When we think of him we do want to live. It does not make us want to have a longer life, but it makes us want to be something more, *to be somebody*. We, too, would like to have that kind of personality, and to leave such an indelible impression. We shall care less and less as we think of it about the outward expression. We shall have a different gauge of success. We shall think less of numbers and of position, but we shall have more faith in life and think life more worth living.

There is something intensely sad in the fact that we fail to appreciate men and grasp their influence until after they are gone. We think to ourselves, "Oh, if they only could come back again, so that we could tell them at least how we now value them." But the experience is old as history. We see men and lives in true perspective only when their bodily presence is gone from earth and the memory is left with us. Then it all comes back complete,—not this thing, nor that thing, or the other thing, but everything. The little thing does not look great and the great little, as was the case when they were alive. We seem to see them now as they are. There is something sad about this, but it has its consolation.

I believe it was Plato who first conceived that sublime trinity, "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good." Once or twice or three times in our lives we meet a man who seems to illustrate that conception of Plato; to be the most complete example of its kind. Now and then we have the feeling at first, and later on we are disappointed and it dies away. But it is strengthening and inspiring if we can meet with such a man and he continues to hold that position for us. I did have this experience in the case of Mr. Learned. He more than any other was my idea of the true, the beautiful and the good. I felt that at the beginning. I feel it more to-day than on the first day we met. And so it is to me as though I had him with me still, even to the fact of his personality.

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" is what we say over the dead,—but the spirit *unto us*, for whom he lived and worked and died. Unto us the spirit, though unto earth the ashes.

Though dead, not dead.
Though gone, not fled.
In the great gospel and true creed
He is yet risen indeed.
He is yet risen.

Ashes to ashes and dust unto dust,
of the earth,—but the spirit unto us,
the personality still left in our
hearts, the force of character with
us yet, and with the race of man for
whom it lived, for whom it worked
and on whom it has left an indelible
though unrecorded impression, down
to the end of all human history.

The Study Table

A New Poet.*

Not a few of us, perhaps, have now
and then seen the name of Charlotte
Perkins Stetson in a newspaper or
magazine at the end of some bright
verses or clear prose comment on
men and things, but we believe that
the little volume which lies before us
is the first clear intimation that un-
der the bright skies of California and
amid the changing scenes, the glory
and the squalor of life on the Pacific
coast, there is ripening a strong,
bright, earnest soul with the poet-
fervor in her heart, and what is rarer,
the power of poetic expression. Al-
though there is extremely little dis-
tinct local color in the poems before
us, there is a flavor of the time and
place in which they were written
which leads us to think that Mrs.
Stetson may yet be recognized as our
American poet,—but if this be so, it
is because the *cosmopolitan* spirit is
the first fruit of our highest national
character. For Mrs. Stetson's spirit
is eminently cosmic.

We may not speak at as great
length as we would of the charm and
freshness, the humor and the pathos,
the wit and wisdom, that are to be
found in this little volume. And al-
ways the command of language is so
full and the rhythm so free that we
find it hard to realize that these
songs of life were *made*, they seem to
have sung themselves. Alike to the
lover of music and to the lover of
mankind, we commend this collection
of poems in perfect confidence that
they will heartily thank us for draw-
ing their attention to these verses.

Those who have read Ralph Iron's
writings will recognize a certain sym-
pathy of thought between our author
and Olive Schreiner; but it seems to
us that Mrs. Stetson has a healthier,
a sounder philosophy of life. Al-
though she has evidently felt deeply
the sorrows of life, and is strong in
her denunciation of the wrong that
is, and cutting in her satire upon the
foibles we hug so fondly to our souls,
yet she is blessed with a larger vision
than is common, a deeper insight into
the unity of all that is; and this as-
suredness of the oneness of all being
enables her to take up into her own
life the strength and light and beau-
ty of the universe, so that in the

darkest hour she is not driven to de-
spair, but only to work the harder
for a fuller realization of life than
man has yet attained.

We should be glad to exhibit in
detail her wit and sarcasm, her dis-
criminating grasp of what we call
the woman question,—but we must
content ourselves with one poem from
each of the three divisions into
which her volume, "In this Our
World," is divided, viz.: The World,
Woman, Our Human Kind.

Our first selection, illustrative of
the author's wit and sarcasm, rather
than of poetic power, is from the last
division, and is entitled:—

SIMILAR CASES.

There was once a little animal,
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over tertiary rocks.

They called him Eohippus,
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
When they thought of him at all.
For the lumpy Dinosaur
And Coryphodont so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
"I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozotic plain!"

The Coryphodont was horrified,
The Dinosaur was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked.

Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go and view his father's bones.
Said they: "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And therefore it is evident
That you're always going to be!"

"What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast
With hoofs to gallop on!
Why, you'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Toxolophodon.

They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene—
That was the way they argued
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape.
Far smarter than the rest,
And every thing that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him,
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day:
"I'm going to be a man!
And stand upright and hunt and fight
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees
To make my houses higher!
I'm going to kill the mastodon!
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
With laughter wild and gay;
Then tried to catch that boastful one,
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
Which didn't seem to hit.

And then they gave him reasons,
Which they thought of much avail,

To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages: "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done!
And second, if it could be,
It would not be any fun!

"And third, and most conclusive,
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments,
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic man,
An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping instruments
Unusually bright.
Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful mammoths
On the borders of his cave.
To his Neo-ithic neighbors,
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he: "My friends, in course of time,
We shall be civilized!"

"We are going to live in cottles!
We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day,
Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins;
We are going to have Diseases!
And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

They all rose up in fury
Against this boastful friend;
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one: "This is chimerical!
Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another: "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all: "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled.

Thought they: "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

Our second selection is the third
poem in the book:

A COMMON INFERENCE.

A night: mysterious, tender, quiet, deep;
Heavy with flowers; full of life asleep;
Thrilling with insect voices; thick with stars;
No clouds between the dewdrops and red Mars;
The small earth whirling softly on her way;
The moonbeams and the waterfalls at play;
A million million worlds that move in peace;
A million mighty laws that never cease:—
And one small ant heap, hidden by small weeds,
Rich with eggs, slaves, and store of millet seeds.
They sleep beneath the sod
And trust in God.

A day: all glorious, royal, blazing, bright;
Radiant with flowers, full of life and light;
Great fields of corn and sunshine; courteous
trees,
Snow-sainted mountains; earth-embracing
seas;
Wide golden deserts; slender silver streams;
Clear rainbows where the tossing fountain
gleams;
And everywhere in happiness and peace
A million forms of life that never cease:—
And one small ant heap, crushed by passing
tread,
Hath scarce enough alive to mourn the dead!
They shriek beneath the sod,
"There is no God!"

*IN THIS OUR WORLD. Poems by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Oakland, Cal.: McCombs & Vaughn. Paper, 16mo, pp. 120. 25 cents.

Our last selection is from the part entitled Woman :

MOTHER TO CHILD.

How best can I serve thee, my child, my child!
Flesh of my flesh and dear heart of my heart!
Once thou wast within me—I held thee, I fed thee—

By the force of my loving and longing I led thee—
Now we are apart!

I may blind thee with kisses and crush with embracing,
Thy warm mouth in my neck and our arms interlacing,
But here in my body my soul lives alone
And thou answerest me from a house of thine own—

That house which I builded!

Which we builded together, thy father and I!
In which thou must live, O my darling, and die!

Not one stone can I alter, no atom relay—
Not to save or defend thee or help thee to stay—

That gift is completed!

How best can I serve thee! O child, if they knew

How my heart aches with loving! How deep and how true.

How brave and enduring, how patient, how strong,

How longing for good and how fearful of wrong

Is the love of thy mother!

Could I crown thee with riches! Surround, overflow thee

With fame and with power till the whole world should know thee,

With wisdom and genius to hold the world still,

To bring laughter and tears, joy and pain, at thy will,—

Still—thou mightest not be happy!

Such have lived—and in sorrow! The greater the mind

The wider and deeper the grief it can find.
The richer, the gladder, the more thou canst feel

The keen stings that a lifetime is sure to reveal!

O my child! must thou suffer?

Is there no way my life can save thine from pain?

Is the love of a mother no possible gain?
No labor of Hercules—search for the Grail—
No way for this wonderful love to avail?

God in Heaven—O teach me!

My prayer has been answered. The pain thou must bear

Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share.

Thou art one with the world—though I love thee the best;

And to save thee! from pain I must save all the rest—

Well—with God's help I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest. I must love thee in them!

Thou wilt sin with the rest—and thy mother must stem

The world's sin. Thou wilt weep—and thy mother must dry

The tears of the world lest her darling should cry.

I will do it—God helping!

And I stand not alone. I will gather a band
Of all loving mothers from land unto land—
Our children are part of the world! Do ye hear?

They are one with the world—we must hold them all dear!

Love all for the child's sake!

For the sake of my child I must hasten to save
All the children on earth from the jail and the grave.

For so and so only I lighten the share
Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear—

Even so, and so only!

The book deserves a better setting than the ridiculously cheap (25 cents) paper binding in which it is put upon the market. The proof-reading is not what it should be. Its form indicates, we think, that the author has published the book herself, and that she could not afford to give it a handsomer form. If this be true, it is doubtless because she hoped to get for herself the profit that so often goes to the publisher; and we hope that the lovers of verse who delight in and would encourage the words and thought, of a high-hearted, gifted fellow-being will do their part toward enabling her to put her work before the world in a more worthy form. F. W. S.

Athelwold.

Athelwold. By Amelie Rives. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 117. \$1.00.

This volume almost makes us wish that Mrs. Chanler would devote herself to dramatic poetry to the exclusion of other forms of literary work. Her handling of blank verse is skillful, and as a whole the volume presents more of the graces and fewer of the faults of her characteristic style. The story told is of the undoing of Athelwold, the noble Thane of Edward, through beauty of woman, and love and kisses. The text is full of pith, and bristles with epigrams, many of which deserve to last. The work would be fully as strong and more acceptable to most readers if there were less of the long-drawn, sensuous kiss, which seems to be a sort of trade-mark—or birth-mark—of all of Mrs. Chanler's work.

G. B. P.

The Magazines.

THE NON-SECTARIAN for January is a Jesus number, three out of the four original contributions of which it consists being specifically devoted to the man of Nazareth. The other is Merwin-Marie Snell's "Rome's Opportunity," in which he expressed the hope that the Papal Encyclical would take a broad view of Biblical criticism. The most important article, as it seems to us, is Rabbi Sale's "Who Is to Blame for the Crucifixion of Jesus?" in which he takes the ground that it was done by the Sadducees and the Romans, and that the Pharisees, who were most representative of the Jews of the time, were the friends of Jesus and the Christians and largely in agreement with them, although they did not regard the former as the Messiah. Whether or not Rabbi Sale is correct in every detail of his argument, his suggestion that it would be well to read the New Testament with a rabbinical commentary is, to say the least, a reasonable one, and there can be no doubt in the mind of any fair-minded

student that the ethical teaching of Jesus was not a new thing under the sun, but was in substantial agreement with the best Jewish thought of his day. Most of those of us who have been brought up under Christian influences are still far from doing justice to the Jew of the first century, and it would be well for us if more such articles as this of Rabbi Sale's found their way to our reading tables.

TO THE FORUM Hon. David A. Wells contributes what is entitled, "The Teaching of Recent Economic Experience," in which he "lets himself go," and apparently gives vent to long pent-up disapproval of the methods and institutions of his native land. Universal suffrage seems to him a mistake. Rev. G. M. Royce discusses "The Decline of the American Pulpit," a title which seems to us to convey an untruth. Jacob A. Ries has "A Christmas Reminder of the Noblest Work in the World." Among the other contributions it is perhaps hardly necessary to state that there is a symposium on Foot-ball—from the standpoints of the physician and the educator.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January contains as its most noteworthy features (from our standpoint), "Ten Letters from Coleridge to Southey;" the discussion of an interesting topic, in "The Transmission of Learning Through the University," by Prof. Shaler; a sketch of General Armstrong, by J. H. Denison; and the first installment of Mrs. Deland's "Philip and His Wife," a story which, unlike "John Ward, Preacher," seems to be devoted to picturing the manifestation of selfishness in the conjugal state.

IN THE ARENA for January Hamlin Garland's discussion of "The Land Question and Its Relations to Art and Literature," which was originally delivered before the Actor's Order of Friendship in New York City, shows that this talented man can argue ably as well as describe vividly,—his exposition of the wide-reaching evil resulting from private land ownership being one of the most telling that has been put forth up to date.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE DISTINCTIVE MESSAGE OF THE OLD RELIGIONS. Rev. George Matheson, F. R. S. E. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1892. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 342.

THE DOGS AND THE FLEAS. By One of the Dogs. Illustrated. Chicago: Douglas McCallum. Paper, 12mo, pp. 273.

Starved to Death
in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God's hours are never late.

MON.—All lost things are in the angels' keeping.

TUES.—Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow?

WED.—My share!

The right to find in loss the surest gain.

THURS.—The common air has generous wings,

Songs make their way.

FRI.—God's sons come nearer and more near.

SAT.—Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease; I must arise.

Helen Hunt.

Climbing.

While we climb from day to day,
There is many a little way
We can help each other upward, if we will;

For the paths are rough and steep,
And the right one hard to keep,
So let's try to help each other up the hill.

When we find temptation's rocks
In our path as stumbling blocks,
Let's not roll them in another fellow's way;

But, instead, let's always try
Help the others pass them by,
And to make it smoother climbing every day.

—*Mrs. J. M. Ingersoll, in Boys' Songs.*

Practical Benevolence.

A few winters ago little Benny Blank entered our schoolroom, and by his peculiar appearance attracted the attention of several of the teachers and elder boys who stood together in a friendly group, waiting the time for commencing the afternoon's duties.

It was no unusual thing to meet with children whose new dresses were made out of old ones, or the cut of whose garments bore evidence of originality of style and strange mingling of material; but Benny's suit was different from anything the group had looked upon before. His jacket, which served the father on week days and the son on Sundays, was made of moleskin, well stiffened with oil and dirt from the workshop, the sleeves being shortened to the length of Benny's arms by rolling them up. It reached below his knees, and was buttoned down before, to keep it in place as much as possible. But the space for the neck was rather wider than Benny's neck and one shoulder together, so that when the lad lodged the jacket on the right shoulder it was off the left, and when lodged on the left it was off the right. This inadaptability kept

the little fellow in perpetual motion. His nether garments were tattered and spare, his legs without stockings, and his feet dodging in and out of a pair of old bluchers which corresponded in size with the jacket, and no doubt had to accompany that article both on week days and Sundays.

Our little friend, who was nine years old, carried above these symbols of poverty a most cheerful, interesting countenance, which, brightening up during the time he was questioned by the superintendent, bespoke the kind sympathies of those that were near.

To Benny's young heart the delights of the Sabbath-school were a new joy, and this first taste of its blessings created so strong a desire for more, that the most inclement weather did not keep him away from the class of that kind-hearted teacher who strove to win him for Christ.

It was in the depth of the severe winter alluded to, and on a Sunday, when the very few who braved the storm had to endure the unpleasantness of cold, drizzling snow and sleet from above, and deep, slushy mire from below, that a class of boys placed in the hands of their teacher a few shillings, with a respectful request that he would save it until they could make up a sufficient sum to buy Benny a suit of clothes. Of this kindly feeling working among the boys the superintendent was quite unaware, but it so happened that his address on that afternoon was on "Practical Benevolence;" and to his surprise, at the close of the school, several boys came to him from different classes saying they should be glad to do something for Benny. One proffered money, another would purchase a jacket, another a cap; and this was done without one class previously knowing anything of the intentions of the others. The boy's need, the weather, and the address had all so operated on their good nature that they could wait no longer, but must perform the kind deed at once. Then and there—that afternoon—there was a growth of benevolence ready to be gathered that cheered the hearts of the witnesses of this little incident, and was an offering acceptable to God, who loveth a cheerful giver.

On the following Sunday morning the first to greet me at school was my little friend Benny, who said: "Teacher, I've got some new clothes," and putting up first one foot and then the other, "see my new shoes." I said, "Now, Benny, how has all this come about?"

"Why, teacher called at our house during the week, and he told mother the boys in the school had given him some money towards buying me some new clothes, and he had brought two of his old coats to give her to make me a jacket; and I said, 'Mother, those coats will just fit father, I know;' and when father tried them on they did. And mother told teacher she had been saving some

money to buy father a *reach-me-down*, and she thought he had better have teacher's coats, then he would have two, and she would buy me a new jacket instead. Then she asked teacher for the money the boys had sent; but he said, 'No; I will go with you to lay out the boys' money, and you can do what you like with your own.' So we all three went together, and mother and teacher bought the jacket and trousers, and teacher gave seven shillings for the shoes, and he gave me the stockings and the handkerchief, and one of the boys gave me the cap."

I said, "Benny, I have no doubt you feel very thankful to the boys for this kindness, and you must tell them so."

"Please, teacher, you tell them: I can't tell them well enough." It was quite evident he felt more than he could express.

It was my turn to give the afternoon's address, in the doing of which I tried my best to express Benny's thanks to the kind-hearted friends who had so seasonably clothed him; but my words were nothing near so forcible as Benny's look of gratitude. He felt it—he showed it, while goodness beamed in every countenance at this outcome of benevolence. All were happier for this act of kindness. They who had so cheerfully given, and he who had so thankfully received, were truly blessed in their deed.

—*Youth's Magazine.*

The Reason Why.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me,—
I did n't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind;
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I did n't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

—*Scattered Seeds.*

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DR. W. DANFORTH, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "It is in daily use here by hundreds of my acquaintances and patients, principally for stomach troubles, indigestion, etc., with the best of effect."

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Mrs. L. N. A. writes: "If I knew I was to be the mother of innumerable children it would have no terrors for me, so great is my confidence in the science of TOKOLOGY." This book, a complete ladies' guide in health and disease, is written by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., who practiced as a physician over twenty-five years. Prepaid, \$2.75. Sample pages free. Best terms to agents.

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When writing please mention UNITY.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XIX.

THE CHURCH IS THE BODY OF THE CHRIST.
Acts iv. 32—v. 11.

*When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead.*

—Whittier.

"I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world."
—Holmes.

Picture: The Death of Ananias, by Rafael.

The story of the picture is told in the lesson passage. We shall make use of it to illustrate certain characteristics of the early church.

What was an early ideal of the church?—The church was viewed as only an enlargement of the apostolic band, which, because of the unseen presence still with it and its animation by the spirit that was in Jesus, was called the body of Christ.

One ideal of the Church, found in the New Testament, holds it to be the body of the Christ; the Christ had become incarnate first in Jesus and afterward in the Church. What Jesus did in the world, that the church must do. Its power and its responsibilities were identical with his. "As thou didst send me into the world, even so sent I them into the world!" (John xvii. 18). The Church, according to this idea, is the continuation of the life of Jesus in the world, completing his thought, carrying on his work: it is the re-incarnation of the Christ spirit.

Even when this idea had not arisen, the enlarging Church was only the extension of the apostolic company seeking to observe the same manner of life as while Jesus was present in the flesh. He was still with them, though unseen, and all that was done was "in the name of the Lord Jesus" and by his power. With all its narrowness and hide-bound Judaism (of which more subsequently) the Church had a noble idealism in which lay its vitality. Our key to a right understanding of the history of the Jerusalem Church, not to speak of the churches established outside of Palestine, is full recognition of the fact that it was regarded as simply an enlargement of the apostolic company, with Jesus still in the midst.

What were some characteristics of the early church?—As befitting the body of the Christ, it was a church of equality, brotherly honor, purity and power.

(1) *The Church of Equality.* One of the most striking features of the church is its pure democracy. When a successor was to be chosen to Judas, the traitor, he was picked out by lot from

two men selected by the entire company (Acts i. 15-26). When "deacons" were to be chosen, it was the whole multitude that chose the seven and brought them before the Apostles for formal recognition by the laying on of hands. Upon the Day of Pentecost, "not on one favored forehead fell" the flame of spiritual power, but upon each of the disciples sat a tongue of fire parting from the central flame in fulfillment, it is said, of the ancient promise, "I will pour forth of my spirit upon all flesh" (Acts ii. 1-21). All the disciples were kings and all were priests. The law of Jesus, "He that is greatest among you shall be servant of all," is the soul principle of democracy. There is not a hint of the primacy of Peter; at first, by virtue of his character, he took the lead, but after his baptism of Cornelius he seems to have fallen into disfavor. The Apostles are naturally the leading men in the growing community, but we soon find *presbyters* in existence (Acts xi. 30) who were probably chosen by the entire company of believers and corresponded closely to the modern parish committee. The early church was inspired by the democratic ideal.

(2) *The Church of Brotherly Honor.* There was but one purse among the Apostles while Jesus was with them, and consequently that ideal was recognized, although not fully, by the growing church. Hence we find what looks like a communistic church: the disciples put their possessions into a common fund from which all are supplied alike. But concerning this, four points are to be noted.

(a) It was voluntary and not required. This appears very clearly in the passage set for our study (*cf.* v. 4). Moreover, Mary, the mother of Mark, kept her home in Jerusalem (Acts. xii. 12).

(b) It was local and not universal. There is no evidence that communism prevailed anywhere except in Jerusalem. Paul did teach that whatever a disciple owned he held in trust for God, to minister to those in need, but he *held it*. Contributions are laid by on the first day of the week (1 Cor. xvi. 2); and in Thessalonica, Corinth and Ephesus Paul worked with his own hands to earn a livelihood, that no one might charge him with making his preaching a way of gain (1 Thess. ii. 9: 1 Cor. ix. 12-18; 2 Cor. xi. 9; Acts xx. 34).

(c) It proved a dismal failure in Jerusalem. One of the requirements laid down by the Council at Jerusalem was that the Gentile Christians should remember the poor (Gal. ii. 10). Particularly on the third missionary journey we find Paul solicitous for the impoverished disciples at Jerusalem, for whom he was making collections in the churches of Galatia, Macedonia, and Greece. Communism that is not self-supporting is of course a failure.

(d) It was based upon a false belief in the imminent second advent of Jesus. Why should men hold private property, or count it of any value, when Jesus was so soon to return for the purpose of establishing a kingdom of surpassing glory, in which all of the disciples who had given up houses and lands should be more than repaid for their sacrifices? Besides, there was a quick sympathy with those in need—which was so conspicuous in Jesus himself.

Thus the church was a church of brotherly honor: each man trusted his

brother and counted his possessions as the common property of all.

(3) *The Church of Purity.* One of the very earliest glimpses of the church that we get from a non-Christian author is in a letter written by Pliny, governor of the Roman province of Pontus-Bithynia, about 112 A. D., to the Emperor Trajan asking instructions about the proper treatment of the Christians who had become so numerous in his province that the temples were deserted, the sacred rites neglected, and certain occupations connected with sacrifices had become unprofitable. In this letter he says that, as he had learned, "The Christians were accustomed to meet on a stated day before light and to sing responsively (?) a hymn to Christ as to a God, and to bind themselves by an oath not indeed for the commission of any crime, but to do no theft, robbery or adultery, not to break faith or refuse to return a deposit when called upon." (*Cf.* also *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*; *The Epistle of Barnabas* §§ 18, 19, *Ep. to Diognetus* §§ 5, 6.) This loftiness of ethical living was one of the best inheritances of the church from the nation in which it arose. The prophets of Israel had taught, as their chief message, the supremacy of righteousness. The picture which we have to-day discloses the strict ethical standard of the primitive church. Ananias had sought to get credit for giving the full price of his possession while he was keeping back part; he had violated the principle of honor among brethren: at the question of Peter he had put his acted lie into words, and the punishment of death came upon him as afterwards for the same offense upon his wife Sapphira. Whether or not the story be true to the fact concerns us very little, there may have been a basis of fact upon which the legend was reared, but the story has far outspread its foundations: what is of importance is the fact that *this story was told and believed in the church*. The very existence of the legend testifies to the ethical sentiment of the church which found nothing incredible in the statement that upon so trivial an offense (as it seems to us) so fearful a retribution followed.

(4) *The Church of Power.* Jesus had no power that was not the property of the church also. The disciples could do miracles of healing and of judgment because he could. All power was theirs because all power had been given over to him. We can hardly overestimate the effect of this belief upon the Christians: it prompted them to undertake tasks from which ordinary men would shrink, it filled them with enthusiastic daring and steadfast endurance. Because they *believed themselves* aided by supernatural power they were strong to undertake and to accomplish the seemingly impossible.

In these distinguishing marks of the church are the signs of its future success. The world had need of a purer ethical standard, based upon the brotherhood of all men, touched with the idealism of an unseen helper, aglow with the hope of a victorious future and presented by men who felt themselves commissioned by God and endowed with supernatural guidance and aid. But as in these characteristics the church was heir to prophetic Israel, so it was not without the heritage of legalism. Before the true Israel of the prophets, of whom Jesus was chief, could be carried to the world, the

church had to escape from the body of its death, which was legalism. In our next-lesson we shall study the process by which the deliverance was brought about.

Questions.

The Picture.—Tell the story as it is given in the Acts of the Apostles. How many Apostles are represented here? Were there any others? Do you suppose that the story is true to fact? Is it true to the sentiment of the church?

The Ideal of the Church.—"The church is the body of the Christ." What did Paul really mean by this thought? Is the church to-day animated by the spirit that was in Jesus? "To be a Christian, one must be a Christ." Is this true? What is the church and what is it for?

The Characteristics of the Church.—Gibbon (Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xv.) mentions five causes for the success of the Christian church; (1) The zeal of the Christians. (2) The doctrine of a future life. (3) Miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church. (4) The pure and austere morals of the Christians. (5) The union and discipline of the Christian republic. How are these illustrated in our lesson to-day?

Sunday School Items.

WHAT TO TELL THE CHILDREN ABOUT THE BIBLE LEGENDS.

This is the title of Unity Short Tract, No. 29. It is by the wise and witty editor of the *Christian Register*, Rev. S. J. Harrows, and it is so well appreciated by the public that a new edition has been found necessary. Mr. Barrows' advice to parents is to give the children other stories to compare with the Bible stories and show them that such stories are natural growths of the human mind in early times, and that their truth does not affect the truth of religion. We quite agree with this view. It is exactly the view of the little book called "Beginnings," in which every Bible story taken up has three or four similar stories placed beside it, and then the common origin of all of the stories is pointed out in the attempt of early man to understand this world. All of our Sunday-school teachers and all parents who are puzzled by this subject will find the right precepts laid down in this tract.

"GOD NEED N'T BE SO SCARED OF HIS SELF."

Here is a Sunday-school story that may not be very "goodie-goodie," but is certainly true to life and has a moral for us. It comes from the South, as its language shows. A lady had a very naughty little girl who behaved so badly at Sunday school that her mother threatened not to let her go at all if she did not behave better. Whereupon she retorted: "God need n't be so scared of his self; I don't like his old Sunday school, no how." I suspect God has been too "scared of his self" in a great many of our schools. If we would only contrive to interest the little ones we should have no trouble

with their behavior, and they would like God and "his old Sunday school." The kindergarten methods would make their Sunday school the happiest hour of the day. And the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston has issued a manual to help our teachers to use these methods. The name of the book is *Childhood's Morning*, and it is prepared by Mrs. E. G. Mumford.

Notes from the Field

Chicago.—THIRD CHURCH.—A very pleasant company sat down to the well-filled tables in the vestry of the Third Church at its annual meeting Monday evening. And the reports that followed were as refreshing as the more material food. The Minister read his eleventh annual report, outlining in a simple, modest way the many-sided work of a city minister. That was succeeded by the Treasurer's report of something over \$4,000 raised and spent, with a slight but satisfactory balance on the right side. Then came the report of the Sunday School Superintendent, Mrs. West, who noted among other things the long distances many of the pupils came, and who recommended *Every Other Sunday* as most useful and interesting. The school is growing, having increased fifteen per cent. this year. The Ladies' Aid Society is also increasing in attendance and in good works. But the King's Daughters had the most wonderful report of work done, of which only one small incidental item was 1,300 bouquets made and distributed during the vacation.

Hon. John A. Roche, who has recently moved from the West Side, presented his resignation, which was read and accepted, and Mr. A. M. Lewis was elected to fill his place. J. M. Wanzer and H. D. Hatch were re-elected as trustees for the next two years, and Mr. Marshall was also re-elected as Secretary and Treasurer. Thus the church set out hopefully on another year in its work of making the sweet calm of religion a present reality in the heart of the great rushing and roaring city.

Chicago.—The following correspondence was read from the pulpit of Unity Church, Sunday, Jan. 6.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1893.

REV. THOMAS G. MILSTED:

Dear Sir,—At the annual meeting of Unity Church held on the eighteenth instant, at which your resignation as pastor was accepted, it was unanimously voted that a committee be appointed to express to you and to Mrs. Milsted the kind feeling of the church toward you, and their regret at the necessity of your departure.

The committee appointed for this purpose feel that, in expressing their own individual sentiment, they voice that of all the rest.

During your pastorate of eight years there has been, so far as known to us, only kindly feeling toward you, and whatever differences there may have been, we believe they have left no bitterness, nor weakened our mutual confidence in the earnest desire of all to further the highest interests of Unity Church and of the Unitarian faith.

You have come as a friend to the homes of all. In some you have spoken the words of benediction and of congratulation which belong to the marriage service. You have baptized the little ones. In the hour of sorrow you have comforted the mourners, and have said the last farewell over our dead.

You have preached earnestly from the pulpit. Since your marriage Mrs. Milsted, a true daughter of Unity Church, continuing what she had so well begun as child and maiden, in Sunday school and church, has been your worthy helpmate in all that relates to our common interest and fellowship.

She has filled with dignity and ability the not always easy office of pastor's wife, earning the respect and regard of all, both young and old.

The breaking of the ties between minister and people is always painful, and we think we speak for the whole congregation when we say that the necessity for separation is regretted by all.

You are about to enter on a year of foreign travel and observation. We trust that you will return to your native land with enlarged experience and fresh vigor, ready to enter upon some field of labor where you will reap the full reward of earnest striving in your chosen profession.

For ourselves individually, and in the name of Unity Church, we offer to you and to Mrs. Milsted our best wishes and a hearty and loving farewell.

SAMUEL S. GREELEY,
L. J. TILTON,
JOHN S. BREWER,
F. S. HEYWOOD,
MRS. W. M. INGLIS,

Committee.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2, 1894.

MR. SAMUEL S. GREELEY, Chairman of Committee on Resolutions:

DEAR SIR,—The kind message from your committee came duly to hand to-day. I appreciate the spirit which prompted it, and return in full measure all the good wishes it contains.

The happiness and prosperity of my eight years in Chicago have been exceptionally great: greater, perhaps, than will be my lot elsewhere.

The memory of the noble dead—now gone to their reward—who worshiped and labored with us in Unity Church, and the love I bear for others who, I trust, will be long spared, will always be a benediction to me.

Mrs. Milsted joins me in thanking the committee, both as individuals and as representatives of the church, for their love and good will, and in praying that the blessings you wish for us may also be your own. Cordially yours,
T. G. MILSTED.

Peoria, Ill.—The People's Church has been celebrating its first milestone with great rejoicing. Last Tuesday we had the first Sunday-school Christmas festival. School numbers over sixty. To-night the first annual supper was served, there were 250 at the tables, and many visitors who came in later to the other exercises. Speeches were made by many of the founders and guests—all of the most congratulatory and hopeful character. The church held its first annual election last Sunday. The board or council of ten that organized the church were retained, and six more elected to act with them. The feeling that a good year's history had been made seemed universal. Many highly complimentary remarks were made in regard to the faithful, self-denying work done by the minister and his wife—she being president of a very efficient Ladies' Society. They all feel that UNITY is *their* paper; the minister reads much from it in his work in the church. We have to overcome the present small pecuniary resources of the church and have a long list of subscribers.

Unity Hymns is a source of spiritual nourishment to all.

Streator, Ill.—The new movement here, called the Church of Good Will, is thriving wonderfully. The large audiences of three or four hundred show no signs of diminishing, and the organic life of the society is beginning to develop. A large and efficient Ladies' Society is doing excellent work, and a Sunday school has been started which already numbers a hundred in attendance and over that in membership. The fact that the church services are held in the evening down town in the Opera House has made the movement a popular one from the start, and has given Mr. Duncan a rare opportunity to reach the non-church-going people; and he is using the opportunity with remarkable wisdom and success.

Geneva, Ill.—A memorial service in honor of the first pastor of the church, Rev. Augustus H. Conant, was held Jan. 7, the fifty-second anniversary of his removal to Geneva. There were appropriate readings from Scripture and Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." The pastor gave a brief sketch of Mr. Conant's life, and then read one of his sermons, entitled "Present Rewards of Liberality." A pleasant surprise followed in the shape of a gift of a crayon portrait of Mr. Conant, executed by his granddaughter, Miss Louise Conant, of Rockford, and presented by Mr. Harvey in the name of Mrs. Conant and her family. The occasion was one of suitable and worthy recognition of the past labors of one of the bravest and best of the pioneers of liberal thought in the West.

Whitewater, Wis.—Some weeks ago the Universalists of this place ventured to invite Mr. Nagarkar to lecture there. He made such a favorable impression that he was invited to speak again in the regular lecture course on Tuesday evening, when he was welcomed by an audience of about six hundred. On the following evening he spoke in the Universalist Church on the message of the Brahma-Somaj. The liberal element in Whitewater think he has done so much good that they will try another "heathen" in the near future.

Plainview, Minn.—At this point Rev. F. C. Davis, of Winona, has done some effective missionary work. For more than a year he has gone there on week-days or Sundays, a opportunity has offered, and lectured and preached in the opera hall—always to large audiences and appreciative acceptance. In October he organized his constituency into a Liberal League, associated under the following pledge:

We, the undersigned, being desirous of maintaining individual independence in matters of religion, and of extending peace and good will among men, pledge such moral and financial support as we can consistently give to the Liberal League of Plainview, Minn. The object of the Liberal League shall be to bring into fraternal co-operation all those who favor rational and progressive standards of belief and conduct. The sole right to membership shall consist in willingness to assist in developing broader charity and loftier ideals.

On Dec. 13-17, Mr. Davis held a series of special services, which resulted in adding many to the membership—the list includes over a hundred persons. There are more to follow. On Monday evening, Dec. 19, the League held a social meeting, with collation. Nearly \$40 was realized, which will be devoted to the benefit of the needy people of the village. Some persons may not think the Plainview Liberal League is a church, but it has all the features essential to a church, and is doing much good work that belongs within the province of the churches.—*Liberal Co-Worker.*

Winona, Minn.—The Winona Society is a growing Liberal center. The Spring session of the Conference is to be held here, and Minister Davis writes that it "will probably be an interstate, and if possible an inter-denominational, gathering. We shall invite and welcome representatives of all Liberal churches. Personally I hope the Universalist brethren will be here in force." Speaking of the *Co-Worker* Mr. Davis says: "I am pleased with the paper, and can only add anew—keep it before the people and *Push Things.*"—*Liberal Co-Worker.*

Cincinnati, O.—We clip the following from the *Cincinnati Tribune* of Jan. 7:

The afternoons devoted to the report of the Religious News Committee, of the Unitarian Woman's Alliance, have always proved peculiarly interesting, it being the province of that committee to report whatever is new or striking in the religious world, and the meeting to be held to-morrow will prove no exception. Mrs. Robertson, wife of Judge C. D. Robertson, will read an able paper on the World's Parliament of Religions, and will be followed by Mrs. Bovill, Adjutant of the Salvation Army, who has been asked to be present and speak on the work of the Salvation Army in this city.

We also learn that Mr. Nagarkar gives three lectures, Jan. 12-15, under the auspices of the Woman's Alliance, the proceeds to go to the Free Kindergarten.

St. Louis, Mo.—The following item will be of interest to UNITY readers. It is clipped from the St. Louis Republic of Jan. 1:

IN MEMORY OF REV. J. C. LEARNED.
The Church of the Unity on Lafayette Park was completely filled yesterday at the service held in memory of the late pastor, Rev. John C. Learned. The program included two hymns, written by the deceased, in the singing of which all joined, the trio "Lift Thine Eyes," and the solo "I Go to Prove My Soul," finely rendered by Miss Emma Taussig. Between the singing, Edward S. Rowse, Professor C. M. Woodward, and Thomas Dimmock addressed the congregation. Mr. Rowse spoke on the history of the Church of the Unity and Mr. Learned's connection therewith, which extended over twenty-three years. He bore affectionate testimony to the many noble qualities of the deceased. Prof. Woodward gave personal recollections and reminiscences of the late minister, all tending to illustrate his exceptionally high character. Mr. Dimmock's essay was a masterpiece of diction, a loving tribute, such as only an appreciative heart could pay to the memory of a dear friend.

The services occupied exactly an hour and a half. They were peculiarly appropriate and deeply impressive. The entire proceedings, together with those of the funeral services some days ago, will be published in the form of a memorial pamphlet.

Mr. Duncan, of Streator, occupied the St. Louis pulpit Jan. 7, and Mr. Judy, of Davenport, Jan. 14, the Western Secretary preaching in Streator and Davenport on those dates.

Spokane, Wash.—Rev. A. G. Wilson has accepted the call extended to him by the church at this place, and is now filling the position left vacant by the resignation of Rev. E. M. Fairchild.

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diseases are caused by impure or depleted blood. The blood ought to be pure and rich. It is made so by

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REV. J. E. ROBERTS..... Kansas City, Mo.
MERWIN-MARIE SNELL..... Chicago

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Jesus a Revelation of Man's Divinity—Rev. C. C. Cave, Pastor Non-Sectar at Church, St. Louis.
Rome's Oppotunity—Merwin Marie Snell, late private secretary to Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, and lecturer at the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C.
Jesus of Nazareth—Rev. J. H. Crooker, author of "The New Bible and Its New Uses."
Who Is to Blame for the Crucifixion of Jesus?—Rabbi Samuel Sale, Shaare Emeth Hebrew Congregation, St. Louis.

Among other interesting articles the following will shortly be published:

The Tale of Israel Told Anew—Prof. W. B. Smith, of Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Some Old Unitarian Worthies—Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D.
The Ideal Life—Prof. J. N. Patrick, Superintendent Public Schools, Streator, Ill.
The Oldest Book in the World in the Light of Its Newest Thought—Rabbi Leon Harrison, Temple Israel, St. Louis.
Altruism in Evolution—E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," "Liberty and Life," etc.
Manual Training Religion—John Monteith, formerly Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis, and State Supt. of Public Schools of Missouri.
What Attitude Should We Take Toward the Religious Beliefs of Others, or What Is True Liberalism?—W. L. Sheldon, Lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis.

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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall st. et. L. J. Dinmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Jehonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Ladin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH PROFESSOR BUTLER, of the University of Chicago, will preach at 11 a. m. At 8 p. m. PROFESSOR SMALL will give the third of his course of lectures on Sociology.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—The Ethical School meets Sundays at 10 o'clock, room 309 Masonic Temple. Mr. M. M. Mangasarian will lecture at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, at 11 a. m., on "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart There is No God."

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Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Editorial

"I believe in earth—God's splendid ball,
 Fairest of all creation;
 I believe in Purgatory—that means all
 Meanness and irritation;
 I believe in Hell—alas, I do,
 The 'bad' are always in it;
 I believe in Heaven for me and you,
 And work and love shall win it."
 —By Whom?

THE FREE CHURCH AND WHAT IT WILL COST, the address by Rev. Charles F. Dole, which was recently published in our Church-Door Pulpit, and which made such an impression when it was first delivered at the Western Unitarian Conference last May, has now been published as

Unity Mission No. 43, by the Unity Publishing Committee, and may be obtained at 175 Dearborn street, single copies at 5 cents, and ten for 25 cents.

PERHAPS the activity suggested in the article on Neighborhood Guilds in Country Villages, which appears in this issue, will do something to relieve the condition pictured in that other contribution, entitled "Isolation." We invite attention to both. The latter may lead the many of us who are more happily situated than "J. T. T." to feel as thankful as we should for our good fortune. And those of us who are looking for the means of brightening and elevating village life may well listen to the head of the Andover House, than whom few men in our country, if any, are better fitted to speak of the possibilities of the neighborhood guild.

THE *Northwestern Congregationalist*, published in Minneapolis, gives over its number of January 8 to a significant symposium of The Church and the Kingdom of God. Some thirty of the leading representatives of religion in its many phases have written concerning an article by President Gates, of Grinnell College, Iowa, taking the position that the Kingdom of God is of this world and that it is the business of the church to seek the salvation of society more than to concern itself about theological differences which are to be solved in the next world. The whole number is admirable reading, and is another indication of the trend of the times towards an unity found in ethics, a synthesis of love rather than an analysis of logic.

THE glory of the peristyle is gone. The loss is felt as a keen personal one by hundreds of thousands. But much of the beauty remains at Jackson Park. Throngs still flock to the attractive territory, particularly on Sunday. And still art, economy,

ethics and religion cry out to men to stay the vandal hand, preserve what remains to some high uses. There must be resources within reach of science and energy to perpetuate in their essential beauty much of what remains worth saving at Jackson Park. Who will show the Park Commissioners how to make a "staff" that will last? The architects of the world are waiting for the man who will teach them to mold a substance while it is soft which will harden in due time and resist the tooth of time.

THE Year Book published by the A. U. A. for 1894 is at hand, so like preceding ones that it would be undistinguishable were it not for the calendar. Not even have the compilers yielded to the spirit of change enough to drop out the quarter of a page notice of the "Western Unitarian Association," whose president has been dead several years, the vacancy remaining unfilled, and the nominal secretary and treasurer of which has gone abroad, his vacancy being indicated in the place where he once was pastor. We are sure none will be more surprised to find this skeleton still above ground than those whose names appear as board of directors of an organization the active existence of which was limited to a few months and which has had no meeting for years, lacking vitality enough even to vote itself out of existence. We make timely note of this fact at the beginning of the year, thinking that perhaps by next year the condition of affairs may be understood by the editors of the Year Book, so that they may save the space in their Annual for 1895. We also notice the omission of the Free Church of Tacoma, although that society officially asked that its name be inserted in a separate list distinguishing it as an "Affiliated Society." The Board of Directors in refusing such reasonable and fraternal request seems to us to have committed

one more of those mistakes for which the A. U. A. is historically famous. If the compilers of this Year Book assume any ecclesiastical authority in determining where the bounds of fellowship are to be drawn, we are sure that as soon as that fact is known many other societies will join the Tacoma Society in asking to be dropped from the list compiled under such assumption. If, on the other hand, they are but compilers of statistics, it seems to us that the spirit of "pure congregationalism" which Unitarians affect should compel them to respect the wishes of any society that desires any kind of fellowship or affiliation with the group of churches gathered in this movement.

**

A NATIONAL CONFERENCE for Good City Government is to held in Philadelphia January 25 and 26, to which invitations have been sent to all parts of the country. On the first day, besides the formal greetings, Hon. Carl Schurz, Dr. L. S. Rowe, Mrs. Jos. P. Mumford and Mr. W. H. Roome are to deliver addresses; Schurz on "The Relations of Civil Service Reform to Municipal Government," and Dr. Rowe on "Municipal Government as it Should Be and May Become." At the morning session the second day the conference will consider how to arouse public sentiment in favor of good city government, by means of education (Mr. Edwin D. Mead), by means of the churches (Dr. J. H. Ecob), by influence upon officials in office (Dr. Washington Gladden). At the afternoon session the subject will be how to bring public sentiment to bear upon the choice of good public officials, the several ways being discussed by Mr. A. B. Mason, Mr. S. B. Capen and Mr. Chas. Richardson. It is intended that all of the discussions shall be followed by debates to be carried on by the delegates in five minute speeches, and on Friday evening a public meeting is to be held, presided over by Hon. John Field, at which Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Rainsford and Mr. S. B. Capen are to speak.

Remembrance.

There are many now missing from the list of names specially interesting to me in years past, awakening always expectation and delight. To Finley, Weiss, Wasson, Johnson, Longfellow, are now added Learned and Potter. There has probably been

no period in the evolution of religious ideas when loyalty to truth for the truth's own sake, and heroism in defending it has reached a nobler mark than it did in the years when these men gave themselves to their special labors, or contributed their quotas to the Free Religious Society and the columns of the *Radical Magazine*. My own best knowledge of them came to me through my connection with that journal.

Everett Finley, less known than the others, dying young, was a man of such choice and splendid mold, he must have carried with him to realms beyond re-enforcements which would not fail of a glad recognition and welcome.

John Weiss was ever suggesting by his marvelous mind, while yet living in his veritable body of flesh, that he had access to all spiritual forces. All worlds attend on him. The universe was his familiar home. Once he said to a friend: "Dying is release to realities with which I am already familiar."

Samuel Johnson knew by native wit the trend of the whole spiritual creation and could interpret to you all the religions of the earth, and show also the universal religion streaming through them. More than any other was he the interpreter.

David Wasson built his sonnets and grand poems, as Angelo wrought his marbles, with a sense of largeness and world-significance. The earlier essays of Wasson in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and all his prose writings of later dates, like his "Secret of Power" in the *The Radical*, had the polish and force of pure intelligence. His was a master's hand. He was a man of great generosity and nobleness.

Samuel Longfellow, no less a poet in nature than his brother, shed the radiance of his clear and beautiful spirit on the time; less ambitious of labor, but steadfast and true.

William Potter, calm, serene; a summer-up of the case; like the justice on his bench, impartial; modest, retiring, but intrepid: firm to his convictions as the Gibraltar rock to its firm base.

John Learned, always a tower of strength! Not so much what he said, but the surety that went with it that he could and would stand and endure to the last. Whether the battle was with him or against him he remained at his post,—

"Stainless soldier on the walls."

And these men in worldly goods were comparatively poor,—some of them knew the bitterness of want that so often sours the mind and saps the spirit's power. But over their lives it gained no such mastery. They could put their poverty beneath them, and even make of it a throne.

The influence of the transcendental and radical school running along in the sixties was permeating and far-reaching, but not coming to the surface to vouch for itself in institutions or proselyting movements of newer creeds. Their thinking took not that direction. It was the Light spreading over the void, creating new worlds by suggestion to men and women that they might be free, self-reliant, reasonable, charitable, companionable. It was "Saadi's Thinking," as John Weiss sang it.

SUCH a noon as Thought has made!
In my soul no spot of shade;
Least and greatest lying plain.
Hope of mystery was vain.

* * *

Then let Thought be shed with air.
But in Daylight for its wear—
Colorless and limpid laws:
In them stars and twilights pause.

S. H. M.

On Titles.

Our highly esteemed friend, the editor of *The Reform Advocate*, has a word to say in deprecation of the too general use of the title "Rabbi." The general spirit of this protest will doubtless appeal to most cultivated Americans, whose ears are constantly offended by hearing of "Colonel A" and "Captain B," "Doctor C" and "Professor D," when no one of these individuals has smelt gun powder or received an academic degree or been inside of university or college walls,—the probability being that "Colonel A" is simply a rich man, "Captain B" a more or less successful politician, "Doctor C" an apothecary's clerk, and "Professor D" either a grammar-school teacher or a dancing-master. Such an abuse of titles is enough to make one despise them, and will perhaps make it the object of one's ambition to be called "plain mister." But when our learned friend goes on to say that when a Jewish teacher is called Rabbi by Christians and Unitarians there is in this designation a covert hint of disrespect for him or his religion, we feel that he is seriously in error. The spirit of the prohibition of Jesus, found in Matt. xxiii. 7, 8, to

which our friend refers, is as much (and as little) disregarded when the non-Jew calls the minister of his own church "Rev. Mr. E" or "Doctor" as when he calls a learned Jewish teacher "Rabbi"; and one might add that if the letter of the prohibition is to control, it is equally improper for one to call his neighbor *Mr. H.*—for master, doctor, and rabbi are similar designations of honor, and, literally taken, perhaps the former—which we contract into *Mr.* or *mister*—implies the greatest degree of subservience on the part of the speaker.

But of course the original meaning of these terms has little or nothing to do with their actual use. The Quaker, it is true, feels himself so bound by both the letter and the spirit of Jesus' words as to refrain from the use of any sort of title, and in strictness holds it his duty to address President Cleveland as Grover; his neighbor, though old enough to be his mother, as Mary Smith; the Marquis of Lorne as John Campbell, etc. But the majority of men in this day give a man a special designation simply because it is customary so to do, and because they know of no better way to address him. The fervent American republican who feels called upon to address England's Queen as Mrs. Victoria or the Earl of Derby as Mr. Stanley is justly felt to be acting very foolishly. To call the latter *Lord Derby* is no more a concession to the rightfulness of a privileged class than it is to call his younger son *Master Stanley*. It is simply the designation which custom has given; and the same is true of such titles as "Rev.," "Dr.," and "Rabbi." Why in England an M. D. should be addressed as "Dr.," while a D. C. L. or an LL. D. is called "Mr." is "one of those things no fellow can find out." It is the same custom which speaks of the country practitioner who is *not* an M. D. as "the doctor," while it designates the scholar, who may be Ph. D., LL. D., Litt. D., and have a number of other titles, as plain "Mister."

Our friend is wrong. Non-Jews address him as "Rabbi" because they suppose it to be the appropriate designation for the Jewish religious teacher. To most of them we think it means more than the "Rev." with which they address their own ministers, simply because it is generally understood that a Jewish rabbi *must* be what is called an educated man,

whereas certain Christian denominations do not require any scholarship from their preachers. Thus, because it is not regarded as a "cheap" title, it ranks rather with the better use of Doctor, and, so far as it is anything more than a purely conventional address, it is a sincere tribute of respect to the scholarship of him who bears it. Will our neighbor tell us how the title should be used? We wish to be able to use it intelligently.

As to titles in general, it would probably be better if all the world followed the Quaker custom; but as that time has not yet come, the next best thing seems to be to use titles as discriminatingly as our knowledge will allow,—to call the man whose learning has won him that academic position, "Professor"; to call the man whose honorable service in the army has raised him to the command of a regiment, "Colonel"—and not "General" or "Captain"; to call him whose study and intellectual acquirements have won for him from a university or college that academic degree, "Doctor" or "Rabbi," as the case may be; and to be equally careful *not* to use any one of these or other titles where they do not belong.

F. W. S.

Men and Things

THE higher education of woman in Germany is making a start with the founding of the first "gymnasium" for girls at Weimar, where Greek, Latin and mathematics will be taught. Princess Theresa of Bavaria has been one of the foremost spirits in promoting it.

WE believe in God, but not in an extra-mundane, an extra-human God, a mystical man-in-the-moon, the absent Father of his abandoned children. We believe in the *indwelling presence of all-pervading Spirit*. Not God there and man here, but God in man and man in God, inseparable and harmonious.—*V. E. Southworth, in Character.*

AT a meeting of the Zoological Society of London, Mr. Tegtmeier exhibited the feet of some Australian rabbits to show an adaptation which is being gradually brought about to a new mode of locomotion. The rabbits are becoming climbers, and often ascend trees in their search for food; their feet are said to be growing slihter and the claws longer and sharper.—*Independent.*

THE way in which common people read their Bibles is just like the way in which the old monks thought hedgehogs ate grapes. They rolled themselves (it was said) over and over, where the grapes lay on the ground. What fruit stuck to their spines they carried off and ate. So your hedgehoggy readers roll themselves over and over their Bibles, and declare that whatever sticks to their spines is scripture;

and that nothing else is.—*Ethics of the Dust.*

NINE and ten shillings per week are the current wages in many agricultural districts; bread and lard is the staple diet; river water during the day and weak tea morning and night the usual drink. It would be difficult to discover where drunkenness comes in here. Ten shillings a week! Why, if a man spent the whole of it in beer he couldn't get drunk very often. Ten shillings a week is poverty, penury and dire distress. It is absurd to talk about distress under these circumstances being caused by drunkenness. It is well impossible for these people to be poorer than they are.—*London Justice.*

THERE is a tradition as to how a certain saint gained renown. She was frying fish in a convent, and was seized with a religious ecstasy, but such was her self-control she neither dropped the gridiron nor burned the fish. So, with the women of our time, the great truths they learn do not interfere with the small duties of life; and when the schools in New England were opened to women, the ducking-stool and the split sticks for the tongues of gossips disappeared.—*Dr. Myra Knox, in Pacific Unitarian.*

A YOUNG man, twenty-seven years old, sound and active, offers himself for sale to any person who will support his aged mother and prevent her eviction from a rear tenement at 203 Avenue A, New York. The offer was made Saturday, July 22, through the *World*, as a last effort to save his mother from being turned into the street penitence. They have always managed to scrape up the tribute to the landlord until this month. The young man is sober and industrious, willing to work at anything. This is a good chance for a plutocrat to secure a bargain. Prohibitionists will note there is no drink in this case of poverty.—*Twentieth Century.*

BOSTON seems likely to be well provided with college settlements. The Andover House, at the South End, was first in the field. The Girls' Settlement, on Tyler street, started last winter. The Epworth League Settlement, at the North End, maintained by Boston University students, was first planted at the West End, but two months ago was transplanted to 18 Charter street, near the old Copp's Hill burying ground. Some of the married theologues have established their wives as housekeepers, and thus a genuine home atmosphere is created. At present there are nine residents, five men and four women. They pay their own board and rent, and also contribute largely to the running expenses. The work is largely among the Italians and German Jews, for whom a half-dozen clubs and classes have already been formed. The need of learning Italian and the Jewish-German dialect is felt, and members of the settlement are hard at work at those languages. Assistant workers have been brought in from Boston and Harvard Universities, and from the churches. One woman gives all her time to visitation, and one man devotes himself to evangelistic work in low lodging-houses, which he terms "the neediest and filthiest work there is." Surely women engaged in such work should have a right to vote.—*Woman's Journal.*

Contributed and Selected

Swan Song.

"Tis done!" For me the struggle and
the strife are o'er;
And floating down the river, I look
from shore to shore!
The bent and stately cedars fill my
heart with peace,
The rustling, broad palmettoes speak
but of release,
The gently swaying rushes wave to me
"Adieu!"
And all the living creatures watch me
out of view,
The trailing Spanish moss has whis-
pered me "Farewell!"
Now in the river's motion I feel the
ocean swell,
The mist comes up from westward, the
sun is veiled and low,
Farewell, farewell, O River, unto the
sea I go.

GERTRUDE R. COLBORN.

Neighborhood Guilds in Country Villages.

The growth of great cities in this country, with all the progress which has accompanied it, has yet brought certain great groups of people into relations and conditions which bring serious injury to the individual, and are dangerous to society. The growth of cities is responsible for the crowded tenement house districts, where the working people are set off by themselves and left to their own devices; for the aristocratic quarters set off by themselves, where the rich live their life of money-getting or of idleness and indulgence; and for the dreary village communities, which, for hundreds of miles around our great cities, have yielded tribute of all their most enterprising spirits, drawn by the fascination of city life into the contest for the great stakes which it has to offer. When we consider that never yet in the history of civilization has the life of any great city been sufficiently sane and normal to secure its work done from generation to generation by its own native stock, the decay of life in our country villages becomes at least as important a matter as the threat of the submerged tenth in the cities. We must hope, I think, that there will be a reaction of some sort from the overwhelming tendency toward centralization. The polarity of the social body must somehow be restored. A civilization which compels a very large portion of the people to live in a landscape of brick walls, stone pavements and strips of sky, can hardly in the nature of things hope to continue.

