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THE

FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

MONTHLY.

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THE

FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

Vol. 1.] New York, August, 1865. [No. 10.

Shall we make War upon Maximilian?

BY D. A. WASSON.

In the West, and, as I am told, in the army, there is a strong disposition to assail Maximilian, and hustle him out of Mexico so soon as our civil war is fairly brought to a close. It is intimated, I know not by what authority,* that President Johnson sympathizes with this feeling, and will not be disinclined to lend it his official countenance. That it existed, and had no little force, in the last Congress, was made sufficiently evident. And as in the occupation of Mexico by a European army, and the imposition upon it of a foreign dynasty, there was much which was wounding to our pride and offensive to our traditional policy, the opposition to this belligerent impulse will nowhere be entire. Even those who oppose are likely to do so only in half-voice, or at best upon considerations of policy only, not of serious principle.

My own judgment, however, is that we have no right to go to war, no right to shed blood, upon any such occasion as is here presented; and I desire to engage all the interest I can,—to engage, so far as possible, the cool head of man and the kind heart of woman,—in resistance of that warlike impulse.

I admit that the occupation of Mexico by Napoleon was questionable in purpose and worse than questionable in manner. What are the ultimate purposes of this, as well as of Napoleon's policy in general, I doubt. That man is yet a problem to me. All that I have fully determined concerning him is that he is very able and wholly unscrupulous. But while unscrupulous he may not be unconscionable. That is, he *may* have large and honorable aims, while anything but fastidious as to his means. This union of ideas and magnanimity of purpose with entire moral recklessness in particulars is one that the world has often seen, and perhaps no instance more marked has ever appeared than that of Napoleon III. It may be, therefore, though I am not convinced of it, that some honorable design presides over his Mexican policy—that his aim really was to reclaim a waste land and demoralized people to the uses of civilization.

In the manner, however, of carrying out his purpose, even supposing it honorable, there is much to be blamed. Setting aside the question between popular and monarchichal government in Mexico, his procedure is still one that no man of honor can regard with pleasure. Here, as elsewhere, that element of deceit which enters so largely into his policy is profusely employed. Here, as elsewhere, he has masked his ulterior ends by solemnly disclaiming them. It seems his destiny, to draw this slimy trail of deception over all that he does; and the fact is one that an upright spirit finds it not easy to forgive.

The time chosen is also one which can beget him the good will of no American. Beyond all question, he has taken advantage of our moment of weakness, and has betrayed it thereby as his own judgment that his act

* Such a statement has been made in the public prints; but it seems now pretty clear that the wish was father to the thought.

was not one of comity toward us. It is not, therefore, in the interest of Louis Napoleon, it is not from any eye of favor toward him, that I oppose a war for the expulsion of Maximilian. It is on other and far graver grounds.

War is murder, unless the occasion for it amount to a *moral necessity.* He who engages in it upon a lighter incentive will carry red hands to his grave. Only when that is at stake which is more precious than life may the lives of men be sacrificed.

Have we this grave occasion for a war upon Maximilian? Is anything to be purchased by it for which we *dare* pay the price of blood? Is it morally necessary?

Here is a grave question of conscience. Its weight may be reinforced by the serious considerations which now urge upon us the duty of peace, if peace be possible without recreancy.

When this war is closed, it will leave us with a debt,—national, state, and municipal,—of little less than four thousand millions of dollars—one-fourth the value of all property in the country. The interest upon this, with the otherwise increased expenditure of government, will demand a revenue of not less than four hundred millions yearly. To raise this, without adding a cent towards funding our debt, will require taxation such as even yet we are not acquainted with. Demagogues will make this debt a theme with which to operate on that vast multitude of ignorant, and worse than ignorant, voters, into whose hands we place the ballot; and the difficulty we have had in obtaining good officers will be largely increased. Besides this, the burden of that debt will hinder education and all higher interests to an untold extent. Children will have to leave school, and begin work, sooner; the ability to buy books, to buy a piano, and in many ways to grace their lives, will be taken away from many laborers, who possessed it before the war began. We have as yet been constantly borrowing money. The people have behaved nobly in sustaining the government. But the foreign croakers, evil as is the inspiration of their lugubrious notes, are right in saying that we shall never fully know the burden of the war until it is over. Many a bankrupt goes on swimmingly so long as he can continue increasing his debt. It is in the moment that this process of increase ceases, that he breaks. Our government is not bankrupt; our country can bear a heavier debt than any other; but in making room for this debt we must fill up that margin of leisure and abundance around the life of labor, which has hitherto been its privilege in America. Therefore let us have no more war. Let us have peace, if we can. Let us grapple with this debt, and see if we can dispose of it without bringing labor to that dead grind which has been its lot in Europe—without absorbing the lives of American working-men in the mere effort to find means of subsistence. "One war at a time," said Mr. Lincoln. We have two wars on our hands already, aside from that which is just closing. One is the war upon that prejudice which denies the negro all the rights of any other citizen. The other is war upon that debt which, while it lasts, narrows so terribly that gracious margin of leisure and plenty which has hitherto distinguished American labor. Let us get these off our hands before we assume any gratuitous tasks.

Therefore the question whether we are morally necessitated to open our guns on Maximilian is here flanked with other considerations which should make us hesitate even beyond our wont before answering in the affirmative. Are we then, not only permitted, but are we imperatively called upon, to shed blood in this cause?

There might be circumstances under which I would say, *Yes.* Had Mexico possessed an orderly republican government, and had this been overthrown by a foreign invasion, then it would certainly be our right, and might be our duty, to interfere by arms in her behalf. Had she possessed *any* government, republican or monarchical, or any public life whatsoever, upon which one could look either with respect or hope, and had this been violently overthrown by a foreign force, I should still hold our right to say, "Fair play and hands off, or else another hand on!"

But the truth is that Mexico has had no republican government,—has indeed had *no* government worthy of the name. The rights which it is the business of government to conserve, the inalienable rights of man, have been less protected by the state in Mexico than in Russia, or Turkey, or Spain, or China. In our Declaration of Independence the first specified of the inalienable rights of man is the right to life. But life has been the toss-copper of Mexico for forty years. Take this for a street-scene in the city of Mexico, and that in the best times of the mock-republic. "Yesterday on returning," writes Madame Cal-

deron, "I found that by good fortune I had escaped being witness of a murder, which took place before our door. A group of persons, male and female, of the lower class, had been talking and apparently amusing themselves: sometimes laughing, and at other times disputing and giving each other blows. Suddenly one of the number, a man, darted out from among the others, and tried to escape by clambering over a low wall which supports the arches of the aqueduct. Instantly and quite coolly another man followed him, drew a knife and stabbed him in the back. The man fell backwards with a groan; upon which a woman of the party, probably the murderer's wife, drew out her knife, and stabbed the man several times to the heart, the others meanwhile neither speaking nor interfering, *but looking on with folded arms and their usual placid smile of indifference.* * * * *No sensation was excited by this, which is an every-day occurrence.*"

Crimes occur everywhere; but a society wherein crimes the most frightful, so far from awakening abhorrence, are less moving than even a jest—what are we to think of it? That "placid smile,"—was ever anything so ghastly? In truth, the life of Mexico as a free state has been one long carnival of robbery and murder.