The country villages, on the other hand, though they have the trees, the hills, and the broad horizon, present a social situation which in several respects approximates that of the working-class quarters in the cities.

In both cases men live in groups, isolated from most of the resources of modern civilization. In both cases life is largely drudgery. In both the specter of poverty is at the door. The farmers and the trade-unionists are learning that they have a common cause. In both sorts of community, life runs in a narrow circuit. There is little to stir the blood and stimulate the imagination.

Both are lacking in chances for education and for healthy amusement and recreation. The crowded city quarter is made up of those who have entered the lists for our fierce competitive struggle, and for some reason, often creditable to them, are beaten back. The country village is made up of those who are equally out of the fight, but because they have never tried.

Is it impossible to have again under modern conditions something like the old village life, so that the villages shall again become centers of interest, activity and enterprise, in and of themselves; so that the country village shall have something to set over against the fascination of the city; so that country village life will be far more free, more happy, more eventful? We believe this can be done for the depressed sections of our cities. I now suggest certain ways in which exactly the social work which is beginning to be done in the cities can be undertaken in our country villages.

In order not to make this a mere fancy sketch, one must know what persons are available in country villages to do the sort of social work that is needed. In the first place, here is the opportunity of the country parson to adapt himself to the modern needs of modern people, and bring back the old tradition of the minister knowing his flock and known of them, touching the life of every person in the community at each person's particular point of interest and of need. First as an opportunity, and presently as a sheer necessity, this sort of work is going to be the way out of sectarianism, bigotry and selfish competition among the different churches in our small places. If there are two parsons, or half a dozen, as there sometimes are in a little town, they must beat their spears into pruning-hooks, and undertake together the culture of the vineyard in which they are placed. Then there are the school teachers who will, with a little encouragement and direction, nearly always be found ready to work for the enlargement of life among their constituents.

Every Chautauqua circle or reading club of any sort ought to take on a missionary function, ought to feel itself called to an apostleship. Here, too, is a vision of light and hope for those young women, rather numerous in these days, who have been off to college, have drunk the inspiration of college life, and then have returned to their quiet homes with lit-

tle or no prospect of the interesting, useful life upon which they see their classmates entering, in college settlements, college extension, working-girls' clubs, and all the other new kinds of social undertakings. These persons, as leaders, would organize the better element of the village for the work they seemed most capable of and which the conditions would most easily allow. This for the regular working staff of the neighborhood guild. Then visitors could come for awhile, as they do at the college settlements, and assist along the lines of their particular talents. Even the summer boarder could be turned to account and be kept from being merely a means of demoralization. As for the expense of whatever is undertaken, that would not be great to begin with, and ought to be met without difficulty by the village people. As soon as the guild has developed sufficiently to undertake some considerable enterprise, those who have gone away from the village to the city, and have become prosperous, should be laid under contribution.

About the first thing for the neighborhood guild to do is to organize some sort of a club among the boys and young men who hang about aimlessly in the evening. A room might be taken over one of the village stores, supplied with books and papers, and kept open on certain evenings for all who wished to come, both men and women, and on certain evenings for regular meetings of the club. A dozen things might be done to keep the club going. Tournaments with various games, debates, story telling, old-fashioned literary society meetings, singing classes, instruction in instrumental music for those who aspire to be members of the village band, military drill, dramatic clubs, and in fact anything that would catch the interest of the members and hold them together and prepare them to be interested in something better. So much for a beginning.

There might soon be arranged, under the auspices of the club and in its hall, a series of lectures and entertainments. The difficulty here would be, in the majority of villages, that the expense would be too great, but I believe the time is coming when this difficulty will not hold. In the first place, a great deal could be made of home talent. Even crude attempts on the part of the residents in the village to entertain their neighbors, would be far more highly appreciated than the more ambitious efforts of imported talent; but as to lectures, singers and musicians to be secured from out of town, there are more and more people who are willing to give their services outright, or at very moderate rates, for the sake of entertaining and instructing others. An organized neighborhood guild, working solely in the interest of the village with no ulterior motive, could with good right ask the services of thoroughly capable persons in

connection with such a course. I heard awhile ago that one of our leading college presidents, whom perhaps I had better not name, said that wherever in the United States a goodly company of people wanted him to come and address them he felt it his duty and privilege to go, simply on condition of having his expenses paid. There are many people like him nowadays, and it would be one use of neighborhood guilds to make this sort of service more and more a common and understood thing.

Most useful work could be done in the study of every-day applied science. A women's meeting could be held occasionally at the club room, and under the direction of a suitable leader would easily become interested in the study of domestic economy,—the kitchen, the household and the nursery. Corresponding groups of men could be formed for the study of agricultural science. It is well known in our days that the only farmer who succeeds is the one who puts brains into farming, and an undertaking like this would be sure to be supported. It could enlarge its opportunities and usefulness by being a branch of the "County Farmers' Institute," and could make a point of keeping on file the publications of the State and the national agricultural bureaus.

Then there is the question of rural economics, which has of late come so much to the front. There are few places where men could not be brought together occasionally to discuss the economic conditions under which farming in these days is done. Out of such a group there might come a village board of trade which would give every encouragement to farmers in trying new experiments, and should attempt to secure the introduction of new industries into the village life. The study of village politics can be made a matter of real interest; and the better element of the town could be organized to secure good roads, which are so necessary to the life of a progressive village; a town water supply, wherever that is expedient; as well as various other undertakings in the line of municipal action for the improvement of the common life of the village.

What an opportunity there is in our country villages to discover to people the undiscovered world of nature. I lived for a short time in one of the beautiful intervals which run between the outer peaks of the White Mountains, where almost every day has its own particular glory; and yet there were very few people who had at all caught the spirit of the mountains. A village guild ought to be under a sort of knightly pledge to bring into the life of the village whatever there is of beauty in the landscape that surrounds it. By this I refer to the purely aesthetic study of nature. The scientific study of nature, with its materials everywhere ready to the hand of the country boy, is another almost untouched oppor-

tunity. Nature, as Stopford Brooke has well said, is the great inspirer of curiosity. Every turn of nature incites the active mind to ask "Why?" This most splendid of all scientific laboratories is accessible to the village guild more readily than to any other sort of educational institution. All of the things will soon necessitate a library, and a very useful library can soon be got together by the regular addition of a few books every year. Nearly every town in Massachusetts has a public library. Some day I hope the public library will be as essential a feature of village life as the village constable. After public libraries are in the villages, we shall want public art galleries. In these days, through the beautiful prints, both black-and-white and colored, which are now produced, the world's best art is beginning to be accessible everywhere. The first step toward the future art gallery would be to see to it that the walls of the guild room were adorned with pictures that were really artistic and inspiring. The village school house might well serve as the second section of the village art gallery.

A village guild must be absolutely democratic. It must be so democratic that it will take special pains to go out to meet those people who live off by themselves, who have been shunned and neglected. It must attack the problem of the country slums, for every village has a certain section which is in the way of becoming a slum. It must bring social classes together, for there are social classes even in the country village. It must set out in some way or other to bring everyone in the village into the healthful stream of the common life. Under this sort of treatment, the narrowness, penuriousness, envy, and tale-bearing, which make country life so often shrunken and embittered, would soon find themselves displaced by the expansive power of a new affection.

I said in the beginning that there was prospect of a renaissance of village life. The desertion of the city for the country for longer and longer periods during the summer is bringing people back again under the charm of nature. Farm industry is coming to have more of the scientific interest which other sorts of industry have. The economic conditions of the farmer's life are at present bad, but this state of things cannot possibly last. Already there is an increase in manufacturing in rural districts, particularly where water power can be combined with electricity. Electricity is the wizard power which holds within itself the possibility of a profound reorganization of industrial and social life. The steam engine brought in the factory system and the great congested city. The electric engine may, and many electricians believe it will, break up or at least greatly modify the factory system. The easy transfer of force

from place to place both for manufacturing and transportation, through electricity, will relieve the necessity of having workmen crowded together in single great establishments, will allow them again to come and go each day in a smokeless atmosphere, with a view of nature all about them, and in sight of the eastern and western sky. We may then have again, as in the middle ages, workmen who will be artists and poets.

ROBERT A. WOODS.

"He Comforteth Me."

To make you know, dear reader, how natural it was that just this experience should come to me, I must tell you somewhat of my life, trusting to your understanding of my motive to free me from the charge of egotism. For years I have kept it as something too sacred to be given to the public, but now the Spirit says "Write," and I obey, believing, as it comforted me, so it will comfort others who sit by empty cradles, or weep in agony, as once I wept, over a new-made grave.

More than any other woman I ever knew I have craved motherhood. Have you ever read what Margaret Fuller said: "*I have no child, and the woman in me has so craved this experience that it has seemed the want of it would paralyze me.*" I knew and understood this even as a girl, and more and more deeply as a woman, and, when my true love came, I accepted him as the father of my children no less than as my husband. In the second year of our marriage a beautiful baby-boy was born to us, and we thanked God and were glad. Then the years went by until he was in his thirteenth year and still no other came. It was the one disappointment of my married life, and, oh, how I longed and prayed for more. I have no words in which to tell of our joy when at last the promise was given and we knew we should have another child. All our hearts went out in thankfulness, and the months of waiting and preparation were a most holy time. Oh, it was so sacred, so beautiful, this working with God in creating an immortal soul! And when Baby came he "more than our hope fulfilled," for he was beautiful, oh, so beautiful in every way—the gladdest, happiest, brightest little boy, and, in a very peculiar and deep sense, he was "flesh of my flesh" and *soul of my soul*. He clung to me as babies seldom do even to their mothers. Before he was three days old he knew my voice and was uneasy if taken from me. His baby-heart was full of love and he learned so soon to express it. When but just past five months old he began calling "Mamma," and, oh, he grew so sweet and winsome—but with always a look on his little face that made me know *he had not come to stay*. I can not describe it, only it was a light, a glowing as of the soul shining through

the flesh,—and he would be for hours looking up, cooing and laughing, and stretching out his little hands to some one I could not see, my baby! my baby! Yet I did not worry; I only thanked the dear Father for letting him come to me, and was happy with him every day. He was strong and well—never sick an hour until the last, when the tiny body could no longer hold the mind that grew so much too fast for it. During the eighteen days of his illness with brain fever, *that look* deepened and deepened until we held our breath in awe to see it. It was like nothing I ever saw in a human face before, and we shall always feel we know “what look the angels wear” from looking in our baby’s face. When the end came, it seemed as if our hearts must break. We never doubted God’s love and wisdom—we knew our baby was just the same still, but, oh, we wanted him always in our sight, and he had clung so closely to me all his little life (he was but eight months and twelve days old) that, try as I would, I could not make myself feel he could be happy away from me. It seemed to me he must want me just as he did before, just as I wanted him, and that hurt me so; always I could see the little hands stretching out for me, and hear the baby-voice calling pleadingly for “Mamma”—how could I bear not to answer it in the old way? I had yet to learn that, in very truth, there is *no way to love*—and I did learn it; for one morning, six weeks after we laid the little baby to rest, God “touched my eyes and they saw;” my baby nestled again in my bosom, my glad, happy baby, just as before, only more deeply glad and bright,—I saw him as plainly as I could see you if you came at this moment into the room; his little hands went patting, patting over my face and bosom, over his father’s face, *just as before* he called us by name—“*Dear mamma and papa!*” I cannot tell you of the sweet communion my soul held with his—he understood all my thoughts and gave instant answer to them. Do you remember what Miss Phelps says about talking in heaven and yet not knowing if she used any words? for there was no need of words when thought answered thought so surely! Just so I found it. Baby knew all and so did I.

It was my spirit-arms that held and caressed him, my spirit-life that kissed him over and over, but it was no less real than though it had been my arms and lips of flesh—it was more real, I think, for it was the *real me* with the touch of God upon me. He knew our need and He comforted us in this best of all ways, by showing us how truly our little one was yet with us—our own forever! It was not just for a moment. I do not know for how long, but, in the hush of the early morning, my soul met his soul with nothing between us. To my question “Baby, are you happy away from Mamma?” he answered by lifting his radiant face and

letting me look long and deep into it, then nestled close down into my arms—and I knew that was still his resting place—he *was not away* from me—always near enough to love me—always clinging to me, mine! mine! Now I am as one who sings upon the mountain-top, and strong to carry the message of love to all who mourn. I know God is love, and what He does for us is the very best that can be done. I know, too, love can never lose its own; those who go before us are only behind the veil—not far away, unchanged in their love for us, and still needing the touch of our lives upon theirs to complete the measure of their happiness. So let us live bravely, cheerily, looking steadily upward, and the comfort shall be given according to our need. Death has no power to break these tender ties. Love’s chain is but extended, and, though the cradle may be empty, your child is still all your own, and shall still feel your tender cherishing.

Listen to the voice of God in your heart, and be led by it out of the heavy shadows into the blessed sunshine where Baby revels in a joy unknown to earth-life; and thus shall your sorrow become an “*evangel of good*” to all around you. F. S. K.

Isolation.

You who live in the heart of a great city can have no idea of the narrowness and the bigotry of country life, and to what great inconveniences the liberal-minded thinker is put. He has a hard time to think at all, surrounded as he is by dogmatic tendencies. If he expresses an opinion it is at once used to injure his business or profession. He is looked upon as a dangerous factor to these self-conceited dictators of personal fitness. The country liberal Christian is isolated from religious society, and from the environment of friends of like tendency. He knows no oneness of spirit, no worship at the public shrine, no spirited endeavor of richly laden movements, no one to reciprocate his feelings and desires. He is a lonely thinker; a poor secluded wanderer o’er life’s rugged plain, with few rich milestones, without the warming cadence of fellowship and companionship. His companions are his books and papers. But oftentimes he has no place in which to read and peruse them—the sanctity and the silence of home invaded, every inch of his liberty and freedom curtailed.

There are so many narrow-minded people who refuse to grant to others the same privileges they themselves enjoy, giving as a reason that they have God, truth and the Bible on their side, and that God demands sternness from them and it is well pleasing in His sight. With an impressionable nature, highly susceptible to the influences of religion, naturally a worshipper, but liberal-minded, having thrown off the shackles of credalism and dog-

matism, no longer accepting the fundamental principles of Christianity, but desiring fellowship and worship, he lives a weary, sad life, lacking the enthusiasm of concerted endeavor. He can know no fulfillment of his extremely sensitive nature, no development of his religious sentiments, no uplifting. Cut off from the broad-minded, hedged in by the narrow limits of still narrower minds, eternal silence reigns in his atmosphere, everything is mute to his appeals. He can know no rapturous delight at the signs of assimilation. He is lonely in the extreme. His ideas and thoughts are so different from those of the rest of the community. They are so strange; it is a new language to most of his surroundings; there can be no reciprocity, no relating one’s self to his environment. He knows what it is to be in a strange land without shelter for his animating and predominating emotions. Profound silence reigns. You can have no idea of the bitterness and anguish of such conditions. They make life cool and sordid. He may struggle along as best he can, but his spiritual surroundings are most pitiable. There is strife and envy, contentions and quarrels, suspecting friends, meddlesome relatives, private conclaves; they look upon this person who dares think for himself as blasphemous, and something must be done to convince him of the error of his ways, even the preacher is taken into the confidence, a special sermon must be preached for his benefit. They cannot imagine that this poor, benighted soul can know any happiness or true religious emotions; that he can be otherwise than gloomy, full of doubts and fears, and most miserable. They cannot for one moment realize the depth of love, tenderness, kindness, and gentleness he is capable of reciprocating. How can a person who doubts the infallibility of the Bible, denies the miraculous conception of the Christ, live a pure, unselfish life,—is the uppermost in their minds? Morality goes for nothing in their estimation. Better be a follower of Christ, having obeyed the gospel, if you are of doubtful character, a whisky sot, etc., than be a good, pure man—moral without confessing Jesus. To hear these praters talk that the Christian, no matter how insignificant, is of more importance to the world and humanity than Prof. Wallace, Gerald Massey, Emerson, Paine, and Longfellow, is one of the sad things of this enlightened age. J. T. T.

Tipton, Ind.

SUBMISSION and self-sacrifice are stern, sad angels, but in time one learns to know and love them, for when they have chastened, they uplift and bless.—*L. M. Alcott.*

Too Many

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world, accompanied with photographs of beautiful babies. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant’s food.

Correspondence

Information Wanted.

Can any reader of UNITY inform us who wrote the accompanying hymn, and where it first appeared?

GOD ALL IN ALL.

The flowing soul, nor low nor high.
Is perfect here, is perfect there.
Each drop in ocean orbs the sky;
And seeing eyes make all things fair.

The evening clouds, the wayside flower,
Surpass the Andes and the rose;
And wrapped in every hasty hour
Is all the lengthened year bestows.

Therefore, erase thy false degrees;
From stock and stone strike stars and fire:

Lo, even in the "least of these"
Dwells that Lord-Christ whom ye desire.

From the Sunny South.*

Last evening Mary and I went to hear Gen. J. A. Gordon give a talk on the "Last Days of the Confederacy." I wished very much you could have heard it. It was largely reminiscent. He said the Confederacy got its death blows at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, at Appomattox and Greensburg.—Why did we invade Pennsylvania? Because we were hungry and her fields of waving grain, her stores filled with luxuries, were very inviting. We wanted our stomachs filled. Then there was a certain social reciprocity in it. We wished to return visits and we crossed the river merrily. We were going to plenty, but we recrossed with greater alacrity, for, though our reception at Gettysburg was warm, it was not encouraging. In our retreat I saw a Federal officer lying with his face turned up to the hot sun. He seemed to be dying. I stopped to give him a drink from my canteen. It was Gen. Barlow, of New York. He said: "I am paralyzed. Will you put your hand in my pocket and take out some letters?" I did so. He asked to look at the writing, then asked me to tear them up in his presence. He did not want them to fall into other hands. They were from his wife. I said, "General, I must put you in a more comfortable place," and carried him to a shady spot. He then asked me to send word to his wife, who was at Gen. Mead's headquarters. After we had retreated a little I sent a note to Mrs. Barlow by a flag of truce, saying her husband was on the field badly wounded—I did not say killed, though I was cer-

*The following extract from a private letter contains so much that will be pleasing reading to our readers that we print it, knowing that many will be glad, not only of the chief matters it contains, but also of the personal touch. Mrs. Jones and her daughter were hiding from Northern blasts at Jackson, Mississippi, when the lecture referred to was delivered. The incident referred to concerning Gen. Barlow is one of the most thrilling stories told at Gettysburg, one of the most chivalric deeds of the war.—Ed.

tain he must be dead then. Later a cousin of mine bearing the same name was killed in Georgia. Years after the war, at a dinner in Washington, I was introduced to a Gen. Barlow. I inquired whether he was any relation to the Gen. Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg. He replied, "I am the man, and are you any connection to Gen. Gordon who was on Lee's staff and afterward killed in Georgia?" I admitted I was that man, and a long, strong friendship was the result.

It was filled with anecdotes of such a nature, stories full of the humanities on both sides. He told how one night some one in the Federal lines struck up "Yankee Doodle" and it ran along the whole line. Then the Confederates took up "Dixie" and it was echoed all along. When all was still again some one took up the refrain of "Home, Sweet Home," and both armies joined in it, and then all was quiet.

He told of the trouble there was in keeping the men from holding intercourse with the opposition (he never used the word "enemy"). Finally Lee gave him orders to stop it if possible. That night he strolled along the banks of the Rapidan and saw a group of men; he went toward them, but they walked away. He called a "halt," inquired what they were doing. "Nothing." "What are you here for?" "Oh, just a little recreation, just looking around." "What is there over there in the tall grass?" "Nothing, General, really nothing." General Gordon walked over, and parting the tall grass found a naked man. He said: "I have orders to take every one found within our lines. You are my prisoner. I shall send you to Libby." Instantly the Confederates said: "You may punish us, General, but this man must go free. Our honor is at stake. We gave our word that he should go back, and he must." So the fellow swam back a good deal frightened.

He told of prayer meetings in camp and how one man entreated the Lord to "take a proper view of our side and give us the victory." He spoke of the sons of Erin, who love freedom and combat.

He paid a very high tribute to Gen. Grant. Told most feelingly of the interview between Grant and Lee. Repeated two of Lee's questions and Grant's replies. "Our swords and arms, General Grant?" "Oh, let the men keep them as souvenirs if they want them." "And our horses, General?" "Keep them to plow with." "The treaty closed, the war ended leaving no lingering bitterness," and, shaking the great flag behind him, he exclaimed: "Our patriotism purified, intensified!" He paid a glowing tribute to the flag—"our flag whose colors we have helped make brighter."

It was a talk well calculated to enlarge their horizon and lull sectional feeling.

He said that the cheerfulness and

patience which the men manifested over privation was wonderful. One of the standing jokes was, "What a stringent is there that will reduce our stomachs to suit our rations?"

The whole spirit of the talk was thoroughly good, not a shadow of bitterness or overestimate of their side or belittling their adversary. I was glad I had heard it and only regretted that you and Richard could not hear it too. S. C. LI. J.

President Harper and Religion and Science.

EDITOR UNITY: In the lectures which Professor Harper is giving on "The Stories of Genesis" the old, old problem of "science and religion" is continually coming up. The statement is made that "the scientists have given up revelation." The sense in which the word "scientist" is used is one which makes the word applicable only to the student of physical things. The students of physical things were the first to attain the characteristics that make a man worthy of the name scientist. The results of the scientific investigation of physical things are trustworthy because the investigation is carried on by men who are trained into the scientific spirit. The minds of men to-day are made confident of truth by means of a knowledge that the truth has been arrived at by a scientific method. To set, then, the religionist over against the scientist is to make certain the defeat of the religionist, for a man who has not arrived at his conclusions by the scientific method, and is therefore not worthy of the title of scientist, is not competent to have an opinion. Religionists must be made scientists before the modern mind can be expected to put faith in religious teachers. The opinion of scientists in the field of physical things is worth little when given in regard to mental and spiritual things. The need is now great for men who can and will be scientists in the field of religion. Each theologian should become and always remain a scientist. The conflict must be between scientists of physical things and scientists of spiritual things. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

E. M. F.

Acknowledgment.

Received, additional, for Sea Island sufferers, by W. C. Gannett, and sent to Miss Laura M. Towne:

"A friend".....\$1 00
A. E. H..... 3 50

\$4 50

Our Ten Greatest Contemporaries.

DEAR UNITY: Your readers once had a month's fun over a plebiscite as to the "Ten Greatest Novels." Is it time for another game of the kind? If so, possibly others may like to play it as our Emerson class did here last night. We are to read together this

fall Emerson's "Representative Men." In connection with the first essay on "The Uses of Great Men," the members brought in written lists of "Our Ten Greatest Contemporaries,"—following Emerson's types as far as they go, but adding a few others, and limiting

selections to *Englishmen and Americans living within the last ten years*: a limitation which barred out both Emerson and Darwin. Here is our result. It should be said that our class is a mixed one, mostly women, of many differing persuasions church-wise:

Greatest Philosopher.....	SPENCER Martineau, 2.	by 51 votes out of 54
Greatest Religious Leader.....	SPURGEON.	by 17 votes out of 65
	Beecher, 11. Moody, 8. Drummond, 6. Adler, 2. Brooks, 9. Booth, 7. Newman, 3. Martineau, 1.	
Greatest Skeptic.....	INGERSOLL Arnold, 4. Huxley, 2.	by 48 votes out of 60
Greatest Poet.....	BROWNING Tennyson, 32. Lowell, 3.	by 39 votes out of 74
Greatest Statesman.....	GLADSTONE Blaine, 14. Cleveland, 1.	by 61 votes out of 77
Greatest Man of Letters.....	LOWELL Curtis, 13. Ruskin, 5. Holmes, 7. Arnold, 4.	by 35 votes out of 66
Greatest Man of Science.....	HUXLEY Tyndall, 10.	by 27 votes out of 44
Greatest Man of Business.....	GOULD Carnegie, 10. Armour, 6. Rockefeller, 8. Wanamaker, 5.	by 21 votes out of 58
Greatest Inventor.....	EDISON.	by 77 votes out of 81
Greatest Social Reformer.....	MISS ANTHONY Henry George, 16. Miss Willard, 8. Booth, 13. Bellamy, 2.	by 28 votes out of 72

Rochester, N. Y.

W. C. G.

The Study Table

The Son of a Prophet.*

"The Son of a Prophet" is declared by its author to be "an attempt to create the character which uttered itself in the Book of Job, and to trace certain conditions, political, intellectual and spiritual, which compelled this utterance." While we cannot fail to admire the earnestness of Mr. Jackson, nor to commend the courageous spirit with which he has persevered in his difficult undertaking, we are forced to say that he has fallen very far short of success. His efforts to portray the hero of the immortal poem will hardly satisfy those who are able to read the Book of Job intelligently; and as for the rest of mankind, the story is not sufficiently attractive to tempt them through the dreary wastes of dry learning with which the work abounds. In short, the book is neither instructive nor interesting, and the only definite result of reading it is a feeling of sadness that so much energy should be misspent and so much industry come to naught.

A work of fiction based upon Biblical events and introducing Biblical characters is a fit undertaking for the learning and talent of an Ebers; but we know of no other author alive to-day who is equal to it. Certain it is that Mr. Jackson has not mastered it. He brings to his task, it is true, a considerable knowledge of scriptural history and topography; but he is lacking in a correct understanding of the people whose national life he attempts to depict, and he fails properly to read their character or to estimate their conduct. For example, in the description of the banquet of the Israelites which was followed by the fatal after-din-

ner speech of Shammah, he says (p. 74): "Though the formal conference as to business had been held elsewhere, the commercial spirit was found to tinge the assembly to a degree that disappointed Shammah and Solomon. After the feasting, one and another had spoken in a tone which gave promise only of the modern Jew who controls the bourse of Europe." Our author has forgotten two important facts that he should have borne in mind, namely, first, that the "commercial spirit" of Israel did not begin to manifest itself until the reign of Solomon; and second, that the "modern Jew who controls the bourse of Europe" is largely the product of that Christian charity which banished Israel to the Ghetto, and therefore he could not have been foreshadowed in the time of David. Mr. Jackson has fallen into the error of assuming that an Israelite is, in his very essence, a tradesman. He does not recognize the application of the principle of evolution, which has determined the so-called "commercial instinct" of the Jew,—that it is only when the best merchant has the best chance of victory in the struggle for existence that the commercial spirit becomes a national trait. He appears to believe that God made the Israelite a merchant, and that he has merely lived out his destiny. Mr. Jackson furnishes another instance of his tendency to err in this regard on page 241, where little Benjamin proposes to spoil the Egyptians. The plan is shrewd enough to proceed from the offspring of a Gould, but it would hardly have emanated from the descendant of David's "mighty men."

Imagination and literary skill are essential to the construction of a good novel: and in these respects Mr. Jackson is deplorably deficient. In his eagerness to tell all that he knows, he has presented a narrative

so confused and tedious that the mind of the reader is overburdened by the mere effort of intelligent perusal. The incidents are constrained and clumsy; and they are so palpably contrived with reference to their remote consequences that they fail to awaken feeling or to challenge thought. The characters are poorly drawn and crudely painted. They do not impress us as living persons, capable of thought and action, but as puppets which the author groups and postures as the exigencies of the plot may demand or his desire to thrust his learning upon our notice may suggest. The *Deus ex machina* is frequently invoked; and were it not that he often performs his kindly offices, the story would come to an abrupt and speedy ending. Chapter V. will be found to embody examples of these various defects; and it is open to the further criticism that it might have been wholly omitted without affecting in any manner the progress of the narrative or the development of the hero's character. It serves, however, to display the author's information concerning the worship of Baal and Astarte, and it was doubtless written for that purpose. It may be expected that after this summary of faults we shall add that of verbal inaccuracy and misuse; and not to disappoint our readers we cite the mathematical monstrosity "a conical cylinder" (page 47), where "truncated cone" was doubtless intended, and refer to the superfluous "s" in "cherubims," somewhere in the text. But these are minor errors, and could well be pardoned if the main features of the book were better wrought.

The author has injected a little of the supernatural into his tale, which materially detracts from the value of his composition. On page 82 occurs this passage: "Gad appeared before David and announced, as from the Lord, that he might choose between three dire calamities: seven years of famine, three months of flight before his enemies, or three days of pestilence."

"Let us fall into the hands of the Lord rather than of man," was the response of the humble king; and the pestilence came." As we read it this is an unequivocal statement that Shammah's plan and the king's action displeased Jehovah, and that a plague was actually sent by the Lord to punish the people for the iniquities of their leaders. We are bound therefore to regard Shammah's innovations as distasteful to Deity, and we need not marvel therefore at the many misfortunes that afterwards befell his house. But this introduction of the miraculous defeats the very purpose of the author, and interferes seriously with the correct portrayal of his hero.

We have very little sympathy with the idea that the Book of Job is the outcome of personal suffering; that the mind of its author was forged and fashioned by adversity, and that

*The Son of a Prophet, by George Anson Jackson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883.

there was no broader back-ground for the composition than the trials of a single soul; nor do we agree with Mr. Jackson that the book was written during Jeroboam's reign. Upon the question of the date of the work there is considerable variety of opinion, but the best authorities, we think, assign the poem to the period of the captivity or thereafter. Certain it is that the contemplation of a nation's woes would have tended more to awaken thought upon the mystery of suffering than a series of personal calamities directly traceable to youthful enthusiasm, unrequited love and the machinations of a villain. The soul of the great poet who composed the work was stirred to its center, not by his own misery, but by the misfortunes of a people.

There is a certain analogy between the history of Job and that of the Israelites, up to the time of the captivity. Job was the servant of the Lord, as were likewise the Israelites. Job flourished and prospered, as did the Israelites. Job was deprived of his wealth and his children, but remained steadfast in his faith. The ancient Israelites, so their descendants were taught, never wavered in their allegiance to the Almighty, even when adversity overwhelmed them. Job was smitten with a foul disease; he was afflicted in his person, as the Israelites were afflicted when they became the captives of Babylon. As a matter of fact, Job's sufferings were intended to test his faith and trust in God, but he does not know it. So perhaps the Israelites were scourged to prove their loyalty to Jehovah. But the poem teaches that the motives and purposes of God are not to be questioned, nor are the means which he employs to be examined. Therefore let the stricken nation remain constant, without murmur or complaint. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is as well suited for the consolation of a captive people as for the solace of a suffering individual. Finally, though God's purposes are not to be revealed, the Israelites may take comfort in the fact that after his sore trial Job was made whole, and his wealth was restored to him manifold. So the Israelites will be released from bondage and will re-enter upon their former positions. Viewed in this manner the Book of Job assumes grander proportions and stands in a more glorious perspective than if we regard it as the outcome of personal sorrow and misfortune. And thus we prefer to view it. L. A. E.

Science and a Future Life.*

These essays are written for the large number of men, including many of the noblest natures of our day, who have discarded "supernaturalism"; to whom the usual arguments for immortality are inconclusive; for whom human tenderness, relieving

*SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE, with Other Essays. By Frederic W. H. Myers. New York: Macmillan & Co., pp. 242.

human suffering, is the only divine thing. We say farewell to our heart's beloved with anguish, pressed into the background of consciousness, as time goes on, by the duty of cheerfulness and activity we owe to others. "This world is sad enough at the best," we say, "let us not impose on others even the sight of our grief." But our pain is not lightened by any hope of future meeting, nor our remorse for sin and weakness allayed by any hope of an eternity in which to atone.

Thus we welcome one to whom, like Mr. Myers, not only is the hope of man's survival after death the most momentous subject of human interest, but to whom scientific research in the domain of psychology offers positive, if as yet scanty, evidence of the reality of an unseen spiritual world.

If we survive death, then life is intelligible, then the pursuit of perfection is not a mocking ideal; "the next life, like this, will resemble wrestling rather than dancing," and will find its best delight in the possibility of progress, not attainable without effort so strenuous as may well resemble pain." But if we give up the hope of continued life, Mr. Myers believes, then pessimism is the only logical creed.

"The great majority of Continental savants and disciples of science have practically ceased to regard a future life as a possibility worth discussing. In England and America the case is different, but even here the belief in survival seems now to rest, not so much on any definite creed as on a temper of mind which in energetic Western races survives for some time the decay of definite dogma. I mean that view of the universe loosely styled optimism, but which some new term, *bonism*, might express with no greater barbarism in the form of the word and more accuracy in its meaning. These sanguine races, I say, still maintain their trust that the Cosmos, as a whole, is good, even when the definite beliefs on which this trust anciently rested have one by one been cut away." "One must needs feel sympathy for the various groups, semi-Christian, Theistic or Pantheistic, who are thus striving to support, on less and less substantive aliment, the spiritual life within. But, alas! no sooner have the Positivist school succeeded in reducing that aliment to a large H in Humanity—the spiritual equivalent of a straw *per diem*—than the optimistic temper is found to be starved out and the Western world to be gravitating toward the immemorial melancholy of the East."

Mr. Myers in another of the essays characterizes Positivism as "a religion consisting simply in the resolute maintenance of the traditional optimistic view when the supposed facts that made for optimism have all been abandoned. Never have we come nearer to the 'grin without the cat' of the popular fairy tale than in the

brilliant paradoxes with which some kindly rhetorician—himself steeped in deserved prosperity—would fain persuade us that all in this sad world is well, since Auguste Comte has demonstrated that the effect of our deeds lives after us, so that what we used to call eternal death—the cessation, in point of fact, of our own existence—may just as well be considered as eternal life of a very superior description."

Mr. Myers essay on "Tennyson as Prophet" shows that the great poet had as little regard for "these blanched survivals of optimism" as he himself. "He is not afraid to set forth a naked despair as the inevitable outcome of a view of the world which omits a moral government or a human survival. A grave responsibility, which the clear-seeing poet would scarcely have undertaken, had not his own confidence in the happier interpretation been strong and assured."

Mr. Myers' own "confidence in the happier interpretation" rests, however, not on the intuitions of a poet, but upon scientific research. "The question of the survival of man is a branch of experimental Psychology." "I claim that there is, in fact, direct evidence for the exercise of some kind of influence by the surviving personalities of departed men." This evidence he finds in the actual observed phenomena of automatism, apparitions, telegraphy and the like. "I do not claim that all men ought to be convinced; but only that men whose minds are free from prepossession ought to feel that there is a case for further inquiry." This much many of Mr. Myers' readers, including myself, will grant him, and will add, that he has awakened a strong desire to know more of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.

It may be that we shall learn to feel that we rationalists have made a bogey of "supernaturalism" as unjustly as Voltaire made of Christianity a set of lies contrived by deliberate impostors. "Are there not seasons of spring in the spiritual world, and is this not one of them?" Have we not had in the Parliament of Religions "the exaltation which lifts into a high community: the words which stir the pulse like passion, and wet the eyes like joy, and with the impalpable breath of an inward murmur can make a sudden glory in the deep of the heart?"

Perhaps Mr. Myers indicates where we shall find scientific grounds for our spiritual faith.

The essays in this volume, except the memoir of Leopold, Duke of Albany, are really variations on the same theme,—the belief in immortality,—though they treat of Charles Darwin and Agnosticism, The Disenchantment of France, Tennyson as Prophet, Modern Poets and Cosmic Law. The essay on The Disenchantment of France is a masterly analysis of a certain temper, or distemper, of

the modern mind which is found also outside of France. F. G. B.

THE BLIND AS SEEN THROUGH BLIND EYES. By Maurice de la Sizeranne. Authorized translation from the second French edition, by F. Park Lewis, M. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

The loss of sight by accident or disease always excites the keenest sympathy among those who appreciate the blessings they enjoy in possessing a pair of serviceable eyes; and the overpowering sense of helplessness which seizes us at the very thought of the possibility of our suddenly becoming blind naturally creates a pathetic interest in those who actually suffer from this calamity. And yet, strange to say, there are but a very few who have taken the pains to realize, from direct investigation, the true condition, physical, mental and moral, of this rapidly increasing class of unfortunates. The blind of France alone number thirty-two thousand; there are two-hundred thousand in Europe, and nearly two millions throughout the globe.

In civilized countries the blind are not absolutely neglected, and their condition is neither so helpless nor so dependent as one would be disposed to imagine. They are educated; can read and write; engage in mathematical, philosophical and literary pursuits; many are proficient musicians, and the great majority are taught some trade by which they earn their own livelihood.

Who are the blind that are being educated; how they are educated; and what they are taught,—are matters very intelligently described by one of themselves in this highly interesting and suggestive book. The author, Maurice de la Sizeranne, is nobly born, and became blind when but nine years old. The work is translated from the French by Dr. F. P. Lewis, a member of the Board of Trustees of the New York Institution for the Blind. It will well repay one who is ignorant of the ways, qualifications and occupations of the blind to read this little volume of about one hundred and fifty pages.

M. H. L.

Magazines.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for January has as one of its features, "The Young Man in Business," by Edward W. Bok, himself a very successful young man in business. While his advice is good as far as it goes, it does not seem to be of very great value, inasmuch as he has the usual blindness of the successful business man to the real source of his own success. The magazine also contains a very interesting and suggestive discussion by T. C. Crawford of the highly artistic pantomime recently produced in this country by the French company brought here by Mr. Edwin Cleary.

THE UNITARIAN for January contains the first half of Mrs. Sunderland's able and interesting address on

the value of a Comparative Study of Religions, delivered before the Parliament of Religions last summer. It also contains an article by Prof. Bonet-Maury on the Stundists.

HOOD'S CALENDAR for 1894 is out. The sarsaparilla firm has become famous for the charming heads with which it has adorned its advertisements. This time it is not the usual child's face, but a charming picture of "Sweet Sixteen."

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

ESSAYS SELECTED FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE, OR CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By William Hazlitt. With an introduction by Reginald Brinsley Johnson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth and gold, 24mo, pp. 382. \$1.00.

THE ARIEL SHAKESPEARE. Third Group, Comprising Seven Tragedies: MACBETH, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, OTHELLO, HAMLET, JULIUS CÆSAR, KING LEAR, ROMEO AND JULIET. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Flexible leather, gilt top, 32mo. 75 cents each.

WAH-KEE-NAH AND HER PEOPLE. The Curious Customs, Traditions, and Legends of the North American Indians. By Gen. James C. Strong. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 275. \$1.25.

THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN (Religio Scriptoris). By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Elkin Matthews and John Lane. 1893. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 119. \$1.00.

THE STORY OF JAPAN (Story of the Nations Series). By David Murray, late adviser to the Japanese Minister of Education. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 431. \$1.50.

THE DISEASES OF PERSONALITY (Religion of Science Library, Vol. I, No. 4). By Th. Ribot. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Paper, 8vo, pp. 1-7. 25 cents.

THE PLYMOUTH HYMNAL for the Church, the Social Meeting and the Home. Edited by Lyman Abbott, with the co-operation of Chas. H. Morse and Herbert Vaughan Abbott. New York: The Outlook Co. 1893.

READINGS FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE. By Simeon Mills. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 1893. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 131. \$1.00.

OCTOGENARIAN. Anonymous. Printed by West Grove Printing House, West Grove, Pa. 60-page pamphlet.

AROUND THE FIRESIDE, and Other Poems. By Howard Carleton Tripp. Illustrated. Times Publishing Co., Kingsley, Iowa. Cloth, gilt edges, 8vo, pp. 145. \$1.00.

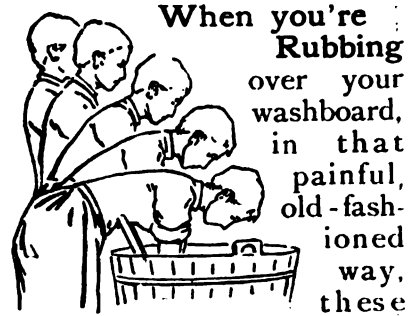
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Mr. H. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of Ceylon, writes: "Jenkin Lloyd Jones deserves the thanks of the followers of the gentle teacher of Asia for bringing out in pamphlet form the Life and Teachings of that Saviour of humanity to suit the minds of the American student of religion. I recommend it heartily."

M'd Alexander Russell Webb, Editor of the *Moslem World*, writes: "I have just finished your most excellent lecture entitled 'Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia.' It is the fairest and most truthful composition I have seen in the English language not made by a Mohammedan. Your mind has risen above the prejudices that Christians usually entertain towards Islam and its teacher. I congratulate you sincerely on having made a bold and effective stand in favor of truth."

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SUN.—The religion of Christ is a religion of motives, of purity of heart, and of humanity of purpose.

MON.—Ambition is, with some, the love of usefulness, not the love of power.

TUES.—High morality, like high art, must be always above the average reach of the great mass of men.

WED.—Self-importance in various forms is the dominant vice of the human character.

THURS.—Conscience is certainly not a separate faculty; it is an exercise of judgment.

FRI.—The prospect of an external reward is no part of any virtue either Christian or heathen.

SAT.—Religion should be practical, and faith, if it means anything, should mean good works.

—John Stuart Blackie.

Colors.

They say that the brilliant colors

We see in the evening skies,
The rich, warm glow of the ruby,
The forest's autumn dyes,
The carmine of the oak leaf.
The maple's golden hue,
The rose's blushing beauty,
The sky's celestial blue,—

The soft tints of yon painting,
Wrought by a master's might,
Are but, like rainbow glories,
Reflections of the light.
To day I have been wondering
If we ourselves are, too,
Reflections of the sunlight,
God's sunlight, pure and true.

But in this land of sunshine,
Star of the western skies,
Are some who, like dull earth-clods,
Reflect no radiant dyes;
And yet, methinks, within them
Are jewels rich and bright,
Of rare and perfect luster,
If only brought to light.

And some, with frosty glitter,
Send back the brilliant light,
Like crystallized snow in winter,
Or diamonds cold and bright;
While some, like heavy storm-clouds,
Absorb each lustrous ray,
And give back no reflection,
But somber seem, and gray.

Like the iridescent opal,
Some hide in their own heart
The luster of the sunshine,
Or with a wondrous art
Send forth, in turn, each color,
Each radiant rainbow dye,
The changing leaf's rich crimson,
The azure of the sky.

Some, like the golden topaz,
Reflect with steady glow,
The light of truth and beauty,
Welcome where'er they go.
God send his glorious sunshine
Upon these hearts of ours,
That they may shine in beauty
Throughout our earthly hours!
—Selected.

An Oriental Story.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two buckets, one of the men said:

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered:
"But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other, and, throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless, after all."

But he had yet to learn why the King had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the King came up to him, and, as he bade the man keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing; now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my hand."

—The Sunday Hour.

The Candle Fish.

Away off in the Pacific Ocean, lying on the western coast of British America, is Vancouver's Island. It is a bleak, cold, barren place, inhabited by Indians, who have few of the comforts and conveniences that make our homes so pleasant. But the loving All-Father, who looks with tender pity on all his creatures, has taught these poor savages to make the most of the few commodities found within their frozen domain. Their chief article of food is fish, which, during the less severe weather, abound in

the bay called Nootka Sound, and are readily caught in common nets. There is one species known as the "Candle Fish," so fat that it is almost impossible either to broil or fry it, without having the whole mass converted into oil. But that is just the sort of food people need in such a climate to keep them from freezing. *It is fuel taken internally*—the oil consumed keeps up the combustion within, and fortifies the body against the piercing cold of those long, dreary winters.

But it is another use the natives make of these fish, that I want particularly to describe to my little readers. Just imagine one of these long, slender fish, after it has been thoroughly dried, having a wick of rush or pith run through the center, and while one end of the fish is stuck in the cleft of a billet of wood, the wick that protrudes at the other end, *lighted as a candle!* And thus one sees them in every house, burning steadily, till the fish is entirely consumed, giving out a clear, pleasant light, sufficient to read or sew by,—that is, if Vancouverians do such things,—at the same time rendering cheery and homelike their otherwise gloomy cabins, or "lodges," as they are called.

Regular sea-candles! are they not? Ready-made "dips," needing only a wick, for which the material is always at hand, and it can be applied in a trice, by means of a needle formed of a piece of hard wood, kept specially for "wicking" these novel candles. What a wonderful provision of nature, or of Nature's God, to meet the wants of these poor islanders! Nor can we regard as mere chance the instinct that sends annually to these cold, northern shores such myriads of little fish, too fat and oily to be eaten in milder climes, but furnishing the best sort of winter food, as well as light and heat, to the inhabitants of a bleak, frozen region, like Vancouver's Island.

During the mild weather, immense quantities of these fish are caught and laid by for winter use. A full supply of the best are first selected, and carefully packed away for food; then a goodly number are dried and "wicked" for candles; and all the rest are converted into oil by boiling and pressing. This oil is one of the table luxuries with which a native Vancouverian entertains his guests on festal occasions—a luxury, let me tell you, reader, vastly superior to ice-cream and bonbons, in a land where the frost-king reigns supreme two-thirds of the year, and stern old Boreas blows such piercing blasts as you never even dreamed of amid the warmth and cheer of your pleasant homes.
—Selected.

SAYS *The Independent*, "Prof. St. George Mivart has dutifully accepted the condemnation of his articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, in the *Index Expurgatorius*, and sent his submission *ex animo* to Rome. This is beautiful—and childish."

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XX.

BREAKING HOME TIES.
Acts vi. 1.-vii. 60.

*Foremost and nearest to His throne,
By perfect robes of triumph known,
And likest Him in look and tone,
The holy Stephen kneels
With steadfast gaze, as when the sky
Flew open to his fainting eye,
Which, like a fading lamp, flash'd high,
Seeing what death conceals.*

—Keble.

Picture: Stephen Preaching, by Fra Angelico (1387-1455).

What two classes were there of Jews and Jewish Christians? There were Palestinian Jews and Jews of the Dispersion, and the corresponding classes of Hebrew Christians and Hellenistic Christians.

According to some accounts Jesus had bidden the Apostles tarry in Jerusalem till the descent by the Holy Spirit and then go throughout all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost, but the Apostles showed no signs of leaving Jerusalem, nor did they go into all the world till they were shaken and driven out by persecution. As we find the church shortly after the death of Jesus it is nothing more than a Jewish sect, the one point of difference between Jews and Christians being that the former were still expecting the Messiah, while the latter believed that he had already come in the person of Jesus. The Christians went up to the temple to pray like the rest of their brethren, and their "Christianity" was only an appendage to their Judaism, mechanically added on, not a vital transformation of it. But fortunately there were two parties in the church as there were in contemporary Judaism.

For purposes of trade, and other reasons, many Jews had found homes outside of the Holy Land; we find them in the East, in Egypt, Greece, Italy, and throughout Asia Minor. These emigrant Jews are known as Jews of the Dispersion, and between them and the home-keeping Jews in Palestine there was always more or less friction. Even in Gentile communities, the Jews kept their separateness and observed the laws of Moses, but to heed or even to know the refinements of the Palestinian rabbis was obviously impracticable. Moreover those of the Dispersion were eager to commend their thought and customs to the people among whom they dwelt, and hence there was a natural reluctance to emphasize points of great difference. Besides, with all his rigidity, the Jew has shown always more plasticity than he is usually given credit for: he responds quickly and easily to a sympathetic environment, he absorbs the thought and life with which he comes in touch. Therefore not merely by necessity and accommodation, but also by sympathetic appre-

ciation, the Jews of the Dispersion lost a great deal of the strict Palestinian rigor, and became liberal and tolerant. Now these Hellenists (as they were called) were matched by a liberal party among the home-staying Jews, but the tendency which was stronger and which ultimately prevailed was in the direction of narrowness and insistence upon trifles. The Hebrew Jews distrusted their Hellenistic brethren.

In the church there were representatives from both classes, and they brought with them their old antagonisms and suspicions. It is significant that the first dissension among the disciples in Jerusalem begins as "a murmuring by the Hellenists against the Hebrews because their widows were neglected in the daily ministrations" (Acts vi. 1). It appears that in the communistic community daily supplies were carried to those in need, and it may be that the Hebrew Christians neglected intentionally or thoughtlessly the Hellenists whom they disliked and suspected. Whether the complaints were well founded and the Hebrews were at fault, or whether the Hellenists were unduly exacting, and allowed their resentful watchfulness to exaggerate insignificant omissions, cannot be determined. In either case, the prompt action of the Apostles was eminently judicious. Calling all the disciples together they laid the case before them and counseled the election of seven men whose chief business should be to attend to this very thing. This is usually taken as a description of the rise of the diaconate in the church, although there is no hint in the narrative that it had any other design than to meet a temporary emergency. The Seven were chosen by the people and brought before the Apostles, who laid their hands upon them, not to impart the Spirit, for one of the qualifications was that the candidates should be full of the Spirit, but solely as an official recognition of their appointment by the church. The evidence is not sufficient to justify the frequent assumption that all of the Seven were Hellenists, although it is certain that Stephen and Philip were—the only two of whom we have any subsequent knowledge. *The occasion of the first trouble in the church was "the daily visitation," but its real cause was the latent differences between Hebrew and Hellenistic believers.*

Who were the opponents of the early church?—At first the Sadducees alone opposed the believers, but after the preaching of Stephen the Pharisees also were arrayed against them.

A key to the situation of the church in Jerusalem is the fact that the Pharisees, who in Galilee had been hostile to Jesus, appear now as the friends of his disciples in Jerusalem, while the Sadducees alone are enemies. This shows that the followers of Jesus had not apprehended clearly his real attitude toward Scribism, but were still good Pharisees in all outward observances. The Apostles were not thoughtful, logical men, but had been won to Jesus mainly by his attractive personality, and the bearing of his thought they had not seen, perhaps he himself had not seen, so clearly as the Galilean Pharisees. There was also another reason why the Pharisees were friendly and the Sadducees hostile to the new church. The staple of apostolic preaching was the resurrection of Jesus, and

by proclaiming the actuality of one resurrection the Christian, were siding with the Pharisees against the Sadducees, "who say there is no resurrection." Nor was it particularly obnoxious to Pharisees that the Christians preached Jesus as the Messiah, for both Christians and Pharisees looked for the Messiah to appear immediately in glory to do the same work, only the Christians believed it would be Jesus returned, the Pharisees that it would be another coming for the first time. Hence it was the Sadducees and not the Pharisees who first made trouble for the church.

But with the preaching of Stephen the Pharisees joined the opposition. Although appointed to serve tables, Stephen did not therefore leave the word of God, but disputed in the synagogue of the Libertines, to which probably Saul also belonged. His teaching was so bold and radical that he was finally brought before the Sanhedrin on the charge of blasphemy.

What was the argument of Stephen's defense?—He showed by a rapid survey of the national history that God's revelation had not been confined to the temple or the holy land, and also that the people had been chronically unable to recognize their God-sent deliverers.

It was the proving of the latter point in a burst of indignant eloquence which brought the speech to an abrupt close, but the significance of the defense lies in the assertion of the needlessness of the temple as a means or condition of revelation. Before Abraham had even set foot in the Holy Land, while Moses was in the wilderness, each had received communications from God. Moreover, God had been most conspicuously with his people in days before the building of the temple, and, of even greater moment, the very temple itself had been condemned as the supposed abiding place of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Charged with teaching that the temple was to be destroyed and the customs of Moses changed, Stephen retorts that historically the temple had not been in existence during the days of plainest divine help and guidance, and that even Moses himself had been rejected as leader by the nation, even as Jesus had been cast out, of whom Moses had spoken aforetime.

As we read this speech, so sublime in its thought and so adroit in presentation, we feel ourselves in the presence of the same spirit that quickens the gospels. This man has laid hold upon the universal elements of the thought of Jesus, and preaches his constructive creative idea more clearly and logically than Jesus himself had done. The salvation of Christianity at that moment lay with the Hellenistic members of the Church of Jerusalem, whose spokesman Stephen was. He is one of the ignored prophets of the church, predecessor of Paul, who probably first learned from him the logical implications of the thought of Jesus.

Now, however, the word has been spoken which prophesies the escape of the church from its Jewish leading strings. Stephen alarmed the Pharisees, who joined forces with the Sadducees and began a persecution which resulted in driving out at least the Hellenistic members of the church. This is the first great crisis in ecclesi-

astical history, for those who were scattered abroad by reason of the persecution that arose after the death of Stephen went everywhere preaching the word. This shows that most if not all of them were Hellenists, and from the fact that the Apostles are said to have remained in Jerusalem it may be that the strict Hebrew Christians were forward in showing that they disapproved of the extreme position of Stephen and so cared. Stephen seems to have caused the final rupture between Hebrew and Hellenistic Christians: the former stayed in Jerusalem, growing ever nearer to the Pharisaic ideal, the latter went everywhere carrying a faith based upon the universal element in the mind of Jesus, which, under the inspiration and leadership of Paul, conquered the world.

Questions.

The Picture.—What two scenes in the life of Stephen are depicted? Who was Stephen? What office did he hold in the church? Who were the primitive "deacons"? Is this story intended to explain the origin of deacons?

Stephen the Hellenist.—Who were the Hellenists? "The Jews in Diaspora [the Dispersion] were real missionaries"—What effect had this upon the internal development and the outward extension of Christianity? Were there, properly speaking, any "Christians" at this time?

Stephen the Prophet.—Give a synopsis of Stephen's speech? What do you think about its authenticity? Would God have been less near to the people after the destruction of the temple than before? How does Stephen's thought stand related to that of James? of Paul? of Jesus himself?

The Hope of the Church.—What were the differences between the first disciples and their Jewish brethren? How does it happen that the Pharisees favor the church? What two parties were there in the church? In which party lay hope for the future?

Sunday School Items.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

Of course, every one knows that the income of our Sunday School Society is wholly from the contributions of schools and individuals, as we sell our publications at cost. Therefore, we hope all who have been helped by our books and lesson papers will feel like contributing what they can towards our work. The first contribution to come in, as we reported a week or two ago, was fifteen dollars from Mr. Gannett's School in Rochester. And now, the second school is the one at Hinsdale, that Mr. Gannett started five or six years ago. His schools seem to be of the right kind. The Hinsdale School sends us ten dollars. What school will be the third?

TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

Our fathers used to tell us that this proverb was a wise one; and I think there is another proverb equally wise. It is this: Take care of the Sunday schools and the churches will take care of themselves. If it is n't a proverb it ought to be, for it

is true, and I am sure Solomon would have put it in his list if he had known of it. If you have a vigorous, growing Sunday school you will not fail to have a strong, live church. And last Sunday I had the pleasure of seeing a Sunday school that numbered two hundred and fifty. It filled the room to the very walls on every side. The children were sitting all over the platform, too. I hardly dared to stir lest I should step on some small child. And they all listened so eagerly and looked so bright and so convinced of the truth of every word I said, that I felt that if I had to choose between the Sunday school and the church, it would be the Sunday school every time. Mr. Judy ought to tell us all the secret of his school—for it was at Davenport that I saw it. But perhaps one secret of it lies in a fact that Dr. Roundy told me about. The church started as a Sunday school twenty-five years ago. The Sunday school was well organized and flourishing before they thought of the church. They cared for the pennies and the pounds took care of themselves.