But why call her a "free state"? She has not been such. She has had no republican government. She has had only a dance and whirl of military usurpations. In forty years of her existence as a "republic," just one chief magistrate, being duly elected, has served his full term. Every other has either reigned by military title, or has been overthrown by armed disorder. Consider this fact also: Since 1821, when Mexico established her independence of Spain, she has indulged herself in no less than thirty-eight different forms of government and seventy-two rulers!

Now foreign usurpation is no worse, and I think is even better, than domestic usurpation. Suppose Jefferson Davis had made himself master of the United States by force of arms. Would any one say, "Never mind: he is one of ourselves"? Would any one prefer him to a foreign ruler? For my part, Jeff. Davis's little finger would seem heavier to me than Louis Napoleon's entire weight. Well, domestic usurpation is the history of Mexico, with rarest exception, ever since she freed herself from the power of Spain.

Not only so, but this usurpation has been of the basest possible kind. It has seized the powers of government only to enjoy them as power, with the smallest possible conscience of duty. The irregularity in the mode of government has been redeemed by nothing in its action, but the whole thing has been scarcely better than brigandage on a large scale.

The old Spanish viceroy government was nearly as bad as any government, that really was such, could be. Yet this was indeed a government, though a very bad one; and consequently Mexico in those days had a kind of prosperity. Population increased, property was accumulated, colleges were founded and education fostered; there were good roads and a solid style of architecture; and on the whole civilization advanced. But since the establishment of that which in mockery was misnamed a republican government, the country has gone steadily toward ruin. There have not been any five years during the last thirty years in which the country has not retrograded. Life and property became insecure to the last degree, murder and robbery being literally the order of the day; education fell into neglect and the institutions of learning in desolation; agriculture, trade, roads, morals, all lapsed toward barbarism, and I do not believe that any country in the history of the world has ever been known to decay more rapidly from causes purely internal.

It is one striking indication of this dreadful state of things that in forty years the population of the country—one of the most fertile, and with the exception of a small strip on the coast, one of the healthiest countries in the world—has been at a stand. The whole natural increase of population has been consumed by violence and tumult. Mexican society realized the fable of Saturn, and devoured its own children; so that Mexico owes the world to-day at least seven millions of lives, which her wickedness has either precluded or destroyed.

Consider the prevalence of robbery. Were it so that you could not safely go from Boston to New Bedford, with a hundred dollars or a valuable watch in your pocket, without taking an escort of soldiers, we should not have begun to repeat here the every-day tale of Mexican life. For more than a quarter of a century it has been the case that no man could go into the suburbs of any city in Mexico, and remain there unattended by soldiery after dark, without being almost sure to lose

everything of value he might have about him. Meanwhile judicial redress, as matter of sure dependence, has been unknown. When Madame Calderon and her husband were on the way to the Mexican capital in 1839—the best days the "republic" has ever seen—they were the guests of a gentleman for a day, and walking out with him a little way, they suddenly heard an outcry in a neighboring field. Hastening over there, they found the owner lying in his blood, murdered by a laborer whom he had desired to work more honestly. The murderer, having done this cruel business, ran away, and no one pursued. "Is nothing to be done about this?" said Madame Calderon. The Mexican shook his head, and answered, "We have no judges here."

Property meanwhile is so insecure that whoever accumulates it to any degree must imitate the action of feudal times—make his house a kind of fort and surround himself with the means of defense.

Now it may be the right of any nation to inaugurate murder, to organize disorder, to establish robbery, to constitute lawlessness, to play false in every conceivable way to the laws of morality and the interests of civilization. It may be the right of any nation, I say, to monopolize one of the fairest regions of the globe and make it a den of corruption, and nest and cradle of crime; and perhaps no other nation has a right to step in and say, "An end to all this henceforth." That question I will not discuss. But if another *has* stepped in thus, and by force established government and order, it certainly cannot be the duty of a third party to interfere between these, and by a bloody war bring back that feast of sin which had place before. At least, one may leave the two parties to have it out between themselves.

If, therefore, Maximilian can do anything with these wretched Mexicans, let him do so. At any rate, he cannot do worse for them than they for themselves. The natural rights of man cannot be less regarded. Life, liberty, property, cannot be more insecure nor the interests of civilization more ruthlessly trampled under foot. And to do Maximilian justice, one must say that he seems intent on giving that country a good government of its kind. He has adopted the reforms of Juarez; he has brought the debased and avaricious priesthood to their knees, and seems in many ways acting the part of a sagacious and liberal ruler.

I do not say it was right to force himself upon them; nor do I say it was right for our forefathers to dispossess the Indians of this country. But we might think it gratuitous, did a foreign power step in to expel President Johnson from Washington in behalf of the Sioux and Flatheads. Our possession of New Mexico and California originated in a great national crime. Suppose Maximilian, on being invited to leave, should answer, "I will leave Mexico when you restore California."

So long, therefore, as he honestly and ably tries to give Mexico a good government, I esteem it clear that our business is to let him alone. His mode of acquiring power was irregular; but while his expulsion would promise only a worse condition instead of a better, a war for that purpose, so far from being morally necessary, is morally inhibited.

Moreover, it should be fairly and fully recognized, in all applications of the fact, that a republican government cannot exist save in virtue of a high moral sentiment in the people. A demoralized people must have a monarchical government or none at all. This fact suggests to us our duties toward ourselves, and it should suggest also our line of conduct toward others. It bids us on the one hand do all that faithful endeavor can achieve toward keeping up at least, and elevating if possible, the moral *status* of our own people; while on the other hand it forbids us to pledge the repute of free government upon thieving, treacherous, ignorant, murderous nations. In truth, no nation of Europe is so much interested as we are that the bloody burlesque of republicanism, which Mexico has for forty years enacted, should cease.

Constitutional monarchy is a schoolmaster to bring nations to a higher freedom. Republicanism in these states owes its success, first to the native quality of the people, and secondly, to the training and traditions which have descended to us from England. Without English common law and civil liberty and parliamentary practice behind us we should have no such future before us. The Mexicans want both these classes of qualifications. They are immoral, they are ignorant, they are bigoted devotees of Catholicism,—that is of a scheme intensely hostile to freedom,—while also they have had no long discipline in the customs of civil liberty and the forms of constitutional government. When they have become honest and industrious, which now they are as far as any people in the world

from being; when they have learned to respect each other's rights, for which they have been wont to show an extreme disregard; when they cease to fly to a dagger or gun so soon as an office which they desire is not bestowed; when, in fine, they have become almost the exact contrary of what they are now; then they may be fitted for that form of government which only great national virtue can sustain. Till then they and monarchy are just fit for each other,—fit for each other like the felon and the jail.