A. W. G.

Notes from the Field

OUR readers—particularly ministers, secretaries, etc.—are requested to send us items concerning religious and social activities that come under their observation. We earnestly request that the sender reduce the necessary information to the fewest possible words and send it in the form in which he desires it to appear. Our space does not permit us to publish lengthy accounts, and so much of a miscellaneous character is sent us that we have not time to pick out the important items from masses of detail.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Beginning Jan. 14, Mr. Sunderland will give a series of six sermons on "Some of the Great Deal of the Past Year; with Lessons from their Lives," as follows: "General Armstrong and Hampton Institute; or the Educational Solution of the Negro Problem of the South." "Lucy Stone, and the New Day coming to Woman." "Gounod, the Great Musical Composer." Illustrated by Selections from his music. "Elizabeth P. Peabody, and the Modern Kindergarten Movement in Education." "Professor Tyndall, and the Relation of Science to Religion." "Edwin Booth; or Religion and the Theater." By request Mrs. Sunderland will repeat on Sunday evening, Jan. 14, the address which she gave at the World's Parliament of Religions on "The Value of a Comparative Study of Religions," and on Sunday evening, Jan. 21, her address in the Woman's Building of the World's Fair, on "The Influence of the Higher Education of Women upon Domestic Life."

Beginning with February Mr. Sunderland will exchange five Sunday evenings with Rev. Lee S. McColester, of Detroit, and Mr. McColester will repeat here a series of splendidly illustrated lectures on "The Abbeys and Cathedrals of Europe," which he has given with great success in Detroit. They are: "Kirks and Abbeys of Scotland." "Churches and Cathedrals of England." "Cathedrals of the Rhine." "Cathedrals of Florence, Milan and Venice." "Cathedrals of Pisa and Rome."

The program of the Ladies' Union

till May is as follows: Jan. 24. "Unitarianism in America To-day." Mrs. Sunderland. "Sketches of recent and present Leaders." Mr. Sunderland. Feb. 7. "Rise and History of Universalism." Mrs. Barney. "Universalism and Universalists To-day." Mrs. Taylor. Feb. 21. "Origin and History of the Friends." Mrs. Coon. "The Friends To-day." Mrs. Murry White. March 7. "Spiritualism as a liberalizing force in Religion." Mrs. Danforth. "Spiritualism philosophically explained." Mrs. Fisk. March 21. "Unitarianism in the Non-Christian Religions. (1) In Judaism. Mrs. Willis. (2) In Mohammedanism. Mrs. W. Whitlark. (3) In the Brahmo-Somaj. Mrs. Finney. April 4. "The Rise and Present Condition of Liberal Orthodoxy." Mrs. Jordan. "Can Liberal Orthodoxy do the work of Unitarianism?" Mrs. Barney. April 18. "Unitarianism in Relation to Philosophy and Science." Mrs. Sunderland. "Unitarianism and Philanthropy." Mrs. Pettee. May 2. "Unitarianism in Literature." Dr. Lucinda M. Stone. "Duties and Responsibilities of Unitarians." Mrs. Lease.

The Students' Bible Class is devoting the year to a Comparative Study of Our Religious Denominations. The subjects (until June) are as follows: The Lutheran Church; The German and Dutch Reformed Churches; The Church of England; The Episcopal Church in America; The Presbyterian Church; The Congregational Church; The Baptist Church; The Methodist Church; The Universalist Church; The Unitarian Church; The Swedenborgian Church, or Church of the New Jerusalem; The Friends' or Quaker Church; The Moravian, Disciples and Christian Union Churches; The Adventist and Seventh Day Church; The Old Catholic Church; The Salvation Army; The Spiritualist Movement; The Theosophical Movement; The Christian Science Movement; The Ethical Culture Movement; The Future of Religious Denominations and Movements.

Sunday School meets at 12 m. in church parlors. Sewing School meets every Saturday afternoon from 2 till 4 o'clock in basement of church. Unity Club Lecture Course, as far as announced, is as follows: Jan. 22. Lecture. "A Trip through Northern Europe: Norway, Sweden and Russia." Illustrated with Lantern Views. Rev. Lee S. McColester, Detroit. Jan. 29. Musical Concert. In charge of Mr. E. N. Bilbie, Ann Arbor. Feb. 5. Lecture. Cardinal Newman. Rev. Fr. E. D. Kelly, Ann Arbor. Feb. 12. Paper. The Economic Evolution of Religious Ideas. P. of John Dewey, U. of M. Unity Club Socials will be held as follows: Jan. 15. Annual meeting, social and supper for church, Unity Club, etc. Feb. 26. Social. In charge of Misses Morley, Peckham and Childs. The King's Daughters' program is: Jan. 14. Paper. Biographical Sketch of Susan B. Anthony, and Sketch of her Work, Margaret Weideman. Feb. 11. Paper. College Settlements. Winifred Crain. That of the Young Men's Liberal Guild is: Jan. 19. Regular meeting. Feb. 16. Social of Guild and King's Daughters. Guild meetings held regularly once in four weeks, on Friday evening.

On Monday evening, Jan. 15, was held the General Annual Meeting, Social and Supper of the Church, Ladies' Union, Unity Club, Young Men's

Guild, King's Daughters, Bible Class and Sunday School teachers and officers. Supper at 6 o'clock. Twenty-five cents charged for benefit of Ladies' Union. After supper, toasts, responses, music, etc. The Reading Room is well supplied with periodicals, is open on Sunday afternoons from 2 to 6, and is free to all. The Library is also free. Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland are at home to receive calls on Tuesday afternoons and evenings.

Davenport, Iowa.—The church here had a very successful fair on the 14th and 15th of December, clearing over six hundred dollars. Mr. Judy exchanged with Mr. Grumbine on a recent Sunday; and on the 14th of January he filled Mr. Learned's pulpit in St. Louis, to the acceptance of the people there. His own people, however, have no idea of giving him up, but are pushing steadily on in their efforts to raise the money to build a church worthy of this flourishing society, whose Sunday school alone numbers two hundred and fifty.

Decorah, Iowa.—Rev. B. A. Van Sluyters was ordained as minister of the Unitarian Church here on Tuesday evening, Jan 2, Mr. Judy, of Davenport, preaching the ordination sermon, and Mr. Harvey, of Des Moines, and Mr. Perkins, of Iowa City, assisting at the services. The afternoon and evening of the day following the ordination there were meetings in which the visiting clergymen took part.

Denver, Col.—A CHURCH WITHOUT A CREED.—This is the way one of our active churches seeks to lead in the way of practical efficiency:

"The First Unitarian Society" of Denver is a Church without a Creed. Its teachings are earnest and positive; but it recognizes the sanctity of individual convictions, and therefore leaves each member of its family free to formulate his own belief. It insists upon freedom in thought and in worship. It believes that rational men and women, while differing in thought, can unite in a common spirit and purpose. It believes the time has come when all earnest and thoughtful persons in this city, who have outgrown the restrictions of a creedal religion, who hold rational conceptions in ethics and in religion, and who are eager to establish better industrial, social, moral and religious conditions of life, should unite in hearty fellowship and co-operation. The purpose of this Church is, as far as possible, to bring all such persons within the shelter of a common home, which shall be a center of activities for individual culture and for public good.

This Society owns a large and substantial building in the heart of the city with rooms adapted for this work, built at a great cost of energy and money. It offers to donate this property to the honest thinkers and earnest workers of this city who are in harmony with this purpose, and who are willing to be one of a company to work for it.

Do you believe in the spirit and purpose of this Church thus defined, a Church devoted to highest thought and noblest service in this present moment of life? Will you accept this offer, become one of its family, enter into the enjoyment and use of its property, and work with it for Truth and for Humanity?

If so, please write your name and address as indicated below, and return this to the minister, N. A. Haskell, by the ushers of the church, by mail, or personally.

A noble appeal. Let other churches who seek to give homes to the homeless truthseekers try something like this. The above is printed on a slip for free distribution in the pews and elsewhere.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Nagarkar's lectures here were a great success. In spite of the low price, we have made about two hundred dollars for the Free Kindergarten. The church was filled at each lecture by the best people of all denominations, all of whom were delighted. The advent here of this

"soul benighted" has marked quite an era.

Ithaca, N. Y.—The social given by the Unitarian and Liberal students at Barnes Hall last evening was very interesting and enjoyable. About sixty attended, among them Professor and Mrs. Oliver. It was decided to call the organization the Liberal Unity League. The next social will probably be given down town in conjunction with a Unitarian Church social. The League already has a strong membership and bids fair to become the leading society of its kind in the University.—*The Cornell Daily Sun.*

Milwaukee, Wis.—The Unitarian society at Milwaukee is to be congratulated upon having one of the most perfectly appointed and most beautiful churches in this country,—and that absolutely free from debt. But what is more important than the completeness of the society's material appointments, and even more important, as it seems to us, than its freedom from debt, is the fact that the society is now interesting the young, having an active, reasonably large and growing Sunday school. In their successful cultivation of this branch of church work Mr. Secrist and his wife have done and are doing a great deal for the society. Its promise is a bright one, and if in the day of its prosperity it can keep in touch with the common people its future will be a useful one.

Mukwonago, Wis.—The following item, which we take from the *Liberal Co-Worker*, may help to answer the question whether non-denominational Liberal church work is possible:

The Liberal Church at this place declines to be either exclusively a Universalist or a Unitarian Church: but it insists on being both. It has never cultivated any of the sectarian notions and sentiments which, by whatever name christened, ultimately narrow the sympathies and efforts of an institution. It is a truly liberal people who there greet the preacher ready for his best thought and his sincerest service for truth and righteousness. Whatever the label he wears, nobody is frightened. Is he a Universalist? All is satisfactory—if he is alive and progressive. Is he a Unitarian? All is equally satisfactory—if he is reverent and earnest. Is he an independent? It is well—if he is a thoughtful and sincere worker devoted to the moral and spiritual uplifting of mankind. The church at Mukwonago is an organized and successful fact which contradicts the claims of some that Universalists and Unitarians cannot go along together as one people peacefully and profitably. It has thus gone its way for years, and is going now. Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown-Willis is the present minister. A Sunday-school of unusual numbers and activity is a specially interesting feature.

Moline, Ill.—The First Unitarian Society, of which Miss Hultin is minister, has gotten out a pretty and rather unique Sunday calendar, giving with each date a sentence selected from among the utterances of the Parliament of Religions,—the whole headed by three stanzas from Mr. Hosmer's Unitarian Congress hymn.

New Bedford, Mass.—A most fitting tribute to Mr. Potter comes to us from this city. By a happy chance, he who had been the light-bringer to this church for so many years preached a sermon on the "Sunshine of the Soul," only the Sunday before his sudden death. It was a beautiful picture of the light and gladness some men and women shed along their pathway—a delineation of his own life, though wholly unconscious. And the Sunday following his death Rev. Paul Frothingham, his successor, preached "In the Shadow," as he entitles it, a sermon

touching with gentle and loving hands the loss they had met and reminding his people of the gentleness, simplicity, modesty and devotion to truth of "the Saint," and of his religion that was too great to be bound even by the limits of Christianity, so that "because he had so much religion, people thought he had none." And these two sermons—each of them so worthy and fitting—have been printed in a little book called *Sunshine and Shadow*. It is far more appropriate than lavish eulogy would have been, and is what this simple, modest man would not have objected to. It is a sunset gleam of his noble life.

Perry, Iowa.—This may still be called a missionary point, we are not yet self-sustaining. We now have our first regular minister, Rev. H. D. Stevens, formerly of Alton and Menomonic, has been here for nearly a year, with good results and increasing interest. In addition to his regular Sunday morning sermon, he has been giving Sunday evening discourses on Unitarian beliefs, the World's Parliament of Religions, Mr. Jones' new book "The Chorus of Faith," the current hard times, and other popular topics. He has just begun a series of ten sermons on evolution. The first one, delivered last Sunday evening, resulted in more than doubling our usual audience, and all were edified and pleased. Our Sunday school is held at noon, with an attendance of twenty-five to forty. An Emerson class is reading and discussing Emerson's essays. A magazine club is also to be started for the reading and discussion of the best in current literature. Mr. Stevens is also editing a half column in one of our local papers for the presentation of our views. We are also having a little course of lectures. Mr. Nagarkar was the first. We are at some disadvantage for we have to use an up-stairs hall that is used for other purposes during the week. With a church of our own much more might be accomplished.

Providence, R. I.—Bell Street Chapel: Sunday services, 3 p. m. All seats free. There will be a series of discourses upon "Human Growth," illustrated along the lines of political, racial, educational, philanthropic, scientific and religious evolution. Jan. 14, "The American Indian: His Wrongs, His Rights, and His Capabilities," Miss Alice C. Fletcher; Jan. 21, "The Education of the People," Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston; Jan. 28, "Problems of Public Education," Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Cambridge. Friday night meetings: Jan. 12, study of George Eliot, "Romola." Papers and reading. Jan. 19, free discussion. Subject, "Ought the New Tariff Bill to Pass?" Negative. Hon. Edwin C. Pierce. Jan. 26, study of George Eliot, "Romola," Papers and reading.—*Christian Register.*

St. Cloud, Minn.—During the month of January Rev. C. J. Staples, of Unity Church, preaches on the following subjects: The Conquest of Self, Credulity and Incredulity, Getting Up in the World, and a Religion of Magic. That on the Conquest of Self has been printed in pamphlet form. The Emerson class meets Monday evening.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
A Nerve Food and Tonic;

The most effective yet discovered.

UNITY

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall st. et. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDKEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min.

ENGLWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

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PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

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AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, will preach at 11 a. m. on "Paul on Mars Hill." Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. At 8 p. m. PROF. A. W. SMALL will lecture on "The New Social Motive."

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 1, 1894.

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Editorial

*Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic came from heaven;
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same:
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne.*
—Longfellow.

IN *Kindly Light* for Jan. 21 Rev. J. M. Scott has published his address entitled "How to Destroy the Tyranny of Party," a practical discourse on proportional representation. It would be well if our minis-

ters more generally engaged in such practical studies in social science.

THE necessity which makes gregarious the lower animal makes social the higher. It is a law of the universe. The strongest no more than the weakest can reach their higher possibilities unless they recognize the fact that they cannot stand alone. If the pinch of these hard times will help enforce this lesson it will not be wholly a calamity.

UNITY goes into some four thousand homes and into the hands of at last twice as many individuals every week. Will not the members of this large parish warm their hearts with the thought of this subtle comradeship and renew their zeal in the support of this their silent pastor, and increase UNITY's efficiency, making it more and more a missionary of the coming church, a weekly tract in the interests of the gospel, of culture and of character, a preacher of the religion of humanity?

LET no one look upon this movement, felt in many quarters, towards the Free Church of universal religion, as an escape out of difficulties. He who is tired of the struggle of thought and the expense of co-operative work in the interest of things spiritual must not face in this direction, for he would be in the wrong line. He had better go over into Camp Conventional. He must worship at the Shrine Traditional. It is easier, safer, cheaper there. Here the demand is not only for money but for lives; not dollars but human blood, given freely for truth's sake. But such sacrifices carry with them inspiration, joy.

KEEP your eye on our club list and premium list. We are continually making better offers, and if your favorite magazine was not there last week it may be next. If we have omitted a magazine that you would

like to club with, send word to us, or, better, to the magazine, and a clubbing arrangement may be effected. The paper edition of *The Chorus of Faith* offered as a premium is almost exhausted, and it is doubtful whether any more will be bound in that form, and if another paper edition is issued the price may be raised, as it is now too low. The book has met with an enthusiastic reception, and if you want to get a cheap edition it will be well for you to embrace our offer at once.

MANY years ago some professors of Andover sent a letter of inquiry to Prof. Ward, the great collector of specimens and maker of natural history cabinets for colleges, museums etc., asking him how much it would cost to secure a collection of natural history specimens that would "disprove the doctrine of evolution." The reply must have been an interesting one, for the only way such a collection could be made possible would be by reconstructing the universe and changing the way things have come to be. Such a task none but the habitues of a theological school would undertake, and even there the habit of constructing a theory and then fitting the universe into it is becoming less and less popular.

ALL SOULS CHURCH of Chicago started with the purpose of taking care of fifty families that were under the strain of the unemployed. For this purpose they selected a territory some three miles away from their own, rented a basement, and employed a superintendent. A part of their supplies come from the Central Bureau, some from donations from friends in the neighborhood, much of it from sources unexpected. Some friends from out of the city have taken this means of securing a distribution of their bounty where there will be the minimum liability of misapplied charity. All cases are investigated. Dr. Helen A. Heath, the

superintendent in charge of the work, has a corps of eighteen friendly visitors, mostly from All Souls Church. More are needed. Any assistance will be gratefully received, and the thanks of the committee are hereby tendered to the UNITY friends who have lent a hand.

.

MR. SHELDON, whose kindling and truthful word of his friend, John C. Learned, was published in our issue of last week, has published a pamphlet of sixty-three pages containing "Thoughts from Mr. Learned's Writings." In his prefatory word he says, "I should want to have done this just for myself, even though the 'Thoughts' were not to be published, because I loved the man; but they will give help and strength to others, so I print them." "Are they good?" we asked of John Chadwick. "No," he said, "they are great; some of them sublime." The pamphlet is neatly printed and can be obtained through this office for ten cents. We know of one church that ordered a hundred and then offered them for sale at the church-door book-table, and the little book has gone into many families in that parish. It is a book that will give "daily strength for daily needs," yield high pulpit readings and make life better. From it we would like often to make quotations for these columns, and we may from time to time invite our dear old friend still to continue to contribute to our editorial columns. Our readers will gladly recognize his right to the editorial "L," which was his favorite sign, when appended to editorial notes which we may take from this source.

.

THE latest discussions among evolutionists that gather around the theories of Weisman give new emphasis at least to the value of spiritual environment. If acquired aptitudes are not transmissible through internal organisms, they are through external influence. And these are not limited by and perhaps are not chiefly from physical surroundings. The most potent environments that shape the destiny of a child are its immaterial ones. The pictures on the wall challenged the picture-making power in the artist's soul of the youth. How much of this there is in every life! More than we can ever estimate. Every noble biography is a blast of a bugle summoning young

men and women to similar nobleness. Every noble deed is a challenge to selfishness. The final word expressed or unexpressed in every good Samaritan's tale is, "Go thou and do likewise." The Arabic proverb, "A fig-tree looking upon figs becometh fruitful," suggests truth of the higher environment too often overlooked. In our catalogue of forces the influence upon character of the permanent surroundings is great. The environment of hills, valleys and rivers, the influence of climate and altitude has something to do. But more than that is the influence upon the inner life of the man you once saw, the speech that was once heard, the book you chanced to read, the woman that once smiled upon you, the man whose lips once touched yours. Thus the responsibility of life is retained, and the cumulative value of character is proven whichever theory obtains. Let the teacher, the preacher, the worker in school and church take warning, and take heart and tend all the more to the high business in hand.

Pulpit Scriptures.

The church we dream of towards which these days are making important contributions, we have thought would have a new article of furniture, an essential, an inspiring equipment, novel in its character. The pulpit of such a church will be backed with a fitting book-case which will contain a noble collection of the available Scripture of the world; a library made up of the holy Bibles of the race, those inspired words of seers, saints and sages that have proven their soul-sustaining power, the accents of the Holy Ghost which the heedless world would not permit to be lost. In that book-case we would have the sacred books of the East as edited by Max Mueller and others of our own priceless Scriptures in their most approved and available form, the anthologies of prose and poetry from modern writers, Bible passages from Carlyle and Emerson, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Shakspeare, and George Eliot. In that anthology we would also have gleanings

"From the humbler poets
Whose songs have gushed from hearts
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start."

For it has often been proved by those who have dared to try such scripture on Sunday morning that—

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Such a book-case would be a rich treasury from which pastor and people would draw inspiration and guidance through the seven days of the week's study and toil. It would of itself become a sacred symbol that would suggest the noblest thoughts and awaken the broadest sympathy a human soul is capable of. Whoever would look intelligently upon those silent shelves bearing their choice burden, the limited but universal library of the soul, would find an uplift of heart like that which the true devotee feels when the host is elevated by priestly hands at the altar of the Catholic church. The divine would become visible. Holiness would once more be incarnated, and Emanuel, "God with us," be again manifested. In such a collection of holy Scripture we can see a choice and favorite volume, small but priceless, of selections from George Eliot, Emerson, Browning, and other masterful writers of modern English, which the loving care of some high copartners in the Unity Club work through a succession of years may select. When such a selection is made, and indeed many partial attempts in this direction have already been published, notably the search of the Rochester Unity Club last year for high Emerson sayings, and the publishing of the same, it will be found, I think, that these prophets of the nineteenth century have unwittingly won a place among the oracles of the most high. They are in the line of the deathless prophets, evangelists of the universal gospel because their souls were rooted in the Eternal goodness. Their hearts were stayed in the universal love. Their minds were enamored of the ethical unity that runs through all systems and binds all souls in one. It is not, then, as literature or as art that our Unity Clubs study these classics of the new day, but as Scripture that will interpret life, as something that will chasten ambitions, refine tastes, curb vaulting pride, reconcile to obscurity and to drudgery and rekindle youth's passion for the ideal.

And this suggestion of a Sacred Book Shelf turns out like many other apparent innovations, but a return to a venerable custom, an ancient thought. It is but an enlargement

of the cabinet in which the sacred scrolls are kept in every Jewish synagogue. This is the truth that made sacred the "Ark of the Covenant," the place wherein was kept the Tables of the Law. Let the old sanctities be brought down to date. Then the Sunday readings of the minister will become indeed a ministry to souls. From such oracles will come the sentiments that will soothe and inspire, strengthen and restrain, chasten and sanctify.

Survival of the Unfittest.

In a recent issue of the *Junior Golden Rule*, the organ of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, is a little story, entitled "Are You as Thoughtful?" which is exceedingly choice reading in this latter end of the nineteenth century.

The mamma of two little girls had placed a box of candy on the table, saying, "You may each have one, no more;" but one of the little girls was soon found to have taken two candies. The mother talked to them so solemnly "that both little faces were wet with tears, and there was great sorrow." The story goes on to say: "In the evening, after tea, the good little twin was missed, and a search revealed her in a room all alone, crying bitterly. What do you think she was crying about? She said it was 'because she was afraid her dear little twin sister would n't go to heaven, because she took the candy that was n't hers.'" And the writer asks if the children "do not think she was a dear little Christian." If we grant that the baby was a little Christian, what can we say of the mother who had so slandered our dear Father in heaven that her innocent baby girl was crushed with sorrow for fear he would exclude her wee bit of a sister from heaven for taking one more candy than she had been permitted to have? What shall we say of the religious teachers of the mother, who was evidently but a little older child, who had taught her that God was such a monster? Perhaps they too were sincere, and were but a grade above the mother in intellect. What then shall we say of the so-called Church of God that teaches this horrible theology, and makes women and children all their lifetime subject to bondage through the fear of death? If there is any language strong enough to characterize it, I should be glad to

be instructed in it, for with my present vocabulary I am powerless to express my feelings.

I do not care so much for the teaching applied to adults, but my whole soul rises up against embittering the few happy years of childhood with such defamatory views of God.

"I know this is unpopular; I know 'T is blasphemous; I know one may be damned

For hoping no one else may e'er be so," as poor Byron said so long ago, but I am forced to protest when the toddling infants are terrorized, even by model Sunday-school papers.

H. T. G

"THE arming of one creature against another is an evidence of Nature's impartiality. Every creature must take its chances, and man is no exception."

"ONLY those books are for the making of men into which a man has gone in the making."

Men and Things

THE *Chattanooga News* remarks: "Rev. George Stewart, who said in a sermon at Chattanooga, recently that he would rather own stock in hell than in a theater, explains that hell is divinely appointed for the punishment of the wicked and is therefore a benevolent institution." Many of us, in our journey through this vale of tears, have at times been impressed with the necessity of a hell (for the other fellow), but its benevolent features have never occurred to us. Levy aside, Mr. Stewart's remark is rather coarse, and, in any but a man of his cloth, would be considered profane. Isn't there such a thing as pulpit profanity, anyhow? Preachers who stand in the pulpit and use such language should be repudiated. They are utterly unworthy of attention. They may make the unthinking laugh, but make the judicious grieve. —*Exchange.*

IN a guide book which has been printed abroad for the use of British tourists in the United States there is this advice:

The first requisite for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States is an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate one's self to the customs of the country. The traveler should at the outset become reconciled to the absence of so witty on the part of those he considers his social inferiors, and if ready himself to be courteous, on a footing of equality, he will seldom meet any real impoliteness.

This is acceptable praise of the manners and customs of the Americans. The show of servility is as offensive to good taste as that of arrogance, and both of these unmanly traits are far too largely manifested in England. Both of them are despicable. We uphold that American manhood in which there are independence, dignity and respect for human nature. —*New York Sun.*

MRS. YATES has been elected Mayor of Onehunga, New Zealand. She is the wife of a previous Mayor of that city.

The Old Meeting House.

Still stands the ancient meeting house
Upon the village green,
And white above the circling trees
The belfry tower is seen.

Uncolored through the simple panes
The common sunlight pours,
No Gothic arches spring above
The latched and painted door.

There thresholds witness to the tread
Of feet long since at rest
In yonder fields of moss-grown slates,
With Bible texts impressed.

No more at rise and set of sun
Is heard the numbered toll
That spoke to all the country round
The passing of a soul:

Yet still with every new-born week,
Across the meadows fair
And over all the upland farms,
Sounds the old call to prayer.

I walked again the village street,
By absence made more dear,
That summer Sunday held the bloom
And fragrance of the year.

I followed with the worshippers,
The ancient house within;
For me, with all I saw and heard,
Was mingled what had been.

For deeper than the sermon's thought,
Above the words of prayer,
Sweeter than hymn and organ's breath,
My soul's communion there!

For memory had new-kindled love,
And love had quickened faith;
I lived that hour within a world
That knew not change and death.

In vain the pride of ritual art,
The pomps of worship, vain;
The village meeting house may shame
The incense breathing fan!

The inward more than outward is,
The soul than any shrine,
Alone can living love and trust
The altar make divine.

Long may the ancient meeting house
Rise from the village green,
And over all the country round
Its belfried tower be seen:

Still may the call to praise and prayer
Be heard each Sunday morn,
And bind in growing faith the past
With ages yet unborn!

F. L. HOSMER.

BELIEF IN GOD.—Every thoughtful mind believes in God, out of which belief proceeds a theology. "That man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself, a power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed."

—S., in *Liberal Co-Worker.*

THE less religion there is in a church, the more oysters and ice cream it takes to run it.

Contributed and Selected

The World.

The world is well lost when the world is wrong,
No matter how men deride you.

For if you are patient and firm and strong
You will find it in time (though the time be long)
That the world wheels round beside you.

If you dare to sail first o'er a new-thought
track,

For awhile it will scourge and scold you;
Then, coming abreast with a skillful tack,
It will clasp your hand and slap your back,
And vow it was there before you.

Ay, many an error the old world makes,
And many a sleepy blunder;
But ever and always at last it wakes,
With pitiless scorn for another's misdeeds,
And the fools who have followed go under.

The world means well, though it wander and
stray

From the straight, short cut to duty;
So go ahead in that path, I say,
For after a while it will come your way
Bringing its pleasure and beauty.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Union of Liberal Religious Forces.

The *Chicago Herald* for Wednesday, Jan. 24th, gives three columns and a half, under the heading, "One Church for All," to the movement for a larger religious fellowship. On the first page it tells of the meeting held in the Art Institute last August in response to the invitations of Drs. Thomas, Hirsch, Crowe, and the editor of *UNITY*, to discuss the possibilities of united action by liberal religious and ethical societies, sets forth a few from among the hundred and odd favorable replies received to this proposition from liberal leaders throughout the United States, and mentions the appointment by the Art Institute Conference of a committee, including the gentlemen named above, Dr. Rexford, of Boston; Dr. Cave, of St. Louis; the late John C. Learned, and others, to formulate plans and call a meeting this spring. The article then goes on to outline the movement in a general way, and to report interviews with some of the prominent Chicago ministers interested in the plan. It says:

It was agreed that existing relations should not be disturbed. . . . It is not proposed that a revolution should at once be instituted, each one of the conference remaining loyal to his own denomination, but it was urged that where there were not enough of one kind of liberal religionists all the liberals should unite and found the sort of church outlined. The pastors of the old churches will be organizers of the new, and it is believed that in time the churches now established will become members of the new organization. . . . It was agreed among those at the conference that when it was learned that in a town or small city where there are not enough of one kind of liberals to form a church the promoters of the new church representing all the elements of liberalism should go into that town, unite all the elements, and organize one of the churches of the new sort. It is believed that the kind of liberality and the purposes represented

in their constitution will appeal to all the liberals and their co-operation can easily be secured.

Dr. H. W. Thomas was interviewed, and is reported to have said:

The purpose of the plan is not to antagonize any denomination or sect. I have nothing to say against any of the existing churches. They are all doing what they can. But they are all denominational and require that all their members subscribe to a creed. The natural result is that they have become expensive and fashionable and, possibly unconsciously, have grown away from the people. They have become clubs and have afforded society for young people. This is all well enough and I have no fault to find with that. But, on the other hand, here are the two liberal churches, the Unitarian and the Universalist, each one carrying a creed. This branding the church limits it. These two churches appeal to the people whose liberality is exactly alike. I have for a long time felt that the field is not fully occupied and it is to fill this field that this movement is started. One-half the people don't go to church and this half is the liberal half.

The old religions have produced a race of doubters. Orthodoxy has failed to answer the questions of science. In this it has received its death blow. No one believes the old stories of Adam and Eve and of the rib, and on this the doctrines of the old theology rest. To answer these questions and to fill this field there is room for a great American church that will be so broad as to include everyone. We want no more denominations; there are too many now. There are enough roads we hope will lead to the same place, but if we could have a union of all these liberal elements it would, to say the least, be a great economy.

The longer I live the less I feel like disturbing anyone, and if anyone has a religion I would be the last to attack it. But there is great danger in the religious world, danger that comes through indifference. I think there is room for a church such as has been proposed in our discussion in every town of over 5,000 inhabitants in the Northwest. I have great hopes of success. I believe like Harriet Beecher Stowe, that "what ought to be will be."

Dr. Hirsch, of Sinai Congregation, *The Reform Advocate*, and the University of Chicago, is reported as follows:

The theory of bringing all liberal churches together meets my hearty approbation, but sometimes I fear that an effort to put it into practice will end only in a dream. I am associated with a number of well-known ministers in a work that we believe will bear good fruit. Dr. Jones invited me to participate in the movement, and probably he ought to explain its purposes. However, I have no objection to telling what we hope to do. The furtherance of liberal religious views is our first object, and naturally we will endeavor to help the liberal churches in small cities and in towns. Now you probably know that in many small places liberal church people have a hard time getting along. There may be half a dozen or more of these progressive church organizations in one town, all struggling to get on their feet, but neither of them strong enough to stand. There will be Universalists, Unitarians, lib-

eral Jews and perhaps several other societies, all working earnestly, but not together. Now, those are the places where we expect to do a great deal of good. We will bring all those liberal-minded church workers under one roof, if possible, and send missionaries to preach to them if they cannot agree on a union preacher. I think we will do great good in such small cities, for small congregations are apt to get discouraged.

Now, in a large place like Chicago the conditions are different. Here the progressive churches are strong and few of them need such help as we will extend to the smaller societies, but, nevertheless, there is work to be done here, and important work it is. We hope to band all the liberal churches together as one great society which shall be a powerful factor in the community. The different denominational churches have such organizations, and why should not we? This central society, and I call it that because there is no intention, as far as I know, of giving it a distinctive church name, is the one that will give assistance to weak congregations in small cities and towns. Here in Chicago it will be an association of all the progressive churches, and when that association speaks it will be a power.

Now I believe there is one other object in view. We hope ultimately to establish a chair of religion in Chicago University, where the good things we all advocate may be taught to the students of that institution. I understand that a paper will be issued for circulation among the members of all our churches, and that the leading ministers associated with us will contribute to it regularly.

It is not the intention to break up any established congregations; certainly my own will not be disturbed. We will go on just as we are, only the churches that become members of the progressive society will work together to help weaker congregations, and endeavor to make ourselves a greater force for good in this community.

The Rev. James Vila Blake and the editor of *UNITY* were also interviewed. The former said: "I hope this dream will be realized. At least, the discussion will be a great benefit for the liberal churches. If it is successful it will be in the big what my church is in the small."

Space forbids us to quote the article in full, and we will conclude with the words of Professor Swing, as given by the reporter:

I would say that the movement is a worthy one. The men said to be connected with it guarantee that. Any movement headed by such men as Jones, Thomas, Hirsch and Mangasarian will be for good. The basis of all religion, of all churches, is righteousness and benevolence—that is, right living for one's self and right doing to others. Any organization formed by these men will teach those two cardinal principles. Such an organization of liberal churches as this will be of much service in a direct way to men who feel like withdrawing from the orthodox churches and do not know just what to do,—just where a liberal preacher is wanted.

No, there is little probability of my becoming connected with this movement. By taking care of myself I am able to do my Central Music Hall work,

but I have no time to do anything else. That is the reason I have never met with these gentlemen before. But I believe they will do much good.

We believe that those of our readers who believe in the largest fellowship, will find much encouragement in the words of these religious leaders and in the fact that a great paper like the *Chicago Herald*, which takes pains to keep in touch with the thought of the day, should give its first page, and so much space to the discussion of this movement. The world is nearer ready for catholic religious fellowship than we dream.

The Sea Island Folk.

We quote the following extracts from letters of Miss Eden Murray, published from time to time in the *First Parish Recorder*, of Milton, Mass. Miss Murray has been living on St. Helena Island since 1852, and so knows these poor people very thoroughly and can set forth their life and their wants as few could. We trust that these bits of description will be interesting to our readers, some of whom have already contributed to supply the needs of these unfortunate. They still need help, and whatever may be contributed will be gladly received and forwarded by Mr. Gannett. (Address: W. C. Gannett, 15 Sibley Place, Rochester, N. Y.)

If you prefer to send down material, "Yankee beans," that means the ordinary white bean, would be a boon, as the people want very much to plant them in March. They would then be ripe about the middle or last part of May, sooner than any other crop can come in. It speaks well for the people that their principal anxiety is for next year's harvest. Every fiber of sweet potato is carefully preserved, every cotton-seed that the storm has spared picked and hoarded; and I am oftener asked for "rutabaga" seed than for food.

The mothers of families are only too thankful to get pieces.

* * *

The letter with the twenty-five dollars inclosed arrived safely to-day, and on Monday one poor woman, who with a gang of children has been living in a tent, will be able to begin her house. It will be only six feet by twelve in size, but it will be a warm shelter, and they will put up a mud chimney and be able to have a fire. I know of at least four families more who will be thankful for the help your kind gift will bring.

All our Northern friends are very good, so "feeling for us," the people say. The rations are getting short. "Not to say we satisfy by the rations; but then we ain't hollow, only seven head of children eat so much when no corn is in the house." They used to be proud of their crowds of sturdy youngsters, but that was when potato-hills were full and corn-heaps high.

We have adopted a suggestion of Miss Barton that the women, now so many are sewing for them, should sew for others; and, as we had had some material sent us, I proposed that they should meet on Wednesday of each week and sew, without pay of course.

I knew they would do it, but I did not expect that every woman would crave it as a boon, and feel hurt and aggrieved if not called upon.

* * *

I do not know whether you have heard of their custom of sleeping in a part of their clothes with an old dress on, kept to the purpose. When they hurried out in the night, they had on these dresses, and saved nothing else,—that is, those whose houses went down. That is why there is such a need of clothing. Had it been in the day-time, there would have been much more clothing saved.

The money sent has been a great comfort. To-day, for instance, it is pouring and blowing furiously, and as many as twenty mothers walked, some two, some four, and some even six miles, to get two quarts of hominy to give their children to-night and to-morrow. The rations are hoped for on Monday. It is such a comfort not to have to refuse them that I believe I am quite as grateful for Northern help as they are.

* * *

We hear many stories of distress, and I usually come down in the morning to find the porch full of applicants,—some for a dollar's worth of lumber to finish boarding up their houses, some for a day's work at fifty cents, some for a blanket for those who are families without one, some for food, too thankful for a quart or two of the monotonous "grits." There is scarcely any work, scarce any more, scarcely any provision among our six thousand people. I tell you that some had saved is almost gone. They depend more and more on the provisions that the Red Cross can afford to give: that is, one peck of grits and half a pound of salt pork weekly for a family of seven. Of course, this does not feed them; and what can we do but supplement it? If we could say, "Go to work"; but there is no work to be done. I only hope that there will be seed provided for the desolated fields. There are scarcely any sweet potatoes left to start the crop.

Substitution vs. Prohibition.

The New York City Vigilance League, of which Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst is President, is about to open "C. V. L. Saloon, No. 1," of which the following description is given in the *Voice*:

"The 'C. V. L. Saloon, No. 1,' says *The City Vigilant*, the organ of the League, "will consist of a coffee-room and lunch counter. There will be a reading-room, supplied with the trades journals and papers which workingmen will care to read. There will also be a sales department for coal, wood, coffee, tea, and potatoes, at a fair price. It is a well-known fact that the poor pay most exorbitantly for these commodities when bought—as they almost always are—in small quantities; hence, the first object will be to offer the means of obtaining the prime necessities of life, food and shelter. The secondary object is the Tee-To-Tum idea."

It is proposed to make a social center for the neighborhood indicated. Some 62,000 people will be within the reach of its influences. All the rooms in the two upper stories are to be fitted up for lodging-rooms or to be rented to self-supporting workingmen. It is believed that within a year the project can be made to pay its own expenses.

The Untroubled Waters.

Among the low green foot-hills lies the quiet pool.

The great trees bend protectingly above it and shield it from the sun. The green grasses creep about its margin, and look into the clear waters that bathe their roots. Lilies lie motionless on its surface like white-sailed boats at rest. The soaring height is mirrored in its calm depths.

It is cool here. The sun's rays, softened by the foliage, fall in bright flecks and glints on the grassy banks, and the breath of the mountains is in the air. But down in the valley the books are dry, the breezes faint on the burning air, the foliage droops and withers under the fierce rays of the sun; neither shadow nor coolness is in the valley.

Does the tranquil pool know about the burning valley? Yes, the birds flying past have told the story of its suffering. The breezes returning exhausted to the mountain home have sighed as they repeated the tale.

But the pool is dreaming among its hills. The lilies float upon its surface like beautiful images from the dream. The shadow of the dragon fly skimming over its wave is not lighter than its fancies, yet they hold it like chains of ice. It will not waken though the birds sing and the height frowns upon it.

Will not the height send a wind to stir its waters to their depths and rouse it from its dreams? Sometime. But the pool grows daily more stagnant and its waters lose their power to refresh. If the wind come not soon it will come in vain.

The wind waits and the pool dreams.

ALICE GORDON.

A SERVICE For Easter Sunday,

Just issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

It contains seven new carols, composed for this service, and original words. The musical contributors are:

- CARL PFLUEGER.
- ARTHUR F. BURNETT.
- E. H. BAILEY.
- MISS E. ROWENA NOYES.
- HOWARD M. DOW.
- MRS. A. T. COBB.

Appropriate Scriptural selections and devotional parts. The music is melodious, expressive and inspiring. Words for the carols by REV. EDWARD A. HORTON.

Price 5 cents per copy; \$4.00 per hundred.

BLESSED BE DRUGGERY.—A sermon by W. C. Gannett; white, hand-made paper cover, 10c. Unity Publishing Company, Chicago.

Powder Point School, Duxbury, Mass. Ample grounds on Plymouth Bay. Individual teaching. Laboratories. 80 boys. F. B. KNAPP.

The Study Table

Bradford's Pilgrim in Old England.*

This well-written and attractive book is in the form of eight lectures which were given at Andover Theological Seminary, and these facts indicate its *religious spirit*, which is broad Congregationalism, its *literary excellence*, which is brevity and brightness of statement, and also its *limitations*, which are the broken lines and detached views inevitable in the lecture. The title is more felicitous than exact. It is not exclusively of "Old England" that the author writes, while the largest part of the book is devoted rather to recent Congregationalism on British soil than to the Separatists of Pilgrim days.

A better title would have been, "The Congregationalists of To-day," for six of the eight lectures are chiefly or wholly devoted to recent times; and while the English brethren are more particularly described, still the American wing of the church is not neglected. And right here is the chief value of the book. It describes sympathetically, and with interesting details, the problem, the condition and the outlook of that form of non-conformity known as Congregationalism. Its greatest interest to the American lies here. In these pages, the preacher, the church life, the religious ideal of the communion of English Christians, are clearly portrayed. The second lecture traces briefly the rise and character of the Brownists or Separatists,—in itself an interesting sketch,—but no attempt is made toward original scholarship or fresh views. The more recent writers, such as Stoughton, Dexter, Dale and Fairbairn, are frequently, many will think too voluminously, quoted.

A rationalist in religion finds great pleasure in Dr. Bradford's attitude toward creed subscription. He rightly holds, as against the eminent Dr. Dexter, that the early New England churches were based on a covenant rather than bound by a creed; while his sympathies are decidedly with Dr. Calkins in his protest against the use of creeds as conditions of church membership. And to strengthen his position he appeals to the customs of the English churches, which have never used creeds as tests of fellowship and yet have maintained their evangelical character. These are his words:

The Congregational churches of England make no doctrinal test, but assume that those who they have reason to believe are honest will not seek church membership unless they are Christians. A majority of the Congregational churches in the United States require assent to doctrinal symbols from those wishing to enter their membership. The reason for the usage in the American churches is not difficult to find. The custom appeared soon

*The Pilgrim in Old England. By Amory H. Bradford, D. D. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. For sale by A. C. McClurg & Co. 1893. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 362. \$2.00.

after the beginning of the present century,—about the time of the Unitarian controversy. *Originally no doctrinal tests were required in New England.*

In this connection we may illustrate Dr. Bradford's real breadth and catholicity, and the tendency of the age as well, by another significant quotation from these pages:

In the old day the duty of man to man, and of brotherhood as founded on Fatherhood, had no place in the creeds, but if confessions were now written the doctrine of human brotherhood would have a conspicuous place.

Indeed, these words, and similar words by Edward Caird, in his great work on "The Evolution of Religion," are bright prophecies making glad the heart of every one who puts *fraternity of spirit above orthodoxy of opinion.*

This is, withal, a fresh, earnest, catholic volume, not free from slips in scholarship or the partiality of the advocate, but a manly and vigorous book, well worth reading, especially by those who wish to comprehend the present religious situation,—the forces and factors which constitute the spiritual evolution now in progress. J. H. C.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE: STUDIES OF DEVOTION AND WORSHIP. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1893. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 198.

In a series of six chapters, Howard N. Brown, Lewis G. Wilson, Francis Tiffany, Charles F. Dole, F. B. Hornbrooke and G. W. Cooke present phases of the spiritual life in the early church, Germany, Spain, the modern church, England and America. The purpose of the book is not critical or, primarily, to instruct, but to stimulate devotional thought. Incidentally also it reveals the one faith underlying many forms. All of the essays are good and quickening. A quotation from Mr. Tiffany's article will give the flavor of the book and indicate the use it is intended to serve.

And now, friends, suffer me in conclusion to say that I believe a great deal of Mystic reading, even of such ecstatic books as the Autobiography of St. Theresa, would prove an invaluable blessing to us cold New-Englanders. Inestimable spiritual realities underlie its wildest extravagances. We import into our frigid region the oranges and bananas of more tropical climes and they do our bodies good. Would it not do our souls equal good to import into them the tropical fruits and flowers of a more passionate, soul-inflaming type of piety? I know all about St. Theresa's extremes. We should guard ourselves against them. But I know equally all about our New England extremes; our restless weasel activities; our craze to be eternally running about doing good by imparting nothing; our devouring surface sense of the inestimable value to others of repose, literature, art, science, while, unhappily, never having a moment at our own disposal to taste and see how good they are ourselves; and I am sure all these extremes breed no end of shallowness, weariness of mind,

and—nervous prostration. If we could only learn to make such devout use of New England's chief product—this same nervous prostration—as St. Theresa did, what a boon it might prove to us, and still more to our families and friends. [p. 96.]

I am sure Mr. Tiffany will accept an amendment and agree that the West can far surpass New England in its "chief product" and that Chicago is as good a market as Boston for tropical fruits. W. W. F.

ROMANCE OF THE INSECT WORLD. By L. N. Badenoch. With illustrations by Margaret J. Badenoch and others. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1893. Cloth and gold, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 341. \$1.25.—One of the most intensely interesting books in the line of Natural Science with which it has been my good fortune to meet is the "Romance of the Insect World." The name is indeed well chosen. Every paragraph is brim full of the marvels of that world of tiny lives, the insect world, and the whole reads like one long romance. One is sorry when the end is reached.

Apart from the profound research on the part of the writer which the work exhibits, there is shown a quality rarely united, to any great extent, with the above,—namely, the ability to select from the vast array of facts at the author's command and to arrange in such manner as to keep the groundwork thoroughly scientific and yet avoid the tediousness of bare facts. This ability is shown in a marked degree. A wide-awake child would devour the work with avidity; every paragraph is a fairy-tale. The scientific mind would read and be filled anew with the spirit of reverence.

The book fills a need. One such book, read with open eyes, would do more for a child's mental growth than all the geography, so-called, of an ordinary school course. I speak of the book with reference to children more especially, because so little is done, even now, to open the little ones' eyes to the natural wonders about them, and they grow up, as we have done, with organs well nigh atrophied from lack of use. Childhood is, above all times, the time for the cultivation of the faculty of observation; and to what better use can this power be put than to the study of the perfect adaptation of ways and means in the lives of the creatures about them? E. J.

It Pays.

It pays to read the papers, especially your own family paper, for often in this way good business opportunities are brought to your attention. For instance, B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., are now advertising, offering paying positions to parties who engage with them, devoting all or any part of their time to their business interests. It might pay you to write to them.

Ill Tempered Babies

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment naturally produces ill-temper. Guard against the annoyance of fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most perfect and successful of all infant foods.

Church-Door Pulpit

Jesus and His Teaching.

A SERMON PREACHED AT DECORAH, IA., BY B. A. VAN SLUYTERS.

And one of the scribes came . . . and asked him. What commandment is the first of all? Jesus answered, "The first is, Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Mark xii. 29-31.

We assume that in Luke x. the same incident is described, where Jesus, upon receiving the answer, says to the questioner: "This do, and thou shalt live." The story is also told in Matthew xxii., where it appears that the lawyer did not put the question to learn anything of Jesus, but to find out whether he was versed in the law, as he went about teaching the people. From the questioning we may infer that Jesus has not had regular training under the supervision of the rabbis, *i. e.*, we should say, Jesus was a self-educated man. Then, as now, those who have had a regular course in any school disparage and mistrust somewhat the knowledge of persons who have not had such opportunities. Thus the lawyer, being, perhaps, a graduate, to use a modern phrase, directed the question to test the knowledge of Jesus in the Scripture.

Jesus, by this time, had attracted the attention of the public, also the attention of the scribe, lawyers and priests. No man could safely teach in public unless he had sufficient knowledge of the law and the prophets. If a teacher could not pass examination (to modernize this much abused testing of one's knowledge) he was forbidden by public opinion to assume the dignity of the rabbinical office. If Jesus could not answer this test-question, directed perhaps with the intention to silence him, he would be seized as a false prophet and misleader of the people. Thus the motive that gave rise to the question was not the highest, although the lawyer may have thought that it was for the welfare of the people if this false teacher could be prevented from preaching any more of his heretical doctrines. The interpretation of the law by Jesus did not always coincide with the teachings of the scribes and the lawyers. Jesus even went so far, when he had occasion, as to denounce the lawyers, the appointed interpreters of the law. It is easy for us now to imagine the feeling of this lawyer toward Jesus, and knowing his disposition we can judge of the motive that led him to question Jesus.

It may be that he had also the desire to argue with Jesus about an important point. The lawyers enjoyed a good dispute; among themselves they would raise questions and discuss them *pro* and *con*, especially questions concerning the interpretation of the law. Different rabbis

gave various interpretations, and the minor lights would shine with the light of the chosen leader. It may be that the lawyer was interested to know which leader was followed by Jesus. Little did he think that Jesus was his own master and needed not to follow anyone or anything else than his own inner light and wisdom.

It is singular that Jesus never refers to anyone as his leader. He does not profess to be a disciple of anybody. In an age when discipleship was rife, when everybody took sides on questions of importance or of no importance, it made little difference to Jesus; he stood aloof, joined no school of philosophers, no class of rabbis, but he put himself above them all, *i. e.*, he judged them all, because he trusted his own higher self. That higher self was so sensitive to truth and right that he used it as an infallible guide. If a doctrine found no response in his own inner self he rejected it or deemed it of little importance. And any doctrine is of little importance to us if it does not find a response in our higher nature. Jesus says to his followers. Why judge ye not for yourselves? Let your inner light, your conscience and reason shine upon the various teachings of all these schools of thought and judge for yourself. Jesus never asked of truth, who said it or when was it spoken. No, he asked himself, is it true, does it correspond to my higher self? Truth was his authority, truth as it was reflected in his own soul. He never accepted any authority for truth but his own inner self. His nature was so pure and true that he could thus rely on its efficient recognition of truth whenever truth was presented to it. No person can be a full light unto himself until he is sufficiently developed to have the light shine within him, he must have sufficient courage to carry this light with him wherever he may go. I believe that everybody is capable of developing his nature to such sensitiveness that he can recognize truth instinctively as Jesus could. We should help one another in the cultivation of this truth-seeing power of the soul. Many of us have it developed in various degrees; in some it works very actively and spontaneously, while in others it is sluggish and lethargic. We can best develop it by use. Use it always, bring this power into activity every minute of our lives. In fact, it is our duty to do that. Do not let others judge truth for us, our own souls must be developed to fill that office. As the talent for music can be cultivated and developed in us, so this inner light can be made to shine clearer and to shine steadily.

Jesus shows by his answer that he is acquainted with the law, and I suppose the lawyer was surprised to hear such an answer. But he had the magnanimity of soul to acknowledge that the answer is a correct one. Thou

shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, thy soul, strength and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. The lawyer must have been astonished to hear Jesus say, This do. That was not the point at issue evidently. The lawyer perhaps thought it was nice enough as a matter of discussion, but to do that was something new. Jesus tells him he is not far from the kingdom of heaven because he *knows* the way that leads to it; he has to *walk* the way, however, before he can reach the heavenly dominions. To *know* is not sufficient, one had to *do*. It is not sufficient to know that we ought to love God and our fellow-men, we should put this knowledge into practice, transform it into life, have knowing become doing.

We can see that Jesus puts his whole soul into the answer. He does not quote Scripture only, but he gives language to his inner nature. He feels that love to God and love to man is his religion. Love is the key to the soul and the key-note of the Christian hymn.

It has been affirmed again and again that the teaching of Jesus is nothing new, and hardly an improvement upon what existed already in the world. Many of his expressions in which he gave utterance to his deeper feelings may be found in the rules of life of Roman, Greek, Parsee, and Chinese. Jesus quoted many fine passages from the Old Testament. The text of the morning, as quoted by Jesus, may be found, the first part in Deuteronomy (vi. 4, 5), and the other portion in Leviticus (xix. 18). But that is not derogatory to the religion of Jesus, rather it enhances its real value. It shows that he appreciated the good that already had found its way to the people. It showed again that what ancient sages and saints had said of truth found an echo in his own heart; he was truly in touch with humanity, and the same higher principles that ruled the lives of good men that were before him were found in his own soul. It showed that he received and made use of truth wherever he found it. It made little difference to him who had taught it. The only question was, is it related to man's higher nature. This was his test. But many, not understanding the deep and high humanity of Jesus, think to discredit his teaching by showing that he was simply a repeater of ancient truths. They forget that truth is always one, and that if Jesus taught truth it has to be at one with the highest teaching of other teachers of men. They cannot deny upon reflection that Jesus put new life and spirit into many so-called old truths. In their old form they had failed to take hold of the life of the people. He fired those old truths with a pure humanity after having rescued them from the dungeon of sophism and dogma.

It is surprising that truth, when it comes into the world before the world is ready to receive and to assim-

ilate that particular truth, will be put into swaddling clothes, so to speak, to keep it from getting contaminated. But truth, if it is to be a power, needs to be free as the wind, the atmosphere of life should touch it if it shall influence life. If truth is put into swaddling clothes it cannot grow, but becomes dwarfed and perverted. The old Egyptians put the bodies of the dead into linen and buried them where little, if any, air could reach them. These bodies thus preserved are being discovered to-day, and we look upon the mummy as a curiosity. So truth has been preserved very often. Misguided people thought it had to be embalmed and wrapped up in formula and creed. By this process truth turned into a mummy, the life went out of it, and now, being shriveled and dwarfed, it can serve only as a curiosity to us and to coming generations. The reformers of the sixteenth century found many truths that had been transformed into mummies. To-day we find such mummies, and many people worship them. In the time of Jesus many such mummies were kept to inspire the people with awe and reverence. Blind leaders blinded the people, and blind people can be made to believe almost anything if they are also stupid. Jesus saw that many truths had been maltreated, had been stifled to death under a load of hair-splitting interpretations, and had been wound in the linens of ignorance and of prejudice. He threw away the incubrances and called the truths again to life. Thus resuscitated and kindled by his own inner life, he cast them as so many fire-brands among the people, where they began to kindle many hearts and to enlighten many dark minds. But more than that, he brought them before the world embodied in his own life and work. It is not so much his teaching as the power and influence of his immense personality that was the cause of the rapid spreading of Christianity. Abstract truth, theory, can be understood by the few trained minds only, but when theory becomes practice, when truth becomes flesh, then even the simplest mind can understand something of its marvellous beauty and stands in awe and reverence before the word that has become flesh.

That is the reason why Jesus has had so great an influence upon the lives of many men and women. Many a man whom religion could as yet not touch has bowed down admiringly before this pure life lived among the hills of Galilee.

The personality of Jesus did so fire the hearts and minds of the early Christian centuries that men were led to delfy him. They thought that a life so pure could not be lived in an age so corrupt: none but a god could live such a life. Little did they dream that that life is real humanity, and that we all have to strive to live the life of pure humanity. We can-

not live the life of pure humanity until we have suppressed the brute in us, by casting out the tiger and the bear, and the fox and the swine that usurp the place of the man within us.

The ancient truths found in the life of Jesus their ordeal. His life was their test. Could they be lived in daily life, were they practicable, do they answer to the deepest instincts and the highest aspirations of man? Such questions are answered by the life of Jesus, by the life of pure humanity. By "pure humanity" I mean the constant triumph of the higher over the lower in man.

What was then the secret of Jesus' life? What is the fundamental element of pure humanity? How could Jesus fire these cold truths of old, and find a deep response in the hearts of other men and women? It was because he possessed a heart of a true man. The blood in the heart of a true man is love, love the life-giver and the life-sustainer of pure humanity. He loved his fellow men. Love was the tie that bound him to men and women far below him. He loved the sinner, went about doing good, and prayed for his enemies, while they put him ignominiously to death. Whence this power? Truly, it has been a mystery to many, and they have solved it only by saying that he must have been a god, because perhaps they did not sufficiently understand the love of pure humanity.