It is not any admiration of monarchy as a system which leads me thus to remit felon nations to its care. Nor could it be any distrust of republicanism which should lead one to claim it as the privilege of nations eminent in virtue. On the contrary, monarchy receives its severest censure and free government its highest praise when the one is assigned to nations without virtue or discipline and the other to nations greatly blessed with both.

I would, therefore, that our government should say to Maximilian somewhat like this: "Bend all your energies to the task of giving Mexico a really good government: suppress brigandage, establish a sound judicial system, concede a liberal constitution, put aside all theological tests of civil privilege, protect life and property, found free schools, favor industry; and while you honestly do this with your whole mind and might, faithfully striving to develop the people, and yielding power to them just in proportion as they become honest and decent, so long we will let you alone. But if on the other hand you go to ruling as a mere viceroy of Napoleon, and if you seek to keep the people in darkness that you keep them in bondage, and if you prove yourself intent rather on engrossing power for yourself or your masters than on using it for the nation you attempt to govern, then in your neighbor you shall find no friend, and may find in her a foe not entirely to be despised. Do the duty you have assumed like a man, and though we shall forbear to aid, we will also forbear to assail you: be false to the duty you have assumed, and remember that we look on and that you will do well to look out."

It would be noble and worthy of a great nation to assume in some such way a kind of protectorate over the continent, not as mere pedants of republicanism, looking only to a propagandism of forms, but as liberal and resolute men, looking steadfastly to the interests of the people, and willing that those interests should be advanced as they can be. And I venture to say that if, as I suspect, Louis Napoleon has sinister designs in his Mexican policy, hoping to make Maximilian a tax-gatherer for France, we should by this course take the wind out of his sails more effectually than by any other. If Maximilian is half the man he is supposed to be, he will relieve himself from all dependence upon France at the earliest possible moment; and with our alliance, or even our friendly toleration, will make himself a truly American sovereign. Nothing could be more irksome, more galling to a man of mind and spirit in his situation, than to find himself practically only a viceroy of France and Austria; and if we give him the opportunity, he will make haste to be ungrateful to his European backers, and to lend to our counsel the ear which is now open to theirs. In this way we can give a character to his government, can impress upon it our ideas, can make it a means of great benefit to the Mexican people, can strengthen the American system, and can remove one more reproach from republicanism while at the same time we extend its influence. Thus also we can give the Mexicans a course of training which may enable them one day to do with noble success that which for forty years they have attempted with such dreadful and ignominious failure.

But whether or not we adopt this long-headed and large-minded course, let us, at least, have no war in this case. Give us peace now. We have supped on horrors long enough. The vultures have had their sufficient feast. Crippled men are plentiful enough in our streets. And besides all, and worse than all, an appetite for war has evidently been awakened among many of our people—a positive appetite for war. We must recognize in this hunger a terrible enemy. If the military spirit ever gets to be dominant in America, we are doomed. Already there are signs. Had McClellan been a powerful man, I dare not think what might have happened to us. It was the fashion at one time to talk contemptuously of Congress, of the civil government as a whole, and to consider its action as very nearly impertinent. Had McClellan been a man of power and Mr. Lincoln a weakling, the virtue of this people would have been terribly tested; for there were signs in the air in those days to make a prudent man tremble.

Even the action of Sherman,—true patriot as I doubt not he is, and somewhat wronged by being named in this connection,—even his action betrayed a kind of unconscious assumption of superiority to the civil power. That way ruin lies. We are doomed on that day when military prestige overshadows the repute of civil life.

So far we have gone in wondrous safety. McClellan *was* a weakling, Mr. Lincoln was *not;* and General Grant, though a great general, is a greater man, and seeks nothing but to perform his duty. An opportunity is given us to return to the ways of peace before war has wrought us any abiding ill. But if the military impulse is allowed to prevail, and to hurry us into a war for which, to say the least, there is no imperative need, we may then know that the virus has really got into our blood, and that, in establishing the Union, we have fatally poisoned its future.

Let the people, therefore, speak with unequivocal voice. Let them say to the President and the country, "No war upon doubtful occasion: now the work and the victories of peace." Let all understand that we are resolute upon this point. We have work enough on our hands: let there be no diversion, no cheating us out of victory at home by war abroad. There will be an attempt to delude us in this way—to conquer Mexico as a home for the blacks, perhaps. There were words in President Johnson's address to the colored delegation that lately waited upon him, which I am sorry to hear. "He hoped they would have a country to themselves, if they could not agree with the whites," he is reported as saying. Let us shut that door and bolt and bar it and nail it up! If there is trouble between the whites and blacks, the whites will make it; and my most charitable hope would be that those may find another country for themselves who cannot be decent in this country. Let us not be drawn into a war which would be a mere renewal of our civil war under worse disadvantages. A war with Maximilian—why, it would make Jefferson Davis sing for joy on the very gallows!

And I add, let us have no war with England. England has treated us in an unfriendly way: how much she would give now, had she done otherwise! My course in return would be simply this—let us make out our bill of damages in full, and then say, "Here is a little bill to which we entreat your attention. Pay it or not, quite at your pleasure. Do precisely what you think for your own interest. Pay it, and we will then agree that henceforth private property on the seas, not contraband of war, shall be free from assault; and moreover will forget certain things in your recent history as soon as good American memories permit. Refuse to pay, and we will not raise a gun against you or your precious Canada, but we will simply write down the history of your doings in a book, and make it a precedent for our own action in any case which may arise in future." Leave her to her own choice with that alternative before her.

Meanwhile, strong in justice, firm in dignity, let us show the world how a free nation, which deserves to be free, forsakes war so soon as war ceases to be an imperative duty, and proceeds in noble fidelity to mind its own business, reconciling order with liberty, and establishing justice in peace within its own borders.

God and humanity demand of the American people just one thing, in which their debt to both will be paid, and that one thing is *success*—success in their own work and within their own limits—success in giving every man and every woman among all our millions an opportunity to live and work and think and be human; while yet we keep up social order and connection, succoring each with the strength of all, and making the state a good Samaritan to every citizen in need. At present, our duty to ourselves is our duty to heaven and mankind. Let us then have no frivolous, heady, boyish propagandism of republican forms by bloodshed, but a quiet, strong-hearted, wise devotion to that work of peace which God calls us to do.

It is well to learn all thou canst from the experience of others.

It is well to gather truth from every source. No man can know all truth, and therefore it is well to give and also receive the fruits of experience, that all may advance in wisdom. It is well also to remember that each one who is true unto his own internal light is in the best condition to impart help unto others.

All genuine advancement must come from within. We can help one another by revealing our experience, but the answering witness within us must speak before we can receive true help one from another.—Linton.