None of us embodies pure humanity, so few of us can understand all that pertains to that humanity, even its love. Not understanding such a life, many others think it incredulous and regard the life of Jesus as a beautiful myth. We can understand only what finds a response in our own hearts. A heart without music cannot understand or appreciate music. Paul says the carnal man cannot understand the spiritual man. So impure humanity cannot fully comprehend pure humanity. We can judge only the plane on which we live. Thus many not understanding the life of Jesus have called him either a god or a myth. According as we attain to pure humanity can we understand the life of Jesus. His was a life of love. Love was his strength, —his faith in man, even in the deepest fallen; it was his hope and striving after perfection. I say striving after perfection, for I regard it as an open question whether or not Jesus was perfect. If we cannot comprehend his love, how can we judge whether it is perfect or not? None of us knows fully what pure humanity is in its reality, none of us having experienced as yet that ideal state; so we are debarred from judging it. Moreover, if we study the records of Jesus' life closely, we shall find progress in his thought, which resulted from the expansion of his heart and mind in proportion as he grew older and came into contact with other people. This could not be if he were already perfect; the conclu-

sion follows that he was not as yet perfect. And I personally like it better. I like to see him struggle onward and upward. It seems to bring him nearer to us, blood and flesh as we are blood and flesh. It subjects him to the same temptations, to the same vicissitudes of life. His overcoming them gives us courage and shows us that we also may overcome them. The story of the temptation reveals to us the fact that he could be tempted, and the agony in the garden teaches us of the struggle of the flesh against the spirit. But pure humanity was victorious. The battle between the animal and the man was fierce, the love of self and the love for fellow men were in deadly struggle, but the superior in worth proved the superior in strength. The man subdued the animal and the love for fellow men overcame the love of self. Pure humanity was saved and strengthened thereby.

Is it a wonder that many honor his words and reverence his life and almost worship his name? Is it marvellous that his life and death console many troubled hearts? Is it surprising that a great number of men and women regard him as the example? It may be that others have lived a life equal to his in heroism, self-denial and virtue, but it is certain that none among Christians has attained to the influence which streams continually from the life and words of Jesus. We should not worship him. God only is to be worshipped, and the Lord our God is one God, says Jesus. Many have fallen into the mistake of worshipping pure humanity, perhaps because Deity found as yet no response in their hearts. Man must worship something; if Deity seems too far removed from impure humanity, the next best thing to worship is pure humanity.

We should strive to attain to pure humanity and Jesus can be our guide. He need not be our only guide. Many others have lived nobly and died nobly. The army of noble martyrs, saints and heroes is large. They all may be so many examples to nobler living. But they got their incentive from Jesus, and we can go to him directly just as well. He teaches us to follow our inner light, let us follow it. He taught us to love our fellow men, let us try to love them. His life speaks to us of upward striving, let us strive after all that is true, pure and beautiful. He teaches us that we can overcome temptations by being true to our higher nature. Let us try to be true to ourselves and it must follow as the night the day, as Shakspeare says, we cannot then be false to any man.

We should thank God that such a personality as Jesus has influenced the course of events. The religion of love to God and love to man received impetus from him. The Reformers were kindled by his fire and we to-day enter into their labors and reap some of the harvest.

The life of Jesus shows us that his teachings may be at least partially embodied in actual life. He did not teach some impracticable theory. He makes it clear that his teachings were meant to become real life. His public life began with a beatitude and ended by a prayer for those who could not understand him and thus put him to death. Love was the motive power of Jesus' life. "He did for his enemies what many would not have done for friends." Well might the officer, when he saw Jesus dying on the cross, cry out: "Truly he is a son of God." Pure humanity is the son of God, is born of God. According as a man's life is inspired by pure love is he a true son of God. We are all sons and daughters of God, but only love can make us realize it. We do not realize this relationship. We speak of it and admire it as a doctrine, but very few know by experience what it really means. According as we have love in our hearts can we realize our relationship, and are we a revelation of God in the flesh.

God is Truth and Love and Righteousness; the more we embody these in our lives the more does God become incarnate in us, and if these are fully realized within us then we can say as Jesus said: "I and the Father are one." One in truth, one in love, one in righteousness, one in will. This, then, is our aim, to reach pure humanity. We should make the word of God flesh, have truth, love, purity, righteousness born into us, embody them in our lives, and we become like God, at one with Him. This is the true atonement, i. e., at-one-ment. One in will and in spirit. The human must become divine, and the divine must become human.

The abyss which exists in many hearts between God and man should be bridged, and love is the bridge. That is the reason why the religion of love is the highest religion possible. It unites man with man and man with God. This makes the religion of Jesus a universal religion. Its elements are found more or less expressed and defined in every other religion. The religion of love is for all tongues and people. It makes no difference to what race a man belongs or what name he gives to his religion. Jew or Christian, Buddhist or Brahmin, Mohammedan or Parsee, love God and thy neighbor as thyself and you fulfill the religion of love. Love should be the foundation upon which to build our religion. If we love God we shall love our fellow men. It is impossible to love him without loving our fellow men,—they are his image and are called with the same calling wherewith we have been called. To despise any of them is to despise God. The writer of the first epistle of John tells us: "If anyone says, I love God, and he hateth his brother, he is a liar." Strong language, but it is true. We should love God through our fellow men and our fellow men through God. In this ethics and religion become one.

Correspondence

Who Knows?

EDITOR UNITY: In a recent issue of their paper the editors of the *Outlook* assert that a Presbyterian minister who believes in the theory of evolution, without "using it for attack upon the standards of the church," is not necessarily in danger of a charge of heresy; and that a Presbyterian layman who holds rationalistic views on miracles, etc., runs small risk of discipline. I hope for the honor of humanity that they are right, and that no case will ever arise to confute them. The dividing line between human beings and mere animals is but ill defined; but if there is any faculty that distinguishes us from brutes, it is that of reasoning. It is gratifying to know that a Presbyterian may, under certain conditions, be a man, without incurring the displeasure of his spiritual superiors. That assurance is fraught with great hopes for the future of our race.

I should like to submit a few inquiries to those who are learned in Presbyterian Church law. First, what is heresy? Second, may a man who "holds views" without proclaiming them be a heretic? Third, can a man be guilty of heresy without having been adjudged a heretic? Fourth, which is worse in the sight of God, heresy or dishonesty? Fifth, which is of more importance to man, the maintenance of church standards or the demonstration and publication of truth? If the worthy editors of the *Outlook* will enlighten me I shall be grateful.

Chicago. LEVI A. ELIEL.

[We fear that our correspondent will not find very many among our readers "who are learned in Presbyterian Church law," but perhaps the *Outlook* itself may answer him.—ED.]

The Prayer of Trust.

DEAR UNITY: Speaking of prayers for our little ones,—I am sure that Unitarians desire not only to be reverent themselves but to inculcate this spirit in their children. Unless a child is very wisely trained from his earliest ability to grasp an idea of spiritual things he will, as the unseen and the unknowable dawn upon him, be possessed by a spirit of fear. From this source spring most of the prayers of our children. "Save us," "Take care of us," "Forgive us (lest something befall us)," and so forth.

I had long been troubled as to any proper form for my children to use to express the right attitude towards the author of their being, and, not wishing mere lip service and vain repetition, had abstained from teaching them any words of prayer, but had tucked them in their little beds always with some assurance that no harm could ever come to them from the love and justice that rules the universe.

But once a little daughter came home from the Sunday school with this verse, "I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou alone, oh Lord, makest me to dwell in safety." There, thought I, is a prayer for my children. And it is a comfort to hear this same little girl repeat these words, but always adding in "perfect" safety, and to see her sweet smile of assurance as she sinks to rest. For this child is by nature very timid and dependent, and it has been a pleasure to see her faith grow that no real evil can come to what is right and true, and that even death, so horrible to the young, is but a change from one part of the Father's kingdom to another.

Blessings on the Unitarian Sunday school where a solid superstructure is reared in the minds of youth, and all the building upon it is such that it need never be torn down, and even the changes knowledge and time may make necessary can easily be engrafted upon the noble foundation.

ELINOR HENDERSHOT.

Medina, Ohio.

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Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—So love, almighty, all-pervading,
Doth all things mold, doth all sustain.
- MON.—Minds who dare beyond the veil
to press,
In the unbounded, boundless faith
possess.
- TUES.—The helper yonder aids the helper
here.
- WED.—What we employ not, but impedes
our way;
That which the hour creates, that
can it use alone.
- THURS.—Freedom alone he earns, as
well as life,
Who day by day must conquer
them anew.
- FRI.—A worthy object still pursue.
- SAT.—And what the spirit of the times
men call,
Is merely their own spirit after all.
—Goethe.

Keep Trying.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "The e's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy become a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet,
The brave heart wins the battle,
Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered,
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying
At last you will prevail.
Be stubborn against failure,
Try and try again;
The boys who keep on trying,
Have made the world's best men.
—American Youth.

About the Snow.

To the unobserving the fall of snow
is a very commonplace affair, offering
no food for thought.

The housekeeper dreads it; and
thinks impatiently of the piazzas that
are to be swept, the paths that are to
be cleared and the amount of extra
sweeping about the premises that
every snowfall brings. Only the
little street-sweeper in the great
cities can see treasures in the snow.

But throughout tradition and literature
are numberless proverbs which
show the blessings of snow, and the
wise farmer has long ago learned to
expect full harvests from the ground
which has been well blanketed in
the season when all vegetation should
be at rest. "For if the grass grow
in Janiveer, it grows the worse for
all the year," says an old proverb.

Scientific research has taught us that
vegetation does not suffer so much
from long-continued colds as from
these open winters where there are
many changes from thawing to freezing.

It is not from the cold that we
protect our plants with straw so much
as from the dangers of a warm season,
which starts the sap to running
and the plant to growing, only to cut
it short by another frost. From a
hygienic point of view, the blessing
of a heavy snowfall was long ago
recognized in the homely proverb which
says that "A green Christmas makes
a fat churchyard."

This has also been verified by science.
Frost and snow are Nature's
own disinfectants. So long as the
waste of summer remains seething in
the sun, so long may we expect the
miasmatic diseases of fall, and not
until a generous snowfall covers the
earth are all sources of danger safely
buried to form the fertilizers of
another season's vegetation. It is
almost impossible to realize that
snow is a very warm covering. The
little rabbit in the woods makes his
burrows deep down in the drifts, and
like the Laplander in the Arctic
regions creates warm and comfortable
dwellings from it. The gray squirrel
of our native woods is alive and
frolicsome with the first snowfall,
though he hides in his nest when the
chill, sharp winds of winter are blowing.
In spite of all that so many
naturalists have claimed, classing
him among our hibernating animals,
those who have known him in his
woodland haunts year in and year
out can testify that there is no
creature who so enjoys a frolic in the
snow in midwinter. He makes burrows
in it, peering up like a prairie
dog every now and then to see what
is going on outside, and he manages
to dig up his own treasure of nuts
out of the frozen ground from under
the snow.

Under the microscope, snow crystals
assume myriads of geometric forms
of marvellous beauty and wonderful
regularity of figure. Often the form
is stellar, with angles of sixty
degrees, in obedience to the law governing
the crystallization of water. Yet,
beginning with this simple form,
there are almost infinite variations,
making the crystals of snow worthy
of the life study of meteorologists.
There is a pretty old couplet that
corroborates in a popular way the
blessing of snow to the farmer's
fields:

Under the water, dearth.
Under the snow, bread.

No "Yard."

A country boy finds it hard to understand
how a family can live without any
"front yard," or any "back yard,"
or any land about the dwelling
at all. To him the "yard" is
more than the house.

It was there that he played in
salutary dirt as a little child. There
he keeps his dog, and ties up his steer-

team and cleans his gun, now that
he is older; and when he grows up
and perhaps wanders away in the
world he knows that the memory
of the precious old dooryard will remain
with him.

A dooryard, he would say, is a
prime necessity of life.

But an official report shows that in
the city of Boston there are nearly
18,000 families who have no yard at
all—not a foot of ground upon which
a child may sit, to say nothing of
playing, on a sunny day—not even
room enough upon which to stand a
refuse-barrel.

The children of such yardless families
must, when they go out at all,
run upon the street. There numberless
dangers, bodily and mortal,
threaten them. Electric cars run
over the little children while the
mother works hard to do something
to help to support them. Older
children teach them to be profane
and vicious. Their childish eyes are
familiarized with the sight of drunkenness
and crime.

For such a state of things the real-estate
owners who, in their greed to
obtain the largest possible return,
build over every inch of ground, are
in part responsible.

But all who, for reasons of mere
caprice, because country ways are
"slow," or for any reason except one
of actual necessity, abandon the
healthful country and betake themselves
to the crowded city, have their
share in the responsibility. If they
themselves are not among the "yardless,"
they help to crowd others into
such places. —*Youth's Companion.*

He Misunderstood.

Jenkins: "Now, if I understand
you correctly, the first principle of
socialism is to divide with your
brother man?" Blenkinsop: "Then
you don't understand correctly. The
first principle of socialism is to make
your brother man divide with you."

Germ

of disease feed on life, and
are only overcome by the
making of sound, healthy
tissue.

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil,
is an easy, palatable fat food
that makes new tissue quickly
and gives strength. *Physicians*,
the world over, endorse it.

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XXI.

THE GOSPEL AND THE GREEKS.

Acts xvii. 16-34.

*With him, with Zeus are filled
All paths we tread, and all the marts of
men;
Filled, too, the sea, and every creek and
bay;
And all in all things need we help of
Zeus,
For we, too, are his offspring.*

—Aratus.

Picture: Paul Preaching in Athens, by Raphael.

By whom was the Gospel carried to the Gentiles?—Chiefly by the Hellenist Christians and principally by Paul, a converted Pharisee, and his followers.

The persecution that followed the death of Stephen is a cardinal event in the history of the Christian church. Its most important results were the dispersion of the Hellenist Christians and the conversion of Paul. Emphasis must be laid again upon the fact that none of The Twelve take the initiative in missionary work outside of Jerusalem. They go out to investigate but not to evangelize. Chief among the traveling preachers was Philip, who is named next after Stephen in the list of deacons, and from whom, in his own house at Casarea, Luke gathered much of the material preserved in the third Gospel and the early chapters of Acts. Philip went first to Samaria, and after a successful mission there, which was formally approved by Peter and John, preached in the coast cities of Philistia, after converting an Ethiopian eunuch whom he met on the Gaza road. Shortly afterward, Peter took the daring step of baptizing a Roman centurion stationed at Casarea, and justified his action before the mother-church, which took it ill that a Gentile should be admitted to the church before becoming a Jew, by pleading that he had received a directing vision in Joppa and that in the house of Cornelius the Spirit had fallen upon the centurion and his friends—since baptism was the symbol of the Spirit's baptism, it was only fitting that the symbol should be administered after the occurrence of the thing symbolized. Doubt has often been expressed as to the authenticity of the Peter-Cornelius narrative, but without sufficient reason: Peter and the church may perfectly well have admitted in a particular instance what they would have objected to as a universal principle. But the man was already in prominent view who would preach openly and universally what the Jerusalem church tolerated tacitly and in particular cases—Saul, the Pharisee, foremost among the persecutors.

Of the life of Paul prior to his conversion we know very little. His

father was a Pharisee who in some unknown way had obtained the privilege of Roman citizenship. Although born in Tarsus, an important commercial and intellectual center of Southern Asia Minor, Paul was "uncontaminated" by Greek influences, and at an early age was taken to Jerusalem that he might study in the school of Gamaliel. It was he who perceived more plainly than most of his contemporaries, even than the Christians themselves, the logical import of the Christian teaching. If Jesus was really the Messiah, the nation was heinously guilty before God in failing to discern its Christ, and the entire system of Phariseeism was radically untrue. For the people were seeking to fulfill the law that Messiah might come, but if Jesus was the Christ God had sent the deliverer to those who were still in their sins. While they were seeking to win his favor, he had testified that his favor was already theirs. Hence the life-word would be grace and not works of the law, belief in the constant favor (grace) of God unconditioned by strict performance of the requirements of the law. The disciples saw no reason why they could not be good Jews and good Christians at the same time, but Paul saw that the logical outcome of the preaching of Jesus as the Christ would be the destruction of Phariseeism. But if Jesus had been the Christ, God would not have allowed him to die ignominiously upon the cross. Hence "in all good conscience" Paul exerted himself to stamp out the dangerous heresy and became the leading spirit in persecution.

Yet Paul was too ardent, impulsive, emotional to be satisfied with the Phariseeism in which he outstripped his equals in age. His nature was cramped and stifled, there was no appeal to large principles, no incitement to generous ardor; the rites of Judaism could not control his passionate fervor. Characters like his, to which grandeur is so nigh and God so near, cannot be held in the leash of a "Thou shalt not." They must be sent freely afield by duty's clear "Thou must." In other words Paul needed a controlling inspiration, not restraint. The seventh of Romans shows how his nature beat against the bars of the cage in which he was held. Therefore Paul must have seen that in the belief of the Christians, if it were true, there was exactly what he needed, a freedom and enthusiasm which Phariseeism denied him. In Stephen and others whom he was foremost in persecuting, there was a peace which he had never found. Moreover, Paul was an intensely sympathetic man and the sufferings which he caused must have combined with his own inward conflict to raise the question whether after all Jesus was not the Christ. *If he had really been raised from the dead as his followers claimed, then God had declared him the Messiah.* Consequently for Paul everything depended upon the fact of the resurrection of Jesus. On his way to Damascus, after a toilsome journey, under the noonday glare of an Eastern sun, during which the whole question must have been agitating his mind, almost at the gate of the city, where he had planned to do deeds from which his tender spirit shrank, he had one of those visions, which seem to have occurred frequently in his career and are not unknown nowadays in men of his temperament, in which he actually saw and heard

Jesus in the glory of his risen life. *Jesus had been raised from the dead, he was the Messiah, therefore Paul became a Christian.* From the time of his conversion we hear very little of him till he was summoned about ten years afterward from Tarsus to Antioch to take charge of the church in the great Syrian metropolis. Under his leadership the center of activity was transferred from Jerusalem to Antioch and Christianity passed into its universal phase. The disciples were called Christians in Antioch; there they ceased to be thought of as a Jewish sect and were seen to have a distinctive life deserving a specific name.

What was the substance of Paul's preaching?—He emphasized the resurrection as proving the Messiahship of Jesus, the cross as a new means of reconciliation between God and man apart from the works of the law, the universality and sufficiency of Christianity.

(a) *The Resurrection.*—We have already seen why it was that the resurrection of Jesus assumed its prominent place in the teaching of Paul; without it his preaching was vain and Christianity was a wicked delusion. But because the resurrection was so important, Paul gave little or no thought to the historic Jesus and magnified instead the official Christ. His Epistles tell us nothing about the life of Jesus (except the last scenes of Passover week) and preserve few of his teachings. Wherever there was a church of Paul's founding, it was not the preacher of Nazareth but the risen Messiah that was honored. The effect of this upon the development of Christianity is patent: only recently has the real Jesus, hidden for nearly nineteen centuries, come into view.

(b) *The Cross.*—The disciples were forced to explain the cross; if Jesus were really the Messiah why had God suffered him to die so shamefully? Paul found his answer in the idea of sacrifice. The death of Jesus was not a purposeless incident in the career of Jesus, it was a divinely appointed sacrifice by which all who believed in Jesus were freed from the guilt of sin. So, in the hands of Paul, the death on the mount rose far above the Sermon on the Mount, and the bloody cross was exalted above the Golden Rule. Paul's thought has a legal cast; it is not vital. With him, righteousness means, ordinarily, legal acquittal by God, not, as with Jesus, purity of heart. Paul must bear most of the blame for the forensic character of Christianity. How wide and far he strayed from the simple thought of Jesus will appear if one take the trouble to read at a single sitting Romans v. 1-21 and Luke xv. 11-32.

Yet there was great virtue in this thought of Paul. For if the cross was a new means of reconciliation, then the Law had become needless; Gentiles who believed in Jesus were acquitted before God as fully as if they were Jews who had kept the whole law. The universal reach of sin was matched by the universal offer of reconciliation. As all men, being descended from Adam, were alike guilty before God because of his sin, so all men, whether Jews or Gentiles, who believed in Jesus entered a stream of righteousness and life flowing from the second Adam. It was by the thought

of the cross that Paul was aided to rise above Jewish Christian particularism and become the apostle of the Gentiles.

(c) *The Universality of the Gospel.*—It was only natural that Paul should come into collision with the Jewish Christians, especially with James, the brother of Jesus, who became the leading man in the Jerusalem church and by his extreme devotion to the Law effectually drove out the free and large spirit of Jesus. Paul brought Christianity into the open, made it a living force in the affairs of men. But from one point of view the opponents of Paul were right. Without having its roots in Jewish righteousness, preached by a long line of noble prophets, Christianity was transformed as it came into contact with Greek and Roman thought into something marvelously unlike the ideas of Jesus. As Paul went from place to place, preaching, he imparted much but he acquired more. His preaching to the Greeks was fruitful, but their preaching to him was richer in consequences.

What was the effect upon Christian thought of Greek ideas?—When the Greek met the Gospel then came the Nicene creed.

Our picture shows us Paul preaching to the Athenians. The result of his work in what is for us, next to Jerusalem, the most notable city in the ancient world, was discouraging. Yet when the Gospel actually did come to the Greeks the result was a blending of the two streams, running one from Judea the other from Greece, which gave us the metaphysical Christianity we know so well. The Gospel converted the Greeks, but the Greeks perverted the Gospel. The method of dialectics superseded the insight of Jesus. The Pharisaism of metaphysical subtleties was as fatal as Jewish legalism to the prophetic spirit. Instead of the flower-field of Galilee the world was led to a fanciful text-book of botany.

For a discussion of the passage describing Paul's preaching in Athens reference may be made to Lesson xxv. of the Lessons on Acts, published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. For the Pauline transformation of Christianity see Dr. Cone's "The Gospel and its Earliest Interpretations," and for the Greek transformation, Dr. Hatch's Hibbert Lectures, 1888.

Questions.

The Picture.—How would Paul feel toward the beautiful temples and statues which he saw in Athens? Where is he preaching? Where was the sermon reported in Acts delivered?

The Apostle to the Gentiles.—What is known of the early life of Paul? By what name was he called? Where was he born? Where educated? Why did he oppose the Christians? Was he conscientious in doing so? Was it right? How was he converted? With what church is his name associated? What is the significance of the name "Christian" as applied to the disciples of Antioch?

The Gospel of Paul.—What three thoughts are prominent in Paul's preaching? Describe the worth and the danger of each. What was the reflex action of his missionary activity.

The Greek Transformation.—Is the Nicene creed Jewish or Greek? The words of Jesus have come to us only in the Greek tongue—what are the in-

ferences from this fact? Have his thoughts come to us in a Greek dress? In what doctrine did the Greek belief in the immanence of God prevail in the church?

Sunday School Items.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The third school to send in its contribution is the one at Geneva, which sends us five dollars. We might guess that it was a good school from its promptness, but we happen to know how excellent it is from several visits to it. But it has one advantage over most other schools. It has a working minister in it all the time. Rev. Mr. Eddowes is its superintendent, and he is one of those heretical ministers who believe that the Sunday school is the chief end of the church. He thinks the model church is one where ministers may come and go, and church services wax and wane, but where the Sunday school goes on forever and is always growing. So the school at Geneva has gone steadily on whether they had a minister or not, and often the preaching would go on without any minister. For a good Sunday school ought to produce ministers enough to run the church for a year or two at least. That is what the Geneva school has done.

THE SECOND HALF-YEAR IN OUR SIX YEARS' COURSE.

Next week's UNITY will contain the last number of Mr. Fenn's lessons on the Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. For those of our schools which are following the Six Years' Course we have arranged a series of Illustrations of Manhood and Womanhood, selected by Miss M. L. Lord from Noble Lives and Noble Deeds. That selection is as follows:

1. Self-control..... Washington
2. Honesty..... Lincoln
3. Frankness..... Luther
4. Justice..... Garrison
5. Simplicity..... Whittier
6. Courtesy..... Emerson
7. Spiritual-mindedness..... Caanning
8. Conscientiousness..... Charles Sumner
9. Obedience..... William Penn
10. Gratitude..... Theodore Parker
11. Mercy..... Dorothea Dix
12. Reverence..... Longfellow

Mr. M. M. Managasarian has kindly consented to write for the teachers some introductory hints, which will be found printed below. The set of twelve leaflets, put in a folder, containing these inspiring words, will be furnished for fifteen cents. A. W. G.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SELECTION OF NOBLE LIVES AND NOBLE DEEDS.

The Noble Lives and Noble Deeds series of lessons for use in the Sunday schools, is prepared with admirable judgment. On looking over the list of virtues I could not help thinking of the conversation reported by Plutarch between Socrates and Menon. He was asked by Socrates what virtue was; and, upon his answering quickly and glibly that virtue was "a different thing in boy and old man, and in man and woman, and in magistrate and private per-

son, and in master and servant," said Socrates, "You were asked about one virtue, but you have raised up a whole swarm of them." We will not infer, however, as in the case of Menon, that the editors of the present series have named many because they knew not one.

The noble deed is inseparable from the noble character. "The beauty of holiness" is not visible except when it has become real in some human example. It is impossible to make any virtue completely intelligible to the child, unless we avail ourselves of an example; otherwise, as Coleridge has said, "We may as in a dream seem to know all, and then, as it were waking, find that we know nothing." It is by inspiring love for the honest, pure and brave character, that we can help the child to seek honesty and purity and courage.

The office of the teacher is to create men and women after the highest patterns which he brings to them; to help the boy and the girl to expand their best selves until they stand shoulder to shoulder with their hero and saint; to naturalize them in all the moods of the good and pure men and women; to stimulate them to seek that world of truth and beauty, the home of the men and women they admire and love.

There is a great difference between teaching and teaching. The moon gives light but not heat; a stove gives heat but not light; the sun gives both light and heat. That is the right method which, while it enlightens the mind, quickens also the conscience and the affections. The thought in the head becomes glowing, throbbing light in the heart. Religion or morality does not consist in merely teaching from a new text book, but in making all things sacred. It consists in making each step and study a developer of the mind, a key to a new power of the soul. "I make what is good pleasant to children," said the Spartan teacher. It is our fault if virtue is regarded by the child as something necessary but undesirable. The child who is forced to be good will take pleasure in being naughty. Virtue should not be presented as an unwelcome stranger whose acquaintance must be cultivated, but as a cherished, long expected angel-guest of the heart. This, however, cannot be done by any manual or text-book; only the living and loving teacher can do it.

The spiritualization of the child is the aim of moral education. To make a poet of the child, to help him idealize the real, to give him the power to see the beautiful everywhere, to help him to exclaim in the presence of the pure and high souls who have made life real and great, "Oh, how beautiful!"—is the special mission of the ethical school teacher.

M. M. MANGASARIAN.

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Notes from the Field

Pomona, Cal.—Although no notes have been sent from here for some time, the church is neither dead nor sleeping. All its different departments are thoroughly alive. December 10 the society moved into the new church. The new building was opened with an appropriate service, the Universalists uniting with the Unitarians on the happy occasion. Addresses upon "The Signs of the Times" were made by Rev. Florence Lonsbury Pierce, Rev. Ada C. Bowles, and Rev. U. G. B. Pierce.

Long before the appointed time the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and people stood during the entire service.

Since then the large audience called out by such subjects as "Why I Became a Unitarian," "What Is God?" "What Religion Owes to Science" (a sermon in honor of Prof. Tyndall), and "The Creed of Christ,"—show that the church was needed.

Sunday evenings at 6 Mrs. Pierce has a Young People's Study Class for the purpose of stimulating the thought of the young people upon the liberal thought. At present the class is using Savage's "Unitarian Catechism," supplemented by original questions and discussions. Much interest is manifested, and the work promises to fill a long-felt need.

The Unity Club is a source of pleasure and profit to all who attend. It is strictly a study class, the aim being to furnish food for earnest thought. No attempt is made to cater to those who will not work.

Denver, Col.—Unity Church of this city, under the leadership of its new pastor, Rev. N. A. Haskell, is *alive* in all that the word implies. Its Sunday School, including a class in evolution, its Unity Club, its branch of the Woman's Alliance, its Archaeological Society, its Library Circle, and its Ladies' Aid Society are all prosperous and well attended and each doing its work in its own way, thoroughly and effectively. About two months ago Mr. Haskell caused to be printed and circulated the statement and invitation recently published in UNITY. As a result many of the "unchurched" are coming in to find a home and welcome, as well as a groove in which to work within the society.

Chicago, Ills.—In the effort to make UNITY's limited space do justice to the news of the churches not quite so near home, we have quite omitted the report of the various activities centering in All Souls Church, which held its annual meeting on the 11th instant. But as the very brief and summary reports which are each year gathered together in the church annual would about fill UNITY, it is of course impossible to do justice to them here; and as a mere catalogue of the various classes, societies, charitable committees, etc., would only be an aggravation, such catalogue will not be given. Let it suffice to say that its former activities have been continued, with some modifications, and new ones have been begun. This was the writer's first experience of the pleasant home feeling one experiences in the cheerful auditorium of All Souls Church, which on occasion of the annual meeting is turned into a banquet hall, where hundreds assemble for what

is one of the truest of communion services,—the annual church supper. After the meal came the reports and elections. Despite the hard times and the distractions of the World's Fair, the church appeared in excellent condition, having met its obligations and having raised a larger sum than ever before in its history. Besides the usual novel section (which is this year making a study of Middlemarch), philosophy section, Emerson section, and Browning section of the Unity Club, this so-called Lowell section has undertaken a study of the development of the Northwest. The special relief work undertaken by the church, made necessary by the unusually severe conditions of this winter, have already been alluded to in UNITY, as have also the university extension lectures on Sociology, by Head Professor Small, of the University of Chicago. S.

Englewood, Ill.—The formation of a "Boys' Brigade" is the most recent expression of the activity of the Englewood Universalist Church. It was to be organized Jan. 26.

Geneva, Ill.—This venerable church shows no signs of age in its organization. Besides its new and tasty parsonage and its Unity Club studying the newest subjects in the newest way, it has introduced the newest innovation in the way of taking up its collection. Each pew is provided with one or more tiny boxes, something like a toy bank; and into the slot the generous-hearted visitor drops his contribution without any noise or passing of ushers. The old lady who said that the passing of the contribution box was the only Christian thing about a Unitarian church, would think that this church had lost the last vestige of its claim to be called Christian. The pastor of this church, Mrs. Woolley, recently preached in Unity Church at St. Louis, giving the people there "a beautiful sermon," according to one of her hearers.

Decorah, Iowa.—Rev. R. A. Van Sluyters has been in Decorah for the past three months, and is now called for the year. He will be ordained in Unity Church Jan. 2, 1894. Christmas evening he spoke to the children of Jesus as a real child, and in the constant attention and bright faces was seen that he had won the approval of that most critical part of any church—the little children. Rev. J. B. Bidwell, who was minister of the Congregational Church in this place, thinks of withdrawing from the orthodox body and joining the Unitarians. He has been very successful in his ministry, and should he decide to cast in his lot with us we shall gain a gentleman of fine spirit and judgment, as well as a minister of established reputation. He is at present in Davenport, Iowa.

Ware, Mass.—We learn from *Character*, the monthly parish paper published by the Chas. A. Stevens Unity Club, that the Self-Culture Club has shown so much interest in the study of the Ethics of Citizenship as to increase the frequency of its meetings, which are now held weekly. Mr. Southworth believes strongly in a ministry of education, and in a recent sermon on "The Church a School" he gave emphatic utterance to this opinion, taking his text from Proverbs iv. 5.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Two pamphlet sermons come to us preached by Mr. Sunderland in November and Decem-

ber. One of them deals with "Rev. B. Fay Mills and the State University," showing strongly and clearly how un-American it is to have such meetings as he conducts held in State institutions. The other sermon is a brief account of his "Ministry of Fifteen Years in a College Town," and shows both directly and indirectly the incalculable good that is resulting from such a church in such a place, where the best young life of the country comes and goes in its annual stream. Every college town in our land ought to have such a church.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Dr. Shutter having become very much dissatisfied with the International Sunday school lessons, has begun the preparation of a series for the Church of the Redeemer, for the current year, on the Life and Teaching of Jesus. He proposes to insert an occasional special lesson on some topic of general or denominational interest. The lessons for January are published in *The Church News*, the monthly which he edits for the Young People's Association of his church. The titles and golden texts are as follows: The Nation's Hope. "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Micah iv. 3. The Coming of Christ. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. i. 21. The Home of Jesus. "Is not this the carpenter?"—Mark vi. 3. Jesus in the Temple. "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."—Luke ii. 52.

Cincinnati, O.—The series of addresses by Nagarkar of Bombay which have been given during the last four days in the Unitarian Church upon the Reading road, have called together audiences which occupied the full seating capacity of the church and have made a profound impression upon the thoughtful hearers, who represented all phases of faith—Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian. The speaker was a well-educated and cultivated Hindu, who had passed several of his years in schools which were under the charge of Orthodox Christians, and who, therefore, has had excellent opportunities for knowing Christian doctrine. Moreover, he is a deeply religious man, full of yearning for the coming of a better day in the popular faith, morals and social customs of India. And yet he has not joined a Christian sect, but finds in the fundamental truths of Hinduism, added to the ideas of modern science and philosophy, the body of spiritual doctrine which he and his associates believe will be the regeneration of his fatherland. Nagarkar came to the United States to represent in the Parliament of Religions a most interesting religious society, the Brahmo-Somaj, whose main ideas are those of the Unitarian Church of America. He is not a Theosophist, in the popular sense of the term, nor a Buddhist, but a rational Hindu theist.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

New York.—The Science Sermons Society, which holds its meetings at 7:30 Sunday evenings in the lecture room of the Unitarian Church, of which Rev. Robert Collyer is pastor, announces the following program for the period extending from Jan. 23 to March 4, inclusive: "Religion and Church as Necessary Social Factors," J. H. Duren Ward, B. D., Ph. D. "Locomotion, Its Modes and Signifi-

cance to Life," Martin L. Holbrook, M. D. "Inebriety a Survival of the Race," T. D. Crothers, M. D. "Labor as a Factor in Evolution," David A. Gorton, M. D. "Cosmic Evolution and the Unemployed," Thaddæus B. Wake-man. "Protective Covering, Its Evolutionary History and Meaning," Mrs. Lizzie Cheney-Ward.

Tacoma, Wash.—The objects of the First Free Church of Tacoma are defined in the January bulletin to be: (1. The pursuit of truth by the method of freedom as opposed to the method of dogmatism or arbitrary authority, i. e., by the scientific method, including all its necessary results, whatever they may be; (2.) The realization both in the individual and in society of the highest moral ideal of humanity, and (3.) The universal dissemination of the spirit of justice, reverence and love. It is announced that half-hour religious services will be held every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock promptly, "to which all are invited, but attendance at these services is not made a test of fellowship." During January the discourses, delivered at 11:30, were on the subjects: "What Is Your Life?" "Our Attitude to Christianity;" "Christianity and the Religion of Jesus;" "The Religion of Jesus." Regular monthly meetings are held after the morning service the first Sunday of the month. A question box is in the vestibule, in which theological and ethical queries may be placed, to be answered from the platform the last Sunday of the month, at the close of the service. This seems to us an excellent idea. During January the Social Science Class, under the leadership of Mr. Walter J. Thompson, discussed Social Reform under the heads: I. The Theological Method; II. The Socialistic Method; III. The Scientific Method. There are also, a Pansy Club, for children under 12; a Young People's Fortnightly Club, for intellectual improvement and social intercourse; a Choir Guild, to further the musical interests of the church and for the mutual benefit of the members; a James Freeman Clarke Fraternity (chiefly literary); a Ladies' Friendly Society, for social, educational, and charitable interests; and a Post Office Mission (which would be glad to circulate UNITY and other ethical and liberal religious literature), whose secretary is Mrs. Hayden, 4810 Gove street.

THE COMMITTEE ON FELLOWSHIP OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

The Rev Walter Scott Vail, formerly of the Universalist Denomination, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our church.

W. L. CHAFFIN,
Chairman.
D. W. MOREHOUSE,
Secretary.

New York, Dec. 29, 1893.



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Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN CHICAGO.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall st. et. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 26th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolts, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor will preach in the morning on "Francis Parkman;" in the evening PROF. SMALL will deliver the fourth of his lectures on "Sociology."

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—The Ethical School meets Sundays at 10 o'clock, room 309 Masonic Temple. MR. M. M. MANGASARIAN will lecture at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, at 11 a. m., on "What Profession to Choose, and Professional Duties."

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Our January inventory shows a large stock of books on hand, which we must clear out within a few weeks to make room for new publications. The net prices quoted here apply to UNITY readers only, and are subject to no discount whatever. The books are in good condition unless otherwise stated. Most of the editions are nearly exhausted, and many of the books will be difficult to obtain after the present stock has been sold.

The Morals of Christ. By Austin Bierbower. Cloth, retail, \$1.00; net, 40 cents; postpaid, 50 cents. Paper, retail, 50 cents; net, 20 cents; postpaid. A few soiled copies at 10 cents, postpaid.

Evolution and Christianity. By J. C. F. Grumbine. Cloth, retail, 30 cents; net, 10 cents; postpaid, 14 cents.

History of the Arguments for the Existence of God. By Dr. Aaron Hahn. Paper, retail, 10 cents; net, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents. A few soiled copies at 15 cents, 10 postpaid.

Theodore Parker. By Samuel Johnson. Retail, \$1.00; net, 44 cents; by mail, 50 cents.

Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man. By Theodore Parker. Cloth, \$1.25; net, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents. Paper, 50 cents; net, 20 cents, postpaid. A few soiled copies at 10 cents, postpaid.

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Inquiringto Island. By Hudor Genone. Cloth, \$1.00; net, 45 cents; by mail, 57 cents. Paper, retail, 50 cents; net, 20 cents, postpaid.

The Last Tenet Imposed upon the Khan of Tomathoz. By Hudor Genone. Written before the Parliament of Religions, but of decided interest to every one who was there. Cloth, retail, \$1.25; net, 67 cents; by mail, 75 cents. Paper, retail, 50 cents; net, 20 cents; postpaid. A few soiled copies at 14 cents, postpaid.

Darwin's Descent of Man. Paper, retail, 75 cents; net, 50 cents, postpaid.

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UNITY

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Editorial

*Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Sweifter than arrows
The light of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!*

—Longfellow.

In the death of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, journalism and American public spirit have lost a shining example.

AGAIN the horrible broken rope has appeared to make more ghastly the barbaric gallows. This time it was in Chicago, and the victim was one about whose criminality public senti-

ment was seriously divided. How long will the State continue to brutalize its citizens by such brutal exhibits?

WE have no regret that Corbett forgot his "dignity" in his assault on Mitchell, that he raved and danced around his victim like a mad bull, and almost ignored that delicate line prescribed by "gentlemen," and thus committed a foul. The whole business was foul. And Corbett stands out before the public in his proper character by such actions. Shame on all parties concerned! Shame for those who were trying to make this gladiatorial business respectable.

WE are in receipt of the November number of the *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, published in Calcutta and edited by Mr. Dhamapala, whose benignant presence at the Parliament of Religions left such a loving impression. It was evidently published before his return, but it contains extracts from American papers reporting the same and the addresses of the editor at San Francisco en route to his home. It contains matter which shows how the world is growing together, how like the best there is to the best here, and that a good thing anywhere is a good thing everywhere.

THE February number of *To-Day*, the attractive monthly edited and published by the Universalist brethren of Philadelphia, contains an article by Dr. Shutter on "The Poetic Elements of Jesus," in which he gives to Jesus the title of "The Divine Poet." The article indicates the growing sanity on this subject. Jesus must be interpreted by the poet and as a poet rather than by the theologian, and as a dogmatist, before he can find his true place in the history of the world and in the hearts of men. Dr. Shutter has written a book on "The Wit and Humor of the Bible." Let him give us a book on

the poetry of the New Testament. Approached in this spirit what a treasure store will the book of Revelation become.

AMONG the many calendars for 1894 we have seen none we would so much like to distribute as that of the Humane Society, published in the Goddard Building, 19 Milk street, Boston. The good old family horse and the children feeding it grass is a picture from life, and the texts on the monthly pages make for the gospel of tenderness. Send for a copy, and note the items under the heading, "Murderous Millinery," "Mutilated for Life," etc., realize how much fashionable barbarity there is in the world, and do something to reduce the barbarity, strip the feathers of beautiful birds from your hats, and be ashamed to ride after a mutilated horse. A docked tail is a vulgarity. It is a violation of the moral sense.

THE last sensation in Chicago is the arraignment of Dr. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, for heresy, by Dr. Henson, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chicago. The former is giving a series of lectures on the Genesis stories, in which, among other questionable utterances, he has compared the Cain and Abel story to the story of the wooden horse of Troy and that of Romulus and Remus at Rome. This the latter thinks poor Baptist theology, and thinks it time to call a halt. It is pitiable to see a man of Dr. Harper's position undertaking to palliate his utterances in public print in order to pacify the anxieties of a proverbial dogmatist. Dr. Harper argues that what he said is not as bad as it sounds. And there comes from other quarters the usual boast that the Baptists have no creed, and that nobody has power to declare what is orthodox or what is heterodox. And still Dr. Moxom has had to place himself among the Baptist

subjects and Dr. Harper is brought to book, all of which goes to show that the theoretical and technically so-called "pure Congregationalism" does not practically obtain in the Baptist community. The popular estimate of their position and the true executive import of this body is not determined by the position of its individual churches or by its primitive records, but by the action and utterances of its later associations, publishing houses and leading men. The same is true of all the other religious bodies, Congregationalists, Universalists, and Unitarians, that boast of their congregational polity. Each of these bodies in case of distress or reproach will appeal to "pure Congregationalism" as a means of escape from responsibility, while still they proceed to work through those larger instrumentalities and confess the practical authority, in a score of practical ways, of these general conferences and associations,—although they would all be impossible under "pure Congregationalism." No body of people is more boastful of its pure Congregationalism than the Unitarians. The *Christian Register* in the last number has its leading editorial devoted to its favorite thesis, "Unitarian freedom." Its argument is based "on the entire and unquestioned freedom of every individual church," all of which is true. And still the organization that presumes to be the missionary arm of the Unitarian movement in America, that which shapes its policy and determines what names shall and shall not be entered into its list of ministers and of societies, is an organization which, according to its last Year Book, consists of some two hundred and seventy-two delegate societies; which, counting the full official representation of three delegates each, would give it a representative constituency of eight hundred and sixteen. But the same Year Book gives the names of about one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five life members, a membership secured by a money qualification which carries with it full voting power. When we remember that an overwhelming majority of these voting members live within a comparatively small section of the United States, some of the churches in and near Boston having a representation of from fifty upwards among this life list, and that according to the rulings of a recent

President of the A. U. A. the same person may poll his vote as a life member and a delegate member from one or more societies, it will be seen how far even the Unitarians of America, rightfully or wrongfully, have drifted from pure Congregationalism, or, rather, how dead a thing "pure Congregationalism" is in itself. There is a Baptist orthodoxy. There is a Unitarian orthodoxy, established not by the local societies, but by the national and other general organizations. These general organizations have uses, and those who serve them and are served by them should never shirk the responsibility of keeping them to their broadest and best, and not evade it under the elusive mantle of "pure Congregationalism."

Non-Theological Religion.

The *Outlook* for February 3 contains a timely editorial entitled "Can We Teach a Non-Theological Religion?" It is suggested by the discussion of the Bible in the public schools. To abandon all religious teachings in order to be free of theology suggests to the writer Mr. Huxley's simile, "It would be like burning a ship to get rid of the cock-roaches." The editor well says that what is true of schools is true of homes and churches. We are not among those who believe that theology is useless or necessarily an offense to the spiritual life, but we are of those who think that theology must ever be a matter of personal possession. It must be a private venture of the mind, a presumption of the intellect, a working hypothesis for the individual, if it is not to be a fetter or a pretense. But religion is a sentiment, an impulse. It is an attitude of the mind and not a conclusion, a passion for helpfulness, an appetite for co-operation. Religion in its evolution inevitably passes from a logical to an ethical basis, from a dogma to a purpose. Hence in its very nature religion is social; it is perfectly willing to recognize the unity of the spirit in the diversity of theology. So we believe not only in the possibility of a non-theological religion, but of a non-theological church, and that ten thousand people hopelessly estranged from the theological church will gladly hail the non-theological church, the home of those who lovingly differ concerning the insoluble questions of God, Incarnation, and Destiny, but who, with equal hearti-

ness, lovingly agree in the desire to advance justice, to cultivate reverence, to increase love, and to promote righteousness in the world. To this church the great prophet souls of the race belong. To it all their great maxims and white deeds contribute. So forceful are the sentences referred to above that we allow our esteemed contemporary, *The Outlook*, to complete our editorial:

If Jesus Christ were the teacher of a theology, the simple fact that entirely honest disciples understand him so differently would constitute a fatal criticism of his teaching. The real explanation of these differences is not that he was obscure, or evasive, or used words with a double meaning, but that he was not teaching theology at all. He was inspiring religion, which is quite a different matter; and he inspired a religion so large, so vital, so comprehensively adapted to men of all epochs, all temperaments, and all stages of intellectual development, that it enters into and vitalizes every form of religious thought, as it does every form of religious ceremonial. Religion is the molten metal; theology is the mold into which it is run. The religion of Jesus Christ has been run into a great variety of theological molds.

This non-theological quality has characterized in all ages the highest forms of religious teaching. It is distinctive in all the best religious poetry. Charles Wesley was an Arminian, Toplady was a Calvinist; but one must go outside their familiar hymns to learn the fact. No one would guess that "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was written by a Unitarian, or "The Eternal Goodness" by a Quaker, or

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea"

by a Roman Catholic. In the "Initiation" by Thomas a Kempis there is a mediæval flavor, but little, if any, sign of distinctive Roman Catholic theology; and as little of distinctive Anglican theology in the "Holy Living and Dying" of Jeremy Taylor. The greatest preacher of the last decade in this country was Phillips Brooks, and it was made a constant criticism of him, as it was his real glory, that one could not tell what was his theology. This was not because he was either timid or obscure, but because he was a teacher of religion, not of theology. Mr. Moody is also a great preacher, though of a widely different type; and though, doubtless, Mr. Moody's teaching is affected by his theology, he is not a teacher of theology, but a preacher of religion. His theology has to be deduced from his preaching; and if any one will take, as we have done, a volume of his sermons and attempt to deduce a comprehensive sys-

tem of theology cut of them, he will find it only less difficult than to deduce such a system from Phillips Brooks' sermons or from the discourses of Jesus Christ. And when he has finished his task, the theology will be largely his own, read into the sermons, not deduced from them, still less explicitly taught by them. Most ministers have to put their religious teachings into theological forms; but that is their weakness, not their strength. And the more religious and the less theological their preaching, the more it emphasizes the spirit and the less it emphasizes the intellectual form, the more nearly it approaches the incomparable ideal which the Master has afforded.

How to inspire religion without teaching theology is another question, and to answer it requires much study, and more meditation. But that such non-theological teaching of religion is possible is demonstrated alike by the example of the greatest preachers, by the whole stream of Christian hymnody, and by the example of the Great Preacher.

Enthusiasm and Fanaticism.

Have you ever stood on a high mountain peak looking down into valleys and seen the little rivulets twine their silvery network around mount and mead? Have you ever drunk in the beauty of peaks framed by eternal ice and virgin snow? If so, you remember that in such moment, involuntarily, unconsciously, you turned around to communicate with your neighbor, if neighbor there was, to share with him your ecstasy. Even if the neighbor was a stranger to you, on those heights, under the inspiration of that moment, all conventionalities fell away, and stranger became friend at once. You communicated and intercommunicated soul's impression with soul's impression. Art to-day has caught this thought. The impressionists urge the right of art to see things as they impress the artists to be. But there is truth even in these exaggerations. Truth, vital truth, needs impressionist's communication, needs impassioned utterance, craves for fellow-men. That, the prophet feels. He does not speak as a dogmatist, but as one who has learned and wishes to teach. He is one that is thankful for information and for correction. He knows that soul needs contact with soul, as iron needs contact with iron, to be changed into keen steel. He is not satisfied with this intellectual jugglery of catching balls as they rebound, an exercise which requires

merely skill and agility. He burns to teach and to learn because he knows that what he has seen is of vital importance to all humanity. Will you deny this latter proposition? The men with this proposition have made humanity. It is not the man with millions alone, it is not the man of intellectual power alone that lifts humanity upward. The millionaire is indebted to the poor thinker, and the intellectual giant is under obligations to the stupid enthusiast who goes about doing good to his fellow. What has made the strength of weak woman to face pestilence, to seek the battle-fields reeking with blood, sights from which woman would instinctively draw back? And this woman, as a mere frail woman, shrinks and draws back. But another influence urges, "go forward;" and its name is enthusiasm, its secret, love for fellow-man.

The true prophet loves mankind, and because he wishes mankind not to be yearning for flesh-pots of Egypt, but to be moving onward through hardships across the Jordan to the land of promise, he steps into the wilderness and asks that others follow him. Enthusiasm by our cynic friends is confounded with fanaticism. No one to-day wishes to be a fanatic. It seems to many of us that they lay themselves open to this impeachment if they use their influence to win preliminary, respectful hearing on the part of their own sons and daughters for their own views. Often we hear this piece of wisdom: The religious development of my children is their own care. I need not provide for the future. "*Après nous le deluge!*" Let the deluge come after us, is as pithy a statement of the fatal conceit as can well be imagined. "I have my own conviction; let them seek out their own also. I will not even bias them. As children I gave them birth, but when they grow up to manhood and womanhood, they may formulate their own philosophy of life; it is their own concern." Why does this man or woman so reason? Ah! they do not wish to bias their children. Unfortunately we began the execution of that wish too late; we have biased the child before it was born. Every father prejudices the child the moment he gives life to it, and so does the mother; this is the law of development. My child is *my* child, and ignorance, loud-mouthed,

alone will overlook this eternal decree of creation. We have prejudiced our children in their passions and in their possibilities. We have hampered them by giving them face and form. You cannot begin with each generation the race anew; history works in each generation born to-day. The whole past is concentrated in the new-born babe entering this world at this moment with a protest against the rude interference with its rights, not to be prejudiced, not to be biased and not to be limited. You have biased that child by giving it, in the act of birth, a family. You have biased that child by giving it a language; sometimes it is "English as she is spoke," but it is English in this country. You give that child one nationality; you have in this limited it. All this eighteenth century twaddle or philosophy, that the man is born and then dwarfed by prejudice into member of family, nation and religion, is mere fallacy. Those that repeat this error to-day have slept for one hundred years intellectually. Now we are biased before birth; you cannot get over the fact. But in the higher things, you do not wish to bias your children in matters of religion. *Our* religion has been the mainstay of our years, provided it was not merely an intellectual toy. In days of sorrow it has spoken to us; when temptation allured us, it has stayed us; but you will not bias your child preliminarily to accept your maxims of life. Is that doing your duty? What, now, in religion is the prejudice that you create? It is the prejudice for the good. This religion of ours would influence us for the good, for the right: not for a dogma: not for a creed, but for duty and doing the right. Shall we in the name of liberalism be afraid of being classed among the fanatics? You will not prejudice your children in that direction, but you prejudice them in every other direction. You prejudice them—I am treading on dangerous ground now—in favor of exclusive "clubs." Father belongs to the club, mother belongs to it, and the boy must belong to it, too. In that direction you prejudice him; but you will not prejudice him in favor of belonging to a religious society. Now, if I had the choice between these two, I for my part should influence him to join a congregation.

Fanaticism is naturally distinct from true enthusiasm. Fanaticism is not the attitude of intellectualism, but it shares with it the conviction that the truth that we have is truth final. The fanatic does not desire to be corrected; truth has been revealed to him, and he is above learning anew. The fanatic and the intellectual cynic are birds of one feather. The fanatic speaks, but it is in order to domineer over men. The intellectual cynic, too, wishes to domineer; thus the fanatic occupies with him one and the same level. And finally, the fanatic would usurp a prerogative of superior enlightenment. "Forbid them!" says Joshua. The fanatic, beyond the necessity to be taught, believing the truth as he has taught it is final, would arrest all progress. No unofficial prophecy would he brook!

Enthusiasm may be likened to the breath of spring that kisses away the cold; the zephyr that after the winter has passed wafts with gentle puff over field and river. At its pleading, the prison house in which are confined the energies of nature is burst open. Out runs in gladness and new life the little rivulet, which wakes the fields as it bubbles from stone to stone in its onward course; out bursts the little flower, when the snow coverlet has been lifted, smiling and laughing its dewy tears that at last the sun has come, and flirting and toying with the soft zephyr that brought it freedom. Fanaticism may be compared to the storm of the desert, the simoom. It does not bring life; sweeping the desert and burying the unfortunate ones that cross its path, it dooms them: the simoom, hot, and dry, and barren, without pity, but with anger! Where simoom passes there stalks in its wake death; where zephyr blows, life buds up anew. Cynic intellectual indifference is the winter time; everything congealed, wasted; everything doomed; daylight curtailed, night lengthened out; cold, shivering, idle. Choose, then, which shall blow: blasts of winter, zephyrs of spring, or breath of simoom. Choose, act!

E. G. H.

NOW IS the time through deeds to show that mortals
The calm sublimity of God can feel.

—Goethe.

JAPANESE children are taught to write with both hands.

Contributed and Selected

Evolution.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

Ah, dear old church, and art thou truly doomed?
And is the Master, God-Incarnate, too,
To fade from out our life? Can it be true
What he to-night did say? The future loomed
So grand, but, Son of God, Thou wast away,
And all my heart was sad and sorely pressed
With grief while he so earnestly confessed
His love for God and man with deep display
Of feeling. No, 'twas not that man ascends
'Gainst which I strove; 'tis that our God must yield
To theory, nor yet remain revealed
Incarnate in the Christ. But love transcends
All poets' dreams or preachers' hopes, and so
I'll wait in peace; God soon will let me know.

II.

Whence then the soul, the spirit, the divine,
In man? Are they too sprung from primal ooze
On ocean's brink? And must we, forsooth, choose
For parents variant likes and draw the line
Against unlikes, and, speculating still,
Give our rash sense for order and for law
Of all God's world? What man indeed e'er saw
The building of the deeps? And whose the will
With love that fashioned all? What preacher, pray,
Has counseled with the Universe's Lord
And heard, " 'Twas thus and thus," and brought us word
Straight from God's lips? Despite what men may say,
The final judgment only will be given
When God and man stand face to face in Heaven.
E. J. V. Huiginn, in the Monson Mirror.

TWO SONNETS.

[In reply to Rev. E. J. V. Huiginn.]

I.

And is the church then "doomed" when larger light
Comes to the world from out God's loving heart?
I see it grow, and play a larger part
In human life, grown gladder at the sight!

And is God less "incarnate" when the bright

Sweet glory of the blessed Nazarene
Spreads till mankind the Son of God is seen

Each, from the lowest, climbing toward the height.

Our God incarnate in the Christ remains;

But shall our Father limit to one stream

The life and truth and grace which from Him flow?

I see His light o'er all earth's hills and plains;

For Evolution is God's day, whose gleam

From twilight darkness to midday shall glow!

II.

"Whence then the soul?" The soul is all the way,—

God in the fire-mist and the ocean slime

Upon the shores of prehistoric time,
Guiding the climbing life no power could slay

Because the giant forces must obey
His present working. Till, when strikes the hour,

The life divine in mankind comes to flower,

And bended knees confess religion's sway.

How know we this? 'Tis God's own hand hath writ

The record of His working age by age,

And we, with reverent lips, the record read.

Shall guesses of earth's ignorant childhood sit

In judgment on God's own rock-written page?

Let man mistake, but God is truth indeed!

M. J. Savage, in the Ware River News.

The St. Louis Working Girls' Free Library Association.

"Believing in the common sisterhood of all women, and that the unfortunate are entitled to the sympathy and service of the fortunate, this institution is established for the benefit of the young breadwinners of this city, especially for girls in factories whose social and educational advantages are small." So runs the opening sentence of its first printed report.

The idea of such an institution, originated in a circumstance so small, it is hardly worthy of recording except that it led to a greater. Carrying a basket of sweet, fresh flowers from a railway station to a church in a fashionable part of the city, the writer passed a great bagging mill just as the girls came trooping out after the day's work was

over. They looked with longing eyes at her flowers. A group of them scurried up a side street and waylaid her with a mild "hold up." "Will you give us some flowers, please?" they asked eagerly. It did not require much time to conclude that the church decoration would go on just as well without the flowers. These girls would certainly appreciate them more than children who have them often. Besides, are we not ever giving to "him who hath." Looking into the earnest brown eyes, and blue, of those large Bohemian girls, and giving each a cluster of the fragrant blossoms, the thought fell like a benediction: Why not look into those eyes often and establish closer relation with them; be a "sister" with our orlers? They are, or were, so little known and know so little. This seemed Sunday school work without Sunday school limitations. These foreign girls had their own religious convictions and practices and did not need the writer's. But they did need kind instruction *It should be given.* But how? Having neither time, money nor talent to speak of, it seemed impossible to realize the idea. But the seed-thought germinated for a year, then grew. In 1886 the Board of Public Schools granted permission that one room in the Clinton School be used for a free evening school for girls employed during the day. The girls from one factory were invited. Thirty-four came the first night. They were not ideal girls, but were very real, and very earnest.

A course of study in a lecture form had been adopted as best suited to the needs of those who were so weary that the wonder was that they came at all. A bare minimum of them attend the public evening schools, four or five in a room full of sixty boys. One evening in each week, Monday, was devoted to lecture; health, dress, good deportment, food, books, etc., were discussed. Wednesdays, lessons in reading, spelling, practice with numbers in United States money, writing letters, geography and history combined, etc. On Friday nights sewing simple garments; and darning and mending were taught, with friendly suggestions as to mending and wearing whole clothes, etc., also, as to comfortable, durable garments.

A few books carried the first night became the nucleus of the first free library in St. Louis. Several large libraries there were with small fees, and several collections free, but with limitations as to membership. No unconditional offer of library privileges, that I know of, existed previously.

A small fund of a thousand dollars was furnished at the end of three years by ten benevolent gentlemen, by which it was possible to hire a house. Trusting to future assistance the present accommodations were secured at 1510 Lafayette avenue. During the entire seven years there

have been three regular meetings each week from October to May, besides each Sunday, for distribution of books, and frequent summer meetings, varying numbers from ten to one hundred, the limit of accommodation, attending. Four thousand assemblies of young women, with always one or more leaders and teachers present, have occurred.

All idea of charity was carefully eliminated. These girls seemed entitled to all the opportunities offered without fee or special thanks. The institution was never called a "charity," though conducted by unpaid teachers. No salaries have ever been given except to a resident librarian, and that only a small sum.

Considering the monotony and routine which attends life passed between the factory and the tenement, and which partly explains some of the excesses shown by statistics (See Carroll D. Wright in the Report of the Labor Bureau for 1888), it was determined to throw into these lives as much of wholesome pleasure as possible, and perhaps thereby raise the standard of what constitutes pleasure. Frequent social meetings were held, games of various sorts introduced. A piano was secured, which has furnished unflinching pleasure; a monthly concert determined upon, kept up now nearly five years, with seventy-five or one hundred each meeting, giving a total of near ten thousand listeners in all. Such programs were provided on these occasions as would be offered to cultured friends in one's own home. Frequent outings to the country were afforded in the summer, the railroads giving transportation when asked. These delightful trips occur chiefly on Sunday, and at some risk of censure to the manager, but she believes that—

"The groves were God's first temples," and the days seem hallowed to holy and noble ends if,

"Through lowly grass and lofty trees,
Through trembling leaf and balmy breeze,"

these toilers are brought nearer to Nature's heart. Lawn parties are also arranged at the country homes of friends. A regular distribution of flowers forms a part of the Sunday exercise during their season, when possible. Here friends aid by furnishing flowers.

In a word, the place is meant to be a center from which radiate good influences. The library has rather grown in excellence than in size, though it now contains more than two thousand carefully selected books of standard fiction and the best new books of American and English authors. It undertakes the two-fold aim of creating correct taste in reading, then furnishing the books. Too much cannot be said in favor of a popular free library; through it a'1 may obtain a liberal education. It is earnestly hoped that this one may be so extended as to include the factory boys and apprentices.

This institution, with its lectures, classes, concerts, and industrial branches, should be permanently located in the midst of the tenement region, and should be established in suitable quarters, with its advantages extended to a larger number than can now attend.

An annual report has been sent out from year to year setting forth the aims and methods adopted here,— which has probably helped other workers in similar lines, for numerous clubs, etc., have sprung into existence for similar purposes.

The endowment so much needed for executing plans already thought out has not yet come. But it surely will. The present writer, the manager, has been sadly hindered, but not handicapped, by lack of time to do the work that awaits the coming of willing hands. Teaching in the public schools constantly does not allow much time of strength for perfecting this work, and the increasing affairs and the importance of the work demand a larger outlay of money than there is at hand.

The resources are furnished mainly by private contributions. The proprietors of the large factories all endorse the institution and contribute generously. In this respect great progress has been made within a few years. One proprietor, an old gentleman now dead, decaed in 1885 he would not allow a visitor to go through his mills. The recent United States inspector had created a commotion, the girls were easily alarmed. The great army of them came from he knew not where, and went he knew not whither, nor could he concern himself about them. They did their work, he raised no questions. The plan proposed he thought a good one, if it were possible to get them together, but he had no idea it could be done.

This work is eminently one of personal service in behalf of girls in factories. During seven years of such service many noble traits have been discovered and encouraged. Many brave girls have needed a helping hand who would scorn charity.

A constant correspondence with these girls in the mills opens the way to much friendly service to the families of the self-respecting poor. Homes have been found for little children left motherless; brave girls have been encouraged through great trials; work obtained for many; good positions are readily obtained for girls belonging here. One proprietor writes: "The girls who attend your school are the very best in our factory." This, it is hoped, will be the result of the instruction given for faithfulness in work. Intelligence in all things, kind, peaceable manners, and the practice of the Golden Rule are elements needed in character building.

Alas, how many ills that afflict us to-day would be remedied if thrift, economy, intelligence, industry and modesty dwelt in every workingman's

home. The culture and happiness of any home is never in advance of that of the woman at its head; as she is, so will her family be. Incalculable influences for good emanate from one good woman. If young women understood the simple and beautiful art of breadmaking and homekeeping, how greatly would the sum of human happiness be increased in every grade of society, and human misery lessened in the same degree. To this end a class has been started here to cultivate a taste for proficiency in domestic work, and great enthusiasm prevails within it. Of this branch Mrs. Stone will speak. A great effort has ever been made to convey to each girl some adequate idea of her own value to herself and to the community, that she may let no circumstance cheapen her own opinion of herself, but may ever maintain her self-respect. There is a club among the girls called the "Good Will." As the name indicates, disinterested good will and courtesy are inculcated. It is royally right to do an unreturning good at all times. Those who express gratitude for benefits received are urged to pass along the favor to the first one needing it, "as bread at a sacrament." Thus each girl goes forth, in greater or less degree, a missionary. For a more detailed account of this work reference may be made to the sixth annual report, which will be mailed free to any address on application.

Mrs. LUCY A. WIGGIN.
2021 Forest Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

A Liberal Congregationalist.

As coming from an "Orthodox" Congregational pulpit, the following extracts from a sermon of Rev. G. H. Marsh, of Cumberland, Wis., are especially worthy of notice. For this sermon Mr. Marsh took the broad text: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." (John x. 16.):

I don't want to know what you believe concerning total depravity, the destiny of the finally impenitent, baptism, the nature of the atonement, the eternal decrees, the origin of evil, or where Melchizedek came from.

'This is a practical world. I have no time to split hairs. I believe in God. I believe in Jesus of Nazareth. I believe that Christ, the incarnate deity, is the world's only hope. Propagate the teachings of Christ and there is not a wound that will remain unhealed.

Gladstone's memorable words will bear repetition. "Talk about the questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the gospel. It can and will rectify everything that needs rectifying. My only hope for man's redemption is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation." This is what the church is for, this is our mission. Although divided organically, I love to think of the church as a vast army, which indeed it is. In the armies of earth

there is a great diversity, and yet there is unity. There are divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies; and these are made up of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, while these again are subdivided into various parts. Each part is essential to the whole, and each is doing its special work, while the whole is under the control of the general. In the same way

Like a mighty army moves the church of God;

Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;

We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and mission, one in charity.

Each denomination is doing a special work, and is prominently bringing to the front certain portions of the truth. No one church has all the truth, and I would be sorry to see the world left for one single sect to evangelize. If one church should get a monopoly in religion, it would be a one-sided affair. But we may have unity in diversity.

* * *

Oh, for the spirit of toleration and Christian charity! These graces may exist in every regenerate soul. They are not incompatible with loyalty to Christ and divine teaching. But, you say, if I believe as you believe am I not in danger of becoming too broad and liberal in my views? No, not while you take Christ, "the out and out liberal," as your example. While I believe with all my heart, as I do, in human depravity, the punishment of sin, the necessity of a Christ life on earth, Calvary and the glorious constellations of truth that cluster around the cross, I shall not go wrong theologically. The tragedy on Calvary is the central event of history. The pivot on which swings the destiny of man. The point where the thousand and one radiating lines of prophecy meet. Charity and liberality do not clash with the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, but bigotry and narrowness do.

* * *

This morning's text is a standing rebuke to that abominable sin of bigotry, which is the pest of the churches.

God is not eternally allied to any one particular sect or denomination. God is everywhere where the truth is proclaimed, and the truth is found whenever you search for it.

Seize upon truth wherever found,
On Christian or on Heathen ground,—
Among your friends, among your foes;
The plant's divine where'er it grows.

Truth is immortal, and all the truth of every age and every clime, together with all who have loved the savior from every sect and denomination, shall be built up into a magnificent structure which shall redound to the glory of God, and be the glory and admiration of all the ages. This is the church of Christ, the foundation of which was laid before the foundation of the world. Oh! what a glorious company. All

the great and good who have lived since the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy will be there. Every shade of religious belief will be there. All the true and Christ-like of every denomination will then have lost their denominational views, and Christ will be the name upon every tongue and the idol of every heart.

The Chicago Branch of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference.

On February 1, 1894, at the Third Church, was held the second regular meeting of the Chicago branch of the W. W. U. C. Other duties having claimed Mrs. Dow, Mrs. West presided, and there were seventy-two members present.

After luncheon the meeting was called to order, and the minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. The subject for the afternoon's consideration was, "Religions: the Essentials and the Accessories." Miss M. L. Dunning, in a short paper, told us of "Brahmanism and Buddhism." Mrs. H. G. Solomon being too ill to be present, her interesting paper on "Judaism" was read by Mrs. Perkins, while Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Moline, changing a little the title, gave us a thought-inspiring and very beautiful essay on "Some Tendencies in the Modern Religious Life." Miss Lord opened the discussion, followed by Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. M. T. Bowen (a guest from Minneapolis), Mrs. Mangasarian, and others. We were fortunate in having with us Rev. Helen G. Putnam, who carries the gospel of Love and Cheerfulness through Dakota, and she gave us an affecting account of her work among the scattered families of that region. The afternoon was one to be remembered by those present, who must have felt anew that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion.

BETHIA C. REED, Sec'y.

OF one of the most radical and liberal preachers of to-day, but one whose sermons in one respect resemble those of the old regime, a lady in his congregation recently said that his sermons were as long as they were broad.

GRANDMA—"Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?" Bobby—"Oh! I'm just putting a few things away, Gran'ma."—*Tit-Bits.*

TODDLES—"Papa, what's the reason that when I drop my ball it falls down and if I drop my balloon it falls up?"—*Harper's Young People.*

THE Catalogue for 1894 issued by Mr. John Lewis Childs, Seedsman and Florist, of Floral Park, N. Y., consists of about 200 pages, and is in the form of three distinct catalogues bound together, one representing Seeds, another Bulbs and Plants, and the third Nursery Stock. Its stipple lithograph cover and numerous colored plates are radiantly handsome. Each one of the thousand or more cuts is new and of a unique design. All the reading matter has also been rewritten so that the entire contents of this large Book-Catalogue, cuts, reading matter, designs and make-up is entirely new. The paper used is of a fine finish and the press-work is done in exquisite bronze violet and brown colors. It is the most charming Horticultural work ever issued.

The Study Table

The Life of Robert Rodolph Suffield.*

This is an intensely interesting account of the life of Mr. Suffield and of his labors, first as a Dominican missionary, then of his secession from Rome and his labors for many years as a Unitarian minister in different parts of England.

His father's family had once been Catholic—but his father called himself a liberal philosopher and his mother was a Protestant. At Cambridge he says he "was in constant intercourse with the Tractarians and Ecclesiologists, *sharing all their sympathies*," and urged to take Anglican orders. He left the University about Easter, 1843. In 1846 he became a communicant in the Roman Catholic Church. At first he thought "his happiness was perfect," save that he had "to pay the penalty of having been polluted with every kind of infidel thought and teaching." In 1850 he became a priest. For ten years he was a secular priest, and for another ten a Dominican. His chosen work was that of missions and retreats.

His power as a preacher was very great, and no Dominican missionary of that time exerted so wide an influence. His life was most austere, and his self-denial far beyond that required by his vows. For two or three years before the question of Papal infallibility began to be mooted he was troubled with doubts, which he resisted most strenuously. He writes: "Many a long evening have I sat in my garden at Bosworth, when a nightingale's song was the only voice to be heard, and prayed that I might die ere the illusion I had lived in and devoted my life to had utterly passed away." In his trouble of soul he wrote to Dr. Martineau, and the Doctor visited him. In due course of time he left the church, and was settled over a Unitarian society. But he felt no bitterness toward those he had left, and was wont to speak of his Catholic friends and superiors with the warmest praise to the end of his life. The whole account of his conversion to Rome, and of his secession, is fascinating in interest. The story is briefly told, and we cannot but wish he had himself written more at length of his life as a Dominican, and even given us a full autobiography. H. T. G.

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Biographical Sketches of American Authors born previous to 1826. By Francis H. Underwood. First Series. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1893. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 302. \$1.50.

As the title indicates, this is rather biographical and bibliographical than critical; and save in the historical introduction, of forty pages, and the addenda, of sixteen pages, "upon

*London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

some mostly forgotten poets," it contains no specimens of style. Much of the matter here given has previously appeared in the author's *Hand-Book of English Literature*, but some judgments have been revised and some names added. The notices average perhaps three pages. The author is to be commended for his modesty; he shows no undue certainty as to the finality of his judgments. On the contrary, he seems to take popular approval as his chief guide, and to be rather ill at ease where that awful potentate, Public Opinion, has not yet spoken decidedly. It is difficult not to take one who so plainly displays this spirit at his own estimate, and distrust his critical acumen; yet it should be said in justice to the author that many of his notices, brief as they are, show superior power of discrimination. Nevertheless we must confess that on the whole the book is unsatisfactory to us. We realize how difficult, if not impossible, it is to make a book of this size satisfactory; but why make books of this size?

In conclusion, it must be said that the book is far from a thing of beauty, and that its proof-reading is not what it should be. The slips on pages 25 and 39 lead one to fear that the dates, names, and titles which form so large a part of the body of the book may not be very reliable.

F. W. S.

RACHEL STANWOOD. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 441. \$1.25.

This is a pleasing story of old anti-slavery days; the scene laid in New York, about ten years before the civil war. It will serve to give the young people, and it is to them it is especially adapted, a good idea of the time when the fugitive slave law was being enforced in the North. It is a love story of the better kind; and, as the young people will have them, it is better that they be given such as this, than many with which the press teems. They will enjoy it, and it will do them good. Many of their elders also will be pleased with it. H. T. G.

The Magazines.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY (Ginn & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago) for 1894 will be especially strong in subjects of *sociological* interest, both theoretical and practical. Prof. Franklin H. Giddings will deal with the former side, while on the latter will appear, among others, an elaborate historical sketch of "The Camorra, Mafia and Brigandage in Italy," by Signor I. Merlino, and a scientific study of "Indian Villages," by Prof. W. J. Ashley, of Harvard. In the field of *economics and finance* the volume will contain a study of "American Railway Statistics," by Prof. H. C. Adams, statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission; a comprehensive and

critical survey of "British Local Finance," by Mr. G. H. Blunden, of the Imperial Tax Office, London, and articles dealing with "The Operation of the Interstate Commerce Law," "Government Aid to Telegraphs," and "Municipal Monopolies." On the side of *public law*, Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, of Brown University, has prepared a careful historical account of "The Standing Committee System in American Legislative Bodies," and Prof. Vautier, of Brussels, will present his review of the now completed "Constitutional Revision in Belgium." In the *history of political science*, the work of John Austin and Sir H. S. Maine will be critically reviewed by Profs. Dewey and Bastable respectively.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for Feb. 3, contains an interesting and somewhat valuable discussion of a working hypothesis for psychic phenomena, a candid review by Mr. Walter Howell of Mr. Thomson Jay Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena."

THE Woman's Journal for January 27th contains a full and interesting account of the arguments for woman suffrage before the Massachusetts Legislature. All were good, and several, noticeably those of Mrs. E. D. Cheney and Miss Blackwell, were particularly well put.

Five Famous Etchings.

The Passenger Department of the New York Central has just issued a series of five beautiful etchings, which artistically outrank anything of the kind ever issued by any railroad company, while the absence of any advertising feature renders them suitable for hanging in your office, library, or home.

A brief description of each, with a glance at their titles, is all that is necessary to obtain a fair idea of the pictures.

No. 1 is "Washington Bridge," which spans the Harlem River at 181st street—one of the finest bridges in the world, and a marvel of engineering. In the distance is Highbridge, the Croton Viaduct. In the foreground a characteristic river scene, that will be recognized by any one at all familiar with the locality.

No. 2—"Rock of Ages, Niagara Falls," from a photograph by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A view that has been admired by every one who has seen it. The soft tones in which it is printed add greatly to the effect of the falling waters and spray.

No. 3—"Old Spring at West Point," also from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A romantic scene, recalling memories of summer days at the famous military academy.

No. 4—"999 and the De Witt Clinton." The famous Empire State Express Engine "999," which occasioned such widespread comment at the World's Fair, occupies the top half of the card, and below appears the old "De Witt Clinton," affording a truly remarkable example of the progress of railway science in the past fifty years.

No. 5—"Rounding The Nose, Mohawk Valley." One of the handsomest railroad pictures ever made. The scene is just below Little Falls.

These etchings are all printed on fine plate paper, 24x32 inches, suitable for framing. Copies of either of them can be procured at the office of W. B. Jerome, 97 Clark street, Chicago, for fifty cents, or will be mailed in a stiff tube, secure from injury, to any address postpaid, for seventy-five cents, in currency, stamps, express or postal money order, upon application to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Valuable but Not Costly.

It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All Grocers and Druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

Church-Door Pulpit

"As Natural as Life."*

BY THE REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

An elderly lady, whose life has been richly filled with beneficence, and whose spirit seems to be in joyous touch with everything true and beautiful and good, tells me that in her childhood she stood by her mother's knee and recited lessons from a catechism written by Dr. Channing. One question ran like this: "When I walk abroad, what do I see?" The answer was: "I see the blue sky, the bright sun, the grass waving in the breeze, the beautiful flowers and the singing birds." Then came the question, "Who made all those lovely and wonderful things?" The object was to direct the mind "through nature up to nature's God." Thus all common things were associated with the great and good and wise Author. The child was made aware of the spiritual order by means of the pleasant impressions made on the senses, just as the same child must have learned what love is through feeling the clasp of warm arms and seeing the smile of a kind face. And my friend remembers, at seventy, that as she stood by her mother, on a spring day, reciting this delightful lesson, "the roses were blooming under the window, the dandelions looked up from the grass, the purple martins warbled among the trees, and the catechism itself seemed to be a part of all the loveliness of the world." So her religious feelings opened like the flowers, and glad reverence for the Eternal was as spontaneous as affection for her mother. Faith, hope and love were not forced or artificial sentiments; they sung themselves to her young life just as the birds sang among the trees. It all seemed as natural as life. The receptive heart of the child was penetrated by a feeling far beyond anything in the catechism—a power too deep for words, too deep for thought; the feeling, the power and the "presence" which Word-worth tries to body forth in his poem on Tintern Abbey:

"A sense sublimè
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean, and the living
air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man,—
A motion and a spirit that impels
All living things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things."

It pleased me to learn that Samuel Longfellow was taught in his childhood from the same little book; and I remembered what Channing himself once said about his boyhood's walk on the shore of Narragansett Bay, where,

*A sermon, preached in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, Oct. 29, 1893.

"in reverential sympathy with the power around him, he became conscious of the power within." Why not? Is it not all one power? And there was something in the tone of the story which brought to mind the Galilean teacher who taught men to know the Heavenly Father by considering the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air. Perhaps Christianity has its strongest hold upon us in this very thing, that it does not draw any sharp dividing line between natural and supernatural, or physical and spiritual, but brings together heaven and earth, God and man, so that our common experiences shade off imperceptibly into the infinite mysteries, and the things seen and temporal blend with things unseen and eternal. And thus religion is *as natural as life*. What room is there for a non-natural religion?

But not all the catechisms have been so sweetly reasonable. Many of us came to our early thoughts and feelings about religious matters by no such loving and lovely approach. An impression was made upon us that the good life was very difficult and non-natural; that it was quite foreign to our interest in this world; that the world itself was evil and dangerous; that we were far away from God, and were somehow very much to blame for it. So there grew up in our minds a sad theory of a dislocated universe—a universe which was *not* a unity, a universe in which nature was profane, and man was alienated from his Maker. It looked as if life could only be interesting by being wicked.

I think the children were made to bear the iniquities of the older people by being obliged to look at everything through the obscuring haze of grown-up dogmatism. The conscious imperfection of all generations, which should have been a spur to progress, has been construed as a discouragement, and has descended like a deepening shadow on mankind. Certainly nothing sits so heavily upon us to keep us down as to be told at the very beginning of our life that we are fallen beings, disabled for all good, and inclined to all evil, with faculties untrustworthy and with all our proper relations disordered and disrupted. The doctrine of total depravity in its old form has indeed disappeared; but the blighting shadow of natural sinfulness still hangs over us; and I fear that very few children are taught from the start that they are the children and heirs of God.

Yet at this very point we can see the main difference between the old and new theologies. The Unitarians of Channing's time and earlier did not separate from Orthodoxy so much on account of their disbelief of the Three Persons in One God as because they had come to another theory about man. There had grown up in the New England churches a class of people who were tired of trying to

pretending that they deserved endless damnation, tired of calling themselves miserable sinners. In dropping out of their minds the stern old dogmas of the fall, election, reprobation and a bloody propitiation for sin, they made room for a more rational and cheerful faith in the fatherly character of God, the loving brotherliness of Jesus, and the native dignity of man. And as the gloomy clouds lifted, the light shone more clearly for all the sects over the whole field of thought and reality, nature's loveliness was unveiled, God and man seemed nearer to each other, and death ceased to be looked upon as a curse or as a calamity. The pressure of a thousand atmospheres was taken from the children of many families; Sunday became a day of good cheer; they were no longer terrified at the name of God; they could play without dreading his frown; and those who were wisely instructed could see His smile in the light of day and trust His love in the soothing darkness of the night.

But as Lessing said in Germany a hundred years ago, "This is not an enlightened age; it is an age *becoming* enlightened." We have yet to clear our minds of a deal of fog; we have yet to open our eyes to the riches and glory of our inheritance, and to the immeasurable privilege of existence.

There ought to be, and therefore there must be, a way of taking our place and our part in this universe which would put us in harmony with all its facts and forces and laws,—in harmony with each other and with the whole order of things. Then we should realize the perfect will of the Creator and our own highest happiness.

How shall we come at this better way? Does it need any change in the order of the world? Or must there be a change in ourselves? Here is the answer of St. Paul: In order to realize the perfect will of God, "be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." We must have an inward invigoration, a mental and moral unfolding, the development in ourselves of a deeper life, with higher principles and larger powers; we must let the divine powers have their way with us; in short, we must *grow*. We must advance in clearness and largeness of intelligence, in purity and nobleness of feeling, in steadiness and power of will: our proper nature must unfold into the image of God.

But one thing is better known in our time than it could be in the time of St. Paul: This growth of mind and heart and will is greatly helped by our coming into active and orderly relations with nature and with humanity. The forces of spiritual vitality are circulating forces: they are transmissible forces; they come to us through the media of heredity and environment. Our heredity includes all the past history of the race and its accumulated gains; our environment includes all our relationships

with the world of nature and of man. God gives himself to us, not only by the direct influence of His spirit, but through the thousand channels opened by knowledge, affection and action. The transforming of our being and the renewing of our minds goes on by the help of the outward world; and we vibrate to the touch of human sympathies and to the throbbing of souls and stars. And this is the lesson of this morning: The more fully and vitally we are related to the rest of creation,—to nature and to humanity,—the more rich and complete will be our life. And we must turn our attention this way.

Religion is defined as the tie or bond which holds man to his Maker; but if he is held to his Maker through all these appointed relations, then religion includes every tie which binds him to the world of matter and of mind. What we call the physical is, therefore, a part or expression of the spiritual order, and the whole system of things, seen and unseen, is a unity and a harmony of which each one of us is meant to be an honorable part. Religion is, therefore, a feeling of this unity, a sense of this harmony, a glad acceptance of our place and our part in the whole. And *sin is separation*, a breach of the unities. The branch withers, if divided from the vine; no organ is sound, unless it shares the life of the body; no body is sound, unless it shares the life of nature; and nature, I think, is in good running order only because it is full of that wisdom, power, and goodness which we call God.

Let us go back for a moment to the little girl in the rural home, with her mother and the catechism, with the flowers and the birds. The book alone would not have done much for her, nor is it likely that the beauty of the world would have made such a deep and tender appeal, if there had been no atmosphere of human love. Nor would the human love alone give the great interpretation. All these factors wrought together, under the prompting of the unseen Spirit, to open the mind and heart of the child with transforming and renewing power. And is there any day of any life from which any one of these gracious helps is wholly absent? We may be dull, inert, unresponsive, torpid; but the sky bends above, human companionship is around, the word of truth is spoken in our ears or stored in our memory, and ever there is a still, small voice whispering of things unseen, and bidding us "be transformed by the renewing of our minds." Our noblest moods and deepest experiences, of joy or sorrow, seem to draw us, as with living cords, into universal sympathies and fellowships. How can we ever be alone and unrelated? The lesson of Channing's catechism comes simply to this: Accept the world as a whole; accept it as God's world and yours; and then you will be free to let your

own life expand and enrich itself by taking possession of the particulars as fast as you are able.

This simple openness of mind and heart—this trusting, responsive, receptive attitude of the unspoiled child—holds in itself the secret of scholarship, the highest philosophy, and the wisdom of the angels. There is no other door into the kingdom, no other way into the spiritual order. It is the ground principle of honesty, or moral and intellectual rectitude, to let every fact of the world impress us at its full value; as it is also the part of self-respect and self-justice to meet all realities as if we ourselves were as real as any of them. At the heart's core of it all is a deep, instinctive faith in the universal order and the Power which is above all, through all, and in all. To submit our whole being to that Power in fearless, child-like confidence, at every stage of our history, is to be continuously transformed and renewed, re-created and born again.

One lesson we are ever learning—the lesson of unity in variety and variety in unity. Think how many features come together to make a face or a landscape, and what an assortment of objects we look upon whenever we open our eyes! The rocks are not like the streams; the forests are not like the fields; the hills are not like the plains; the birds are not like the flowers; the sky is not like the sea; the stars are not like the clouds; the night is not like the day.

Yet they all harmonize; they make up well into a composite whole; they belong to a large system; we could not spare one line or tint, one light or shadow. Every aspect of nature affects us in a way of its own; yet all aspects unite in a common impression, like the unlike words that make a sentence, or the consonant and vowel sounds that make a word. This silent and sublime symphony of creation is performed by a vast orchestra; each instrument supports every other; each separate note contributes to the completeness, and is both lost and found in the universal harmony. One breath sweeps through every pipe; one hand touches every key and string. And we are present at the mighty concert, and are a part of it.

Look a little closer, and you find unities within unities, and varieties within varieties. Study the rocks, their stratification, texture, and history, and your thoughts expand into the almost boundless fields of geology and mineralogy. Study the plants and their classification, with the processes of germination, growth, reproduction and decay, or the wonderful way in which they are fed from the mineral world that they may feed the animal world, and you will long to give a hundred years to the pursuit of botany alone. Study the forms and habits of the living creatures that fly or walk or crawl or swim, and you plunge into the exhaustless sciences of ornithology, zoology, ich-

thyology, entomology, comparative anatomy, and biological evolution. Or, if you look aloft, astronomy will take you quite off your feet, and every star will open for you a door into the infinite. But whether you look up through the telescope or down through the microscope, you find yourself exploring the same universe, finding everywhere one house with many mansions or apartments.

There are two ways of getting into intelligent relations with this universe in which we live. The senses of the scientific man are like doors opening outward, through which his mind goes forth to take possession of the world by observation and thought. But the senses of the poet, or the intuitionist, are like doors opening inward, through which the world enters to take possession of his mind. Both may be equally studious; but they come at facts and conclusions by different processes. One gets his pictures by the diligent use of eye and hand, so to speak; the other passively receives impressions, like the sensitive plate of the photographer. Neither of these men finds it easy to understand the other; and they belong to different schools of thought and feeling. In style and expression, they differ like mathematics and music; yet there is a point of view from which music is seen to rest on mathematics, or measurement; and to all-sided men, like Pythagoras, Plato or Goethe, the ordered movement of the stars is not unlike the ordered movement of an oratorio. Thus among all the varieties of mental method there is an underlying unity.

If we confine our attention to the human world, we shall find ourselves engaged in the same double-dealing; we shall find everywhere the variety, everywhere the unity. The homely proverb, "It takes all sorts to make a world," expresses the same truth with the apostolic saying, "We being many, are one." And everything we learn of nature outside of man seems like a parable, intended to illustrate and interpret man to himself. As in nature, every individual object or aspect comes in for a share in the greatness of all, and all facts are related as parts of the larger whole, so it must be with our individual human lives: each has a sanctity of its own, yet each is bound up and blended with all the rest. The democracy of humanity is the kingdom of God; but the King forever insists that it shall be a democracy, for it is His good pleasure to give the kingdom and the sovereignty to the least of these His children, that we may all reign together while we serve each other, and all serve while we reign.

What! shall we see the sun in every ray, and the earth in every grain of sand, and yet not see the divine light in every mind, and the divine love in every life, however obscured? The great world-forces—gravity, chemistry and electricity—

are as busy in the grime and foulness as they are in the crystal and the whiteness of the lily; and why do we doubt that the spiritual forces are as busy in lives depressed by misfortune, or darkened by ignorance, or besotted by sin, as in the enlightenment of sages or the inspiration of saints? For the unity is unbroken; upward or downward, the scale is continuous. The one life is in the lowest forms as well as the highest; the one love fills the hells as well as the heavens. There is indeed a nobler kind of music,

"But in the mud and scum of things,
There always, always something sings."

We must make room in our minds, in our tastes, in our sympathies, in our religion, and in our lives, for all we can learn, both of nature and of humanity. We must multiply points of contact—thoughtful and loving contact—with these large, rich regions of God's creation. We ought to know that we live in them as truly as we live in our houses. When we realize this, perhaps we shall be more concerned to brighten and beautify our surroundings, to put away physical and social disorder and ugliness, to cheer the lives of our daily companions, and to uplift mankind to the levels of truth, justice and good will.

I do not think that the churches have ever realized the spiritual value of natural knowledge, of physical science, of good literature, and of intellectual culture. Every fact is a doorway into the temple of truth. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." He is not to be put off with the meeting-houses and the Sundays, the hymns and the prayers. He will have also the homes and streets, the schools and courts, the markets and theaters, the railways and ships, the arts and sciences. All of these must be dedicated to Him by being devoted to human uses, to the welfare of his children. Whatever degrades humanity, whatever hurts the least of these, let it be accursed!

Religion will never grow robust and masterful unless it is nourished with a stronger diet. Piety remains puny when it is fed exclusively on emotional mush, and faith is feeble if it be not exercised in the open air of fact. Religion would appear to better advantage if it were to show itself in everyday clothes, in the common world, where men eat and drink, work and rest, buy and sell, read newspapers and watch the public games, talk politics and hold elections, succeed and fail, sin and suffer. In this wide and busy world of affairs, men do not hesitate to speak their minds and to act out all their innocent and lawful impulses, nor do they always hesitate to follow impulses that are neither innocent nor lawful.

Out of all this varied experience of good and evil, probably most of us win a certain kind of wisdom. In this practical school we acquire the greater part, and perhaps the most valuable part, of what we know, or

think we know; and our theory of life and of the world is built of this experience-stuff, which comes nearer to nature, far more than of what we read in books or hear in churches.

And here comes in the difficulty and defect of the work of the preachers. We do not trust the child-heart in our hearers; we do not appeal directly to the original instincts of the soul: we speak of religion as if it were something foreign and imported, something which is not as natural as life, because a part of life and the very inmost part, but as something which must be inserted, or forced upon man from without. We have made spiritual instruction too much like those arbitrary and non-natural catechisms, which children swallowed with wry faces, taking them as medicine and not as food. It fails to connect itself with the actual experiences of men and women in the life they are obliged to live every day of the week. It points to a heaven that does not touch the earth, and to a God who does not dwell with men.

It is not chiefly by goody-goody talk of morals or of religion that the higher life of men is nourished and strengthened; it is by helping them to see and feel their relations to the large and beautiful order of nature and humanity, and to see in that order the kingdom of God. It is by clearing their vision and expanding their sympathy; by opening to them the reality and wonder of the world they already inhabit; by showing them that the inward and the outward are two sides of one great fact.

If a preacher might covet any gift of the Spirit, it should be the power to present to all men the way of life, so that it would seem like that shining ladder which Jacob saw in his dream, the foot of which rested on the earth, while the top of it reached to heaven—God's perpetual invitation to climb from where we are to where He means we shall be! Then our lowly starting place, the common earth, will be holy ground, and, like Jacob, we shall exclaim: "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"

Correspondence

J. Vila Blake on Manual Training.

EDITOR UNITY: Sometimes one gets a book, looks at its title and author's name, lays it by for future reading, and it is unread for years, when one finds it a treasure neglected but not lost, for gold does not decay.

Years ago some one (probably Kerr & Co., the publishers) sent me a booklet of eighty pages, "Manual Teaching in Schools—by J. V. Blake." It slipped out of sight until lately, and I find it a work rich in suggestive thought, a rare combination of the ideal and the real, of insight in regard to a whole and harmonious education and of practical training in daily work.

Manual teaching is considered in

crisp chapters, which show its economy, dignity, moral effect, health, and bearing on general culture, invention and production, and its use for girls as well as boys. On these and like topics suggestive facts emphasize fine statements.

Here is one of the chapters—poetic intuition and sagacious common sense rarely combined:

That both General and Special Education are useful: that one must not interfere with the other, and that this leads to Manual Training in Education.

If it be plain that the first object of education is to make complete men, and yet that there is a second end, namely, to produce special laborers of particular skill and great power, though limited in scope, it follows that we must think how to prevent the second aim from interfering with the first. This brings into view the subject of manual training in education. Little as yet the training of the hand has been given a place in the school house: but it belongs there; for the hand and the brain, the muscular and the nervous systems, the physical and the mental powers, stand so opposite to each other, though not opposed, are so different, yet each necessary, being the two great orders of faculty which make up the whole man, that to education of the hand, not indeed chiefly, yet fundamentally, we must look to obtain in one a more nobly grown human being and a skilled worker in a special art. For one mental exercise has something in it of all others, and one manual activity of all bodily motion. A poet will have something of the virtues of history, philosophy, science, politics, economics even, perhaps of mathematics: a machinist will have *ex arte* something of the benefits of the manual motions of carpentry, cabinet-making, tin work, tanning, plumbing and many other crafts. But the physical powers of a poet may be a sheer waste, the delicacies of whose possible fruits he may not even dream of; and the mind of the hand-worker may go through life with hardly the experience of an abstract thought or generalization, which, Emerson says, is "the influx of divinity into the mind, hence the thrill which attends it."

Therefore, if we aim to combine the two great ends of education, namely, whole development and special skill, we should begin with the broad distinction between body and mind: in other words, let us head-train the hand-worker and hand-train the head-worker. Manual training and head-training together form the only whole education.

The book is singularly suggestive and therefore valuable. Yours truly,

G. R. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich, Jan. 27, 1894.

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MON.—A rough experience works out much good.

TUES.—An age of impulse demands an age of reason.

WED.—The undeveloped mind has a life of discord within itself.

THURS.—For the harvest is good only when the grain is fully matured.

FRI.—Life is a chain of discipline.

SAT.—Let us have the truth; it will render us free as birds.

—A. J. Davis.

Childhood Visions.

O lost childhood! we have wandered far from thee,

Back let us take our straying way.

Wander knee-deep through fields of blushing clover,

And hear again with childish ears the sweet songs of May.

"Yes," and her chair creaked loudly and harshly as she rocked to and fro, "you never was what they might call pooty, but you're getting humbler every day." Her curious gray eyes peered over her glasses at the little figure before her, which shrunk visibly under her glance.

"Now don't run off and cry about it," as she saw the sensitive movement, "'Pooty is as pooty does,' you must know that."

But the little girl was out of hearing, carrying a new pain in her heart. Down the flower-bordered walk she rushed, thro' the creaking gray gate, past the long stretch of locust trees, across the little bridge which led to the wood beyond. Through it there flowed the brook whose voice was a consolation to her in all childhood sorrow. It had a low, cool murmur, which seemed to whisper of its love to the little nature-worshiper. On its banks the ferns swayed a welcome, and tall grasses, like stately ladies, seemed ever dipping a courtly bow. There she was queen. There, in her beauty-loving imagination, she was regal and beautiful, tall, with dark eyes that sparkled 'neath clustering curls.

The little unconscious soul had never thought of herself as ugly. The birds and flowers were beautiful and loved her. She had thought no further. She was a quiet little thing—this Hetty—who loved to roam the fields and woods, each season bringing to her untold delights. The Spring with its exquisite and ethereal chant of hope, its wild flowers, its seed-sowing, and its young lambs; the Summer with its roses and deep-voiced insects; the Fall with its treasures of nuts and bright-hued leaves, all were hers, in her childish egotism.

This afternoon she did not stop to

watch the mist on the hills or gather the scarlet leaves under her feet, but flying swiftly she reached the brook. It was flowing so gently that its placid surface was smooth. Hetty leaned far over its brink. She pushed the straying locks from her brow and gazed anxiously and long. Down in the shadowy bottom she saw a little face looking back at her. She could see that it was colorless and thin, and that it lacked the dimpled loveliness of her little friend.

"And so I am homely. Old Miss Hubbel said so, and I never knew it before." Tears trembled in her eyes which made the flower she picked seem two—three flowers all growing on one stem.

"You are pretty," she whispered. "Your heart is deep blue. Your stamens are sunshine. Your petal tips are curled and dainty. Would I love you if you were homely? How I love pretty things and I like them because they are pretty."

A little bird rose with a flutter of black and scarlet and white plumage. It floated in the air and softly falling lit like a flower on a swaying stalk. The wind, just breathing, swung it to and fro, and with the motion there were shaken on the breeze drops of music so clear, so low, so sweet, that Hetty held her breath to listen. The silver notes held the liquid sound of the brook as it rippled over the white stones. It had caught the reed-like music of the wind. It was the bob-o'-link's own song of joy. The tears in Hetty's eyes welled over. It seemed to her that she should weep forever—her tears would flow on like the brook and drown her. Why should God make the whole world around her beautiful, and leave one little forlorn, ill-favored being in it? But as she lay there, sobbing and gazing at the brook, a white mist seemed to arise from its heart, and out of it there looked the sweetest face she had ever seen. A voice spoke to her in low, caressing accents.

"Hetty, my child! Do you grieve while yet so young? Life truly is full of perplexities, after we pass the milestone of childhood, but before that is reached we should be buoyant like the birds, fragrant with youth like the flowers, and ever busy and cheerful like the brook."

"O, but you are beautiful and a great lady. If you were a little plain child, you too would weep."

"Would you be beautiful and grown to womanhood?"

"I should be the happiest child in the world."

The lady of the brook smiled sadly. "You forget that you would be no longer a child," but she held towards her a glittering drop which grew larger and larger as Hetty gazed in it.

She saw herself in a brilliantly lighted hall, the center of all eyes, but was it she? That radiant creature with jewels in her hair and a song on her lips? Applause shook the house as the liquid notes ceased.

Again and again she saw herself appearing before them in response to the deafening ovation, her face beautiful with smiles. "Oh, here was happiness indeed," and as the thought breathed itself aloud the scene changed. A room richly furnished and dimly lighted, with the pall of loneliness over it. One screened corner alone seemed to breathe of simplicity and homeliness, for here were gathered the memories of a lifetime. A picture on the wall looked strangely familiar. Where had she seen that dim, shadowy wood with the peaceful cows standing knee deep in the lazy stream, and surely she had again and again seen her sweet mother rocking to and fro in that little wooden chair; but the Singer now was sitting there, the lovely smiling singer,—smiling no longer, but weeping as if from the depths of a homesick heart. Tears that seemed as if they would never cease—tears for her childhood—for her innocence—for the murmuring brook—for the sylvan charm of youth—for the long lost mother. These were vanished visions, and in their place were marshalled pride, ambition, envy, care, approaching age and the loneliness of genius. The bird's song of her childhood was drowned in the clanging noises of the city, and her tears flowed on, till Hetty, in yearning, cried: "O, how can you sorrow so? You are all that I wish to be, beautiful and great," and as she spoke the picture faded and she heard in her ears again the trill of the mounting bird and the tinkle of a distant cow bell and a little weed reached out a tiny hand and caressed her cheek, and she knew with an exceeding great gladness that she was yet a little merry child, and, though like the weed, she was plain and small, she could have within her the heart of the flower, breathing sweetness into others' lives.

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XXII.

OTHER NEW TESTAMENT PHASES.

*O heart of mine, keep patience! Looking forth,
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
Pure, just and free, the Church of Christ on earth;
The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And found at last, the mystic Graal I see.
Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip
In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
And over all the songs of angels hear;
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear;
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!
Lo! in the midst, with the same look He rore,
Healing and blessing on Genesaret's shore,
Folding together, with the all-tender might
Of His great love, the dark hands and the white,
Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,
Making all burdens light, and breaking every chain.*

—Whittier.

Picture: Christus Consolator, by Ary Scheffer (1795-1858).

This picture illustrates well the artist's love of freedom and sympathy with human suffering. The central figure is not an exalted Christ, but the Son of man with the marks of his passion still visible. To him men and women of all ages and classes are looking for consolation and release. An interesting fact about this picture is that in an edition of the prayer-book, published in the North, but intended for circulation principally in the South, which contained it as frontispiece, the figure of the kneeling black slave was omitted [Lowell, essay on the American Tract Society; Whittier, "On a Prayer-book"]. Obviously the constructive thought of the picture is that Jesus is still active in human affairs, helping the world to a purer, freer humanity; and therefore it is an apt introduction to our brief study of the mystical and the Roman interpretations of Christianity, as seen in the New Testament.

What is the mystical interpretation of Christianity?—In the Johannine writings the Eternal Word, which dwelleth by measure in every man, is said to have received perfect and absolute incarnation in the person of Jesus, belief in whom is possible only to those in whom already the Word sufficiently dwells, but whose effect is more complete participation in the Eternal Truth and Life and Love.

In the Johannine books the Christ is regarded as a living, abiding presence in the hearts of those who believe in

him. If one may use modern terminology, which does not, however, misrepresent primitive thought, the Christ is the divine ideal of the universe, which is of course a revelation of the nature of God. That divine ideal without which nothing was made, which is the substance of whatever exists, appeared in its completeness in Jesus, whose mission is therefore to help men understand themselves and realize in themselves and in the universe their highest ideals which are the product of "the Christ" within them. The words of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel are not to be conceived of as the utterances of an imperfect human being, the author intends them to be declarations of the Eternal Word, and whatever is said there of and by Jesus may with equal truth be said of and by every man to the degree that "the Christ" spirit is within and the divine ideal is realized in him. Hence the Christ, which is absolutely one with Jesus because perfectly embodied in him, is eternal life and truth, is one with God as a man's thought is one with himself; the progress of the world towards perfection is due to the presence in it of the Christ, which is "the central urge of every atom," and is only the advancing victory of the spirit that was without measure in Jesus. It follows, therefore, that Scheffer's picture is true to the mystical interpretation of Christianity as it appears in the Johannine books; whatever has been done or will be done for freedom, truth, love, the progress of man and the purifying of the world—everything is the work of Jesus the Christ.

It would carry us far beyond the narrow limits of a single lesson even to hint at the causes which brought about this interpretation of Christianity. That it does not at all represent the idea of Jesus may go almost without saying. We have already studied his notion of the Messiah and found it to be totally unlike this. Yet there is a prevailing tendency to disparage unduly the Fourth Gospel. It seems to contain a tradition of facts which is in some respects, though not on the whole, superior to that in the Synoptists, and its speeches preserve intimations of a side of Jesus' mind which is passed over almost in silence by the other evangelists. There undoubtedly was a touch of mysticism in Jesus which most of his followers were quite incapable of appreciating. In the Synoptists it appears in such passages as Matt. xi. 25-30, which have an unmistakably Johannine ring. Without venturing to speak positively, we may say that possibly the Fourth Gospel represents the more mystical teachings of Jesus in the form they came to assume after lying over fifty years in a mind prone to mysticism and subject during the latter part of the time to Alexandrine influence, as those teachings and the historical traditions were understood by a disciple of the apostle. Yet, while the Gospel is precious because it preserves a memory of the mystical side of Jesus, its words do not represent the thoughts of Jesus, and its fundamental conception was entirely foreign to him.

It must not be supposed, moreover, that in the Johannine writings alone of the New Testament books is the mystical interpretation of Christianity found. In Galatians, Paul says, "It is no more I that live, but Christ liveth in me"; the phrase "in Christ," by which he means participation in

the stream of righteousness and life issuing from the second Adam and its fountain head, belongs to the same class of thought. And if one wish a modern expression of the idea, which reveals the reality underlying Scheffer's picture, given not by a mystic but by one of the most clear-eyed, sober-minded, unimpassioned of our thinkers, it may be found in the following extract: "What do I say then? That the man goes where his thought goes. Wherever his will tears down obstacles by whatever means, there goes the man. Wherever his wisdom carries light, wherever his fidelity keeps others faithful, or his goodness blesses the world, there lives the man." (Thoughts from the Writings of Rev. John C. Learned, p. 35). Now it is true that most of the gains hinted at in our picture which have come to our civilization have been championed by men who drew their inspiration not from the church or theologic Christ, but from the human Jesus who is said to have proclaimed as his mission "to preach good tidings to the poor,—to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

What is the Roman interpretation of Christianity?—Even in the New Testament are the beginnings of the idea that the church is a firmly compacted organization to which has been intrusted a deposit of truth, to whose officers is intrusted the communication of the spirit and which must be kept free from heresies and heretics.

This may rightfully be called the Roman view, since it emphasizes the Roman principle of organization. Jesus had no idea of instituting "an external and visible church whose sealing ordinances to the end of time should be baptism and the Lord's Supper," for to him the end of the age was very close at hand. The thought of "organizing" his disciples never entered his mind. In the early stages of Paul's career as a Christian, he, too, believed in the speedy return of Jesus, hence there was no need of a church organization planned to endure. But in the organization of little local communities, there was, apparently, a chief presbyter corresponding nearly to our Chairman of the Board of Trustees, who tended to become the executive officer of the church and who, in the course of time, through the enlarging demands of charity, discipline and missionary zeal, developed into the "bishop." As the position of the churches became more hazardous; the members of one church traveling to other cities would seek protection and shelter with the Christians there, hence letters of commendation and a closer brotherhood. Extravagances of doctrine accompanied frequently by immorality led to a closer defining of Christian belief, and this need, together with the dwindling survivors of the age of Jesus and the postponement of the second advent, brought about the formation of written records and the canon of scripture. In a few passages of the Acts we trace belief that the spirit belongs to the church and can be communicated only through the hands of an apostle (viii. 15-17, xix. 6; cf., however, x. 44 and the general notion that the imposition of

hands means only formal acknowledgment of the choice of the church). In the Pastoral Epistles there is a nascent ecclesiasticism and there are abundant warnings against heresies and heretics (1 Tim. iii. 15; vi. 20; 2 Tim. i. 13, 14, etc.). In these epistles, too, *faith* seems to refer not to an attitude of mind but to a body or system of doctrine. It cannot be said that the Pastoral Epistles were written by Paul; nevertheless in his undoubtedly genuine letters are the roots of the subsequent development in the idea of the church as the body of Christ. The result of this unification of the churches was to make the church a potent factor in the politics and civilization of the world. And inasmuch as the changes suggested by the picture we are studying came about ultimately and permanently only as the product of the forces that in society shape gradually and almost imperceptibly towards a higher civilization, we may use the Christus Consolator to illustrate the Roman as well as the mystical interpretation of Christianity, for here Jesus is shown as an actual agent in practical human affairs.

We have thus looked very hastily and superficially at four interpretations of the message of Jesus found in the New Testament. Jesus was a son of the prophetic tendency in Israel; but in Paul the influence of Scribism was strong enough to transform the word of Jesus into a system of legalism remarkably inconsistent with Paul's own condemnation of the Law. Yet in his missionary travels, and particularly during his sojourn in Corinth and Ephesus, Paul certainly grew in the direction of the subsequent Greek transformation, intimations of which appear in his epistles and in the (probably) spurious Letters to the Ephesians and Colossians. In the non-Christian Jewish thought there are clear forerunners of the Johannine ideas, but it was only when Christianity was apperceived by a mind saturated with Greek ideas, and particularly with Alexandrine philosophy, that the thoughts of Jesus the Jew were changed into the metaphysics and mysticism of the Fourth Gospel. And as the churches attained prominence and incurred suspicion they were forced to a more stringent discipline and a closer organization, for which the Roman Empire furnished precedent. The chief object of these lessons has been to show that the thoughts of Jesus did not spring up supernaturally within him, but that he was a consummate representative of the best tendencies of his own time which descended from the prophets of Israel. Similarly his words fell not upon vacant minds, but into minds already formed by systems and principles which strove to adjust the new ideas into their environment with as little friction and disturbance as possible. In next year's course we shall study the development of tendencies whose beginnings we have already found in the New Testament.

For this lesson, the references are to Cone's *The Gospel and its Earliest Interpretations* and Hatch's *Organization of the Early Christian Churches*. Matheson's *Spiritual Development of St. Paul* is also to be commended.

Questions.

The Picture—Can you find any reason why one man in the picture is shown with his back turned upon Jesus? Try to imagine what Scheffer imagined

each one of these persons might find to satisfy his, or her, needs in the words of Jesus.

The Mystical Interpretation.—What did Jesus mean by "the Christ?" What did Paul and "John"? The mystical side of Jesus—is it shown by the Synoptists? Which comes nearest to Jesus, Paul with his doctrine of faith or "John" and his message of love? (1 John iv. 16 and Rom. ii. 23-25.) What elements of mysticism were in Paul? Is there any mysticism in the Old Testament?

The Roman Interpretation.—What is the key-word to this phase of Christianity? Had Jesus an expectation that his followers would organize into a "Holy Catholic Church"? Are there any traces of the idea in Paul? Where is the tendency most apparent in the New Testament?

Sunday School Items.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SCHOOLS.

Previously acknowledged

Rochester, N. Y.	\$15
Hinsdale, Ill.	10
Geneva, Ill.	5

Sent in since then :

St. Paul, Minn.	20
Luverne, Minn.	2
Chicago, Ill. (All Souls)	20

SOME MORE PENNIES AND POUNDS.

"A model church" is what some of our ministers call the church at Hobart, Ind.; and they call it so because it runs itself. It does not need a minister to wind it up every seven days. It goes steadily on, Sunday after Sunday, whether it has a minister or not.

I thought such a church was worth investigating, and so I went down there to study it. And I think I have found out the secret of its strength. It started as a Sunday school thirty years ago; and for ten years there was only the Sunday school, without any church. But twenty years ago the church came. They had taken care of the pennies and the pounds took care of themselves. And now they have their own church building with a service every evening and a Sunday school every morning. When I was there the Sunday school numbered 120, though the village has only about 1,500 people in all, with half a dozen other churches.

When I saw this school and the work it had accomplished, I asked myself why such a school could not be started in every town of the West where there are a dozen or half a dozen families of earnest parents who cannot bear to let their children grow up without any religious instruction, or to let them learn religious stories and beliefs which they will have to unlearn in later years? Why cannot the dozen, or two dozen, parents get together each Sunday and form the children into classes and teach them for an hour? It would help the children wonderfully. And I should not be surprised if it helped the parents almost as much; for the man or woman who tries to teach a class of

bright children gets taught himself, whether they do or not.

Such a Sunday school would pay for itself as it went; and it would be sure to grow into a church sooner or later, and a church of the right kind, too,—one that did not run down and stop when the minister went off with the key. If UNITY reaches any such little group of parents, I hope they will try the experiment; and if they will write to the Headquarters we will give them all the help we can.

A. W. G.

Notes from the Field

Chicago, Ill.—At All Souls Church, for February, the pastors' sermons are: "Francis Parkman, the Great American Story-Teller," "The President of a Distracted People," "The Self-Protecting and Self-Asserting God," and "The Contributions of Science to Religion." On Sunday evening, the 4th, Prof. Small lectures on "The New Social Method," and on the 11th he gives the last lecture of his course, on "The New Society." On the evening of the 18th Mr. V. R. Ghandi, of Bombay, a lawyer belonging to the Jain sect, begins a course of four lectures: I. Mysticism in India, or the Yoga Philosophy; II. Essential Philosophy of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism; III. India Under Hindu, Mohammedan, and English Rule; IV. The Religious Future of India. On the first and third Mondays of the week the Philosophy Section (now at work on Spencer's Justice, after which it has been proposed to take up Shaler's "Interpretations of Nature") meets, and alternately with it the novel section, studying Middlemarch. On Tuesdays the women of the parish meet for charitable work, after a reading from Shelley by the pastor, and a box lunch, 11 to 4; the young people's vocal class meets at 4; and the Emerson section and Browning section, alternately, at 8. On Wednesdays the reading room is open from 7 to 9 p. m.; and, on the 14th a Lincoln party, with supper, for the children of the Sunday school, at 5 p. m. Thursdays at 8 p. m. a course of lectures on Tennyson's "In Memoriam" are given by Eugene Parsons. On

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Fridays the pastor's class in religion is held at 8 p. m.; the reading room is open from 7 to 9 p. m.; and, beginning on the 9th, the Lowell section of the Unity Club takes up a course in the Early History of the Old Northwest: A. The French pathfinders; B. The Early Traders and Trading Posts, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, etc.; C. State-Makers, the First Territorial Governors of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota. Saturdays at 10 the pastor's confirmation class.