The First Marriage.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

The morning hours were slipping one by one,
Like loosened gems from Day's revolving crown—
Still Adam slept. A thousand star-like eyes
Had opened in the grass on Eden's lawns,
And like a trimming hung in the deep green
Of grove and thicket; and a thousand tongues
Poured their cantatas from luxuriant shades;
While the quick rustling of unnumbered wings
Troubled the sleepy breeze, until it sprang
To a bold wakefulness, and sallied out
To lift with daring finger the dark hair
That lay on Adam's brow. Yet he stirred not.
The slowly-moving foot and heavy tread
Of giant animals, that came to drink
From Eden's mimic lakes, jarring the ground
At every motion of their mammoth limbs,
Failed to arouse him from his long, deep trance.
Lithe, tiny animals, of glittering green,
Freckled with fiery spots, with lightning feet
Darted across him like a phosphor flash,
Or like a gleaming shoal of twinkling fish,
That glancing, slips across a bar of sand.

But when the sun, one-third his journey done,
With countless golden fingers touched the crown
Of the forbidden tree, whose glossy fruit
Rounded in shade through all the earlier hours,
The eyes of Adam opened, and he rose,
Wondering to find no dew-drops in the grass,
Nor gemming the thick cluster of his hair,
Nor scarcely moistening the blossom's heart.
But soon he ceased to wonder at the sun's
Drinking the dew away ere he awoke;
For a great feeling rose within his soul,
Of mingled presciency and reverence,
Such as he oft had felt on other days—
Only in smaller measure—just before
He found in the dear haunts of Paradise
Some new work of creation. But to-day
The dim uncertain feeling swelled and grew
To something far more sure than wavering hope—
More positive than mere expectancy.
So with a careful step, and searching glance,
He passed through dell and over sloping lawn,
Peered into shady covert and dim glade,
And parted with a cautious hand the vines
Of the cool bowers. But suddenly he paused,
And drew his breath back with a stifled cry
Of joy and wonder, and with strong hands clasped
Stood gazing, till his loudly-beating heart
Shook the stout building of his naked chest,
And sent an agitated current up,
Flushing o'er cheek and brow. Then he drew back
Into a leafy covert, and between
The verdant boughs and lightly-stirring leaves,
Watched breathlessly; for just before him there,
Upon a couch of softest emerald moss,
O'ershadowed by the swaying foliage,
Lay Eve, the late perfected work of God.
How white and still! A marble work embossed
Upon a ground of green! Sweet vermeil flowers
Were nestled all about her, and the birds,
Their iris colors glancing in and out
From sun to shade, would poise or flutter down
So near, they fanned her with uneasy wing;
And one strange creature from the forest came,
With meekest face, and solemn-looking eyes,
And gently stooping, licked the little feet
So gleaming white, and bedded in the moss;
While ever round her, with impatient air,
The lordly serpent moved—his glistening head
High lifted, as if crowned with kingly power,
And fiery sparkles flashing from his eye.
Then Adam noted that a warmer tint
Was soft'ning all her whiteness, like the first
Faint shade of color on an ocean shell,
Deep'ning to pink at each pearl finger-tip,
And at the center of each snowy breast;
Leaving a full carnation on the cheek,
And richer carmine on the ripened lip.

Slowly her eyelids opened: narrowly
At first, as half in sleep; but wide at last,
Until the long brown curling lashes touched
Her wonder-lifted eye-brow. What a world
Of mystery, and innocence, and love,
Lived in the depths of her heaven-colored eyes!
What gleams of purity! what lights of stars!
Then Eve arose, and all her clustered hair
Of golden brown fell rolling wave-like down
Over her shining bosom, turning out
On either side their burnished rippling streams,
And left her smooth white shoulders glancing through.
And while her eye grew moistened, drinking in
The beauty and the glory of the place,
She stood in silent self-forgetfulness,
Nor dreamed that she herself was Beauty's queen.
But soon her active fingers 'gan to pull
The little starry flowers, and smiling at
Their sweetened breath, in fancy strange she tried
To stick them in the dark and shaggy brow
Of a great animal, whose crimson tongue
Reached for her hand, when now and then she turned
To gently touch, and smooth with tender palms
The crested serpent's arched and glittering neck.
And Adam noted the light, graceful play,
And easy movement of her lithesome limbs,
The dimpled elbow and the rounded form,
Nor lost one charm—from golden-threaded curl
To tiny feet that wavered in the green.
And while he watched her, moving here and there,
Her beauty wrought upon him—made him bold;
And parting from the thicket, Adam stood
In manhood glorious, confronting Eve.
How strong and grand he seemed! All motionless
She gazed upon that other master-piece
Of God! observed the stout limb, sinew strong,
The heaped-up muscle and the shoulder broad.

But when her eye met his, a rosy cloud,
Moved, glowing in her cheek, taking its fire
From the new sun of Love just dawning in
Her guileless soul. The vein-traced eyelids drooped
Lower and lower still, until they cast
Their fringy shade on burning cheek below.
Then Adam reached his hand! at which she sprang,
And with a cry of gladness faltered down,
Pressing his instep with her flushing brow,
In an excess of reverence and love.
But Adam lifted her, and held her out
To let his eyes shine on her, and then drew
Her closer, closer still, until her head
His shoulder touched, and under her white breast
He felt the hurried beating of her heart.
That moment, through the walks of Paradise
There came a still small voice—came with command,
And blessing, and with words that made them one.

O Love, thou child of Eden! whosoe'er
Has ever once received thee for a guest,
Has walked in Paradise! And evermore,
When thou dost come with angel Innocence,
We hear the sanction of the still small voice,
And feel the primal blessing is our own.

DISCOURSES

CONCERNING

The Foundations of Religious Belief.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON,

Minister of the Free Church at Lynn.

I.

Past and Present.

It is startling to reflect on what foundations the Christian World is for the most part content to rest its Religious Assurance. Beliefs without which the soul is an orphan and idiotic, are held to have no other valid guarantee than a revelation, conceived to have been "supernaturally" attested, at a certain epoch in ancient times. The truth of what it most needs to find true concerning God, Duty, Immortality, is staked upon the Infallibility of a Book and the accuracy of a Tradition. Religion stands or falls with the miracles of Jesus of Nazareth, as "the Christ of God." Or in one way or another, the certainties vital to spiritual being are transmuted into mere historical heirlooms—results of "instituted religion." They are not (it is insisted) reached by natural organic processes of the soul, but fall into it from without, through some supernaturally gifted official Person or Race. They are glimmers of reflected, secondary light. Christianity is a graft set in human nature by such Person and Race, and kept alive by their transmitted forces. The most popular Orthodox preacher in America confesses that God is known to him only as an impalpable effluence from the person of Jesus. And a distinguished theological professor of the Unitarian sect instructs his pupils that their "idea of God is a Hebrew tradition"; that "the Moral Law is mere Judaism over again without its sanction"; and that Religious Belief must rest either "on the Bible or the Mathematics": in other words, that the only valid foundation for such Belief, as long as *scientific* certainty is not attained, is an "authoritative record." He further intimates that such scientific certainty, however possible in the future, cannot as yet be claimed. Nothing remains, of course, but "the authoritative record," as basis and guarantee for Belief. What this can signify in one who has himself applied a free criticism to the record, we do not now inquire. We take these and other statements as they stand.*

This resolution of Religion into a Tradition, undermines its foundations in the Spiritual Nature. What should we think of a mental philosophy, which should affirm that we derive the consciousness of our existence from the knowledge either that the Pilgrim Fathers believed in theirs, or that the Anglo-Saxon race were positively assured of theirs some centuries ago, or that our common ancestor Adam believed in his, beyond a possibility of doubt? We all comprehend that this consciousness is involved in the very structure of

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* I am aware that this alternative was presented by its author, not absolutely, but *as the basis of preaching.* But it must of course be maintained as the law of individual belief, or it fails as the law for the preacher. For why should human nature in the pew be bound to receive truth on different grounds from human nature in the pulpit? Or how can a preacher honestly present "the Bible or the Mathematics" as the sole alternative authorities for belief *before men,* who yet rejects this dilemma in his own consciousness, and finds a better sanction than either in his spiritual intuitions? Or is it proposed that the American Protestant Pulpit should assume the Roman Catholic principle—count the people incapable of receiving the light and liberty revealed to the learned, or of realizing the faith vouchsafed to the ecclesiastical official—and so justify itself in preaching one philosophy of Authority and believing another! If we would not attribute to the author above quoted dispositions and imaginations like these, we must do him the justice to suppose that he presented as the basis of preaching what he accepted as the basis of belief.

our being; that we accept our existence on the testimony of our rational faculties; and that any statement of the like consciousness by others, in past or present time, appeals to *our present experience* of the fact that we do *now* exist, and could not even be apprehended at all by us, but for that experience; in a word, that the mental constitution is the ground of this consciousness, and the veracity of our faculties our authority for trusting it. We are fully aware that to trace its origin in us to a mere tradition from the Past would be to ignore the foundations of all knowledge whatever.

Now our nature is spiritual as well as intellectual. Our Spiritual Constitution perpetually bears witness of spiritual things. Relations to God, to Duty, to Eternal Life, are involved in its very structure. And so we have a spiritual consciousness of these relations as we have a mental consciousness of our own existence: and all statements of them, in past or present time, grow out of this structure and out of this consciousness, and appeal to this in us. They could not be recognized as true but for their conformity to its experience. They could not be certified but by the trustworthiness of the present testimony of these organs or faculties which take cognizance of them. They could not even be apprehended at all but for the present activity of this living conscious Soul. Now when it is pretended that our Ideas of God, Duty, Immortality, are a mere traditional effluence from the Hebrews, the Bible, or the face of Jesus, all this is ignored; and in this the primary Source of Religious Knowledge and the Foundation of Religious Belief.

So plain are these truths, that it seems incredible they should ever be overlooked by reflecting persons: so inevitable, that the very writers we have quoted as insisting on the traditional nature of Religion and Morality can be quoted as positively in other passages upon the other side.

Whether the Bible is reliable, whether Jesus was the express image of God, whether the Hebrew religion was a divine interpolation in the course of human history, are in part historical inquiries. But the question as to the origin of our religious knowledge lies behind these. It is not primarily a question of History, but of the laws and facts of present consciousness. And this preliminary inquiry, which underlies the whole dispute between a traditional and a spiritual religion, is utterly neglected in the prevailing theologies, whose tendencies are well indicated in the sentences I have quoted from their leading representatives.

We must go far down to strike the root of this matter. Our Spiritual Constitution is not a mere product of the Past. No single act of thought is so. Our conscious being, the force by which we think, feel, remember, judge, is a present force. The Past accounts for nothing beyond itself. For the continuance of our intelligence into the Present, it was requisite that power should be added to the Past. Even if I were at this moment precisely the same as I was in that immediately preceding it, I should be something more than the mere passive product of this last. How happens it that I did not end with this? The bare fact of my continuance proves an active principle in the Present as such. The laws of my nature are always the same. Yet it would be absurd to pretend that their activity to-day was a mere effect of their activity yesterday. Life is no such mere consequence of former life. It is a permanent fact; and whether in past or present time, it is explicable only as the product of a Force above itself, unceasingly active, unceasingly present. Even if I remained always the same, therefore, my Past would not explain my Present. But I am not the same. Somewhat is incessantly added, since every instant sees changes, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual; sees, in a word, growth. The Past cannot account for these changes. It cannot by its own force produce what is different from itself, still less what is greater than itself. Development cannot mean that a less thing can evolve a greater out of its own resources. It might as well be said that the smaller of two circles could contain the larger. Development means that the less thing serves as condition and groundwork for the influx of new and greater force, whereby it is enabled to expand in the direction of its natural tendencies. The Materialist imagines that the bodily organization creates the soul; that brain secretes thought out of its own substance; that divine poems and immortal discoveries are meat and drink transmuted by chemical laws: in short, that there is an inherent capacity in the less to produce the greater. We at least avoid this manifest absurdity, when we affirm, on the other hand, that brain and food are but the means by which the higher Spiritual Nature

can act upon the physical world to the production of those higher results, out of its own ampler force.

Now it is certainly not a whit more irrational to suppose that a phosphate can of its own force grow into a human brain, or a dead fowl develop itself into a living epic, than to conceive that the Past will explain the phenomenon of intellectual or spiritual growth. If a superior thing seems to follow out of an inferior, it can only be through the incoming of a capacity greater than either.

We say a tree springs from a seed. But we do not mean that the little seed made the great tree. Of course the sun, the earth, the air, all brought their tributes. The tree is the product of Nature, which is greater than it, not of the seed, which is in all respects less. And so our Present, which is always more than the Past, is not the passive result of the Past, but the effect of larger living forces.

Our Being is the present activity of Eternal Laws; not resulting from the Past, but from Power which resides at every point of time and makes Past and Present alike. Our Consciousness is the present activity of our Being, and with whatever *materials* our past experiences may supply it, they do not in any sense create it.

In part, indeed, we are historical products. Each event grows from a preceding, as effect from cause. The whole Past, in mass and in detail, is essential to the explanation of every moment's thought and act. There is no gulf between to-day and yesterday. And so closely woven is the web of human history, that a higher Intelligence might unroll from a single act our whole Past, as naturalists make a flower or a fossil fragment tell the story of a life whereof it is the sole remaining witness. But this covers only a part of the truth, and the most superficial part. We cannot be merely historical products, since we are so made that we not only can, but do and must judge our Past by the standard of the Present. If the Present were but History in sequel, a passive product of the Past, how could this, its creator, be subject to its measurements and criticisms? Can the clay vessel take the potter to task? How could we say of deeds and experiences gone by, this was great and that little? How could we judge, as we do, not by what we have been, but by what we are! *We do so simply because the present instant is the point where sight resides, whence the light proceeds by which we see.*

And though a higher Intelligence might unroll the history of our lives, simply by following effects back to causes, it would not prove the contrary of what we affirm; since it would be possible only through the recognition and full comprehension of instant perpetual forces, without which no antecedent influence could become what we commonly call *a cause.* To ignore these unfathomed Powers, which make every event a fresh mystery, past our solution, is to leave out the life of our life.