Chicago, Ill.—At Sinai Temple, Jan. 22, a mass meeting attended by about 300 was held to organize the Chicago Section of the National Council of Jewish Women. Several prominent rabbis were present, including Messrs. Hirsch, Moses, Norden, Stolz and Levy. Mrs. H. Solomon, president of the council, set forth its purposes as (1) to awaken Jewish women and men to a better knowledge of their religion, by means of study in the council and by exerting an influence upon the Sabbath school; and (2) to further preventive philanthropy. Others followed Mrs. Solomon, and the section was formed, the officers being: President, Mrs. Conrad Witkowski; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Maurice Mayer, Miss Bertha Lceb, Mrs. I. G. Harris; Secretary, Miss Hannah May; Treasurer, Mrs. C. S. Stettauer.

Chicago, Ill.—Unity Church had the privilege of hearing, on Jan. 21, Rev. H. T. Secrist, of Milwaukee, who is rapidly becoming one of the leading preachers of that city. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, formerly of Concord, Mass., is now filling Unity pulpit for the month of February. His reputation as an organizer of guilds has preceded him in the West and made him known by name to many of our workers.

Hinsdale, Ill.—At a church meeting on January 31 this society extended a unanimous call to Rev. C. F. Elliott, formerly pastor of the churches at Janesville, Wis., and at Jackson, Mich. The Hinsdale church is vigorous, harmonious and rapidly growing, and with its new minister it ought soon to become one of the most important churches of the West.

Moline, Ill.—Miss Hultin has received a very flattering call from the church in Troy, N. Y., but her people here are determined not to let her go, if they can help it. The deficit in the finances has been promptly made up and resolutions of warmest appreciation of her past services and her present sacrifice in staying have been unanimously passed; and it is understood that she will remain. Her departure would be a great loss, not only to Moline but to the whole Western work, where she has proved herself one of the ablest and most eloquent advocates of the larger faith.

Sheffield, Ill.—This church celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, Jan. 28, by a special service; but the society shows all the vigor of youth. It has recently organized a Young People's Guild, that started with a membership of twenty-five and has now reached fifty-nine.

Princeton, Ill.—The People's Church is rapidly increasing in the size of its audiences lately. The hour of services has been changed from morning to afternoon, and that may have had something to do with the growth. But Mr. Skilling has been giving some

very able and interesting sermons, so that when people have come once they have liked it so well that they have come again, and now the attendance is three times as great as it was at the beginning of the year.

Ithaca, N. Y.—We learn from Rev. J. M. Scott's *Kindly Light*, that the Herbert Spencer class after two years' faithful study of Spencer's philosophy, has resolved itself into "the class in Sociology," and will meet at 4:30 Sunday afternoon to study economics, which it designates as "the foundation of sociology."

New York, N. Y.—Mrs. B. Ward Dix, president of the Women's Alliance, gave last week at her Brooklyn home a delightful luncheon to Rev. Helen G. Putnam, missionary at large to North Dakota. Miss Putnam has just been making a tour in New England, speaking to Alliances, and telling the story of her work in the sparsely settled

regions of the Far West, and has met everywhere with hearty interest and good will. Her work is, as she calls it, seed-sowing in virgin soil; and she finds numerous signs of a good crop of liberal ideas, the nursery of churches yet to be. On Monday she speaks at Trinity Church, Brooklyn.

The Unitarian Club dinner was an occasion of unusual interest. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones came on from Chicago to be present, and both charmed, and if one may venture to say it, stirred up the company with his undiluted Western sentiments concerning the denominational name and a broad and inclusive religious platform. There were good speeches also by Rev. Merle St. C. Wright and Rev. Messrs. Williams and Chadwick. "Our Missionary Opportunity from a Layman's Point of View" was an able address by George W. Stone, of Wilmington, Del.—A. L., in *Christian Register*.



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Apropos of the Fiftieth Birthday of the senior editor the publishers of UNITY are anxious to co-operate with its readers in making a push for doubling the constituency of UNITY, thus extending the influence of its editor, multiplying the usefulness of the paper, hastening the time when its dream of the Liberal Church of America will be realized,—a church creedless but not thoughtless, based on ethics, and open on all sides and from above to the thought of God and the inspirations of the God-serving, truth-seeking, and high living prophets of all ages.

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 2nd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 66th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

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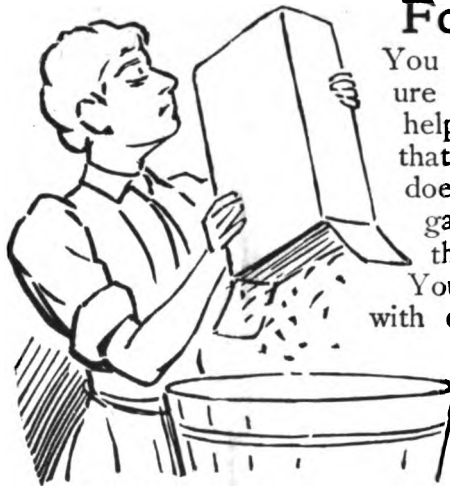
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It is a stroke of genius. It contains a whole philosophy of Christianity. Jesus was an Oriental. He is only to be rightly interpreted by the Oriental mind. This fascinating book comes as a revelation of essential Christianity.—*The Critic.*

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Editorial

*Should Wrong prevail o'er all the earth,
'Twere nought if only we discern
The one great truth, which if we learn,
All else beside is little worth.*

*That Right, is that which must prevail,
If not here, there, if not now, then,
Is the one Truth which shall not fail,
For all the doubts and fears of men.*
—Lewis Morris.

LINCOLN, at the beginning of his administration, said to the man who came to condole with him on the difficulty of knowing what to do, "It is all as clear as a turn-pike road to me." The man who rests upon the eternal principles of justice always finds before him a turn-pike road. Whither it may lead he knows not nor cares much. He trusts it, and

follows it from this end, which is clear, knowing that it cannot lead him to a false destination.

THE best way to honor one's grandmother is to live for one's grandchildren. To understand her one must live as she did: in the interest of the present and in the hope of the future.

WE are glad to see that Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, of the Boston "Church of the Carpenter," has been able to revive his *Dawn*, which now carries its message of Christian Socialism once more, and is a much handsomer sheet than before its suspension.

THE February *Arena* commends itself to us on account of the article on the Religion of Browning's Poetry by Mr. Savage and perhaps the still more timely symposium on the rational dress movement, amply illustrated. This is one of the emancipations much needed. When beauty joins with utility, as they do in most of these illustrations, the way of the reformer ought to be easy and the movement of the reform ought to be rapid.

DELIBERATION is one of the true methods of the philosopher. Mr. W. T. Harris is but little influenced by the hurrying spirit of the times. The last number of the *Speculative Philosophy* is the first to appear since September, 1892. This bears date December, 1893, and contains the usual solid material to the lovers of Kant, Plato, Aristotle and their modern interpreters and associates. The editor himself furnishes a paper on "Aristotle's Doctrine of Reason."

WITH each returning year the celebration of Lincoln's birthday becomes more and more significant. This is gratifying evidence that humanity still loves the hero and that the prophet is the man most loved by the race. At the Lincoln party of the All Souls Sunday school in Chicago

this week the following stanza was sung by the children in connection with one of their familiar songs. It is good enough to help out our editorial note upon this great-hearted son of sorrow and giver of joy.

And one there is whose noble life
Sets all our hearts aflame;
Who freedom gave a million souls,
And saved our country's fame.
O Lincoln, patient, brave, and true,
God's noblest, rarest type of man,
With reverent pride we speak thy
name,
The first American!

THE last appeal of conservatism is always to the historic sense. Any daring innovation or startling progress is solemnly summoned to confront the past, and a petition is sent up to be respectful to "historic continuity." But the surprising thing is that it is the radical and not the conservative who really conserves the past. As a matter of fact, it is the man with a forward look that lovingly turns his face backward to see what there is in the experience of the race to warrant his position. The autumn leaf painted in dying glories prates of historic relations, and pleads for continuity, but the new bud that is pushing its way at the base of this petition, draws its nourishment from the living past, and is so strong in the continuity that it is too busy to talk of creeds.

ONCE more we must call the attention of all who have business with us to the necessity of making remittances by check or money order, so that they may be protected against robbery or accident. Unity Publishing Company has been a considerable sufferer from postoffice robberies in the city of Chicago, and in addition to this its whole mail was recently stolen by an outside robber one Monday morning. If remitters would take proper precautions in sending money they would not suffer in such cases even if we did. But when cash, stamps or postal notes are sent, it is at the risk of

he sender, and if we fail to receive the money we cannot well give credit on the score of good intentions.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana in the case of Haggart and Rathwall vs. Stehlin and Heidt is, indeed, a very important one, since it gives the right to individual property-owners to maintain suit to enjoin a saloon which so far disturbs the respectability of the neighborhood as to affect the selling and renting price of adjacent property. Points in the case seem to indicate that the decision goes even further than this, but in view of the facts in the case the other points touched upon would probably be regarded in most jurisdictions as *obiter dicta*. We congratulate the friends of temperance upon this victory over the saloon interest. Those who feel interested may obtain a summary of the case by applying to E. M. Goodwin, Secretary of the Anti-Liquor League, at 70 E. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.

DR. ALBION W. SMALL, head professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, has just completed a course of six University Extension lectures, given at All Souls Church, on Sunday evenings. They have proved to be of remarkable interest. Dr. Small makes clean work. He blazes the way through a tangled thicket and enables one to make a straight road through the confusing wilderness of current discussion upon these subjects. His lectures are scarcely less a contribution to religion than to sociology, if, indeed, these are not nearly interchangeable terms. The churches reached by UNITY can do no better work than to give wider publicity to the words of Professor Small. He pleads wisely for a change of base in religion: less theology and more ethics. Christianity, he thinks, is properly an attempt to realize the kingdom of God here on earth more than in yonder heaven far away.

LAST Sunday an interesting experiment was inaugurated in Chicago. The various labor union interests and leaders have undertaken to establish what they have named the "Modern Church," a church without creed, collections, or pastor; a church which, at the present, will meet in Bricklayers' Hall, an attractive auditorium in a large building owned by

the Bricklayers' Union and situated on the West Side. The opening sermon was preached by the editor of UNITY. The plan involves Sunday speaking by representatives of all faiths, including Catholics, Jews, Universalists, Unitarians and Orthodox Protestants. The scheme contemplates the early building of a church that will be the headquarters of seven-day activities. The audience last Sunday was large and the projectors enthusiastic. Perhaps the dream is too high to be realized; maybe the cost has not been adequately counted, but the prophecy is most significant, and surely defeat in this high aim is better than success on a lower plane. We will watch with interest the development of the experiment.

WE have no disposition to pose as the Russian Autocrat's defender, and we can but sympathize with the indignation expressed by Dr. Mills on another page against the barbarous cruelty and intolerance of the Russian Government. And yet, without giving any weight to the natural prejudice of a susceptible man who has received very kind and gracious personal treatment at the hands of the czar, we feel that it is one thing to condemn the wrong and another to denounce the man who does it. We may well remember, as Hood has told us in his "Lady's Dream," that

—evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart.

And we feel that the testimony of those who from careful investigation and personal knowledge are best fitted to speak of the Czar's personal character (many of these observers being strong and outspoken in their opposition to and denunciation of his policy) should give us pause, if, as seems to be the case, that testimony is uniformly to the effect that he is a good-hearted man and a hard-working and conscientious ruler. We confess that it is difficult for us, trained in the American school of religious tolerance and broad humanity, to reconcile the accounts of the man with his public actions. But for one thing we must remember that, however despotic the theory of a government, it is absolutely impossible that a ruler of a domain covering so large a portion of the earth and embracing so many millions of men, should be actually conversant with the details of administration; and therefore

specific acts of cruelty in the execution of a decree are hardly to be attributed to the Autocrat. But, aside from this, the chief thing to be considered is the narrow prejudices in which this wrong-headed man has been educated. Paternalism and intolerance are so much a part of the Russian atmosphere, particularly of the Russian court, that it would be little less than a miracle were the Autocrat of all the Russias other than a despotic bigot.

If the liberal ministers of the United States will help us to the extent of giving a few minutes' attention each week to the matter, UNITY will do its part to put their best thoughts before the public in one of the most effective forms. What we propose is that each of our ministerial friends should select a nugget from his sermon of the previous week—that short passage which seems to him at the same time the strongest and the most capable of standing alone—and send it to UNITY, with his name and address, if he is willing that it should be published; the selection not to exceed seventy-five words. A few of these each week would be an attractive feature for UNITY, would give the minister an opportunity to let his light shine before men, and in the course of time would enable UNITY's constituency to gain a real insight into the minds and hearts of the religious workers of the day. We hope this will meet the favor of our ministerial readers. Of course we cannot promise to print all that we receive as fast as we receive it. Our space would not permit; we can only use a few at a time. And of course the selection must be made by the minister himself. The time that it would be necessary to give to the matter in UNITY office if the whole sermon were sent us to select from would be more than we could give.

If any man can make truth, righteousness and love atheistic, then there is no God worth honoring in the universe.

NO MAN is an infidel who believes in a single virtue, church member or not,—and before that was possible he was a child of God; and any virtue practiced is a form of enthusiasm, is a letter in the language of worship, is the germ which holds in it the potency of an elaborate ritual. We have not to create a sentiment

but to organize and develop a sentiment which already exists.

THE new faith is not likely to die so long as it finds so much to do. The demand for it is everywhere. Give it the wings of courage, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and men will hear of it until the dire and irrational doctrines still written and preached are recalled and driven back into those obscure corners of ignorance and barbarism whence they emerged. L.

Consecration of Wealth.

While our papers are filled with grateful tributes to the philanthropist and capitalist, George W. Childs, it is a good time to remember the saying of Marcus Aurelius, "A man may live nobly in a palace." The story of Abraham Lincoln and the pine-knot fire is a good one, and it ought to be told so often that no boy without a whole shirt to his back will lose heart, but push on. But the story of the men of wealth, like George W. Childs and others, should be told so often that no son of pampered elegance will dare withdraw himself from the noble pursuits of life. Let none such imagine that they need not work. The extravagant sons of plenty need to be reminded that wealth brings its solemn responsibility. The outcome of the present sociological discussion will probably end in a consensus of opinion that accumulated capital, beyond a not very remote point, is a trust, and must be held as such if held at all with a clean conscience. And unless the possessor is willing to hold it in the spirit of a trustee, to be administered at his own discretion for the public weal, he is a defaulter to humanity and the Lord of the harvest. If he is incompetent to administer his wealth to the advancement of the race, be it inheritance or accumulation, he had better give some one who is the chance. If indeed he takes not the hint, the enlightened state may come in and demand of the unprofitable servant an account of his stewardship. The smart maxims of the exchange, which say "It's a poor man that cannot earn his own living, poor job that doesn't pay expenses, a mean undertaking that is not self-supporting," are themselves mean and untrue measures of the great work and the great workers of the world. It is a poor man, indeed, that does not in one way or another earn more than his own living; and

it is a mean undertaking that does not in some way support more than itself or its patrons. It is said that Gibbon paid more than £10,000 for the raw material out of which he constructed his great work on the Roman Empire. When Robert Browning was a lad his father, a man of moderate income, gave him a choice of setting him up in business or giving him an education. He chose the latter. Far be it from me to insinuate that poverty can extinguish the Promethean spark in a poet's heart. The deathless songs of Burns, the uplifting lines of Whittier, disprove the assertion; but it is quite safe to say that such poetry as Robert Browning has given us, poetry impossible without leisure, culture and travel, would have been impossible, much of it, had not the money-making and poetry-loving John Kenyon; a kinsman of Mrs. Browning, left, at his death in 1856, £4,000 to Mrs. Browning and £6,500 to Mr. Browning, in round numbers, about \$50,000 to the family; which, added to what was, at first at least, the very moderate earnings of their pen, rendered the remainder of their lives free from the carking anxieties about grocer bills and the problem of clothes and fuel. It was not given to John Kenyon to write much poetry that many people remember, though he tried to, but it was given him to enrich immeasurably English literature by the kindly way by which before and after his death he peiced out the brains of others with his money. His will contained the names of eighty legatees, most of them men of letters and of science, among whom were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and Barry Cornwall, as well as the Brownings. What an example is this son of the tropic zone—for he was born in Jamaica, West Indies—to the cold-blooded speculators of America who clink their dollars as they smile their pity over the helplessness of the only men who deal in imperishable things, they who alone cope successfully with oblivion. The nations of the world have been niggard towards the only things that make ultimately for the glory of the nation, and most backward of all the nations in this respect is the United States. Norway has a small pension always for three or four of her leading poets, and the Ibsen she would scarcely tolerate within her own borders she has helped support all

these years with a poet's stipend while he has stayed away to sing the disgraces as well as the glories of Norway; he, of all her sons, making Norway famous, compelling the eyes of the civilized world to look towards her fiords, her snow gorges and her liberty-loving peasants.

When France found that she had a romantic youth who had secretly enlisted in a French regiment in order to secure free passage to India, where he expected to desert and go in search of some one who would help him decipher the manuscript brought home by the East India traders, which nobody in Europe could read, the Government met him at the place of embarkation with an honorable discharge, a free passage to India, and a small annual pension while he pursued his studies. That was probably the most profitable investment made in that decade, if not in the century. By that little act it puts all coming generations under a debt of gratitude to it, for it brought to the Western world again the precious Scripture of Zoroaster and his successors, the Zend-Avesta, a grand old bible. England has a provision by which a sum never to exceed £1,200, \$6,000, may be expended by the Prime Minister to advance the cause of letters. When Matthew Arnold was drawing a salary of £700 as one of the school inspectors of the realm Mr. Gladstone added a pension of £250 that he might be more free to serve the cause for which he was so eminently fitted, and there were those in England who censured the waste. The Spectator, in 1883, commenting on this censure says, "It is the rarest thing in the world for the state to do anything for the poet, historian or discoverer. Still we are not without hope. Genius and service begins to be recognized by those who understand, and when the millions understand they will not be less grateful." It is said that in France little towns honored by the residence of a genius will move the market place or silence church bells rather than that he should be disturbed. This is true discrimination. In this country we pity a banker who fails, losing thereby perhaps a hundred or more thousand dollars; but what about the man who has started out to serve his day and generation, to tell the story of its heroes, to sing for it a noble song, to elevate its education, shape its institutions, en-

noble its life, but fails, utterly fails because the grim goblin of starvation and nakedness drives him to meaner work. And perhaps that banker has helped drag him down. Who is most to be pitied? Oh, America, America! when will you awake to an appreciation of your real wealth-makers, to an understanding of what true wealth is? Now your wealthy people vie with each other in building palaces and calling them colleges; building noble facades and putting a lot of things behind them, and calling them museums, art galleries and raising high spires and calling them churches. But these do not make colleges or museums, art galleries or churches. They are made of brains, of hearts, of souls. The only investment that will bring them is an investment in men, men with courage, men with enthusiasm, men on fire from on high. Shame on the college that seeks a "hustler" for its president, a church which selects a minister because he is a "good beggar" and it is in debt. No wonder that our young men run to foot-ball and our young women to the trivialities of dress and the superficialities of life. What a glorious advantage he for whom the necessities of the body are provided might have in the world! The inheritor of wealth may begin where his father left off, convert his dollars into ideas, change material wealth into spiritual earnestness. There is always a chance for noble investments in these directions.

Lynch Law and the South.

The Independent for February has a series of articles on "Lynching, Its Cause and Cure," with special reference to negro lynching in the South, which is worth reading, though we fear that most will put the paper down with the same prejudices with which they took it up.

As regards the question proper, there can be little question that Dr. Hoss's view is the correct one; but the question of justice as between the races is not so easily answered. There is little room for doubt in the minds of those who are most conversant with the facts, that the Southern view that the life-blood of the offender is the only atonement for the violation of a woman's person, has very much to do with the matter in issue: when a white man violates a white woman (with or without

her consent) one of her kinsmen shoots him; when a negro violates a white woman, her kinsmen in a body—that is, the men of her race—unite to hang the offender. Back of this lies the fact that human life is not valued as highly by the Southern people as it is in the North. Whether or not their conception of "honor" be a false one, the fact is that as a people they hold "honor" higher than life. This is seen not only in the matter of sex relations but also in the matter of indignities as between man and man.

It is a mistake to assume that the race question is at the bottom of lynching in the South. It is a very important element, of which we shall speak more at length before concluding, but it is not the bottom fact. The primary fact is that law and human life are subordinate, in the conception of the Southern people, to personal honor.

If a man has imputed cowardice to you, given you the lie in the presence of others, or called you by an opprobrious name, and will not apologize, or has tweaked your nose, *you must kill him*. Further than this, the Southern people are more *clannish* than those of the North. This is not only true of white over against black, or of South over against North, but also of one family as distinguished from another. The Southern gentleman will do more for his remote kindred than the Northern man thinks of doing. The Southern mountaineer makes his cousin's quarrel his own, and thus a vendetta arises. The Southern white man visits upon one negro a more severe punishment than would otherwise fall to his lot because of the indignity which another negro has put upon his race. Feeling that the negro race is far inferior to the white, and not having a very high regard for human life in the case of the latter, it is inevitable that he should hold the life of a negro in even less estimation. Thus the race feeling comes to play an important part in the sad phenomena of law-violation, but it must not be forgotten that though the part it plays is an important one it is still a subordinate one. This is seen when the large number of lynchings and other violations of law in the mountain section of the South, where the negro cuts no figure, is taken into account.

What is needed, then, is not vehement denunciations of the South for

oppression of the negro,—which denunciation, by inflaming the passions of both races, only makes matters worse, and which because it is in the main unjust prevents those who do in a measure deserve it from realizing its partial truth,—but a campaign of education directed against the mistaken and eminently unchristian notion of honor which is primarily responsible for the disregard of human life and the violation of law which cast so dark a shadow upon our civilization.

F. W. S.

Men and Things

WITH all due respect for brains, I think women cannot be too early taught to respect their own ten fingers.—*Dinah Muloch Craik*.

A STEAMER on rollers is the latest proposition in marine navigation. M. Bayin proposes thus to diminish the resistance of the water and to increase speed.

MISS KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS, of Baltimore, the author of "Mezzorott, Shoemaker," is a resident for the winter at Denison House, the college settlement for women on Tyler street, Boston. She has addressed several organizations on "Modern Social Movements," of which she has long been a close student.

THE time has come when all religious denominations must affirm that no public moneys shall be used for sectarian instruction; the time-honored principle of the separation of Church and State must be again emphasized. If a church is not willing to support its own schools, it cannot come to the State for aid. I would go so far in the application of this principle as to be willing to see all our churches taxed as is other property. We have no right to tax unbelievers that churches may be maintained; no more right than they would have to tax churches for the support of infidel clubs. Our public schools must be kept free from the touch of ecclesiastical control. No church has a right to use ecclesiastical pains and penalties to control the vote of American citizens.—*Independent*.

WHEN Linnæus first saw an English common with the gorse in full bloom, he burst into tears and fell on his knees and thanked God that he had been permitted to see so glorious a sight. The great naturalist had a passionate love for flowers, in illustration of which feeling a pretty incident is recorded. When choosing an object with which to connect his name, Linnæus did not select any of the gorgeous flowers of the tropics, or the grand pine trees of his native land, but rather a frail, trailing herb that reared its tiny pink bells some two or three inches above the moss and fallen fir needles in northern forests, and gave it the name of *Linnæa borealis*, by which it is still known. This plant became his badge and formed the device on his bookplate, with the motto, expressed in Latin: "So deep my love for flowers." —*New Christian Advocate*.

Contributed and Selected

The New Light.

For if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?

Long years—the slow-strung years of youth—a soul

Groped toward the face divine with eager love,

Yet blind in heart. For toward that blessed goal

Alone she pressed, her passion fixed above.

Though mortal men around her wept and bled,

They sang and smiled, they climbed to heaven or fell,

They clasped to heart the new-born and the dead,

They thought their thoughts, and heard their passing-bell—

Yet to her soul a single aim was known
Amid this stress of life; self-centered, still

To choose the highest, purest for her own,

And scorn what seemed not suited to her will.

"'Tis not of God," she cried, "this sin and strife;

Man, self-condemned, destroys his nobler part;

I love his dreamed-of glory; but his life—

Too sordid, low, it falls to touch my heart.

"The love of God alone can be my stay,
Of law that binds me to the perfect right,

I hear the voice supreme, and I obey—
Sweet star of joy that leads me through the night."

So all her faith but shut her more away

From the deep founts of life; though earnest will

For man's subjection to the nobler sway

Grew flame in her, self-choice controlled her still.

And, like the Grecian youth, she bent her head

Away from sky and sun to mirrored gleam

Of her own form, nor knew the image dead

A pale reflection in a lifeless stream.

Till that almighty love whose kingdom spreads

Its all-benign redemption boundless wide,

And on the humble heart sweet influence sheds,

In human form stooped pitying to her side;

And sudden answering love hath laid her low

In childlike trust—then to her eyes unsealed,

Heedless of fainting rebel waves below,

In peace the Rock Eternal stands revealed.

And in her inmost veins she drinks the word:

"Who hath not loved the brother he hath known,

Loveth not God—though deep his heart be stirred,

The sight of God on him hath never shone.

"Some fitful gleams were thine, that thou wert bold

To think assured light; for eyeless pride

Delights in dusk. But, lowly now, behold

The perfect day shall in thy heart abide.

"For the enspiring Love thou hast adored

As holy law for will, dwells not apart;

Through all men is the living spirit poured

That draws with chains of fire thy rebel heart."

MARIAN MÉAD.

BY THE WAY.

IV.

There is one thing in common aboard a train of cars—and that is, destination. All are bound *somewhere*. If the distance be long, and it is understood that "this car goes through," the travelers going through settle down resignedly, if not comfortably. But there is a good lady or an elderly gentleman seated not far away who is *not* going far. The frost on the window-panes is a real hindrance to their peace of mind. The lady will scratch a little spot with her finger-nails, and then rub the place with the end of her shawl until she has at least a peep into the outer world, which is very comforting. For, if the conductor should happen to forget, or she, being a trifle deaf, should not hear him when he called out her station, she could by means of this clearing on the window "see for herself when she was nearing home," and "if the conductor did not stop the train, get somebody to ring the bell."

"How far are you going, madam?"

"Only nigh onto sixty miles."

"Oh, well, you have an hour yet."

"Yes, I know; but I'm unused to keepin' time on a train, and it's always best to be on the lookout when you are in strange places. I wouldn't miss gettin' off at Woolcottsville for a small fortune. You see I'm a Woolcott; an' about everybody's a Woolcott there, with now and then a Brown or a Smith sprinkled in. It's to be a great day there to-morrow. The new church is to be dedicated, and my great-grandchild that's to be

named after me is to be baptized. The whole town will be out, an' if I was missin',—well, it would spoil everything, for they're countin' on me, and will be at the depot, a crowd of them. I guess they would n't allow the train to go by, not if they could stop it. They have to signal sometimes, or it don't stop, I'm told. I believe we're gettin' there. No, I guess not either. I thought that was Josiah Woolcott's barn; but I see that it is n't. His has a gable on it.

"Woolcottsville is an old town?"

"Bless you, yes. Way back to the time of the Indians. My grandfather fought the red-skins a whole day and drove 'em off. He had several of the settlers to help him, but all allowed if Hiram Woolcott had n't planned the fight, and shown uncommon bravery, it might have turned out very different. He stood up face to face with the chief, 'Hawk-in-the-mud,' and held a parley. They all said the Indian's eye quailed. Grandfather stood six feet and two inches in his stockings. He was a *very* strong man, and never knew what *fear* was. The Woolcotts all have been a *very* brave family. It has often been remarked that I resemble my grandfather very much. But I guess my courage'd oozed at the sight of Indians. Mercy!—We must be gettin' near the station. No; that's Brandyville—and there's ten miles more to go."

"Any romances in your town?"

"Romances! Well, yes, I should say there was. It's all as romantic as a brand-new story. An' has been ever since the settlement was made. The second year one of the children was kidnapped, a boy ten year old. Nothin' was ever heard of him until twelve years after, when he came to town one day all in paint and feathers, bringin' an Indian girl with him. They'd traveled a hundred miles to give a warning to the white settlers, and did n't know they were comin' to his own folks. But his mother knew him as soon as she set eyes on him, and made him wash off the paint, and dress himself in some of his father's clothes. And they dressed up the Indian girl who, it is said, looked nowhere near as well as in her own blankets. But she took to civilized ways, learned to wash dishes, milk, and iron and churn as well as white folks.

"Well, the Browns of those days were a *very* proud set, and had high ideas for their son that was restored to them. They looked for a match with the Governor's daughter. But they must have been a blinded set not to have seen how matters stood. Everybody else saw clear enough that Alfred and Oena were already's good as man and wife. As soon as Oena—what a sweet name—could talk English enough to make herself understood, she said their vows were plighted before they left the Indian camp. This was her story:

"Alfred and Oena grow up together; love like brother and sister; then,

love another way. Then, Alfred say to Oena,—‘Go with me to tell the white people your people will creep upon them some night and slay every one of them. Then you will be my bride.’ I suppose she didn’t exactly tell it in those words, but that’s the way grandmother always told it.

“Well, the Browns were in a towering rage when their Alfred confessed that it was all true. Said the father, ‘I had rather have never set eyes on you again.’ But the Smiths and the Woolcotts all sided with Alfred and Oena, and when Christmas came the Browns made the best of it and accepted the Indian girl as Alfred’s Christmas offering. And they do say some of the noblest of the Browns in the country are the *linenal* descendants of Alfred and Oena.”

“Woolcottsville!”

“The conductor kept a sharper lookout than I did after all. I do believe I should of rode by.”

S. H. M.

A New England Snow Storm.

During my sojourn in Chicago this fall a friend said to me: “How I should like to see a New England snow-storm, and feel the restfulness of a Sabbath day such as I used to spend in my childhood.”

These words come back to me on this Sabbath day, as I sit beside the open fire-place in our low-posted, wide-spread cottage home in this quiet country town a thousand miles from that dear friend.

The snow has been falling gently and noiselessly all night. Mother Earth, so bare and brown yesterday, now has on a robe of purest white; the leafless trees have a feathery ridge of snow on every branch and twig; the stone walls are fast being covered with a white frosting, and only here and there can be seen bits of gray moss on their white surface. The irregular apple trees look grotesque, and the neighbors’ farm houses and outbuildings seem far away and indistinct in their outlines, seen through the whiteness of the storm.

Stillness reigns everywhere, only broken by the muffled sound of the “first bell” from the church tower a mile or more away, which marks the hour of half-past nine on a Sabbath morn. The bell “tolling in the people” calls in vain. No one passes our cottage. We must “look through nature up to nature’s God.”

I wish those who know nothing of the beauties of a country snowstorm, and those whose memory dimly pictures it, could look out across the fields, the meadows, past the ever-green thickets, to the hills and mountains in the distance, all white with their first snow. It seems fitting that Christmas should find us so, and that the many sleighbells should keep time to the merry music of the heart that every one should feel at Christmas time.

The “White City” (man’s handi-work) had its beauty, its charms. So,

to the eyes that love it, the white country of God’s own building is also beautiful, and brings a sense of rest and peace. I am thankful I have seen and can enjoy *both*.

I like on such a day as this to sit with “my own” beside our home fire and feel that—

Home is where there’s one to love,

Home is where there’s one to love us;

that it is not merely four square walls. Home can mean *so little or so much*.

I do not forget the advantages of the city, where one can listen to lectures, concerts, sermons, and be hurried along in the ever moving crowd,—the greenhouses yield roses the year round,—but who shall say that we do not enjoy our chrysanthemums, geraniums, and spicy pinks as well?

Down in the cellar, in a dark closet, with the fruits and berries (canned in their seasons) are my hyacinths which are to brighten our home by-and-by with their beautiful blossoms and fragrance.

We miss, indeed, the inspiration which comes from listening to fine music and the grand uplifting thoughts of gifted men and women, but as we could not have these we have taken comfort in reading aloud that wonderful sermon of thanksgiving for the Parliament of Religions, by M. J. Savage. We have sung and played in our modest way our favorite hymns. We have written letters to the dear absent ones.

About us lie scattered, not the Sunday papers,—neither was our morning rest disturbed by a news-boy’s cry,—but the last magazine, our weekly papers, a book of Bayard Taylor’s which we are reading aloud, *UNITY, The Unitarian*, and other publications which we value and which help to keep the channel to the outside world open.

We have sat beside the open fire place watching the many dancing flames from the white birch wood; even the large gray cat, sleek and shiny, has come in to curl himself upon the hearthrug and enjoy the warmth. The day has been one of peace and rest, such as many a wanderer might crave. When night comes on we shall pile the wood higher upon the andirons and let the ruddy blaze shine forth to cheer the passer-by, if such there be. Instead of shutting out the world by drawing our curtains we shall—

Raise the curtains, let the brightness of your cheerful light shine forth;

To the passer in the darkness

It may be of vital worth.

Give a glimpse to lonely wanderer of your household full of joy;

It may rouse to new ambition

Some poor, tempted, friendless boy.

SARAH M. BAILEY.

The Czar’s Oppression.

During the last year there lived a few hundred inhabitants in the little town of Kroze, in Russia. They were a simple people. It did not take very much to make them happy. Their

wants were not numerous. By industriously tilling the soil the men made a frugal livelihood and were happy with their wives and children. These poor peasants had a little church over which presided a parish priest. As far as they could be loyal to their consciences they tried to be loyal to their sovereign. But their religion did not please the great Czar. Last November he sent orders that their chapel be demolished. The distressed people watched their church for a month, night and day, endeavoring to prevent it. One day, while worshipping, a strong detachment of Cossacks fell upon and overpowered them. Some were killed outright and some were drowned while crossing the river. Many were cast into prisons. All who were caught were flogged with the knout. Two sick women died from this punishment and were not allowed before death to see a priest of their own faith.

The man who ordered these atrocities is that absolute despot, the Czar of Russia. He is the man who persecutes the Jews. He is the man who tears men and women from their families and sends them away to endure the horrors of a life-long exile in Siberia. He is the man by whom a T. Dewitt Talmage was feted and feasted and whom the latter praised in a sermon with fulsome eulogy.

We do not know what you think of this sounding the praise of Russia’s autocrat. We can express our opinion in short order. Rather than eulogize the Czar of Russia would we be banished from the presence of men. Rather would we bid adieu forever to father, mother, brother and sister. Rather than sing the praises of this monster would we lie down to our last sleep upon the cold, damp ground, with no friend near us to drop a tear, and with nothing over us but God’s clear sky.

G. W. MILLS, M. D.

In the little book “Pensees,” by the Queen of Roumania, she says: “It is better to have a physician for a confessor than a priest. You tell the priest that you detest mankind; he answers, ‘You are not a Christian.’ The physician gives you a dose of rhubarb, and you love your fellow-being. You tell the priest that you are tired of living. He answers ‘Suicide is a crime.’ The physician gives you a stimulant, and immediately you feel life supportable.”

“JOHNNY, add seven apples to two apples, and what will you have?”
“Colic, sir.”—*Harper’s Bazar*.

Danger at Sea.

Belios of wreck drift on the deep,

Dark threats of death to ships of state;

No chart their whereabouts can keep,

So dynamite must be their fate:

But worse than these are wrecks of creed,

That perished in past storm of years;

Still God’s broad highway they impede.

And are a source of woe and tears.

From port of present truth we sail

To cross with joy Hope’s boundless sea;

While ships with wind and tide prevail,

God save where drifting hulks may be!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Church-Door Pulpit

Tyndall.

A SERMON BY REV. REED STUART.

The law of the Lord is perfect.—*Hebrew poetry.*
 Whatsoever things are true.—*New Testament.*

The recent death of Tyndall, whose fame as a writer upon natural science and its relation to life and religion is world-wide, is sufficient in itself to arrest attention.

In our commercial and rapid age common events soon fade from view. We are like persons flying along in a railway train when objects follow each other in such quick succession that one soon erases the memory of another. In the old days, when emigrants followed a trail to California, the peaks of the Rocky Mountains would be in sight for weeks. Now a few hours are sufficient to carry the traveler beyond the point where they first appear on the one side until the point is reached where they disappear on the other. So are we being rapidly hurried forward by our flying age past many great events. Not much time is given for them to make an impression upon us. Even the great persons who seem so indispensable while they are with the world, are soon forgotten by it. It would surprise any one who would sit down and recall the long list of those who have made the latter half of this century glorious, with whom most of us now present have lived as contemporaries, who have disappeared from our sight. Writers, scientists, statesmen, warriors, how many of them whose names were sky-piercing a few years ago have now disappeared from our view.

It may be that these hurrying times are not wholly to blame for our forgetfulness. It may be that nature has made provision that no names should be so great as to hide humanity, or to give them a title upon all the future. The earth must be swept clean to make room for new forms of greatness. However this may be, the great do pass away. The younger Antonine in his day said that "great men, like great languages go out of fashion. Those who have been the wonder of their age and who shone with unusual luster soon become as a tale that is told and are swallowed up in oblivion. All this is Nature's method and Nature never does any mischief." It was easy to forget the dead in Shakspeare's time, for Hamlet expresses surprise that the King who had been dead two months was not forgotten, and he indulged the hope that a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year, that is, if he would build churches. In that weird story of Phra, the Phœnician, as often as the hero returned to life he wondered that the kings and warriors and lovers whom he had known before had so completely faded from remembrance. Each age, however, is sufficient to itself, and furnishes

the kind of means needed to effect its purpose. Hence, when the great die we will mourn their loss, but we will not be hopeless, for we are assured that each coming emergency will meet its master. For every star that sets in the west another will rise in the east.

The great eloquence of Massillon was often employed in pronouncing funeral orations over France's royalty. Sometimes the discourse was much greater than the person whose praise was celebrated by it. As the river is more majestic than that which floats upon its surface, so often the on-rolling stream of eloquence was much grander than the king or count or ecclesiastic whose name was carried along by it. If this orator were present now such things would not occur. The theme would be equal to his greatest sentences. It would become a river which would easily sweep orator and eloquence and audience along with it. But he is not here, and in the absence of any one like him the fitting words of praise must remain unspoken. Nevertheless it seems appropriate that, while the death of this scientist is not asked to furnish the main theme of such unadorned words as are spoken here, it may be permitted, at least, to recall to our minds some things connected with his life.

One of the first things to be noted is the type of man to which he belonged. Providence has taken care that no part of nature shall be left unexamined and unreported. The universe is divided into departments, and every department has its bureau of investigation and information. Mind is one such department. Beauty is another. Government another. Morals is another. Religion is another. Still another is that nature which the senses apprehend,—all those forms of matter from atoms to worlds. Those departments have all been here, in some shape, since the beginning of history. Those whom Providence has fitted and commissioned to work in them have not always found the same thing nor made the same report in the different ages of the world, but all have found something, and all have made some report. All the way from Plato to Emerson, there have been those who sought to know the mind and its powers. From Homer and Virgil to Shakspeare and Tennyson; from Jubal and St. Cecilia to Beethoven and Mozart; from Parrhasius to Millais, there have been those who have tried to learn the laws of beauty in all its forms and interpret them to mankind. Government has been made a study all the way from that of the patriarchs on to that of republics. From those who saw no distinction between might and right, the department of morals moved until it set forth the Golden Rule. The bureau of religion has been making its reports all the way from fetishism to worship of the Infinite. All the way from Thales to Linnæus and Darwin,

there have been those who have tried to find out the nature and meaning of things which the eye can see and the hand can touch and the ear can hear. It is to this last class that Tyndall belongs. When the cabinet for this century was being made up he was invited to a place in the department of science.

Of his fitness for the place there can be no doubt. He was fitted by temperament. He was born with a love for nature. Whoso would understand anything must draw very close to it. Sympathy will open doors which all other keys fail to unlock. Love defies locksmiths because the hearts on either side of the door are both beating to the same music. The Knight does not want to find the sleeping Beauty, any more than she longs to be found. So nature is a kind of enchanted castle in which beauty is imprisoned, and her doors are only opened to him who loves that which is within.

Whoever reads what this man of science has written will soon see that he was not lacking in this love. He laid his ear close to the heart of nature and she whispered her secrets to him. He found always the first and also the last meaning of things. They exist not only in certain definite and mathematical relations to each other, but they exist also for thought. The definite spoke to him of the indefinite; the finite of the infinite. He believed that science was practical, but he never lost sight of its ideal quality. It must be used to turn wheels, to light cities, to cure diseases, to minister in a thousand ways to the every-day welfare of man; but it may be used as a means of intellectual culture, ministering to the soul and unfolding its immense possibilities.

No one can charge him with lack of precision; some of the clearest utterances that can be found in the literature of science fell from his lips; and yet there is a certain glow and poetical fervor in what he says which cannot be found in the writings of others upon the same themes. No other one has written with greater precision upon chemistry; yet in the coming together of the atoms he sees something more than the prose fact. It is a marriage of the particles; a kind of sacrament; and he sings the epithalamium and flings roses to celebrate the union. He was called a materialist. But seeing the world as he saw it, this was a kind of high praise instead of a condemnation, for to him matter was not the brute thing that many had called it, but was sacred. It, too, was a manifestation of the "Power which is absolutely inscrutable to the mind of man." His materialism was more religious than the spiritualism of some of those who condemned him. When among the Alps he was always the man of science; but he was the man of science plus the man of poetry and religion. The size of a glacier is accurately meas-

ured. Its speed is determined by a series of experiments with mathematical exactness. The Weisshorn, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau and the whole awful pageant of "Alps on Alps" thrusting their lonely white tops into the blue sky are described in such way that one hardly needs to go to Switzerland to see them. They are already before the eye on the printed page. And yet one does not know which is greater,—the mountains or this man's thought about them; about the universe of which they are a small part, and about the mystery of which they are a partial revelation. Sometimes in the very midst of accurate observations he is arrested by the meaning of it all and breaks out into a rhapsody which, without cutting loose from scientific accuracy, reaches the very pinnacle of poetry and religious feeling. Klopstock and Coleridge, amid the same scenes, never rose higher in reverent expression. Let us repeat some of these thoughts of his:

"Standing upon the weather-beaten spire of the Matterhorn, my thoughts naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did they halt there, but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded as the proximate source of all material things. Did that formless fog contain potentially the sadness with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the thought which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? * * * If the final goal of man has not yet been attained * * * who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and growth of divine powers. Without this upward force could man have risen to his present height? When I look at the heavens and the earth * * * and ask myself, 'Is there no being in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do?' What is my answer?"

Let us find his answer in this:

"The day was perfect; not a cloud was to be seen, and the gauzy haze of the distant air, though sufficient to soften the outlines and enhance the coloring of the distant mountains, was far too thin to obscure them. Over the peaks and through the valleys the sunbeams poured, unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which sent their shadows in bars of darkness through the illuminated air. I had never before witnessed a scene which affected me like this one. I opened my note book to make a few observations, but soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship seemed the reasonable service."

Where can we find anything surpassing this as a sun-poem?

"As I looked over the wondrous scene I asked myself, How was this colossal work performed? Who chiseled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth. And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty—with the vigor of a thousand worlds still within him—the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky. It was he who raised aloft the waters which cut out these ravines; it was he who planted the glaciers on the mountain slopes, thus giving gravity a plough to open out the valleys; and it is he who, acting through the ages, will finally lay low these mighty monuments, rolling them gradually seaward,

Sowing the seeds of continents to be; so that the people of an older earth may see mould spread and corn wave over the hidden rocks which at this moment bear the weight of the Jungfrau."

Thus his pages of science are also pages of poetry. His facts are constantly flaming up into great reverent thoughts.

Not that he was merely a speculator and weaver of theories. He was one of the most painstaking observers and careful experimenters. He spent five hours a day for twelve years in a private study of natural phenomena. He dealt with exact things,—drafting, surveying, triangulating. In chemistry, he taught Faraday some things he did not know. He made independent discoveries in thermo-dynamics. Yet he never halted with the fact until he had converted it into life. Nature was another inspired volume to him and he was constantly bending over its pages. Of him it may be said that "science was symbol and illustration" of life in all its various forms. The world was not a machine, but a wonderful living thing. Every particle of it was athrob with significance. Early in life as was written of another, Nature became his friend and guide, saying,

Here is a story book thy Father has written for thee.

Come wander with me, she said,
Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscript of God.

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear, old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhyme of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

Less has been heard of this man and his work for the last decade than for the ten or fifteen years lying just back of it. But this is not because he and his works have declined in importance. It is not because he has ceased to affect thought. But it is being affected in a more silent way.

While a storm is raging it makes a strong and aggressive impression upon the earth. It is noticed by all. While the wind is coming, blast after

blast threatening buildings and trees, while the rain is driven like bullets against the windows or is making the ground hiss by its down pour, and occasionally the darkness is rent by a vivid flash and the tumult for a moment is silenced by a peal of thunder which makes the foundations of the earth tremble, no one can remain unimpressed by it. Persons exclaim, What a storm that is! What a display of power! But after a time the uproar ceases and the earth and the human heart resume their accustomed duties. Yet the influence of the storm goes right along for many days, but in a gentler way. It is seen now as a secondary effect. Fear has given way to a kind of quiet joy. The lightning has burned up malaria. The wind has brought a new life from health-giving regions. The rain has made a deeper green in the grass and the gardens are flaunting richer colors.

Something like this has happened in the world of science. From 1860 until 1880 a storm was raging. The doctrine of evolution was trying to establish itself in the mind of mankind. The old doctrines were determined not to be displaced. The storm became a kind of battle. On the one side was force in motion. On the other force in rest. It was thought against establishment. It was the new against the old. It was science against ecclesiasticism. Thus the storm raged for twenty years. Some feared that nothing of church or religion would be left standing. But gradually the storm center moved forward and quiet returned. Now changed conditions appear. The church is still here, but it is in many ways a better church. The spiritual atmosphere has been much cleared. It is much easier to breathe than it was before.

For these changed conditions, along with others, Tyndall must be remembered with gratitude. Perhaps as much as any other one of this generation he has helped religion to free itself from superstition. He was well instructed, he was reverent, and he was always brave. His famous Belfast address marks an epoch in the long historic battle between science and superstition. Up to that time no word so clear and brave had been uttered. The gauntlet was hurled right into the midst of those who stood as the champions of the prevalent theology, and let who would take it up he did not retreat a single inch. If the age of miracles is not past, then let us have some performed, was his request. If God interferes with the order of the universe in answer to prayer, then have it done if you would silence those who deny it.

In 1858 in Switzerland, at the foot of the Rhone glacier, he met a stalwart young priest who had come thither to bless the mountains. As the official representative of the church he was deputed to make such arrangements with nature as would insure food for the herds and flocks

that were to be pastured in the vicinity. At another time in the Tyrol a priest who feared the bursting of a glacier dam offered the sacrifice of the mass upon the ice to avert the calamity. As a Protestant, Tyndall smiled at such childish attempts to regulate the order of events. In 1865, however, England was invaded by the cattle plague and was threatened by the cholera, when an order was passed in council commanding a special form of prayer for the removal of the plague and the preservation of the country from the pestilence. To his mind the difference between the superstition of the simple priests of the Catholic church among the Alps and the educated bishops and clergymen of Protestant England was not sufficiently large to be detected with the naked eye. In substance he said as much. His attitude, as might have been expected, called forth the sharpest antagonism. Soon after came the famous "prayer test," familiar to all; a test which seems fair enough, but which never was accepted. But from all over the country, on both sides of the Atlantic, came a perfect blast of indignant protest. From elegant bishops in the great cities, down to the simple cross-roads preacher, there came answers to his daring proposition. It was thought he would not be able to withstand such a theological cyclone. But he did withstand it.

There is a story, that when Napoleon was crossing the Alps, a bugle was caught by an avalanche and swept down the mountain into the chasm below. As he felt he was going he placed the bugle to his lips and sounded the notes of "Forward;" but his comrades heard the tone become fainter and fainter until finally it ceased, silenced by the snow that piled upon him. Here the story is partly reversed. When the avalanche of tracts and sermons began to pour upon this man, he placed his bugle to his lips and blew a clear blast of "Onward." The more it raged and rushed the clearer grew his notes, until both continents heard its ringing sound.

Of course, in the heat of this debate, many severe epithets were directed toward him. Some of those who could not dislodge him from his position by argument tried to cover up their weakness by personal abuse. He was called an enemy of religion. But it could easily be proved from his writings that the charge was unfounded. His opposition was all confined to what his opponents called religion, but which he called superstition. He was called atheist, yet he said that "the scientific man has as little fellowship with the atheist who says there is no God, as with the theist who professes to know the mind of God." Accused of being a materialist, yet he said, "he bowed his head in the dust before the mystery of mind." Charged with irreverence and of ignoring religious feeling, yet he said that "reverence,

wonder and awe are woven into the texture of man; to yield satisfaction to religious sentiment is the problem of problems of the present hour." His hostility was not directed against prayer, but against the kind of prayers that were offered and the objects sought to be gained by them. He said: "It is not my habit of mind to think otherwise than solemnly of the feeling which prompts prayer. It is a power which I should like to see guided, not extinguished—devoted to practicable objects instead of wasted upon air." Many other quotations might be made from his own words which would go to show that he had all the essentials of a religion in his thought and in his practice. His whole fault must be found in that his views of religion were different from the prevailing views of his age. His crime was that he did not agree with the church authorities. It was the same crime for which Jesus was crucified and Socrates was poisoned. But time has a slow but sure way of righting such things. The crime of one age has more than once become the glory of succeeding ages.

The controversy in which he took such active and such fearless part was, of course, only another form of the great historic battle. It has hardly ceased from the days of Luctetius onward. It has not been between science and religion, but between science and theology. The latter has always assumed the right to dictate to the former. In 1616 the teaching of Copernicus was condemned by the church. Before that Bruno had been burned for teaching that there are many worlds besides the earth. Galileo was made to recant those views of the universe which were not in harmony with theology. For saying that the laws of nature must be sought in nature and not in books, Campanella was imprisoned for twenty-seven years. So this war between natural law and church miracle which we have seen waged is only one campaign of the long conflict.

The war is not over yet. But it is being fought in a different field and by different warriors. It is not now between natural science and theology so much as between theology and literature. Now we do not hear any sermons or read any articles upon miracles or upon the reconciliation of Genesis and Geology. Historic criticism, or what is fact and what is fable in the Bible, is now the point of attack and defense. But we must not forget those who stood in the front in that former conflict and won such victories for rational religion.

That they were victories no one can doubt. Not mere verbal triumphs, either, such as logicians sometimes gain over their adversaries. But triumphs of reason. Evolution is now the almost universally accepted method to account for the origin and growth of all things. The belief in the reign of law is now so widespread that it

would be difficult to find any well-informed person who would expect a miracle to be wrought in answer to prayer. Twenty-five years ago public prayer was often employed to avert or remove a public calamity. Now, in this respect, a great change is apparent. Last year, when the cholera threatened to invade America, the cities did not order days of prayer to ward it off. Instead of that they established a more rigid quarantine and cleaned their streets. A day of prayer was observed for the recovery of Garfield. It is the last of such occasions which the memory now recalls. The wounded President died in spite of the prayers, which may have done something to confirm the distrust, which was already in the mind, of the efficacy of such an agent in saving from death those whose blood is poisoned. We read now with a smile that when Halley's comet appeared in 1456, the Pope ordered the church bells of Europe to be rung to scare the monster away. An additional prayer was also ordered to assist the bells. The comet disappeared and the faithful thought that the noise and the prayers had driven it away. When some of our descendants read that we tried to drive the grasshoppers out of Minnesota and to end a long drought and to cure a fatal wound with prayer, the pitying smile will linger for a moment upon their faces.

Whether we shall ever have a religion which will yield to exact demonstration as do the problems of mathematics, we do not know. Probably not; there will always be a point where logic will halt and hope and imagination must plume themselves for an onward flight. But that we may have a religion full of all rational qualities seems to be assured. Its inferences will all proceed from reasonable premises. Its prophecies will all grow out of its experiences. It will repose where everything else reposes—upon the basis of natural law. As thus the worlds are sustained, the tides rise and recede, the snow falls and the rain, the clouds come and go, the mists veil the mountains and the thunder rolls amid the hills, the heart beats and the cheek flushes, golden hair covers the head of youth and white hair the head of age,—as all other things are moved and sustained by law, so will religion be created and sustained. Its miracles will be found in the constancy of seed time and harvest and in the steady flow of life through all things. Its sacraments will be the doing of duty. The laws will be its Providence. Its church will be the meeting place of great thoughts about God and great love for man. Its hopes, its prayers, its hymns will accord with nature. They will be as graceful as the curve of the sky, free as the flow of rivers and glad as the spring sunshine.

Such a religion can only give unbounded confidence to all who make

it theirs. So sane, so grand, so far-reaching seems the Divine Order of the universe that all good must be contained in it. The same Power that fashions the cradle of man upon the earth fashions the grave. The love that bends over one bends over the other. Birth, life, death are natural steps in the order of Providence; and a life after death seems no more marvelous than the life before death. It fits well with that plan which, working through the ages, has formed the soul and inspired it with such mighty hopes.

The Study Table

A Sketch of the Apostolic Church.*

In one respect this little book reminds us forcibly of the Revised Version of the Old Testament, for its dangerous innovations are relegated to the margin instead of being welcomed frankly into the text. After acknowledging that the passage in Acts describing the "speaking with tongues" can have no other meaning than that the disciples were endowed with the power of speaking unlearned languages, the author goes on to say, in a foot note, that "The most simple and common explanation offered by those who cannot accept this as real history is," etc. (p. 74). In discussing the second visit of Paul to Jerusalem (Acts xi. 27-30) he says frankly, "A satisfactory explanation of this contradiction [with Paul's own account in Galatians] has not yet been made," and then comes a foot note—"Of course, for one who admits that it is possible for the author of the Acts to have made a mistake, the passage presents no difficulty," etc. (p. 116). Again, in the delicate matter of Paul's relation to the Law and its bearing upon the credibility of the Acts, he says in a foot note—"If the account in Acts xxi. 17-26 is true, etc. * * * Others may decide whether this is contradictory to Paul's principle as expressed in his authentic letters" (pp. 157, 158). It would have been very much better if the author had decided these questions for himself, and given us clearly and unmistakably his opinion as to the real value of his chief source, "The Acts of the Apostles." There is a provoking gingerliness about his handling of this critical problem: on p. 270 we learn that with the death of Paul we "leave sure history for the uncertain and conflicting traditions, etc."—does he mean to imply that the book of the Acts is sure history? On p. 65, speaking of the use of the Old Testament in the New he informs us that the writers "applied many passages to him [Jesus] which we, without their guidance, would not regard as real proofs of his Messiahship"—would he have us accept them as real proofs *with their guidance*? There are so many instances of inde-

cision, stopping short of a seemingly irresistible conclusion and declining the responsibility of a positive opinion where traditional views are involved, that one becomes a trifle impatient, especially as in other cases the author goes beyond the limits of certainty. It may be that the Sergius Paulus referred to by Pliny as one of his authorities is the proconsul whom Paul met at Paphos, but our author is much surer about it (p. 120) than Lightfoot was and than the facts seem to warrant. Is it quite certain that Suetonius says, "The Emperor expelled the Jews from Rome *some time between the years 48-51 A. D.* (p. 51)? Moreover, our author's authority for the statement that in the second century, in Asia Minor, "the heathen temples were deserted, the animals of sacrifice remained unsold" (p. 195), must be Pliny, who testifies only to the condition of his own province of Pontus-Bithynia. Again, Mr. Thatcher says that during Paul's three years in Arabia "undoubtedly he spent his time there in preaching Christ" (p. 110) and for proof refers to p. 206, where he argues that unless Paul had been preaching before his first visit to Jerusalem his enemies might have contended that he began his work only with Peter's permission. But Paul's own account of his stay at Damascus, after his return, seems to prove that even if he had not preached in Arabia he had become conspicuous as a preacher in Damascus, and the Acts confirms this view (ix. 22-25, cf. also xxvi. 20). It cannot be denied that the "fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus" (1 Cor. xv. 32) may be taken literally, but in that case the omission of so frightful an experience from the catalogue of hardships in 2 Cor. xi. 25 is certainly remarkable. On p. 123 it is said that after being stoned the apostle *withdrew to Lystra*, when of course we should read to *Derbe*. On p. 163 we are told that "Asia was the name of the Roman province which was formed by the three ancient divisions, Lydia, Caria, and Lycia," where for Lycia we ought to substitute Mysia, as on p. 191. It would not be strange, however, if the latter blunder were a printer's error, like those on p. 272, where for 140 we should probably read 110 (?), and p. 307, where for 45 we should certainly read 35.