We say then that the Past provides the material on which the Present must work; the conditions to which its fresh inspiration must be measurably subject; the soil into which its seeds must fall. No one, most assuredly, can withdraw from the historic chain. No one can break away from his Past. He must start to-day from the point to which it has brought him, and from no other. But does this exclude fresh intellectual invigorations? Rather are these essential to the very continuance of intellectual motion.

And if such be the conditions of Mental Life in general, they are eminently essential to that Spiritual Activity, which is Mind under its Religious Aspect.

Religion is the profoundest fact of our Nature. Relations to God, to Duty, to Immortality, are its vital, structural relations: and the higher his development, the more fully does Man realize that in them he lives and moves and has his being. That Instant Force, whereof we have been speaking, from which continuance, growth, sight, proceed, the Source of permanent law, and successive movement, and causal relation, and momentary spiritual supply, of past and present alike,—to the Religious Nature, *is God.* His immediate and instant Sovereignty is identical with that of the *Moral Law*, whereto the correlative fact in Man is *Duty.* His dearest gift, equally immediate and instant, foundation of human joy, patience, faith, of growth, dignity, power, the crown and glory of our Nature, is *Immortality.*

Now it is these perpetual organic structural Realities, the consciousness whereof, if the prevailing statements of doctrine be true, is the mere result of Tradition! It is these Realities, whose constant force can no more be ignored than the fact of our existence, and

which must have spoken in all men and all ages, somehow, to that human intelligence which is their creature,—it is these, that are affirmed to be practically known to us only through the Bible, "the Christ," the Hebrew race!

I know it will be replied that this is affirmed only of their highest forms; of the Idea of a *personal paternal* God; of a *perfect* Moral Order; of an Immortality *which is Eternal Life.* But this is to commit the error in the worst possible form and to the greatest possible extent. These Ideas are the utmost crown of religious conviction: to every believing soul a wonder and joy that bear witness of sweetest and closest union with the very Source of its being. Is it of these experiences especially that such intimate union is to be denied? If even these, which, as our best, should be most deeply rooted in our Nature, and which indeed show themselves so at one with its needs, so at home in it, that they alone can supremely bless and divinely inspire it,—if even these are in no vital and organic relation with it, but are the special bequest of a single race, a single book, a single official person,—what place in Human Nature can belong to *lower* forms of belief in God, Duty, Immortality, which have shown comparatively little power to bring out its capacity of growth and joy? Nay—the Religious Sentiment or Faculty itself can be nothing but an alien and exotic in the soul, if its most cordial recognitions and intimacies therein are mere traditional echoes, having no root in the living Spiritual Constitution. But if the Religious Sentiment be not a permanent organic fact in Human Nature as such, to what can these traditions make appeal, by what can they be apprehended? And so the very foundations of Belief are swept away.

The limitation of Religious Ideas to a narrow, arbitrary, extra-natural origin in the Past in proportion to the breadth of their relation to Human Nature, and the grandeur of their power within it, is but a consequence of the notion that the Spiritual Constitution and Consciousness are the mere creation of the Past.

On the contrary, the highest forms of belief are precisely what prove these to be primarily a present Inspiration.

Let us state more distinctly what we may concerning the sources of spiritual Light.

Two views may be noted. The one is that Religious Belief is nowise related to the Past, but an entirely new creation, owing nothing to antecedent persons or institutions. In order to receive Divine Influence, the soul must be swept clear of all prior influences, and a great gulf separate the Present from the Past: or rather, there is no longer a Past. A few enthusiasts in almost every age have held, or seemed to hold, this extreme notion of Inspiration. The Christian Church has, in general, held it to be true of Jesus, as the supernatural Founder of Christianity, and of him only. The other view is the exactly opposite one, that Religious Belief is in no sense due to the Present: that its 'new birth' is but the result of a more vital energy effected by traditional Christianity. Here is properly no gulf between the Present and Past. There is properly no Present at all. God, the Divine Life, Spiritual Influence, are, so far as their direct access to the human soul is concerned, concentrated in a sacred locality in a remote age. If we look towards the Future, we are warned that we are turning the back upon all these. If we look up to the heavenly signs of present Duty and Promise, we are informed that this is to follow our fallible selves and not the Word of God. Instead of being swept clear of all prior influences, the soul must be swept clear of all present ones. There is no living God, only the reflected image of a God who appeared once for all in the face of Jesus. This is *substantially* the view of the churches concerning the origin of Religious Belief in all persons except of course Jesus himself, and his immediate disciples.

Here are the extremes. The one view denies God in the Present, the other denies him in the Past. Both fail of the truth that He belongs alike to Past, Present and Future. For the soul is open to Him, not through the channels of Tradition alone, not through its own present Spiritual Consciousness alone, but through both of these. But the far greater error of the two is that which denies God in the Present; for this strikes at the very source of Inspiration, the other only at certain methods and means thereof.

Our spiritual possessions are indeed the issue of our whole Past. "The Child is Father of the Man." We are all the offspring of a historical Providence, which weaves every strand of thought and act into the fabric of our life. There is no gulf between Past and Present. No new force can do more than modify the existing state of our characters, as our past

lives have formed these, of our opinions as our education has made them. All Divine Influence must take its subject where he stands. It can have no other point of support, no other material to work in, than the actual status of the soul and the world. It must root itself in a soil prepared for it. The celestial gift that is to transfigure life falls not into a void, but into actual human conditions, as sunshine and rain bring vigor to waiting seeds. The Reformer and the Prophet work out the better future by dealing with the practical issues transmitted from the Past. These are their levers to lift the age above itself. Their Inspiration of Insight and Power grows by conflict with inherited hindrance and use of garnered help—and there is no other way in which they can grow.

There is nothing useless in human education—nothing that could be thrown out. The Guiding Hand never needs undo its work and begin again. There is no call to change any one into an absolutely new creature, were the thing possible. The old thread of sequence is adequate. We are born into the inheritance as into the tender guardianship of the Past; and what one is, he never could have been but for its teaching, whether he be Prophet, Messiah, Archangel, or but a common child of Adam's race. When the churches pretend that the Hebrews owed nothing to the races that preceded them, or that Jesus was independent of earlier teachers, thus taking him out of the natural historic sequence, they deny an inviolable law. Inspiration is conditioned on preparation. Had Jesus denied this, he would have stood his own living refutation, his feet on the very sod, his lungs breathing the very air, he refused to recognize. And he did not deny it.

But none the less true is it that Inspiration is fresh instantaneous force—that it does fall into the actual material of life which the Past has provided. None the less true is it that the Power which gives efficacy to this material, which transforms it into somewhat better, which yields the light whereby we read and judge our past selves, and all traditional beliefs, is in the Present; and this not for Jesus only, but for all men; that Religious Knowledge rests on the immediate Presence of the Infinite Fountain of Truth. None the less certain is it that Truth is not something gone by, and held in memory alone, but the Reality that waits now to be seized—waits to be felt and earned and used; and that only as it is thus accepted as a vitalizing Presence, is it turned into Religious Life. The difference between a traditional or dead, and a spiritual or living faith, is, that in the one case there is as little as possible, in the other, as much as possible, of this fresh and vital apprehension of Truth.