The style of the book is unusually clear and readable, but occasionally it is so loose as to be slipshod. It makes a reader rub his eyes to find such sentences as these in a book published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "There was nothing else so dangerous . . . than the proclamation of a Messiah" (p. 111). "All them that dwell in Asia heard the word of the Lord" (p. 195). "The whole Old Dispensation, with all its authorities, were forever done away" (p. 291).

In signs and omens "men mark the hits but not the misses"; in re-

viewing a book like this the danger is of marking the misses and not the hits. From that danger this review has not escaped. What has been already said makes it evident that the book must be read with caution, but it certainly ought to be read. In many respects it is unsurpassed in its delineations of the apostolic age. In its grasp upon the general situation, upon the forces that were at work to make of Christianity a world religion, and especially in its presentation of "The Burning Question" in regard to Christianity and Judaism, this book has no equal (in like compass) that I know of in English. What if one find—

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines, its body so to speak; *its soul is right.*

May I especially recommend this book to students who are following the Six Years' Course, in preparation for the closing lessons of the fourth year upon the general subject of the Apostolic Church? w. w. f.

"SERMONS FOR THE CHURCH." By Caleb Davis Bradlee, D. D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1893. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 275. \$1.25.

The twenty-five sermons which Dr. Bradlee has gathered into this volume are practical rather than doctrinal. They do not attempt the solution of difficult problems, but only the enforcement of plain duties. But though the emphasis is on life rather than on theological opinion, there is a theology implied as the basis of the exhortations. It is the theology of the early Unitarianism of New England. The preacher is evidently untroubled by Biblical criticism or scientific questioning. Pure religion can be obtained by the simple process of going back to the thought and practice of the primitive Christian church.

The point of view of the sermons may be learned from the following extract: "Let us go back to Nazareth, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, to all Judea and to all Syria, let us go back to the first Christian church, at its early start, and we will learn all that is necessary about the great Ruler of the heavens and the earth, while much that obscures our faith at the present hour will be entirely thrown into oblivion." Dr. Bradlee, with all his fine tolerance of disposition, distrusts the promise of a new theology, for, "the old discourse about God came through the Father by the Son, and was ratified as a complete revelation at the time of its grand, majestic, and final disclosure." He protests vigorously against any theory "that strives to emasculate the New Testament, that makes Jesus only one among many teachers, and not a perfect character that can never be copied."

Though one may well take exception to the intellectual attitude, the ethical and spiritual elements so predominate in these sermons as to give them real value. There are none of

*A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH. BY OLIVER J. THATCHER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 312.

the "pale negations" or cold understatements supposed to be characteristic of Unitarian preaching. On the contrary, there is an evangelical fervor of appeal and a love of strong statement which sometimes borders on exaggeration. The style is often too diffuse for the printed page, but one can see that it would be effective from the pulpit.

The sermons are wholesome and helpful. The sermons on "The Coronation of Failure" and "Spiritual Climbing" will be especially remembered as giving the inspiration to renewed effort. S. M. C.

STUDIES OF TRAVEL: GREECE. Ditto: ITALY. By Edward A. Freeman. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1893. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 24mo, pp. 286 and 321. 75 cents each.—These papers, prepared by the great historian's daughter, are a republication of a series of papers contributed to the *Saturday Review*, the *Guardian* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* during the author's travels in Greece in 1877 and in Italy in 1881 and 1883. They may, perhaps, be regarded as the diversions of an historian. Full of rich allusion and keen comment they are highly suggestive to the general reader or to the historian, and have a special value for those who would themselves visit the remains of the early Greek and Italian civilization. Perhaps Freeman's greatest merit as an historian was that saneness and wholeness of view (if the expression be permissible) which would not permit the most famous period of the history of a place or people to obscure its less famous days. This is seen frequently in these papers, where he protests against the heedless destruction of the monuments of mediæval Greece in the effort to "restore" classical Greece. It also shows itself in the fondness with which he dwells on the neglected but important pre-Roman period of the Italian cities. We commend the books to lovers of history, archæology and travel.

F. W. S.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR. By Wm. T. Stead. Annual of the Review of Reviews for 1893. Paper, 1s.

Mr. Stead's story belongs to the "Looking Backward" order, and is devoted to showing how much might be done for society by a properly conducted daily paper, backed by great wealth. In it he sets forth not only the possibilities of his ideal Daily Paper, but also of the Civic Church. Everything centers about the paper, because he regards this as the age of journalism. Mr. Stead has shown himself an earnest reformer, and, we believe, a successful business man, and he is therefore entitled to a hearing, even though many of his ideas seem—and are—wildly visionary. Some of the suggestions in this book are very helpful; others are highly impracticable, if not undesirable. We shall not spoil the reader's

possible enjoyment by telling the story upon which his ideas are strung. He himself figures in it under the name of Jasper Sterling. We think he has given us the key to his life,—that which is, in a way, at once its strength and its weakness,—in the statement somewhere made in this book, to the effect that nothing—be it good or be it evil—succeeds without sensationalism.

Of course the book was hastily written, and has many artistic blemishes. Like the old-fashioned story books which constantly drag a certain number of alleged nautical phrases into the conversation of their sailors, whether or not they are in place, Mr. Stead has put a few hoary expressions and peculiar modes of speech into the mouths of certain of his characters, which may at first surprise his American readers; but his English readers will understand at once—they are "Americanisms." Fortunately Mr. Stead has not consistently subjected his American characters to the use of these forms of speech. When they have thus declared their nationality and Mr. Stead gets interested in what he is making them say, this stage property is dropped, and they are permitted to talk English—at least such English as Mr. Stead himself uses. Now and again we find such abrupt transitions of thought as hint at a hasty "cutting" down of the original manuscript or else at a somewhat erratic working of the author's mind. But we must remember that this Christmas story was not put forth as a work of art, but that it is professedly a "purpose novel." F. W. S.

MONEY FOUND: RECOVERED FROM ITS HIDING PLACES, AND PUT INTO CIRCULATION THROUGH CONFIDENCE IN GOVERNMENT BANKS. By Thomas E. Hill, author of the Hill Banking System. Revised edition, with a glossary of financial terms and general information relating to finance. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 121. 75 cents.—The title indicates the character and purpose of this treatise. The book is fully indexed, and some twenty-five pages are given to the glossary and tables of information relating to finance. The tendency of the treatise is to attribute undue importance to financial systems in their influence upon the prosperity and happiness of the people, and accordingly to make extravagant claims for the results of his system. But disregarding this extravagance of the too enthusiastic reformer, it is well for us to examine fairly his plan,—which is that the national government should establish a large number of banks throughout the country, which should pay 3 per cent. on time deposits, and loan at 4 per cent. The author sets forth numerous advantages to come from this, but the chief are that confidence in the government would lead to the emptying of all the "old stockings" into the banks, and thus make all the currency in existence available,

and that the result would be an active and elastic currency, conducing greatly to the stability of industry and commerce and the uniform prosperity of all classes. F. W. S.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED for the first quarter of 1894 is an interesting magazine for all students of economic and social science. The report of the annual meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Profit-Sharing is interesting reading, as are also Mr. N. O. Nelson's paper "Through Profit-Sharing to Co-operation," and Mr. C. H. D'E. Leppington's "More than One Solution of the Labor Problem," which is taken from the *Contemporary Review* for last September. Mr. Nelson's utterances are especially deserving of attention because of his practical work. The N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, established in St. Louis, Mo., is a strong business house conducted on profit-sharing principles. During the business depression of last year it was thought wise to cut down expenses, and it was proposed by Mr. Nelson and agreed to by the men, that wages and profits should temporarily be reduced 25 per cent. October 1, after this reduction had continued three months, business justified a return to the former rates, and late in December it was announced that the business had so much improved that the one-fourth held back during the summer would be paid. Another feature of this number is a review of Prof. Gide's "Co-operative Movement in France During the Last Ten Years," which appeared in the *Revue d'Economie Politique*. From this it would appear that the French magazine *L'Emancipation* would be very useful to those who desire to study Co-operation and Profit-Sharing in that country in connection with other social questions.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE. Collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. Vol. I. 1774-1779. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, large 8vo, pp. 445. \$2.50.

A SYMPOSIUM OF THE SPIRIT. Compiled by George S. Merriam. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 116. \$1.00.

HISTORIANS OF JUDAISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Dr. E. Schreiber. Chicago: Occident Pub. Co. 32-page 8vo pamphlet.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 235. \$1.00.

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The Bome

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—Love is God and dies not.
 MON.—It is not the eye but the force behind it that rules.
 TUES.—Law is the sequence of Creative Thought.
 WED.—Spirit gathers power from its anchorage to the physical.
 THURS.—He who suffers most from selfishness, is the one who is selfish.
 FRI.—The lesson to learn is the well-doing of present duty.
 SAT.—All worlds are made better when one individual atom is made better.

—From "Three Sevens," by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. M. M. Phelon.

Boxer and Dixie.

Can you guess to whom those names belong? No! Well, I will tell you—a dog and a cat. "Boxer" is the cutest little dog you ever saw. He is white, with light-brown ears, and one spot on his body. His tail—it is hardly any tail at all, so short and curled up like a pig's is it; but his eyes make up for the shortness of the tail, as they are large, and of beautiful dark color. He fairly talks with his eyes! Did you ever see a pair of speaking eyes? I have, and they are his, and quite as lovely as those in the head of a human being.

"Dixie" was a large white and gray cat, and those two animals were the best of friends. They would romp together, Dixie never getting vexed with Boxer, though he would pull her around by the ears or tail, just as he fancied.

These two playmates ate dinner together, too, but I am afraid that Boxer got the largest share, as he could eat so much faster; still Dixie had her share of bread and milk at supper, which Boxer did not. One day their dinner was all ready, so was Boxer, but Dixie was nowhere to be found. We called and called, still no Dixie came. We at last said, "Boxer, where is Dixie?" At this he pricked up his ears, and went to the door, as much as to say, "I am looking, but do not see her; do give me my dinner!" "No, not before Dixie comes—Go, fetch her, Boxer! go fetch Dixie."

With that he rushed into the yard, and presently we heard her mewing. Lo! there was Boxer dragging her in by the hind leg as fast as he could. He was so hungry that he could not possibly wait for her to take her own time. He had found her asleep, and must needs help her along faster than she felt like coming.

Four Dixie went off many years ago, and never came back. We are afraid some bad boy got hold of her, and killed her. Boxer is still with

us, and has had several playmates since, though to none has he been so attached. He is just as smart and knowing as he ever was, though nearly nine years old.

—Exchange.

Herb Molly.

In a corner of one of the great markets of Philadelphia a little stall was for years occupied by an old Scotch woman. She sold only heads of lettuce and herbs, but few as crisp and fresh were to be found in the city. Sometimes the other hucksters urged her to "spread out" into the larger vegetables.

"Na, na!" she would say. "I ken my salats an' my herbs. I dinna ken th' ither. I suld cheat or be cheated wi' them."

Herb Molly never wronged any one of a penny. Her sense of justice was so fine and so long proved that disputes in the market were brought to her to decide. Customers who stopped once to buy the fresh, crisp leaves from the tidy old body always came again. Something in the withered face which looked out from under the white cap went with them, and drew them to her again. More than one busy housekeeper would go a mile out of her way to buy from Old Molly.

"It's not only that her herbs are fresh and delicious," one said, "but it rests me to speak to her. She is only an ignorant woman, but so true, so friendly! It's the kindest soul in the world that looks out of her eyes."

In the twenty years during which she sat in the quiet corner she gradually became a power in the market. Noisy people lowered their voices in their bargaining when they spoke to her. Even Big Pete, the butcher and "rough," made her his confidante.

It was to Molly the women carried their troubles about sick babies and drunken husbands. It was Molly who coaxed Big Pete's boy to give up liquor, and who saved more than one girl in the market who was going astray. She lived alone. These rough folk were the only children she had. She had love enough in her old heart to mother them all.

But the thing which gave her such extraordinary power over them, was that God was so real to her.

"She don't preach," one woman said, "but Jesus is with her all the time. She talks to him, she knows him."

"I don't know notin' of priests or preachers." Big Pete used to say, "but I believe in Molly's God."

Molly died the other day. There was no notice in any paper to show that a power for good had gone silently out of the world. But her empty corner was swept and closed that day, and over every stall in the market hung a scrap of black. One man whom she had brought back to decency and happiness said:

"A woman may sit as a huckster in

this market and yet be one of the angels of God."

That was her only funeral sermon.
 —Youth's Companion.

An Easy Place.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had no place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease; and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you; and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others. Life is tollsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning of life's course.—*Christian Herald*.

LEMONS are used for soap in many countries where they grow. When, for instance, the men and women of the West Indies want to wash their hands, they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them and then rinse them briskly in water until they are clean. In countries where oranges grow in great plenty, country gentlemen use the cheapest kind for blacking their boots. The orange is cut in two and the juicy side of one half is rubbed on the soot of an iron pot and a bright polish at one appears.—*American Youth*.

Kitty Knew About Sheep.

Seven sheep were standing

By the pasture wall.

"Tell me," said the teacher

To her scholars small,

"One poor sheep was frightened,

Jumped, and ran away,

One from seven—how many

Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—

A farmer's daughter she,

Not so bright at figures

As she ought to be.

"Please, ma'am"—"Well, then, Kitty,

Tell us, if you know."

"Please, if one jumped over,

All the rest would go."

—Exchange.

A Pound of Facts

is worth oceans of theories. Fact first: More infants are successfully raised on the Eagle brand condensed milk than upon any other food. Fact second: They are subject to less sickness than others. Fact third: The Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is therefore unequaled as an infant food.

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The Sunday School

The Western Sunday School Society.

The Western Sunday School Society held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, Feb. 6. There were present Messrs. Gould, Kerr, Jones and Scheible; Mesdames Leonard, Lord and Perkins.

The Secretary's report was accepted, as was also the Treasurer's, which showed several annual contributions from Sunday schools.

The revision of the Service Book, Unity Service and Songs, was discussed, and it was suggested that it would be desirable, before publishing, to submit the revision to the criticism of interested and qualified friends.

The outline of the coming year's lessons, to be prepared by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, was presented and considered. M. H. PERKINS, Sec'y.

Sunday School Items.

BORROWING OUR LESSONS.

The *Church News* is the name of the parish paper published by the First Universalist Church of Minneapolis, one of the most enterprising of the liberal societies in the West. The January and February numbers of this periodical are especially interesting because of a new departure in Sunday-school work. The church has given up the International Lessons and is publishing a course of its own, a course which has now been adopted by the "Sunday School Association," as we learn from the February *Church News*. How admirable this new course is UNITY readers can easily understand from the fact that the lessons are largely made up from our publication, the January numbers being mostly from Gannett's *Childhood of Jesus* (Unity Sunday School Lessons, No. 17); while the four February numbers are reprinted almost *verbatim* from Mann's *Studies of Jesus* (Unity Sunday School Lessons, No. 13), and Horton's *Noble Lives and Noble Deeds*, issued by the Boston Unitarian Sunday School Society. We are glad to see our material put to such excellent use. The only criticism we have to make is that the reader of the February *Church News* would be sure to think that the lessons had been prepared expressly for that periodical by Rev. N. M. Mann, Mrs. Kate L. Brown, and Rev. Edward A. Horton.

A. W. G.

Notes from the Field

Cleveland, Ohio.—On Feb 18 and 25 Rev. G. L. Cary, L. H. D., President of Meadville Theological School, will preach morning and evening on "The Birthright of the Race," "Ideals," "The Beauty of Self-Sacrifice," and "Proverbs." The Sunday school is engaged with Mr. Lenn's Lessons. The teachers' meeting is held Friday afternoon. This is the religious study class of the

church, open to all who are interested in the cause. The young men's class, under Prof. Benjamin, is studying Hebrew History and Travel.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Rev. H. Digby Johnston preached an inspiring New Year's sermon on the parable of the barren fig tree. The title of the sermon was itself enough to recommend it, and it has since been printed in pamphlet form. It is called, "Life, Not Death, Man's True Care."

Manistee, Mich.—Services were held in the church here on Jan. 28 by Rev. C. F. Elliott, and on Feb. 4 by the Western Secretary. At the latter date a meeting of those interested in liberal religion was held, and a committee of ten of the younger people appointed to canvass the city with a view to securing a minister and recommencing the regular services. The seats will be free now, and the income will be derived from weekly subscriptions. The committee took hold of the work enthusiastically, and there is little doubt that this beautiful church will soon be once more a center of intellectual and spiritual life for the community.

A. W. G.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams will occupy the pulpit here on Feb. 18. She is a colored woman of rare ability, who spoke with great acceptance in the World's Congress of Representative Women and in the Parliament of Religions, and she has filled other liberal pulpits successfully. The money for the new church has all been raised and the contract has now been let for erecting the building. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Hubbard recently presented them with an autograph quilt, as a slight testimonial of the debt of gratitude the church owed them. The presentation address was a graceful and ingenious poem by Miss Bartlett. She succeeded in getting in all the names of the donors without showing any traces of "patch-work" in the verse.

Baraboo, Wis.—This church, under the efficient charge of Rev. Robert C. Douthitt for several months past, has been moving along very satisfactorily, with good results and growing interest among our people. The Unity Club meets fortnightly. From a small beginning it has become quite strong, and much interest is manifested by the members. A look-up league was organized early in January, continuing with good indications of life and growth.

Duluth, Minn.—During the first three weeks in January the minister of the Unitarian church will preach on Sunday mornings in St. Paul, returning to Duluth in time for the evening service. There will be no morning service at the church on those Sundays. The Sunday school will meet as usual at 12 m., and the class in Comparative Religions at 7 p. m.

Mr. Southworth's evening subjects will be: The Religion of the Savage, The Religion of Greece, The Religion of Buddha, The Religion of Israel, The Religion of Jesus, and The Religion of the Future.

Detroit, Minn.—We learn that the liberal movement here is steadily growing. It still holds its meetings in a hall, but it has organized a good Sunday school and an active Ladies' Aid Society. And with Miss Putnam to preach for them every other Sunday

they hardly feel the need of a settled minister.

St. Paul, Minn.—From the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* we quote the following editorial:

The announcement of the resignation of Rev. S. M. Crothers of Unity Church, with a view to accept a call to the leading Unitarian Church in Cambridge, Mass., will be received with general regret, not only by his own congregation, but by the community in general. They will be sorry to part with him, because he has long been recognized as a leader among the wholesome intellectual and moral forces which are enlisted on different sides of the grand work of education in St. Paul in its higher and nobler senses. He has turned away from so many brilliant and tempting inducements to leave St. Paul for rich and influential churches in the great centers, that it was hoped he might regard it as his duty to refuse all new offers that might come to him from whatever quarter. But it is impossible not to recognize the force of the consideration stated in his letter of resignation, which led him to accept a call from Cambridge. What he may be able to do for Unitarianism in such a center of intellectual activity is of small consequence to the *Pioneer Press*; but as representing all the influences that contribute to the material and social welfare of St. Paul, it expresses the general public feeling in saying that the departure of Mr. Crothers will be deeply regretted as a sensible loss to the city, and that even in Cambridge he will be a valuable acquisition to the intellectual elite of that great seat of culture.

The letter of resignation, to which it refers, is as follows:

With deep regret over the necessity of breaking the ties that have bound me here, I write to present my resignation of the pastorate of Unity Church, in order that I may accept a call which I have received from the First Parish Church of Cambridge, Mass.

I can here only indicate the considerations that have been decisive. I have long been convinced that there was the possibility of a work being done by the Unitarian minister in Cambridge of peculiar importance and urgency. To adequately impress any considerable portion of the young men at the university with the vital power of liberal religion would give to our cause the kind of re-enforcement it greatly needs. At no other point did it seem to me that there was such an opportunity to influence not simply the present, but also the future. So long as this, however, was simply a somewhat vague possibility and so long as I had no means of estimating my own fitness for such work I could easily put the matter aside. Last spring my answer to those who urged it upon me was, in effect, "I fully agree with your estimate of the importance of the work which might be done if you could find the right man to do it. I have, however, no sufficient evidence that it is my work."

Since my recent visit to Cambridge I am no longer able to say this. I see a definite work to be done, which seems to me to be of the utmost importance to our cause. It has come to me in a personal way, so that I must definitely accept or reject it. To reject it would be for me to reject the opportunity of doing the largest service which my own judgment tells me I could do for Unitarianism in America. My present decision is the result of the new evidence which has come to me and which appears to me to be conclusive.

I need not tell you at what cost this decision is made. During more than seven years I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. To part with friends such as I have found here would seem like sacrilege were I to do so for any reason that did not seem imperative. In presenting my resignation I would ask that it may take effect on the first of June of the present year.

I inclose a communication written before I received the formal call to Cambridge, and which gives more in detail my reasons for my present action.

With the deepest appreciation of all that binds me to St. Paul, I ask you to believe that it is nothing short of what seems to me a call to a more urgent and necessary work that moves me. Very sincerely,
S. M. CROTHERS.

Oakland, Cal.—From the weekly calendar of the First Unitarian Church we learn that Superintendent Wendte has now an assistant in his pastoral work. On the morning of Sunday, Feb. 4, Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes preached what we take to be her inaugural sermon, Mr. Wendte preaching in the evening; and on the Wednesday following a reception was given to the new assistant pastor. The calendar is prefaced by selections from 2 Kings

xxii. 12-15, and Rom. xvi. 1, referring to woman as prophet and minister.

St. Louis, Mo.—On Feb. 4 Rev. John C. Learned's widow occupied the pulpit which he had so long filled. From the *St. Louis Republic* we take the following abstract of her address:

I have chosen to-day as the subject for which I ask your attention, "The Ground of Our Faith, or, Why Have We Any Confidence in Things Unproved or Unprovable?" In what can we put the trust of our hearts when we are sore tired, and how may we gain a living faith sufficient to carry us through times of disquiet, distraction and gloom, to keep us steadfast when mysteries enshroud us, willing to live when released from all earthly service would be easier? The answer is faith, but to define it is as little possible as to tell what life is or to explain love. It eludes definition. It is more than expectation; it is more than hope. It is the assurance of things hoped for; the proving of things not seen. It is not knowledge, but rests on knowledge.

Mrs. Learned's talk dealt with faith, applying it to every-day life, and in conclusion she quoted:

A child's kiss set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad. A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich. A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong. Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest.

The address was warmly received.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Unitarian Club of Philadelphia has recently removed its book-room to 1102 Walnut street; and on the afternoon of the 16th inst. the ladies of the House and Entertainment Committee entertained the members and friends of the club at a most enjoyable 5 o'clock tea. The regular meeting of the club was held on Thursday evening last, when "The Duties of Citizenship" were discussed by several speakers. President Harned spoke of "The Corruption of Politics," and introduced as the first speaker Mr. C. R. Woodruff, Secretary of the Municipal League, an organization formed to further the cause of good government by separating city politics from those of the State and nation. Mr. Woodruff said that the misgovernment of which we complain so justly is due primarily to the supineness of the people. It is the duty of every one of us to take as much interest in public affairs as in our own private business. A city is a great corporation, of which the citizens are the stockholders; and they should watch their municipal interests just as closely as they do those connected with banks or railroad companies. Mr. Lincoln L. Eyre, the next speaker, regretted the inapplicability of many of his remarks to the majority of the audience, because of the inability of women to vote. Still they are just as much interested in the question of good paving and clean streets, pure water and good light, as the men; and he rejoiced to see that many women are interesting themselves in civic affairs. Every inch of apathy on such subjects on the part of reputable citizens means a foot of ground for anarchy to stand on. We look anxiously in the morning paper for the latest news from the Sandwich Islands, and pay no attention to the defective paving or drainage of the street before our door, which may be breeding disease and bringing death to our children. And the trouble is largely because we will persist in electing to city offices men who are the tools of the self-constituted leaders of national parties, who take this means to pay their political debts and keep themselves in power, drawing from the office-holders they have

placed in office the corruption fund which has come to be such a powerful factor in our politics. This condition of things is unknown in the country, and is possible only in the cities. The only remedy is to take city affairs entirely out of party politics by building up a strong municipal party, devoted exclusively to them.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who, unexpectedly to himself and to the club, found it possible to be present, expressed his gratification that a Unitarian club, representing Unitarian churches, should give countenance to such a mundane subject, which, however, he rejoiced to believe, was rapidly becoming the real province of religion; for, when we are attending to the proper discharge of our homely daily duties, with a desire for the advancement of mankind, we are attending to our religious duties. The Old Testament prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others, were really political reformers, who, like the young men to whom he had listened so gladly, saw the corruption that existed in the state, and set themselves to effect a reform. He rejoiced especially in the efforts that were being made to inculcate patriotism in the school children. It is well that they should be taught to love the flag of their country. But that is not enough. They should be made to feel that they are citizens of the world, and that there is something greater even than patriotism,—the love of the whole human family. When a man is wounded, the red-cross flag protects him, and is respected by all civilized nations. There should be a universal flag, which should protect humanity, irrespective of race, creed, or condition. The future historian will regard the year 1893 as the crowning year of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and the World's Parliament of Religions as the crowning glory of that year, making the commencement of a new era of "peace on earth, good will to men." Mr. Jones' address was listened to with great attention, and greeted with frequent outbursts of applause.—*Christian Register*.

Helena, Mont.—Rev. J. H. Crooker is preaching during February, morning and evening, on such inspiring themes as "The New Universe," "The More Glorious Humanity," "The Rediscovery of Jesus." The interest is unabated in his work. Rarely does a man of such exact scholarship have the gift of clear and eloquent statement which he possesses. He satisfies the requirements of the most fastidious, and yet has attractive and inspiring thought for the less cultivated.

New Haven, Conn.—Rev. Perry Marshall's lecture on The Problem of the Unemployed was enthusiastically received in the Church of the Messiah, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6. Clergymen present expressed agreement with his views of the rationalization of monopolies, and a hope to hear from him often. The morning papers gave extended reports.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD IDA, in search of a book to read, attracted by its bright binding, selected Pope's "Essay on Man." After vainly trying to read and comprehend it she laid it aside, saying with a sigh: "It may be easy on man, but it's hard on children."—*Housekeeper's Weekly*.

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Editorial

*Daily the bending skies solicit man,
The seasons chariot him from this exile,
The rainbow hours bedeck his glowing
chair,
The storm-winds urge the heavy weeks
along,
Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights
Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home.*
—Emerson.

LOVERS of Emerson and believers in the doctrine of evolution will doubtless take much pleasure in reading Rev. E. M. Wheelock's presentation of the religion of nature, which appears in our Church-Door Pulpit under the title of "The Long Climb of Man." We hope that all

will read it, for here, in a style strongly suggestive of Emerson, we have the truest religious thought of the last decade of this scientific age presented to us in the language of Emerson.

THERE is one feature in *The Church News*—the religious monthly which Dr. Shutter's church is publishing for the benefit of the Minneapolis Liberals—which always commands our admiration, and that is the form of the sermon. In these days of superabundant reading matter even an unusually strong sermon runs great risk of being passed over by the busy man—so many pages of solid reading matter look rather formidable. But one is pretty sure to read one of Dr. Shutter's sermons because the points stand out so clearly that you can get the outline of the sermon almost as easily as you can read the title. The heads and sub-heads stand out so that "he who runs may read," and this simple use of Roman and Arabic numerals, assisted by a liberal use of italics, enables one to get the outline of the sermon in two minutes. In preparing sermons for publication ministers would do much to gain a hearing for themselves by attending to such an apparently simple matter as this. We are aware, however, that it is by no means as simple as it looks, particularly when the line of thought is a close one and the address is originally written out *in extenso*.

JUST now there is another of the periodical spasms of anxiety about the name and being of God in Congressional circles, and Massachusetts leads the would-be pious campaign. Senator Frye and Representative Morse have introduced resolutions looking towards the introduction of God into the Constitution of the United States. These people would like to make of us a Christian nation by an act of Congress; legislate piety into our people. Granting for argument's sake that there is cause for

this religious nervousness, the remedy proposed is childish. What imbecility of spirit is that that would undertake to stay the throne of the Eternal by a preamble! Chemistry cannot be made theistic by inscribing on the laboratory walls, "In God we trust," nor can astronomy be made devout by engraving a hymn upon the tube of the telescope. A pious creed does not necessarily make a pious church. The word "God" in the Constitution, or a Christian amendment to the same, will not change the prayerless hearts in the nation. The Government cannot be made theistic upon the adoption of a resolution by godless Senators and the approval of the same perhaps by a profane President. Let Massachusetts lead in some better way.

A GOOD-SIZED hall capable of seating five hundred people almost filled by men and women, young, middle-aged and old, and a patient musical genius on the platform at the piano or on his feet before a small blackboard—wherever he is, always active, and stimulating by his strong personality—this you may see any Friday night at Hull House. Mr. William L. Tomlins, the director of the Chicago Apollo Club, issued an announcement that he would direct from December to April a choral class especially for the working people. The news went rapidly through the poorer parts of Chicago—it was announced in the Trade and Labor Assembly, and now there are enrolled between five and six hundred members, who for twenty-five cents can have the chance of singing simple uplifting music every week. For the most part these are working men and women who have known little or no music. All that the good director assumes is a willingness on their part to attempt to sing, and the results so far go to prove the success of the plans. It is interesting to speak of the success of Mr. Tomlins' work in connection with

the latest word from Mr. B. J. Lang: "Presupposing willingness on the part of an individual who has received nothing from music, I believe that he can acquire enough of it greatly to enrich and beautify his life."

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We publish in another column further words from the bereaved parish at St. Paul. In the face of much that is artificial, conventional and sometimes something worse in the way of bitterness and unfair dealing between church and pastors in these days, it is also well to remember that there is nothing more tender, pure and helpful in modern society than the relation which often exists between a true man in the pulpit and the aspiring souls in the pews. The world offers to-day no freer, larger, more inspiring opportunity for a man or woman rightly qualified in head and heart than the opportunity of the Liberal pulpit, a church committed only to excellence, pledged to progress. Such a relation Mr. Crothers has sustained to the Unity Church of St. Paul, and the breaking of these home ties is pathetic, albeit they are broken by mutual consent and in the obvious interests of the cause for which they have both labored. In going to Cambridge Mr. Crothers goes to a large and important work. In leaving St. Paul he leaves a work scarcely less important. But we gladly give him leave of absence. Some years ago Father Alcott prophesied that the Mississippi Valley would have to send missionaries to Massachusetts inside of twenty-five years. If Mr. Crothers can consecrate the progress, simplicity and democracy, the wealth, culture and piety represented by Harvard College, he will indeed discharge a high, prophetic mission. We congratulate Cambridge, and congratulate also St. Paul that it has been given them to train a man for so important a field, and that it is now their opportunity to show that they have been worthy the ministrations of such a man, by living up to his standard when he is gone.

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RABBI VOORSANGER preached at Palo Alto on Sunday not long since. Among his hearers was a student who had always shown great reluctance in church attendance, but had been persuaded to go on this occasion. As the congregation left the chapel he was heard to exclaim, "Golly, boys, I believe I am a Jew."—*Pacific Unitarian*.

The Reproach of "Breadth."

The *Spectator* for January 20th contains a smart article entitled "The Affectation of 'Breadth,'" in which in clever English it pokes fun at the Parliament of Religions, calling it a "sort of success of a bizarre idea." It seems to be pleased with the fact that "the Anglican Church, with its usual perfect decorum and good sense, stood silently aloof." It is not worth while to correct misrepresentation of facts in the article, still less is it worth while to try to answer the genteel cynicism of this representative of a type of culture to which enthusiasm is a *prima facie* evidence of vulgarity, and a hope for better things is taken as a reflection upon the culture of the victim of such hope. This writer assumes that the breadth manifested in Chicago last September was an "affectation," and under the guise of this assumption, unconsciously perhaps, makes an argument for stupidity, dogmatism and conservatism on the score that solid men, the true guardians of morals and religion, are generally found on the narrower side of all questions.

We will not stoop to defend the sincerity nor yet the intellectual integrity of those who entered into the spiritual life of the Parliament and who contributed to its intellectual strength; but it may be well in this connection to note the too common assumption, even among progressive people this side of London, that breadth is liable to carry with it a connotation of shallowness, that it is too frequently secured at the cost of profundity or of efficiency. Figures of speech are dangerous to profound thinking always; never more so than when terms of physics are called in to interpret metaphysical realities. So this identification of breadth with shallowness shows the tyranny of the shallow-pond figure. It is a pure assumption not justified by philosophy nor by history. The truth is that the ocean is deeper than the pond, as it is broader. The wide rivers are in the main deep rivers. Even the marsh, the favorite figure of shallowness, is profound in its deep-reaching moisture, its fertile soil and the abundant life it sustains. A broad thought cannot be broad unless it is deep as well. A great thought is cubical. It does strike out on long and inclusive lines because it has

first struck down deep below the superficial distinctions, surface differences, transient barriers. It is a pure assumption that narrowness or bigotry or dogmatism find their roots in deep thought, still less in deep motives. The great thinkers of the world have all been open to the charge of breadth and have been suspected consequently, in their day, of being superficial, or at least being vague, and consequently impotent. Witness the contemporary estimate of Channing, Frederick Robertson, and Emerson. Witness further the corrective estimate of these men by subsequent observers. It is now recognized that these men held broad ideas because they had done deep thinking; their sympathies were wide because their thoughts were deep. The Parliament of Religions, which this representative of English culture, the *Spectator*, so jauntily disposes of as an indication of the "pulpiness of the modern brain," was anything but the result of superficial thinking or of a surface sensation. The distinctions and the antagonisms of centuries were opposed to it. The suspicions and the interests of the great organizations concerned were against it, but science, art, commerce, and letters had bored down through these strata and reached the subterranean spring that bespoke hidden connection, concealed communications. They have been intimating a common life underlying and permeating these differences, and so the Parliament was a reality.

Now that the Parliament is over with, there are those who were willing to believe in seventeen days of a Parliament but distrust the potency of the ideal for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. They were willing to approve and rejoice in this one passing demonstration of breadth, but distrust its potency as a working principle. They like a Parliament of Religions for the world, but do not know about it for the town in which they live or for the country they would organize in the interest of a better life.

UNITY has of late been a trial to some of its friends, who are afraid that it is becoming enamored of "bigness," too impatient with denominational and sectarian narrowness. In other words, they were afraid of *breadth*; fear it will paralyze something already vital, and disenchant something already enchanting. It is

well that we should ever inquire into the reality of our pretensions. Hypocrisy is debilitating. If there is an "affectation of breadth," rather than breadth, it is to be deplored, dreaded, condemned, and will surely come to naught. Time will test and ultimately defeat all sham. Meanwhile it cannot be too clearly urged that wide forces are necessarily deep forces. Large plans are never in danger of being too large, but ever in danger of suffering at the hands of friends who are not large enough to trust them and to follow them to their logical conclusions.

Universalists, Reform Jews, Ethical Culture movements, Independent movements and Unitarians have boasted much of their liberality. But now, when asked to accept the logic of their own position and work together for the upbuilding of society, some are apprehensive lest their own vitality may suffer by a fuller application of their own principles. It is the old distrust of breadth. They are willing to be broad, but within "working limits;" which means, the safe limits of their own traditional names and denominational lines. But the profound things in their names and in their movements, the deep things in their respective messages, have been the universal things, the things they hold in common. When this common life is honestly recognized, and they try to work together, not apart, in every possible way, then they will demonstrate that *breadth is depth*, that openness is possible only to the profound, and that "big thoughts" are "holy thoughts" because they hold all smaller thoughts in their sacred embrace. The divine life is measureless. Let not the pond presume on the shallowness of the ocean, nor the babbling brook prate about the impotency of the silent Mississippi. Give us breadth and we will find that we have depth also. The great mind demands a great heart, and the great heart is impossible without great thoughts to feed it. The world is not yet in danger of suffering from too much breadth either in individual hearts or in co-operative organizations. Let no one be sneered out of his passion for Bigness. The immeasurable God sustains the immeasurable ideal.

DENMARK allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension.

The Consolation of Truth.

Liberalism is accused of coldness. It is said to be a religion without consolation. It can have, it is affirmed, no comfort for the heart crushed with sorrow.

On the other hand the old faith teaches a God of compassion, who walks forever over the world and never crushes a flower or a poor human heart. God, it is said, has a human side, and his tenderness and pity are revealed in Jesus, in whom he incarnates Himself. How many sorrowful millions have been consoled by this thought, and have laid their weary heads upon the divine consolation, as upon the softest pillow.

The old faith comes with its consolation to the bereaved. It affirms that our dear ones are alive and happy—that the babe which slips off mother's bosom slips on to God's. It tells its sorrowing mother that she need not go a mourning pilgrim around the earth, that her child is in the arms of the tender Savior—that he who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me," enfolds in his loving arms the loved and lost.

How many sorrowing mothers have constructed of these promises a ladder going up, with steps of light, from earth to heaven!

But we of the new faith cannot affirm the anthropomorphic God, a being who sympathizes like a mother with every sorrow that tears the human heart. For how can we teach a consolation that does not exist, and which, in the end, men will find to be only a delusion? But we do teach the purifying mission of sorrow, that the one who has bravely borne a personal sorrow becomes by reason of this experience a savior to others. It is by conflict, struggle, pain, that the human soul comes to crystalline purity. It is not simply the consolation of comfort that we need. We need the consolation of strength, of courage, so that we may stand up under our burden, and become the stronger thereby. "Every man shall bear his own burden," is the declaration of a great law. If in the hour of our sorrow a hand can touch ours, or a sympathetic heart be laid upon our own, it is well. But better still if we learn to bear our sorrow cheerfully and bravely, seeking to know its meaning, and find its lesson. The stern consolation of truth is in the end the real consolation.

To the bereaved we of the new faith cannot promise immortality—the personal continuance of our dear ones gone in another life. But we can show that death is a benignity as well as a necessity. Death could not come into the world because of the fault of the first man, but has always followed the footsteps of life. And to the thoughtful death is seen to be as beautiful and natural as life. Nor does death destroy all. Thought, beauty, affection survive the great change. The best in the dead lives in the living. In the hearts of the living are enshrined the memory, the virtues, the courage, the goodness of the dead. Was there ever a little babe that lingered for a moment on the breast of the mother but left something deathless behind it? We know that our beloved ones are beyond regret or pain, and it is our duty and joy to cultivate in ourselves the thoughts and deeds that made them lovable and strong. To look earnestly and truthfully at death, while it does not take away its pain, certainly gives us the greatest, the truest consolation. It is the consolation of the truth.

J. G. T.

Men and Things

PROFESSOR HUXLEY replies pointedly to his critics in the preface of the fifth volume of his collected essays just published. After denying that he had gone out of his way to attack the Bible, or that he harbors any hatred of Christianity, he says of his scientific career: "I had set out on a journey with no other purpose than of exploring certain provinces of natural knowledge. I strayed no hair's breadth from the course which it was my right and duty to pursue, and yet I found that whatever route I took before long I came to a tall, formidable-looking fence. Confident as I have been in the existence of an ancient and indefeasible right of way, before me stood a thorny barrier with a notice-board of 'No thoroughfare, by order of Moses.' There seemed no way over, nor did the prospect of creeping around, as I saw some do, attract me, the only alternatives were either to give up the journey, which I was not minded to do, or break down the fence and go through it. One point became perfectly clear to me—namely: that Moses is not responsible for nine tenths of the Pentateuch: certainly not for the legends which have been made bugbears in science. In fact, the fence turned out to be a mere heap of dry sticks and brushwood, and one might walk through it with impunity, which I did."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

"DAH ain't eny doubt," remarked Uncle Eben, on his way home from church, "dat we am all sinners. But some ob us sut'n'y does hustle ter keep up dey're reppytation in dat line."—*Washington Star*.

Contributed and Selected

"We Weep with Thee."

Dear Lord, when on these bitter, wintry nights,
Thy houseless, hungry, suffering poor we see,

Touched by a love and pity like to thine,
We weep o'er them with thee.

We hear the orphan's cry, the widow's moan,
The strong man's groan of bitter agony,
Who hears his shivering children cry for bread:
We weep o'er them with thee.

No close-drawn shades, no sounds of household mirth,
Can drown the tones that, like the moaning sea,
Sound in our ears: "Oh, help us, Lord, to help
And succor them for thee."

Though sin and folly all too oft have brought
Their wayward feet to such dread misery,
A deeper pity stirs our hearts, and still
We weep with them for thee.

Thou, who didst weep over Jerusalem,
Whose love the thief, the leper tenderly
Forgave and healed—we, too, dear Lord,
Forgive,
And weep for them with thee.

And, 'mid our tears, we know this joy divine:
To feel that our heart's pain and sympathy
And sorrow for thy weak and suffering poor
Make us at one with thee.

Oh, never, while thy children suffer need;
Never, while sin brings grief and misery,
Can hearts that love and serve thee cease to bleed,
And weep for them with thee.

And still, when come the bitter, wintry nights,
And hungry, houseless, suffering men we see,
Stirred by a love and pity, like to thine,
We weep, dear Lord, with thee.

—Helen E. Starratt, in *The Interior*;

Augury.

A horseshoe nailed, for luck, upon a mast;
That mast, wave-bleached, upon the shore
was cast:

I saw, and thence no fetch I revered,
But safe through tempest to my haven steered.

The place with rose and myrtle was o'ergrown,
Yet Feud and Sorrow held it for their own.
A garden then I sowed without one fear—
Sowed fennel, yet lived griefless all the year.

Brave lines, long life, did my friend's hand
display,

Not so mine own: yet mine is quick to-day,
Once more in his I read Fate's idle jest,
Then fold it down forever on his breast.

—Edith M. Thomas.

What Is It to Be Liberal?

"Faith, hope, charity, these three:
but the greatest of these is charity."

To rule out the above quotation, because the relegating of its source to the realm of the no longer-needed seems the only course to the extreme radical mind, is to distinctly overlook the truth of the statement itself. The lesson of charity seems to be the most difficult one for the human creature to learn, and the one which is latest evolved in his moral development.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." All the accomplishment, learning and

intellectual training that the human brain can sustain avails comparatively little for human good. If it is unable to perceive, and be applied to, human relations. In addition to the former, a determined cultivation of the spirit of toleration is requisite to contribute toward that broader personality, which is the ideal of to-day.

The modern spirit of freedom, due to the recent discoveries in natural phenomena, both of the laws of material substance and brain activity, does well to look beyond the intolerant dogmas of ages. It cannot content itself with old traditions and the say-so of intellects which had not the problems of our day to deal with. It must see and realize for itself whatever of truth it can find for the seeking. This attitude has given rise to a spirit of breadth and comprehensiveness, which contrasted with hard and fast traditional lines, is termed literalism.

The liberal mind is supposed to be emancipated from the ignorant superstitions of ages. This liberal attitude is due to the enlightenments of historic research, the light thrown on life by scientific discovery, the dawning of intellectual perception and the tendency to question and reason. Such an attitude is in a further stage of development, including as it does, a greater collection of data on which to form its judgments. It knows the old, it also knows the new. It has evolved out of the old, into the new. From the new standpoint the outlook is incomprehensibly broadened. The mind is expanded by the added activity with which the brain finds itself in contact. Such added comprehension tends to give a more discriminating judgment of all human relations. More elements are perceived, and their consequent interdependence more clearly apprehended.

There is an attitude, however, called liberal, which contains some of these characteristics without others. The attitude which arises from getting away from dogma merely, and which does not go far enough to see the former in its true relation, is apt to overrate the relative significance of old tradition. This condition is one of protest and impatience against what seems inane and childish, and which loses no opportunity to scathe the old, with undue vehemence. This attitude misses the very essence of liberalism, though it passes in current language and understanding as liberal. The mind that has emerged from what it is pleased to term benighted dogma, ought to realize, from the very fact of its emergence, the necessity for tolerating that from which it has just emerged. Else it cannot be said to have emerged. It knows the old, though it prefers the new. It should see the old in its due relations to other elements of life. It understands the old, also the new, and, understanding the new, should still bear with the old.

The spirit of bigoted, narrow intolerance shown by many so-called liberals toward the old standpoint, is as petty as it is unimportant, as uncalled-for as it is discourteous. It is in no whit different from the narrow spirit of bigoted intolerance which it condemns. It should have greater tolerance, from the fact that it understands the other standpoint, while the latter does not understand it. The education of the limited view is not to be brought about by contemptuous and irate scathing. It must be supplied with the new attitude; that must be presented in an attractive manner that will not contrast unfavorably with the still-clung-to old.

This is the true spirit of liberalism, —the charity for the views of others, even when there seems to be little excuse for their ignorance; the development of the moral perception to the extent of respecting the personality, if not the opinions, of others, in themselves. The spirit of toleration is true liberalism; not the mere kicking and cutting loose from old traditions, and the assumption of a so-called higher view. With the broader view should come the broader toleration. Increased understanding should imply increased charity. It is petty and limited, as well as discourteous, to call attention to small points of issue, which have relatively little importance, in discussions during the early stages of great questions of social advancement.

Let no one misunderstand the spirit of narrow intolerance which proceeds from so-called liberalism! Let not the idea of liberalism be understood in the bigoted sense which is merely the kicking of old dogmas. Liberals are often far from liberal. They lose no opportunity to cast slurs at those points from which they have evolved. Some liberals on the other hand are over liberal. They misconceive the meaning of toleration, and submit to the undue infliction of those who have little to say, or no idea of proper relations in saying it. With a true yearning for liberal charity, which is more Christian than the conduct of many who profess that title, they believe in giving every man his say, whether it is for general advantage or not. But society as a whole cannot be made to suffer for the sake of one misguided individual having a so-called freedom. Other liberals are isolated and indifferent. Those whose environment has been such as to keep them free from the old view, and to ground them in the spirit of the new, often fail to realize the importance of using their influence in the direction of the new. They lack moral earnestness in the line of putting forth their effort whatever it is. They sit still and do nothing. There are those to whom the term liberal would not be applied because of the fact that they are not intellectually developed beyond the old faith, the servants of which show far more of

the essence and spirit of true liberalism in their moral regard and attitude towards their fellow-beings.

The just but lenient estimation of others' opinions, in cases where they are trying to the patience, is charity. It is the only basis of human activity. Lenience and forbearance are necessary at every turn, and the sooner they become the continuous mental habit the more the peace of the individual is secured. Life cannot go on without a certain amount of moral earnestness and mutual adaptability. Charity is a necessity of existence. The lack of charity is one of the moral drawbacks which wrangle society. It is not sentimentalism. It is not the attempt to keep up and help on the eternal survival of the unfit. It is not the blinking of social evils and blind ignoring of the only applicable remedy—the scientific spirit and educational influence. It is justice to the times, to self, and to others. It is the perception of the true relation which different elements bear to each other. It gives due credit to all, and does not unduly exaggerate the importance, or lack of it, of any element. We cannot afford to do without it. We cannot sustain the antagonizing attitude of others, nor our own sense of alienation. We live in society because our instincts crowd us into it. We must maintain a fair equilibrium between our tendency to individualism, and our co-operation toward the moral ideal. Society implies not merely toleration, but co-operation. Conventionality is the only safety for those untrained to recognize for themselves the mutual social obligation. The heterogeneous character of the social organism forces the observance of an external toleration which in many instances is far from being the result of their conscious intention. Enforced morality is one kind of a social safeguard. Spontaneous morality is a greater safeguard. The co-operating moral strength of its individuals constitutes the backbone of the social organism.

Thus it is that "the greatest of these is charity."

LIZZIE CHENEY-WARD.

TWO PLOWED in a field. One plowed straight, keeping his eyes upon the ground. No weeds grew, and he gathered great stores of corn. When he died, his son inherited much land. He lived in comfort, and plowed in his father's fields. The other's furrows were not straight. At times he stopped to listen to the lark, or to admire a flower that grew upon a weed. He knew the names of the plants and their time of flowering. He knew the names of the stars, also. He died, owning no goods or lands. His son inherited his father's poverty. The son inherited also his father's love of nature. And he became a great artist, whose name and fame spread over two continents.—*Berry Benson.*

BY THE WAY.

v.

Since Horace Greeley sent young men "West," it has generally been supposed that one must go West for a "boom," if he would find one; but going East, striking the "windy" city of Buffalo, here is a "boom" in agitation and expectation that will extend the city limits twenty miles. Years ago Dr. Chapin, with a flash of indignation at the vandalism and materialism of the times, exclaimed: "The time will come when you will cut down the cedars of Lebanon to make clothes-pins, and turn Niagara Falls into a washing machine." To all intents the prophecy is being fulfilled. Niagara has been tapped, and is to do untold-of service at grinding human grists. And all the distance—twenty miles away—city lots are being marked off and "real estate" looms in the horizon of all that class of speculators who believe it their bounden duty to provide for themselves and their posterity by the "rise" that is sure to fill their pockets and vaults, if they exercise a present "foresight" and get the start of their neighbors, buying "cheap" while others are "cudgeling their dull pates" for something to do. "I have bought ten lots for a song. Ten years more I will be the owner of property valued anywhere between one and two hundred thousand. That's what I call business."

How comforting the dream! How blessed the reality—if the boom works!

Great head; and what a heart for his "posterity."

He has so fixed things by the stroke of a pen and a few dollars to boot that many fellow mortals must pay tribute to him and his "heirs forever," for the privilege of having a home on the green earth. He and his afore-said heirs have nothing to do but wait and see their earthly salvation grow.

Blessed fix—for himself and heirs! Blessed, that is—"if."

Buffalo seems hardly a city; it isn't a village. There is a sort of betwixt and between air about it, with a touch of antiquity and a touch of the modern. Very excellent people I meet, but—is it a Rip Van Winkle sleep they are waking out of? Something like it. Not exactly "in it," as regards the newer spirit of these last few years of grace; not quite caught up with the times, but putting out a good foot foremost.

I gather from the papers that the city lost its charter some time since and is striving to get it back; the big fight for it is going on at Albany. The cry is for "home rule," which is always a cry of promise.

There is a "Liberal Club" which is discussing high themes in a careful way—summoning "men of note" only to do the opening address, and appointing only for the discussion such home talent as is known to be

able at least, and probably interesting. It is, however, a "liberal" club, selecting a very wide range of topics, and listening respectfully and approvingly, it would seem, to some very surprising heresies. Recently Prof. Crawford H. Toy, of Cambridge, landed the discussion outside the historical religions, and the orthodoxy of the city was in no wise disturbed, but accepted "evolution" and the "scientific study of religion" fearlessly; "for why should we not," a clergyman of repute asked, "since we know all must end with Christ the Redeemer." Was this his way of saying all must end with truth?

The women of Buffalo are to be credited with "literary clubs" that are of real importance, if one may judge all by the quality of one. In the vicinity of Highland Park some thirty ladies meet in parlors Tuesday mornings to listen to essays on historical, biographical or political subjects. The other morning there were brief papers on Charles Sumner, Wm. H. Seward, Chief Justice Marshall and Salmon P. Chase. It lent an added charm to the estimate of Sumner to know that so enthusiastic an admirer and biographer of the great man was "born and raised" in the old Kentucky State. This lady placed Sumner foremost in the ranks of American statesman, and predicted, I believe, that his name would yet be a household word with the American people.

One seldom listens to papers with more matter or in better form. Preceding the reading there was ten minutes of "current topics," some eight or ten speakers briefly calling attention to public affairs of interest to them during the past week. It was an exceedingly interesting feature. All these ladies spoke with simplicity, directness and skill, while others, listening, plied their sewing, the whole session lasting two hours.

One cannot stay long in Buffalo without hearing of Dr. Slicer, the Unitarian preacher. Hearing him you are not surprised that he has fame as a preacher. His sermons are built up in a masterly way, adorned with apt and telling illustration, and are not without a poetry of diction that has been described as "Shakespearean." S. H. M.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is not usually regarded as much of a fanatic. It is as a physician that he expresses his judgment on the use of tobacco. A young man had asked him four questions, and he answered them as follows:

1. A young man of good taste and good principle may safely go to see a good actor in a good play.
2. The best three books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays and a good dictionary, say Worcester or Webster.
3. To obtain "real success?" Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.
4. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed.—*The Independent.*

The Greatness of Sympathy.

In journeying over this vast and glorious plain called Life, charmed by the wondrous medley of its crowded scenes and incidents, and weighing in Utility's exacting scales each winged and freighted moment as it flies, we spur Ambition on through human strife and din of men in their mad race for worldly place and power until in fancy we have scaled Distinction's lofty height, and won for our adorning the glittering jewel, Fame.

Exalted thus, through self-esteem, above the common lot, and by blind Fortune blest, we chase with keen delight the dancing bubble Joy, but find, alas! such bubbles, too, will burst. Then seeing how uncertain each step we take in Life, we pause and pausing meditate. And peering through the gathering mists and gloom of days agone, we faintly see in fancy the struggling forms of men less fortunate than we, perchance to recognize amid the restless throng the time-changed face of some old bosom friend.

'Tis then, by fellow-feeling moved and with a willing heart, we lend a hand to some poor, obscure friend who, burdened with the cares of Life, has fallen by the wayside in distress. And then the rapture of not having lived for self alone brings in its wake new joys of Life we never knew before.

Our seeming sorrows fade from view, and through some wondrous change return clad in the robes of Joy!

W. G. RABY.

The Sound of a Sunbeam.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disk is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and

blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and the other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in a red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others.

—*The Watchman.*

Art's Education.

From a very interesting report of Mr. Sidney H. Morse's illustrated lecture on "The Sculptor's Art," to which the *Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard* gives a column, we extract this word of wisdom and encouragement:

The ways of doing things are more interesting than the things that get done. You may pass the finished work at a glance, but to see the worker at his work one would loiter when he should be on his way. This should be no surprise when we reflect that the thing done is seldom a complete satisfaction even to the doer. Yet in the doing of even a poor thing much good is done if one has wrought with an ideal aim. Our honest efforts are always valuable. They present certain stages of our growth, our intellectual, spiritual, or aesthetic gain. So we look forward to fuller and better expression. "When I see all England, France, and Germany has done," said Montesquieu, "I am filled with admiration; but I am not disheartened. I also am a painter in the making—why despair?" There is more to us than shows. All education is but the clearing the way for the exercise of faculties we already possess. No one is satisfied. We are better than we do—better than we look.