Without somewhat of this fresh communication, it is impossible for even the commonest conceptions of God, Duty, Immortality, to be transmitted at all. Even the traditionalist cannot import them as so much dead material out of the Past. There must be always more or less of new-created light and life put into them, to preserve and bear them on. This wanting, the substance has flitted, the poor starved soul hugs but its shadow. Only in proportion as beliefs are ever new-born by being newly earned and newly appreciated, can they be said to retain any force as beliefs, or, indeed, to possess any meaning whatever. Their salt is in their present uses. They are a manna that will not keep over night. How the dead husks of creeds that once meant heroism, piety, martyrdom, progress, have buried sleeping churches in their decay! Even if beliefs were mere ideas, notions, propositions only, they could not live a *merely* traditional life. The memory would not hold them in that way. The understanding would not take account of their existence. But the substance of your beliefs is quite other and nobler than a notion or a proposition. It is the joy, reverence, strength, peace, they bring. And these could never come from the Past. All the depths of your being cry out against such a pretense. An Idea of God or of Duty is not a Religious Belief, so long as it is without these: it is but a form of words. *And baptized in these*, it is no tradition, either Hebrew or other. Was the holy wrath of Isaiah a tradition? Or was the tender pity of Jeremiah, or the trust of him who sang, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want"? Was Paul's zeal for liberty and righteousness a tradition? Was the piety of Tauler and Fenelon, was the enthusiasm of Joan of Arc a tradition? Were Raffaelle's San Sisto Mother and Child, was Milan Cathedral, was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony a tradition? Was Fox's Inward Light, was Parker's pure Theism a tradition? Was American Abolitionism, was John Brown at Harper's Ferry a tradition? Is Prayer a tradition—living, earnest Prayer? Or is the

daily flow of that spiritual content, that "takes the manna of to-day," assured that the strength shall ever be as the need, and so lives with the dear all-sufficiency of the Father's love, above fear and above regret—is that a tradition? There is but one answer to these questions. Dare not call any man's sacred conviction concerning God or the Moral Law a Hebrew tradition, or a reflection from the face of Jesus. The Eternal Reality stands within him in no such vicarious and simulated way. Beliefs are Inspirations.

Still more undiscerning is it, if possible, to place the *Sanction* of Belief in Traditional Authority of whatsoever kind. Every such authority breaks down before advancing criticism. The Infallibility of the Church has had its death-blow from its own hands—the Infallibility of the Bible at the hands of Science, moral and physical. The defenders of an authoritative text are reduced to attempts at torturing its meaning into conformity with science, or else at wresting science into harmony with its letter—in both cases unsuccessfully; and in both suicidally, since in both is assumed the right of human intelligence to discuss and decide the meaning of the record. The Infallibility of Jesus falls with that of the Bible, through whose report alone we know his words and acts. Or, if we accept the record as it stands, the result is the same. Or if, again, the language of Jesus, as therein recorded, concerning demonic possession or his second coming, be interpreted so as to remove the imputation of error, we are again thrown back upon the difficulty that an authority has been assumed in ourselves, beyond the record and outside his person, to decide between the different meanings. In every resort, the present asserts its ultimate and final jurisdiction over all forms of traditional authority.

And tradition is, in its very nature, inadequate to meet the requirements of a sanction for religious belief. It is wavering, dubious, subject to all forms of human frailty, and all modes of casual degeneracy and corruption. The chain of historical evidence has always too many weak or broken links; and to follow it back is past the power of the simple. Then its enslavement of the mind is fatal. For where liberty is abdicated in order to reach certainty, that certainty has no legitimate foundation in the moral or spiritual, any more than in the intellectual nature, being received into an abnormal and unnatural status.

Quite otherwise is Belief authenticated, to the simple and the free—by recommending itself to the spiritual consciousness as right and needful and beneficent. And this sanction is that of the living present Soul.

This, then, we affirm. Not the body only, but the spirit, has organs of sight. They are made to look on the essential facts of the spiritual world directly, as the bodily eyes are made to look upon the physical. It is because they are seen in this intuitive or direct way, that God, Duty, Immortality, cannot be proved logically beyond question to the understanding. You have no means of proving that the outward world exists. You are made to see and feel, not to prove it. In fact, it does not exist in the way that you are trying to prove it as existing—as a distinct, material, comprehensible entity. It exists for you as it stands in your intuition, and in no other way; and the more you try to go behind that, the more unreal and questionable it becomes. Stand by your intuition, and you are sure. So with these spiritual facts, and the intuitions which reveal them. They have always been so revealed, in all ages, to all men, yet with more or less obscurity, while the spiritual organs are immature. But the soul grows, and the spiritual world becomes steadily clearer, by laws as natural as those which make the trained eye see better than the untrained. The organs become purer by inward processes of moral culture, and read deeper and diviner meanings. They demand a fuller confidence from the soul, and they deserve it; till at last, purged by serious thought and earnest self-control and prayerful contemplation, the soul beholds convictions and knows them to be certainties, as a child knows its mother's face. They are known to be true by the intimate way in which they penetrate the moral being, and show themselves at home and adequate to meet its profoundest wants and loftiest desires. Is it incomprehensible that this should be so? It would be infinitely more incomprehensible that it should *not* be so. Has God made the soul for his Truth, and shall it have no organs by which to recognize Truth? Has he made the individual conscience to feel more solemnly its responsibility to Truth, the nobler its development, and has he provided no surer way for it to walk in than the uncertain testimony of tradition? There are those who will accept even this improbability, maintaining that there is nowhere any

such thing as certainty. When these will explain to us how, on their theory, they can maintain anything, even that they are not certain, we can listen to their acceptance of things incredible. And there are those who think there may be certainty in an "authoritative record" and in the science of mathematics, but find no such authority in spiritual intuitions. To these we would reply, that the Soul, which judges the record and finds the mathematical axiom true, declares thereby that it possesses within itself a power of authenticating spiritual beliefs, which may be found and unfolded. The Soul is of more value than many Bibles and many sciences. Better disparage them than it. But why disparage either?

Yes, there are spiritual organs, spiritual Intuitions. Freedom, Reverence, Love, purify these, and exalt their insight. Science scatters the mists and false lights that distort their objects. The Eternal Presence illumines and invigorates them through inward disciplines and pure affinities with truth thereby made effectual—and deceives not the eye He has made, the heart He has bidden to seek Him.

Herein we must find the sanction for our Religious Beliefs. There is no other so reliable, so primary. Men appeal to the authority of numbers, of age, of usage, of character. But these are only measurably, superficially, provisionally accepted. Forever the Soul stands behind in the shadow, judging the judges, reading the records, choosing as its moral and intellectual state compels. There, where final jurisdiction inheres and *must* inhere, must somehow exist, however imperfectly attained by men in general, the ground of positive certainty. *There* must somehow be discoverable the accesses of absolute Truth. Spiritual organs, spiritual intuitions in the individual soul, are the first postulate of a Positive Faith.