"THERE are times," said the man with the oratorical manner, "when we are overwhelmed with humiliation at the powerlessness of the human mind." "That's very true," was the reply. "I am often made to feel so." "Indeed?" "Yes, I have a four-year-old daughter who asks questions."—*Washington Star.*

PRISONER—"Ten dollars for stealing a pair of shoes?" Judge—"That's what I said." "Why, Judge, they didn't fit."—*Life.*

"HOW MANY foreign languages can your wife speak?" "Three—French, German, and the one she talks to the baby."—*Tit-Bits.*

WE dwell in God as the fishes dwell in the sea.—*Sojourner Truth.*

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Selected.*

For Indigestion and Debility

Use Horford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. S. H. MOORE, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I have used it in my own family in cases of indigestion and general debility, with entirely satisfactory results."

The Study Table

Universal Truth as Found in the Older Eddas.

"Coming events throw their shadows before them." Not so. But they have been prepared by unseen power long before they came to happen. All things of importance which take place among us have had a road laid out before them by innumerable facts all working toward the same aim. Thus the never-broken connection between past, present and future is kept up. Thus the laws of existence act in unchangeable order. The American nation, the most free-minded, the most impartial of all, has reached to the point in the history of its evolution, where it must stand still in the midst of its practical life and listen to the voices from within. It has excelled in creating outward forms; it must make a halt and assure itself, that with its forms and contents are corresponding.

It might look to some as if all the congresses of this summer were almost too much at once, as if things were forced ahead. But it may be that those congresses were a true expression of the overwhelming desire awakening in this nation of finding itself not only as a nation achieving great things in practical life, but as a nation which has commenced life on the inheritance of centuries of civilization. And the past summer, in gathering together elements from all the world, will bring to Americans just the result which was needed.

What the Bible has been to humanity, what Homer was to the southern nations in their childhood, the old and the young Edda have been to the Teutonic nations. Our forefathers' longing for the best their soul could conceive, generations striving to reach onward step by step, is laid down in this *Cyclus* of poetry. We, their descendants, behold our own image, when we look at theirs as it is preserved in the Eddas; in the immeasurable depths of those sagas we find revealed the wisdom and love guiding the race from eternity. We who know those books take them in hands as sacred treasures, and we feel surprised—nay, we deplore it deeply—that a nation so universal in its tendency, so impartially impressed by true beauty, should remain unacquainted with such treasures.

Certainly, the old tale about the loss suffered by human kind, when under the construction of the tower of Babel all tongues were mixed, seems to come true, since the difference of language has power to withhold from our mind the access to even the greatest. Still all things will come out right, the path along which the spirit is leading mankind is the only one suitable for us. The difference of languages affords a working-field for the human spirit, which it needs. Whenever the time is ready, the day will come when "the spirit shall

fill all flesh" and the same tongue shall be spoken by all. But till then we must welcome every true translation which gives to us the ideas of our forefathers, from which our own ideas are born. During the past summer more attention than ever before was paid to the fact that it was Norsemen who first discovered America, and to the still more important fact that the character of the old Norsemen has to some degree stamped the American nation, and that the understanding of this relationship will be of mutual benefit to both Americans and Scandinavians.

Now, in true connection with the spirit of the past summer, the inheritance of the American nation, the sagas of old as written down in "The Eddas" are for the first time presented to Americans in their own language, in such a shape that they become accessible to even a non-scientific reader. From all the old Gothic sagas such facts are gathered together and given in connection with the tales of the Eddas, which present them in a fuller light. This book is intended to become a popular book, to be read in our homes, by our youths, and in our higher schools.

Miss Marie Bjerckness, daughter of the celebrated O. A. Bjerckness, professor in the University of Christiania, Norway, has just completed the translation of "The Eddas," a translation which represents four years' work. P. A. Conradi, an ardent scholar of the science of comparative religion, has written an introduction to it, which aims to guide those who are unacquainted with our forefathers' way of expressing their thoughts.

The modern scholar will in those songs find outlined the creed of all churches, the belief of all ages.

The first of all gods, Odin, the father of wisdom, sings of himself:—

I know I hung on Igdraeyl's ash
Nine nights windy and long:
Wounded with spears, offered to Odin,
I offered myself to myself,
High up in that tree of which no one knows
From what roots it sprouts.

None gave me bread, nor a horn to drink,
But downward searching I saw:
Signs of Runer thus I learned—
Wailing I learned them and fell to the ground.

Nine mighty songs I learned from the son
Of famous Bolthom, Bestla's father:
A draught I drank of the minstrel-mead,
Drawn from the kettle Odrere.

Then I thrived, grew mighty and wise:
Words led words to other words,
Deeds led deeds to other deeds.

This is the redeemer on the cross:
the highest truth found through the deepest suffering.

Among the wisdom speeches of
Odin is:—

Wealth will vanish, friends will die,
At last one dies himself;
But he whose name is fraught with fame
Will never die.

Another one:—

The soul's alone knows what lies near our hearts,
Alone it knows our feelings,
Nothing is worse for the high-minded man
Than not to be pleased with himself.

* Our forefathers considered man composed of body, soul and heart. "The soul is in the blood."

The temperance sentiment is not alone of to-day, for the old Edda says:—

Heavier burden no man can bear,
Than hearty beer bibbing;
For beer is not so good as said
For the sons of men.
Beer is not as good as said
For the human races,
The more one drinks the less one knows
Of his mind and senses.

Those who feel universal unity as a law for all existence, can only feel thankful at receiving this gift to Americans, and hope that it may become widely known. N. B. M.

The Magazines.

IN THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for February the most noteworthy original article is Mr. Grant Allen's character sketch of Professor Tyndall. It is not, however, the original articles that give this unique publication its chief value, but what its name indicates, its reviews of the contents of other periodicals, its index to the contents of the periodicals of Europe and America, and, not to be overlooked, its brief notices of the books of the month. For these it is very valuable.

THE London *Humanitarian* for February contains three somewhat notable features, a feeling account of the Women's Trades Union League from the pen of Rev. Stopford Brooke, an interview with Alfred Russell Wallace on Heredity and Pre-Natal Influences, and a sketch entitled "Parallels," by Frank Thatcher, which contains an intimation of the editor's way of regarding marriage.

THE SILVER CROSS, for February, came out in a beautiful new dress, similar to that of *The Outlook*, with numerous illustrations. If we mistake not there is a marked internal improvement, as well as an external one.

UNITY takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Public Ledger Almanac for 1894, one of the most interesting features of which is the account of the admirable Drexel Institute.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 305. \$1.25.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD. By Protap Chunder Mosoomdar. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 33. \$1.50.

AN APOCALYPSE OF LIFE. By W. T. Cheney. Arena Library Series, No. 25. Boston: Arena Pub. Co. 1893. Paper, 8vo, pp. 312. 50 cents.

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is that made on page—of this issue of our paper, by the great Seed House of Peter Henderson & Co., of New York, who will send Sixteen Varieties of Sweet Peas (including the famous Emily Henderson), together with their Illustrated Catalogue, at about half the regular prices. This offer is well worth reading and accepting.

Correspondence

Great Men of To-day.

EDITOR UNITY: I proposed to our club, which has just been reading "Heroes and Hero Worship," to vote on our greatest contemporaries, according to Mr. Gannett's classification, and though we extended the time to twenty years instead of ten, it is curious to note that our list agrees with the Rochester Club's list in every name except Miss Anthony's and Browning's, and Tennyson had nearly as many votes as Browning in the Rochester Club. General Booth and William Lloyd Garrison divide the honors equally as social reformer.

There were nineteen votes, and here are the winning names, with the number of votes they received:

Greatest Philosopher, Herbert Spencer.....	16
Greatest Religious Leader, Spurgeon.....	10
Greatest Skeptic, Ingersoll.....	16
Greatest Poet, Tennyson.....	14
Greatest Statesman, Gladstone....	11
Greatest Man of Letters, Lowell..	8
Greatest Man of Science, Huxley..	6
Greatest Man of Business, Gould..	12
Greatest Inventor, Edison.....	19
Greatest Social Reformer, Booth..	5
Greatest Social Reformer, Garrison.....	5

Our club members had none of them, except myself, seen the results of the Rochester Club's voting.

Oshkosh, Wis. F. G. B.

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Church-Door Pulpit

The Long Climb of Man.*

BY REV. E. M. WHELOCK.

"The word became flesh."—John i. 14.

There is a story widely current that once a little Hebrew, of mean presence but splendid courage, stood on the Hill of Mars in the Hellenic city, and declared to scoffing Greeks that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." It goes without saying that such an utterance was received with scorn by the polished Athenians, who could not conceive that their favored race, standing on the pinnacle of culture, was of the same blood as the "outer barbarians." So the sturdy "apostle of the Gentiles" found little favor with the worshippers of the "unknown God."

Yet in that day the brave avowal of Paul was scarcely more abhorrent to the proud exclusiveness of Grecian thought than are the teachings of science to-day to the belated religionist; for while the dauntless Hebrew simply declared the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God, science to-day teaches the universal touch and clasp of all organic life, saying in vivid words that in the one loom of a common origin hath time woven all the forms of life; these forms being the sign-posts and mile-stones along the organic march of man. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird and beast are all steps in the stairway which reaches from clod to cloud and terminates in soul! The worm at our feet is climbing the transfigured mount!

Every animal has been melted in the vital crucible from which man is made. Each form he uses is a way-side inn along the upward journey of the soul. His outward shell passed through every animal and vegetable body before it took on the human appearance, as in lower nature an analogous chemistry evolves electric bodies and wings from eggs and worms. When matter became organic, man was envisaged, for his psychic nature was once enshrined in flint and platinum; when the spine appeared he was already in view. To become a self-conscious spirit the psyche must first pass through every expression of life from landscape to skyscape; from the glow-worm to the star; from the daisy to the sun; from simia to seraph; from dust to Deity! This measureless cycle is all synthesized in man, who attains self-consciousness only after a countless series of evolutions. The stone becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god. "I said, Ye are Gods," was the large utterance of the Hebrew seer; or, as our Emerson has it, And the poor grass will plot and plan What it will do when it is man.

Said Christna to his disciple: "Both I and thou have passed

through many births; I know of my own, but thou knowest not thine." Mineral, vegetable and animal structures, nay, atmospheres, planets and suns, are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man on different stages of his transit. Creation is the coming and becoming of man. The world is here because there is an infinite reason for its existence; it is man at last that comes of it. The event reveals the design. Not a wind blew but sang of this wonder that should be. Not a river ran but hastened to have its water turned into the red wine of his blood, and to run again, burdened with the message of the Infinite, in his veins. He stands at the center, and feels all things as a dilation of his own being. He soars with the lark, crawls with the lizard, and shines with the gem or star. Man is nature become self-conscious, and thinking aloud. The Cosmos is annexed to him. He folds round heaven and hell with equal arms. The world is because he is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. The Cosmos is minimized in him. Animal forms are the fetal and infant entities of man. Begotten as we by the one life, its children as we, the Will that sent them out on the infinite sea will take care that they land on the other side—the side of self-consciousness and the ripened evolution of man.

It is the human idea that crystallizes the snowflake, veins the leaf, and paints the flower. These objects once carried our lives, and left them higher than they found them. Through all nature one glowing purpose runs—the building up of man. There is nothing in the world but the human, actual or potential. Says the Kabbala: "If man did not exist there could be no world." He is the brother of all things even as God is the father. Though the earth incessantly revolves, yet he is always at the top. Each of the various types in the mineral, plant and animal realms elaborates its mite of the vital principle; and, rising in the stately miracle of life, passes it on to a higher form. In the primal cell is purpose, aim, tendency. No atom can slip from the ligature of law. Prick the skin that is nearest, or the nebula that is farthest, and you draw the life-blood of law. Thought thinks in the atom; each molecule has a brain; each brain cell has a memory of its own; and the forces of nature are the fingers of God. All thoughts are things, and all things have thoughts. The laws of the universe are circular, and from any arc may be computed the sweep of the circumference. To explore the creation man needs no wings. Let him seat himself on the earth at his feet, and as his eyes open the whole Cosmos will swing into his sight. Time and space are the immeasurable continents, and matter the equally measureless content of creative investiture; thus all things

wait on man to serve him in his fates.

He is made of the same stuff as the oyster he eats or the corn he hoes. All the animals are on the King's highway, only at indefinite distances behind us. We are all interlinked in origin, in life, and in destiny. If man is a philosopher he is also a polyp, and many a horse is wiser than his groom. Often the dog in a man is the best part of him. The sage who would disprove his ascent from the ape, still shows in his argument the claws, tricks and tail of his noble ancestor. All creatures and all plants are on the same road. Our kindred stand at every mile-stone, and from the herded beast to Humboldt, from the saurian to Shakespeare, from the stone to the star, is but a step. The circumference of man is the universe, the center of the universe is man. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. The dog is a barking man; the tree is a rooted man. He has cloaked himself with each astral fossil stored up in the etheric envelope of the earth.

Upon molecular life, which is the mineral; growth life, which is the vegetable; and instinctive life, which is the animal,—is founded a life of life, which is mind. The face of man thus travels through the universe, and love and intelligence look out from things with an infinite variety, according to their capacities. He cannot travel beyond himself, for the world is still within the compass of his being. The heights of Zion and the abysses of Gehenna are within him, and he is a pipe that runs with every wine. There was neither fiend nor angel in the universe till man appeared. He infolds the angel and he "plays the devil." There is no hell for man, except the hell in man, made by man. The wise man recognizes his own species wherever life is seen; this is true to the very mire. The advent of man is the universe beckoning to the atom to come up among the gods.

His eyes dismount the highest star; He is, in little, all the spheres.

Animals are plants loosened a little at the roots, while the fibers of man run down every sweet and bitter thing, from the metal to the gas, from the violet to the vine. His body rolls along with the orb, kneaded together out of her juices and her clay. He is as much harnessed to matter as fish and dog, only with a larger arc. He stands waist deep in matter, as in a swamp. He is glued to nature. He is caught, like the bedraggled fly, in the viscid fluidity of things. Both his feet branch down into roots that share the universal life with the toad and the tree. His heart beats in the slender pulsations of the jelly fish. He has worn in his evolution the whole vesture of life, a vesture woven without seam from top to bottom, stretching from pit to pinnacle, from angle-worm to angel, from

*A discourse to the Unitarian Society of Austin, Texas, reprinted from *The Southern Unitarian* by request.

sponge to spirit, from protoplasm to prophet!

Step by step, through ages measureless by time, from particle and spicule, from cell and protoplasm, from plant, polyp, and quadrumanes have we scaled creation's altar stairs. In us are sun and moon, snow and mountain ranges, bud and flower. Many mothers fashion for one child, who yet, in his oneness, comprises myriads. There is nothing but is related to us, tree, sea-shell or crystal, the running river or the waving corn—the roots of all things are in man. Whatever is found as form in nature is present by form in him. The lower creation is planted permanently in man. He has distanced whatever is behind him, yet carries it all in him. He incorporates each fruit, root and grain, and is "stuccoed all over with quadrupeds and birds." In his natural degree he is the measure of the material cosmos, for he has grown from the star-fish and the chickweed, and "he has prowled, fanged and four-footed, in the woods." Just as the stone feels its way to the flower, and as the acorn out of soils and sunbeams fashions the oak, does the animated dust climb at last to the human brain, and the fluent mountains melt into man.

But slowly does the body forget its heredity. The animal is horsed on man. The old bruteness lurks in each cerebellum; it plucks from the soul her wings and leaves her all a worm. If the animal man looks at the universe at all it is through a Jewish pin-hole. The slice of beef on the rich man's table has a history that goes back to the dawn of creation, and so has the needle that sews the poor man's rags together. The pauper is brother to the prince. The life of the race circulates in each individual, and the disease of the individual is in the blood of the race. The world is in man as much as man is in the world. This truth is as far above the thought of the priesthoods as the blue sky is above the reach of one's hand, yet it is in the world, and in it stands the new time. As the Jewish hierarchy slumbered while the star-led Magi worshiped at the feet of the chosen Babe, so sleep those who now represent the ecclesiasticism of the hour. Of all classes the priest is the most stupid; he is born with the blinkers on, and speaks to men out of the windows of Noah's Ark! The Hebrew myths are to him the rim of the universe, beyond which lies the yawning gulf of perdition. Such men talk of "losing their souls!"—it might be a task first to find them. Once men were hairy folk, standing in pelts; and still in their tangle of religions the ape stands, made as a god! But why worship records, while the open Word forms daily for the open soul?

Man is the wandering Jew in whose ear the fiat rings forever, "Move on!" He is the tree Igdrasil, whose roots are in Hela, whose trunk is in the lower natures, whose fruit is passion

from the blood of instinct, and whose branches wave in the air-deeps of the world's breath. He is the Midgard serpent in whom end and beginning meet, and who hoops the whole world. He is the true Ark of Noah, in which all the lower natures are housed. He travels with a whole menagerie in his cerebellum, and in him the Creator brings all his dumb creatures under one roof. When the animals came to Adam to be named, each, as he drew near, brought to Adam a token of himself—a token which the baby-man had dropped as he passed that way long years ago.

The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Every atom avows life—human life—the kingdom of God in leasts. Man has touched every spherule. The circle of his arm is the girdle of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of Mercury come tardy off beside the feet Ariel of Edison and Bell. He is the Proteus that slips from form to form. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image, and from his own heart and brain are shed the Bibles of the race, as the leaves are shed from the tree. He is animated oxygen, breathing granite, living clay. He was predicted in the crystal and prefigured in the plant. Prediction grew into prophecy in reptile and bird. Prophecy rose into assurance in the ape. Assurance ripens into fulfillment in man.

"Man doth usurp all space,
Stares thee, in rock, bush, river, in the
face.

'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity."

Science watches the Monad through all its masks and detects through all the troops of organic forms the Eternal Unity. All feet fit into that footstep, and all things have passed that way.

Plato learned in Egypt that nature is all one piece. All her varied wardrobe is cut from the same cloth. The Unity is so unbroken that the merest gnat carries on his back the key to the universe. A drop of maple syrup and a drop of human blood have their origin in the same corpuscle. The fungus and the oak on which it grows, the animalcule and the scientist who studies it, are one. The sun has no fuel that the earth cannot duplicate. The slime pushes up into the lily; the dunghill is transformed into the grape vine; from the refuse of the sink and the sewer come the tint of the pink and the odor of the rose. Filth and fertility are the same word. So we climb the creative ladder from weed to man.

And more or less bulk signifies nothing. The orb is but an astral grain. The atom is as large as the Alp. The revolving moon and the falling apple move by the same law.

The smallest sin helps to warp the earth's axis. Infinitesimals are as huge as infinites. The world is wrapped up in the particle. The drop balances the sea. The globe is but an enlarged globule. The mite is mighty, and the sand-grain a masterpiece like the sun. In every cob-web there is room for a planet. Through the egg and the orb stream the same laws, and the blood globules in our veins dance to the same tune as asteroid and star.

If the lenses of our eyes were differently adjusted the whole universe might come within our plane of vision, and the spaces between the planets be no greater than the intervals between adjacent grains of sand. The air-bubble then becomes the star cluster, and in a glass of water behold the galaxy!

"'Tis from the world of little things
The ever-greatening cosmos springs.
The heaving earth, its rounded sphere
Began between a smile and star."

From one minute cell another proceeds; from them others, and the result is a lily, an oak, a tadpole or a poet. The universe is one; it has no outside, and in its unity all is taken up. The energy that grouped the atoms of the sand-grain welded on the same anvil the star. God's word is written in full on every mustard seed. Ourselves and all we touch is, when we look with equal eyes, "God manifest in the flesh." The law that shapes the star-mist into suns outworks the frost-forest on our window panes. A pebble is a microcosm. The molds of the stars are used in forming the rain drops, and through each cubic foot of earth shoots the axis of the globe.

"The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Spirit is the great life on which matter rests as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in the man, and will work on until the present chaos and old night are taken up into the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corpuscle. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The moral sense has its beginnings in the lower animals, just as the whale has its hind legs inside the skin, and its teeth that never cut the gums.

The Psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind-force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose, and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the worlds.

Man has the planet for his pedestal. The gases gather to compose his form and the winds hold him in solution. "He knows," said Emerson, "of ox, mastodon and plant, because he has just come out of them, and part of the egg-shell still adheres. The plowman, the plow and the furrow are all of one stuff." It is true, man has traveled on the protoplastic railroad over all chasms and up all grades from microbes to poets. Every step he takes is locked with the last and the next. The ends of the earth are brought together to be built into the temple of his body. He passes through the fingers of every herb and is enriched by each. He drinks the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it. In the stone or plant is the Psyche first imprisoned that, later on, is to resound through history and push the nations to their goal. In every form alike the Eternal God-seed comes and goes.

The animal is without self-consciousness. He is tied hand and foot to his instincts. He cannot turn round in his track and face himself. But man's self detaches itself to look itself in the face. The animal, while he knows, does not know that he knows. He sees, but does not see that he sees. He acts, but does not react. Man alone has the faculty that looks before and after. He alone has spirituality, and lower forms are but the stuttering prophecy of that unmatched perfection. He is the goal to which all uses run; the harbor where the world's freights come to shore. God made man in his own image, and then he made the universe in the image of man. Man is conscious nature; nature is unconscious man. Her effort is to evolve her own God, who is man. The God of nature is always man. To bring her stupid deity to his senses, she cuffs and beats him as the angry fishermen of Naples do the images of their saints in stormy weather.

Our systems are charged in every fiber with the eternity behind us, and what was done a million of ages gone, when the crystal dreamed of the flower, is vital in us to-day. In us unite zoophyte and fish, mound and mammal, and we confess it in bone and function. The mouse is our fellow creature. The worms are our poor relations. Nothing walks or creeps or grows which we have not been in turn. The rock is man stratified; the plant, man vegetating; the reptile, man wriggling and squirming; to-morrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a necktie or bonnet. Our Psyche fits on and wears each coat in nature's wardrobe before it assumes the human incarnation. The unconscious effort and aspiration of all lower life is to reach the human organism. Never was the thought of man absent from nature. She was carrying him from the first in her bosom. He is thus a universal form from the complex of life, and the

cosmos crosses him by its lines through every nerve. The laws that hold the world in their orbits are in the mind of man. The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything from a seed to a sun, and it is a reflection of the divine will that the universe should continue. Things that have life are alive, whether they be atoms or orbs. Every particle in nature is a life, and there is not a finger-breadth of empty space beneath the dome of the sky.

In this universe the meanest thing does not stand isolated and forlorn. The brutes are kith and kin to these who rule over them. They are the steps of our ascending pathway through nature, and each lower form proffers its torch to light up some obscure chamber in the faculties of man. The universe runs manward from its source. Scales change to feathers, gills to lungs, fins to hands, matter to force, atoms to thought, dust to mind, sap to soul. Humanity, by its principles, extends through the realms of beasts and fishes, herbs and stones, and even through the winds and fluid worlds. There is no escape anywhere from man; if we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth on wings of the morning, if we ascend into heaven or make our beds in hades, still he is there. The universe is swallowed up in him. Thought is its cradle and its grave. By man all things are spread abroad. He barks in the dog, grows in the tree, murmurs in the passing brook, and his pulse vibrates to the stupendous movement of all the starry scheme.

He is Atlas with the globe on his shoulders. He is the philosopher's stone transmuting coarse matter into creative forces. He is the king of nature, for he knows himself in the midst of a universe that does not yet know itself. All through nebulous and planetary life there was one determined upward movement until man was reached. Form after form was flung aside, one creation after another left stranded until the human appeared. From the appearance of the first and faintest organism, man was ideally present on earth, involved in the anatomical snarl. He is brother to the blossom and the tree, and with the same pigment nature paints the apple's and the maiden's cheek. From one form to another the monad has passed on. It was once encased in stone; then it crept out of its prison as a lichen or a moss. From change to change it climbed until its physical form became that of a man.

In these lengthened processes of evolution the mystic advance of man has drawn into the various lines of the organisms through which he has passed, the whole cosmos by minutenesses, till each one holds, mirrored in his structure, constituents and images of the Universal All. I, that to-day am man, was yesterday a pine; the day before I sparkled in the crystal or the

spar; before that I slept in the world-egg of stone; before that, again, I was a rapid, sparkling sprite of the ether and the day, winged but unsouled, and hungry for incarnation; for the Psyche desires birth and enmeshment, and the soul craves organization. Each form I use is but the inn where I tarry for a night; for the soul is an incurable nomad, dwelling always in tents. All things strive to ascend, and ascend by striving, so at last we work out the beast and let the tiger die. Tusks change to teeth, and the lion's paw and the jaw of the shark become the tools of culture. Evil in nature is unsubject force, not yet responsive to the human sway. But all evil is self-limited; the sands of the Sahara are held in check by the waters of the Mediterranean, and when carried too far, pain becomes its own anodyne. Evolution is the steady play of the Eternal Will through all these turning and belted worlds, and the death of Pan is his re-birth into humanity.

The primal nucleoid holds the soul seed of man—the offspring of dust and of spirit. In every type the soul-force has a corresponding material house—"to every seed its own body." The forms which he inhabits at any epoch in his organic march, are only the record of his spirit's unfolding up to that date. A death is a birth; a corpse is a seed; a cadaver is a genesis, and every green grave is a cradle; "from form to form he maketh haste."

If God is great, He is also little. He dwells in the small man-seed by powers of fate, and weaves upon it shape on shape in being's loom. He is dim in rock, flower and bird. In human flesh he is most himself, and in human eyes we look most closely into the eyes of God. God is not a mind, but the cause of a mind; not a spirit, but the cause of a spirit; He is felt and known as the only creative life, and man as the creaturely form in which that life becomes fully expressed and glorified. Each human innermost is a gemmule of God; and over every cradle shines the "star in the east." The Creation is that God the One may become God the Many. Man stands in the doorway of the planet; God can enter nature only through him. He unbinds himself in man and gives his being outness and relief. The evolution of man is the slow growth of the divine in us from infancy and nonage to kingship and rule. The road is a long one. Man lurks in the lichen and sleeps in the stone. Nature has cunningly wiredrawn him through all her products from flower-bud to planet-bud, from the airy cope to the granite calyx of the globe.

In man the divine impersonal becomes personified. The Psyche is the God-element which, divided from Deity, is yet divine and human. The scale of humanity ranges from atom to archangel; hunger for food is at one pole, and at the other hunger for God. Evolution moving backward

does not leave us in the lap of the monkey, — it traces us to the Infinite arms. The long evolving chain stretches not only from protoplasm to man, but from spirit to spirit. The way we have come hints at the way we are to go. The road behind us begins with the Infinite; vanward it ends only with the Infinite again. God creates Himself in man. Man completes himself in God. Man finds being in God; God attains existence in man. The universe is intelligence infinitely individualized. The creation is a thought discreted from the thinker's mind. It is the separateness of the personal entity or soul from the aggregate of soul in the cosmos. Nature holds the seeds and forms of all life in potency; in this way the primal slim; becomes fish, bird, mammal, man; but all this stream of existence flows from the divine life, through every ancestral link, and is God's from end to end. An infinite force from first to last propels the eternal whole. Nature streams perpetually from God; every atom, even of her chaos, is penetrated by an adequate mind; every granule is impeded and winged. Man has been crystallized, metallized, herbed and incarnated. He will be unbeasted, humanized, godded. In his spiritual deeps all gospels lie in germ. Space and matter, irrespective of him, are so flimsy that thought goes through them as if there was nothing there. Time is not heard unless ticking in ourselves.

In the primal medley or chaos, creator and creature, God and man, are mingled and indistinguishable. All things are confusedly blent. It is a potpourri. The entire scope of evolution is to reduce this chaos to order; to lift this mute, melancholy and prostrate universe into human personality. To evolve at length a self-conscious personality is the end in view of the entire process. Thus "the word becomes flesh."

The wiser ancients knew the great law which Darwin has but restated. They knew, for instance, that the psychic outline of man was latent in the horse, and was preparing for evolution. This knowledge they expressed in the myth of the centaurs. It is a parable of evolution. So the mermaid, the siren, the sphinx, are similar parables. Those human-headed gods, with bodies of reptile, fish, bird or beast, are the pictures or object lessons by which the Magi of the East taught the truth of the evolutionary ascent of the germ of man. The Cosmos is God disappearing in material life to emerge as man — God lost in the forest of forms, till found again in the human advent. Nature is the involution of spirit in matter. History is the evolution of the godhead. Each little child, like the holy babe of Bethlehem, intercedes for every person born; for God without and God within are one; the sorrow of the world is the cross of God; the son of man is evolution; and in the feeblest little babe in the

manger of poverty is the Lord from the skies!

Man always was—in God,—but to attain personal existence he had to be "created," that is, distanced from the Creator. So he was wire drawn through all forms and strained and sifted through a thousand organisms. He is veiled in matter and divided from the Infinite by the whole breadth of the creation, that he may individualize, and by the long climb of evolution gain for his personal being fixity and place. In itself the Psyche is an unbounded force, seeking constant expansion and overflow. The long series of forms through which it ascends, furnish the curbing power that it needs to compress its action into orderly channels, and to endow it at length with self-control. Spirit must mount on the shoulders of matter, for man is a perpetual becoming, and matter is the vehicle of all becoming. Before a seed can grow it must be taken from the shelf and planted in the soil; so nature furnishes the soil for the growth of the soul. Man's spiritual destiny is so sublime, his final blending with the divine so intimate and complete, that he needs all this preliminary experience of mineral, vegetable and animal existence to give him the alphabet of self-consciousness, and to render him at last *solidaire* with God. The Word became flesh that finally the flesh might become the Word, and the glory of the Word which was made flesh, shall be in the flesh of all those who are the servants of the Word.

The Sunday School

A Lincoln Party.

All Souls Sunday School gave its children a Lincoln party on Wednesday last, thus honoring two saints at the one time, St. Valentine and St. Lincoln. An early supper for the children was followed by a delightfully arranged program, consisting of tableaux from the life of Lincoln, alternating with quotations from his own words or from those of his eulogists. The scenes portrayed were of his childhood and early manhood, ranging from his school days to his first speech. All were good, but the applause that followed the effort at poetry-making proved that Tommy had captured the audience by his rendition of

"Abraham Lincoln — his name and pen — I will be good, but God knows when."

Quotations and anecdotes were given by both classes and guests, that part of Lowell's Commemoration Ode referring to the "First American" being recited in concert by one of the older classes. Reminiscences were given by the few that remembered him, and best of all the pastor drew many sweet and valuable lessons from his life for the inspiration of the children, old and young.

The exercises of the evening came to a close by the singing of a familiar hymn which had for a new and fitting climax the verse already printed in the editorial column of last week.

M.

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Mr. H. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of Ceylon, writes: "Jenkin Lloyd Jones deserves the thanks of the followers of the gentle teacher of Asia for bringing out in pamphlet form the *Life and Teachings of that Savior of humanity to suit the minds of the American student of religion. I recommend it heartily.*"

Mr. Alexander Russell Webb, Editor of the *Muslim World*, writes: "I have just finished your most excellent lecture entitled 'Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia.' It is the fairest and most truthful composition I have seen in the English language not made by a Mohammedan. Your mind has risen above the prejudices that Christians usually entertain towards Islam and its teacher. I congratulate you sincerely on having made a bold and effective stand in favor of truth."

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The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Each soul is its own redeemer.

MON.—Man forever needs aid from man.

TUES.—We get what we give in this life.

WED.—The wiser man shapes into God's plan.

THURS.—The cloudiest night hath a hint of light.

FRI.—Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest.

SAT.—The brute in humanity dwindles.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Contented Jim.

Everything pleased our neighbor Jim,
When it rained

He never complained,

But said wet weather suited him.

"There never is too much rain for me,

And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh

Because it was dry,

But said if he could have his will

It would be his chief supreme delight

To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came, with its snow and ice,

He did not scold

Because it was cold,

But said: "Now this is real nice;

If ever from home I'm forced to go,

I'll move up North with the Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along its track;

And did him harm—

It broke his arm,

And stripped the coat from off his back:

"And I would give another limb

To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,

And his body bent,

And his strength all spent,

And Jim was very weak and old:

"I long have wanted to know," he said,

"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead.

The Angel of death had summoned him

To heaven, or—well,

I cannot tell;

But I knew that the climate suited Jim:

And cold or hot, it mattered not—

It was to him the long-sought spot.

—O. F. Pearre, in *American Youth*.

Narrow, but Useful.

The good lady was going around among a lot of poor people distribut-

ing all manner of old clothes, which was gratefully received, when she met a newspaper man looking for a killing case.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," he said, sarcastically.

"Well, that isn't what I'm looking for," she responded.

"No?" And he looked surprised.

"No," she said, "my mission is a little narrower than that. We cut it down to charity covereth a multitude of skins."

Crumbs of Truth.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her: "Bessie, never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and, in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence. Avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly talked and fussed over, explained, and re-explained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling-blocks. As a rule, beyond your parents or your husband there is nobody who has the right to demand of you explanations at each step of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputation for keeping your own council. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of a comfort.

Again, don't be forever setting people right. There is a household fiend with a memory for dates and details who can never sit still and hear papa say that he went down town on Monday, at eight, without correcting the statement with the remark that the hour was half-past. If mamma happens to allude to Cousin Jenny's visit as having occurred last Thursday, this wasplike impersonation of accuracy interposes with the statement that it was Friday, not Thursday, which brought Cousin Jane. A dozen times a day exasperating frictions are caused by needless corrections of this sort, referring to matters where exactness is not really imperative, the affairs in question being unimportant, and no violation of truth being for an instant intended. Silence is golden in

nearly every instance where a defect obtains in the home economy. To abstain from superfluous apologies is also the habit of discretion. There should seldom be the occasion for apology in the household, where all would do well and wisely to be constantly gentle and courteous.

Exchange.

The Poppy Land Limited Express.

The first train starts at 6 p. m.

For the land where the poppy grows,

The mother dear is the engineer,

And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms,

The whistle, a low sweet strain.

The passenger winks and nods and blinks,

And goes to sleep in the train.

At 8 p. m. the next train starts

For the poppy land afar;

The summons clear falls on the ear,

"All aboard for the sleeping car."

"But what is the fare to poppy land?"

I hope it is not dear."

The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,

And 'tis paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took

On his knee in kindness great,

"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day,

That leave between 6 and 8.

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus

I pray.

"For to me they are very dear,

And special ward, O gracious Lord,

O'er the gentle engineer."

Selected.



They're going to pieces

both the women

who wash, and

the things that

are washed, in

the old-fashioned

way. That con-

stant rub, rub,

rub, over the

washboard does

the business.

Rubbing is hard

work. Rubbing

wears out the clothes. There's

nothing of the kind, if you'll

let **Pearline** do the washing.

All you'll have to do, then,

is to look after it. It'll save all

this work and rubbing that

does so much harm. But, be-

cause **Pearline** makes wash-

ing easy, you needn't be afraid

that it isn't safe. That idea is

worn out. Just as your clothes

will be, unless you use **Pear-**

line.

Notes from the Field

Philadelphia, Pa.—Report for first six months of the *Minster Street Neighborhood Guild*. Adopted by the *Advisory Board*. The work of the *Minster Street Neighborhood Guild* began July 1, 1893, by securing the premises 618 and 620 *Minster street*. The house 618 *Minster street* has been refitted for the residence of the head worker, and Mr. Daniel with his family are now living in it. This house is situated on a narrow lane among the people whom we are trying to benefit. This means continuous work and no retreat and a close contact with the people. Here there is an important element of success—a permanent home. Next door is a small church, the basement of which has been refitted for the use of the children who crowd it every night.

These two properties have been secured by Mrs. Daniel and she gives their use to the Guild without expectation of rent or any emolument. It is expected, however, that taxes, water rent and such ground rents as are standing be met by the Guild and charged to the current expenses of the Guild. Also such repairs as are necessary to keep the building in a fair condition for the use for which it is designed.

Over 250 children have been gathered who meet from time to time for definite work. A few have been formed into a singing class who train for choir singing. Another group has been organized for the cultivation of humane feelings towards dumb creatures and our weaker neighbors. Still another group meets for sewing and the learning of household industries. Another group have calisthenic exercises, while a few boys have formed a class for drilling. A temperance society is also being formed. Quite a number use the library faithfully.

The Guild room is open every week-day evening, and the young people gather for amusement and instruction. This keeps them from the streets, and to many it is the only bright and attractive place they have, and is a refuge outside their narrow and cheerless homes to which they are glad to come.

The amusements are a good in themselves, but the room serves also as a recruiting station from which they are drafted into something else of an educational character.

One important part of our work is to influence the children to attend the neighboring public schools and all institutions already provided for them. It is gratifying to meet the children who now go to school and were influenced to do so through the work of the Guild.

On Sunday night the children gather in the upper part of the church for moral instruction. The room is well filled and the improvement is marked. The children are taught to sing and the lantern aids in imparting instruction.

Progress has been made in sanitary matters. Nuisances have been abolished and street cleaning and the gathering of garbage and ashes have been insisted upon and now there is a tolerable service performed. This had been neglected for months prior to our coming, but began soon after we became co-laborers and co-sufferers with the people of the neighborhood. It is

one of the gratifying results of a family living on the ground.

We have enlisted workers who come each week for specific work. Faithful work has been done by these friends and they have learned to love and grow enthusiastic in the work.

From July 1 to December 31, 1893, there have been sent to Mr. Daniel \$430.55 in response to appeals made in *The Nazarene*. This is the only source of income, as there is no assured support of any character.

Owing to the newness of the work a great deal of this sum had to be spent in securing the proper machinery. A very large portion was spent in relieving laboring men and artisans out of employment who gave their labor in return, and thus was not only distress relieved, but a machinery secured for work among the youth which in turn will do good service for many years to come and will prevent pauperism. The details of the expenditures of this sum of \$430.55 is given in an annexed financial statement.

It might, however, be here stated that of this sum of \$430.55, Mr. Daniel received for the support of his family \$50 in July and \$14.63 in August. The balance went for the ordinary current expenses and the placing of the work in good running order. Mr. Daniel suggested at the outset that \$50 per month should be set aside for the family use, but so urgent were other matters that this could not be done at this stage of the work. But as the main first cost is now out of the way, the support of the head worker may become possible.

In so brief a report no justice can be done to so varied and in many respects unique a work, but in brief we can report progress and the Guild has come to stay.

Hobart, Ind.—The church here is twenty years old next summer, and is planning to celebrate its twentieth birthday; and it will be a celebration worth attending, if it is carried out with the tact and skill that mark its regular management.

Cleveland, Ohio.—The Unity Club of this city gave its dramatic entertainment very successfully. The Ladies' Societies of Unity Church are actively engaged in discussing and doing philanthropic work for some of the various charitable institutions of the city. Many warm garments have been made by willing fingers for needy women and their little ones.

Cherokee, Iowa.—Miss Safford and Miss Gordon, the indefatigable ministers of Sioux City, who seem to have taken all of this northwestern corner of Iowa for their parish, have been keeping up the work here. In spite of the hard times a valuable lot has been bought and almost wholly paid for, and besides that the money for a modest church has been raised, the material bought, and the work begun. The people hope to get into their own church home by May.

Decorah, Iowa.—The following letter of correction ought to have been printed earlier. The omission was accidental:

DEAR UNITY—IN UNITY'S notice of the ordination exercises in this place there were two mistakes. One was the omission of the name of Rev. T. B. Forbush, who took part; the other in speaking of the church as a Unitarian church, while really it is an advance guard to the movement you are so nobly working for. We aim to leave *unity* behind, and work for "unity" in its most comprehensive sense, and

I bid you a sincere God-speed in your efforts. Let our banner be broad enough to cover the world. That has been my motto for years. Fraternally,
L. A. WEISER.

Decorah, Iowa.

Humbolt, Iowa.—A musical event of considerable interest has just occurred in this city in the presentation of the cantata, "David, the Shepherd Boy," by Unity Church choir and orchestra. The choir consists of twenty voices and the orchestra of eight pieces. C. H. Brown, Jr., as David; Mrs. Clara Berkhimer Drake, as Abigail; W. W. Sterns, as Saul; Miss Charlie Welch, as Michael; Mrs. D. F. Coyle, as Jonathan, and G. H. Shellenberger, as Samuel, won frequent applause and ably sustained their reputations as accomplished musicians. The choir and orchestra are permanent features of Unity Church, and the society feels a just pride in their efforts.

Miss Safford, of Sioux City, recently preached here, exchanging with Mr. Byrnes, who took her place in the Cherokee and Washta pulpit for the day. She was welcomed back to her old home by an audience which filled the church to the very doors.

Sturgis, Mich.—Last Sunday evening the Unitarian Society here commemorated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Short speeches and papers were given presenting Lincoln as the lawyer, the orator, the statesman, the family man and humorist, the philosopher and religious man, and as compared with Washington. Three of the speakers were members of the Presbyterian Church. The church was crowded, many standing the whole evening. Audiences have increased during the winter; also Sunday school.

St. Paul, Minn.—At the close of the service, Sunday, February 11th, a meeting of the society was held at which Mr. Crothers' resignation was accepted and the following expression of regard and regret was adopted:

We wish to express our sorrow at the great personal loss it brings us, and our deep sense of obligation for what he has done during the seven years he has been our pastor. Under his ministrations our society has had a steady and vigorous growth, that gave encouragement for the present and the greatest promise for the future. His influence has strengthened those who were already members of the society, and joined to us many who never before had been attracted to the cause of liberal religion. A number of societies in this and neighboring States owe their existence to his zeal. But greater than the loss of our pastor do we feel to be the loss of the friend who has ever been ready in time of trouble to speak that rare word which alone could comfort, to give counsel and aid to those in need. Nor do we forget how much he has contributed to our social gatherings from his ever ready store of wisdom and humor. It will ever be a satisfaction to us to remember that our relations with Mr. Crothers were only those of mutual cordiality and good-will, and that they have been ended only that he may continue his career in another field of usefulness to which his duty calls him, and to which he takes with him our best wishes and most affectionate God-speed.

The loss to us of the ministry of Mrs. Crothers, supplementing as it does beneficently the pastorate of her husband, will be heart-felt. Our gratitude and love will go with her also to the new field of duty.

Helena, Mont.—In addition to his morning services Mr. Crocker has given a course of "Words to Young People," Sunday evenings: "Some Foundations," "Life Motives," "Success in Life," and "What Religion?" There is in Helena a very well planned associated charities organization at work in the city this winter, in which the Unitarians are actively interested, Mr. Crocker being one of the executive committee.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Mrs. Wilkes, who has gone to Oakland, Cal., to act as Mr. Wendte's assistant, preached here the Sunday before she left. Since then the church has been closed till the 11th, when the Western Secretary held services morning and evening. But the society continues its organization. The Ladies' Unity Circle has held its regular weekly meetings and socials, and the Sunday school has also continued its sessions; and it is hoped that by another year at least the people may find some one to fill this beautiful church every Sunday.

Austin, Tex.—All goes well here. The congregation is increasing steadily in numbers. The record of attendance shows an increase of about fifty per cent. over that of a year ago. Reports of Mr. Wheelock's sermons are published every week. They vary in subject and treatment, but are of uniform excellence. The sermon contributed by him to this number of our paper, it is needless to say, is not such a sermon as gets preached every Sunday. When George MacDonald on his visit to America preached for Dr. Bellows in All Souls Church, New York, some of his hearers said it thundered and others said "an angel spoke to them." Like all original and unusual preaching, Mr. Wheelock's will meet with the same double commentary.—*South-ern Unitarian.*

San Francisco, Cal.—One of the most interesting,—nay, portentous occasions of the present time is thus described by the *Pacific Unitarian* :—

On Monday evening, Jan. 15, the Clericus, an organization of Episcopal ministers, and the Church Club, composed of laymen, united in a dinner to which were invited the leading local scientists, and clergymen and laymen of other denominations, including Presbyterians, Methodists, Unitarians and Jews. The Occidental Hotel was the scene of the unusual event and about a hundred gentlemen were at table. During the excellent dinner good music floated through the room and airs from "Robin Hood" and other operas fell pleasantly on the happy company. "Evolution" was the subject of discussion and the first speaker was Professor Joseph Le Conte of the University of California, probably the most dearly loved man on the Pacific coast. He spoke with characteristic modesty, yet with firm and confident tones as to the truth of evolution, treating it as no longer a theory but as a law, at least as clearly established as the law of gravitation.

Professor Jordan, of Stanford University, followed in an address of equal positiveness, made especially interesting by his allusion to Agassiz, whose pupil he, as well as Le Conte, had been.

Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, Presbyterian, was the next speaker. He said the church was ready to accept the doctrine of evolution provided that Herbert Spencer's "Unknownable" should be admitted to be God.

President Kellogg, of the University of California, a self-styled conservative, saw no reason for denying the truth of evolution, and did not consider that it was in conflict with religion.

Rabbi Voorsanger spoke forcibly, confessing himself a thorough evolutionist and claiming that religion and science had no connection. They both dealt with truth, but their language was not the same.

Rev. Dr. Stebbins made an eloquent speech, which we print on another page.

Rev. Mr. Miel and Rev. Mr. Foute, of the Episcopal Church, spoke in commendation of the position assumed by the other speakers. Their addresses were tinged with pleasant and seemed to express the cordial and friendly air that prevailed.

Bishop Nichols and Bishop Goodwill (of the Methodist Church) were present at the dinner, but were obliged to leave before the speaking began, to meet an appointment previously made.

THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN CONFERENCE will be held in San Francisco, April 10, 11, and 12, so as to immediately precede the Midwinter Fair Religious Congress, which is to be held April 16-21.

Sacramento, Ca.—Since our last writing directors for 1894 have been elected as follows: Dr. H. L. Nichols, Dr. C. F. Milliken, C. C. Olney, J. L. Whitbeck, W. C. Fitch, Henry Burnham, F. F. Thomson.

The report of the treasurer showed that over \$1,700 had been raised to defray expenses during the year 1893, and that almost enough subscriptions had been secured to carry the society through the year 1894.

Early in January Rabbi Elzas preached for Mr. Horner, and was liked very much by our people. The fraternal relations established between the Unitarian and Hebrew congregations while Rabbi Levy was here are continued under Rabbi Elzas, late of Toronto.

The Woman's Society, organized early in January, gave its first supper January 27th, netting a profit of over \$15.

Mr. Horner preached a sermon on "Eternal Punishment," January 21st, which was published in part in the *Record-Union*. The arguments used by Mr. Horner seemed very offensive to many of the admirers of that ancient doctrine, and immediately a lengthy criticism came out signed by the Lutheran minister, the spirit of which was its own condemnation. He said: "There is nothing 'horrible' in the doctrine which is upheld by the word of God to the Christian believer. * * Others may fear it, and consider it 'horrible,' but never the Christian." Mr. Horner continued the subject last Sunday evening, and again it was published in the *Record-Union*. In the sermon Mr. Horner said: "If reason outside of the Christian pale would not blaspheme God by making him the author of eternal woe to the great majority of the children of men, and inside of that pale does make it both reasonable and just, then God deliver me from Christianity!"

—*Pacific Unitarian.*

Pasadena, Cal.—Rev. Dr. Conger is improving in health, but is hardly able to resume his pastoral duties yet. Meanwhile Miss Kollock is carrying on the earnest work of the large parish with admirable success. Rev. C. W. Wendte, in the February *Pacific Unitarian*, is authority for the statement that "the society has adopted the following condition of membership: 'Any person of good character interested in the welfare of this church may become a member by signing its by-laws'"—than which, he adds, no broader platform can be desired.

Pomona, Cal.—The Women's Parliament of Southern California held its fourth session in Pomona, January 30 and 31. The topics were—1. Education: The Kindergarten and the High School. 2. The Poverty Problem. 3. Occupations for women. 4. The Home.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Rev. F. L. Hosmer, who has been spending part of the winter in California and has recently been in Redlands and San Diego, preached here on the 8th and 15th.

San Diego, Cal.—Rev. J. Frederic Dutton's congregations have averaged 150 and are increasing, and it is hoped that he will become the regular pastor of the society. During Superintendent Wendte's visit to the city \$329.00, a deferred payment on its debt to the Unitarian Loan Fund, was raised,—the Pacific Unitarian Conference contributing \$100.00. We would repeat that

San Diego is a very important station for the cultivation and propagation of liberal religious thought, and if any of our readers can give at all, they could not well give in a better religious cause than that of extricating the San Diego society from its depressing burden of debt. San Diego is a city with a future; as Rev. Mr. Dutton puts it, its church is "next to heaven;" and it has an excellent church plant; but the collapse of one of the mischievous booms that curse our fast growing towns has left the society with debts that are almost more than it can struggle along under, and although its position is better than it was a year ago, there is still room to do much for it.

Worcester (Mass.) Conference.—The twenty-seventh annual meeting was held with the Church of the Unity, Worcester, Wednesday evening and Thursday, January 24 and 25. The conference opened with a sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage, on "Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." He had the closest attention of the large audience that filled the church, for over an hour. It was a sermon of great breadth, simplicity, beauty, and power. Never perhaps did the speaker rise to greater heights, and never was he listened to with more sympathy and delight. Twice he was heartily applauded. It seemed to some as if Mr. Savage ought to be released from his parish part of every year, and sent forth to proclaim the great message throughout the land.

The sessions of the conference on Thursday opened with a devotional meeting, which was conducted by Rev. George S. Ball. The addresses that followed during the day were upon "The World's Parliament of Religions." The first address was by Rev. William S. Heywood, who brought out in strong relief the chief points of this most significant gathering.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, spoke particularly of the necessity of sustaining our own work, and emphasized the fact that the Parliament made it more than ever evident how necessary our position is. It was one of his very best addresses, and made a deep impression.

In the afternoon Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, was the first speaker. He spoke from the point of view of education. First, the Congress suggested a more rational and pedagogic basis for missionary work. The method of conquest should yield to that of growth and sympathy. A good pedagogic missionary should not only know, but ally himself with the best forces to be found in other faiths, and might begin by making men better Mohammedans, Buddhists, etc., and then go on to build on that foundation. It never was so clear that missionaries should be trained in comparative religions. Christianity must make its conquests, as it did in the presence of Paganism, by incorporating what is best in that which it would overcome, and by learning, if it can, temperance from Mohammedans, civil virtue from Confucians, and mildness from Buddhists. Secondly, the Congress reveals still more closely the new situation, too little realized, in which Christianity finds itself. People are crowding and mixing in the world as never before. Creeds and races hitherto isolated are becoming comparative in every sense. The chief ethnic Bibles are accessi-

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Publisher's Notes

Mozoomdar's Book

The Oriental Christ. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. 193 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

The "idea" in this remarkable book may be best briefly stated by combining a saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahmoo leader, with a sentence or two from the author's Introduction: "Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. . . . Yet the Christ that has been brought to us in India is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back. . . . Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fullness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. In England and Europe we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. . . . Look at this picture and that: this is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. When we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. When we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace."

Thirteen Chapters, viz., *The Bathing, Fasting, Praying, Teaching, Rebuking, Weeping, Pilgrimage, Trusting, Healing, Feasting, Parting, Dying, and Reigning Christ.*

The existence of this book is a phenomenon; more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

It is a stroke of genius. It contains a whole philosophy of Christianity. Jesus was an Oriental. He is only to be rightly interpreted by the Oriental mind. This fascinating book comes as a revelation of essential Christianity.—*The Critic.*

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ble. Science is drawing in her lines in the study of man. A new reverence is felt for all nature. Psychology is finding new and deeper truths in Christianity, and seems big with a new revelation for conscience, mind, heart and will. The Higher Criticism reconciles large areas of the highest culture and scholarship with Christianity. A greater Christendom already seems to loom before us. Thirdly, the Congress has brought out in clear perspective, like a composite photograph, certain great common traits: first, the strength and universality of the religious impulse, from the mere *sensus numinis* of lower faiths, the love of nature, the awe of the forest, sea, mountains, storms, up to the highest sense of the unity of the soul with God; second, the universality of a belief in an All-Father of love and good will, as well as of law. How rare atheism really is, and how, when it exists, it is a product of bad pedagogy. Men thought they conferred honor upon God by demonstrating his existence instead of leaving it to the dim and all-controlling region of feeling and faith. Again, the brotherhood of man seems more real and less dreamy. If progress in history is measured by progress in toleration, how great the progress of those seventeen days! So, again, morals as the best fruit of a religious life was emphasized with a unanimity which was revolutionary to those who were reared in an atmosphere where "works" were subordinate to faith. Perhaps a higher virtue and a higher ethics are waiting to be evolved. If there is to be a higher cosmic faith toward which all others tend, it will not come by selections from ethnic Bibles, but only by new and higher thought and life, up to the very top of our own faith. Then and there the particular faith will open into the large, universal, cosmic faith. It steadies the nerves a little in some moods to feel that, if our bark sink, it is to another sea.

The last address was delivered by Rev. James C. Duncan, who set forth the meaning of the Parliament in a very strong and clear way. It has refuted the charge of materialism: it has put an end to all heresy-hunting, and heralds the day of international understanding and of universal faith.

The discussions of the day were all on a high plane, and, together with the sermon, made a notable meeting of the conference.

The President, Hon. E. B. Stoddard, after having served seven years, and the Secretary, Rev. Austin S. Garver, after a service of ten years, both begged to be relieved of further official duty, and appreciative resolutions, expressing the thanks of the conference, were passed. The officers elected for the ensuing year are the following: President, Charles H. Blood, Fitchburg; Vice Presidents, Rev. George S. Ball, Upton, Mr. John C. Otis, Worcester; Secretary, Rev. James C. Duncan, Clinton; Treasurer, Mr. Edward F. Tolman, Worcester. Directors: Jonathan Smith, Esq., Clinton; Mrs. J. L. Stone, Marlboro; Mrs. W. S. Heywood, Sterling; H. E. Sweet, Uxbridge; Rev. A. F. Bailey, Barre; Rev. W. F. Greenman, Fitchburg.

The attendance at the meetings was very large from first to last. The hospitality of the Church of the Unity

was unbounded, and was acknowledged by a hearty vote of thanks.—*Christian Register*

CLEARANCE SALE OF BOOKS

Our January inventory shows a large stock of books on hand, which we must clear out within a few weeks to make room for new publications. The net prices quoted here apply to UNITY readers only, and are subject to no discount whatever. The books are in good condition unless otherwise stated. Most of the editions are nearly exhausted, and many of the books will be difficult to obtain after the present stock has been sold.

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The Last Tenet Imposed Upon the Khan of Tomathoz. By Hudor Genone. Written before the Parliament of Religions, but of decided interest to every one who was there. Cloth, retail, \$1.25; net, 67 cents; by mail, 75 cents. Paper, retail, 50 cents; net, 20 cents; postpaid. A few soiled copies at 14 cents, postpaid.

Darwin's Descent o' Man. Paper, retail, 75 cents; net, 50 cents, postpaid.

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

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ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor will speak at 11 a. m., on "The Contributions of Science to Religion," and at 8 p. m., Mr. V. R. Ghandi, A. B., will speak on "Essential Philosophy of Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism."

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE. Mr. M. M. Mangasarian will lecture at the Grand Opera House, Sunday, at 11 a. m., on "John Milton." The Ethical School meets Sundays at 10, at 309 Masonic Temple.

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