The highest idea of God is not a Hebrew Tradition. The less cannot produce the greater; a tradition can never be the father of an inspiration. The very existence of the Religious Sentiment is called in question, however unintentionally, by such a supposition. Nor is the Moral Law mere Judaism over again, without its sanction. Morality is immutable, and its sanction is in every process and every experience of every living soul that God has made. To forget or disparage this, its natural and necessary validity, is to impeach its sovereignty. Nor does our alternative, in matters of Religious Authority, lie between the Bible and the Mathematics; in other words, between the intellectual certainties of Science and the traditional worship of a Book. *Is* there, then, nothing between these to answer to the unspeakably near and dear name of Religious Assurance? Is piety either these or nothing? Do the Eternal Love and Will reach our souls in these ways, and in these only? And are Duty and Immortality, that stand so solemnly face to face with us every moment, and that will so stand forever, the echoes of an ancient communication to a few Hebrews, or else a scientific demonstration? Is it either by logic or else by Judaism that they approve their right to command our allegiance, as motives of conduct? Not so do they come to heart and conscience. We shall not believe that any thoughtful mind stakes its faith in the Eternal on the truth of the tale of Samson and the traditions that Lazarus and Jesus came back from death to life. Nor shall we consent to construct Religion out of the understanding alone. To ignore spiritual intuition and devout feeling, as sanctions of belief, is to cut off the top of the brain or to crush it down into the cerebellum. No statements of the Philosophy of Faith can stand approved before the consciousness of an enlightened age, which, oscillating between Bibliolatry and Positive Science, find no place for spiritual sight. Such statements are indeed, as has been said, decisively contradicted by the very lips that framed them. But not the less mischievous are they for that reason: rather the more. Let the trumpet give no uncertain sound.

We may lean across the ages upon Jesus and the Bible for the help of their divine lessons. All helpful souls and books will retain their own dear and needful power. But let it be remembered that the primal sources of our strength cannot lie in lives which have needed their Past to lean on as truly as we need ours. *Never will you find the fountain-head by following back the traditions.* There were apostles for the early churches, and there was a Jesus for Paul and John. But there was also an Isaiah for Jesus, a Moses for the Prophets, an Egypt for Moses, and for Egypt, what vast traditional deep that you will never penetrate! You come back, and recall to mind that there never lived on earth

one heroic and holy soul into whose labors you have not entered. Let it be remembered that what we owe to the Past, we owe not to one Bible, Church, Messiah, Race, but to every hair-breadth fraction of the Past. Its robe was seamless, and every thread was needed for the tissue.

But not there the Fountain-head; not there the morning of the spirit; not thence its viewless wind. Not there, but *Here*! Not then, but *Now*! We may lean across the ages upon Jesus if we will, but we are stirred to upright manhood only by the countenance of the Living Spirit—by the present conscience and the joyfulness of present work; by each living, breathing Gospel, who stands to-day as hope and comfort and inspiration of a world in travail with the kingdom of God.

The Masquerade.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

A soul came once upon our rugged earth,
Who sought through common things
The source of deeper worth
Than shone apparent in their sensate birth,—
In sooth, their wings:
Master of every vailed result,
Of their harmonies occult,
He well revealed in song to man
The rhythmic wonders of maternal Nature's plan!

The matron murmured in her heart, and said,
"Now, though thou art my son,
Whom I have borne and bred,
will rebuke thee for thy hardihed,
Insolent one!
Prying into my secret crypts,
Hieroglyphs and mystic scripts,
And putting thy familiar hand
On all my holy things, my Little and my Grand!"

So she began to smother his green wold
In waters that fell dry,
And covered with white cold
His sweet rose-fields, the blooming manifold
Pride of his eye;
Buried his architectural woods,
Stifled all his brawling floods,
And piled his verdant path with snow
That heaped its heavy curls like waves that could not go!

Then laughed the wise man a low quiet laugh,
As with his cunning eye,
In Beauty's sweet behalf,
He traced her germs through Nature's winnowing-chaff;
They could not die:
Delicate shapes of leaf and vine,
Ever yet more clear and fine,
Grew in her snowy work of wrath,
And new Art bent and flung new arches in his path!

She changed her weapons, and a freezing damp
Clung to the naked trees,
Till you might hear the stamp
Of lightest winds clatter with stoney tramp
And crackling knees!
Palaces reared by genii art
Thrilled no sultan's eager heart
As this new crystal world o'erblest
The Poet, while the sun blazed backward from the west.

Now with a dull and freezing thaw she sought
To sink into his bones
The seeds of desperate thought,
What time her good should be too deeply wrought
To soothe his groans;
But he espied her genial powers
Fluent under chilliest showers,
Saw the Spring coiled in icy germs,
And wings of brooding Life thaw down their rigid terms.

So through the changes of her course she ran,
Baffled, yet trying still
To thwart her master, Man—
To tame his spirit by some conquering ban,
Some whole of ill;
Maugre ever the doubling mask—
Genius pierced her subtlest task,
And brought away some prize of worth
From the vailed game she played with all the powers of earth.

"Ha ha! Eureka!" cried the flouted dame,
"My cunning son I trust
Is not too strong to tame!"
And she sent grizzled Death to crush his frame
Into fine dust;
Suddenly then she stood aghast
To see burst her bonds at last,
And from those shales a Deathless Thing,
Soar, singing, into Life, on free, triumphant wing!

The fate which oprresses us is the sluggishness of our spirit. By enlargement and cultivation of our activity we change ourselves into fate. Everything appears to stream in upon us because we do not stream out. We are negative because we choose to be so; the more positive we become, the more negative will the world around us be, until at last there is no more negative, and we are all in all. God wills gods.

The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1865.

☞ Attention is invited to Book Notices and sundry announcements on the last page of this number.

A Final Word.

The publication of the *Friend of Progress* ceases with the present number. The intention has been to continue at least to the end of the volume; but the destruction of material consequent upon a recent fire, added to the heavily accumulating loss of the business itself, leaves no alternative but immediate suspension.

This announcement will doubtless prove a grievous disappointment to many readers. Any other conclusion would be more painful to us than the direful necessity itself. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that the fault is not our own, while we have ourselves the heaviest burden of disappointment and loss to bear.

The experiment of a Progressive Monthly of the character we have sought to give this Magazine, was originally undertaken with the conviction that such a periodical was needed, and with the hope that this need would be felt by a sufficient number of readers and friends. Our conviction remains unchanged —our hope is deferred.

No new publication has exactly or even remotely answered the demand for a progressive journal, wherein the most advanced thought of the time can find expression, and whereby the public taste can be cultivated, the popular aspirations educated, and the efforts of all reformers be fraternally recognized and welcomed. Indeed, several well-established and so-called liberal papers and magazines, have become more conservative and time-serving, or narrow and sectarian.

Our subscribers have been of two classes—friends of progress—liberal Christians or independent thinkers without name or classification—and Spiritualists. The former, though a numerous body in the aggregate, and composed of the rarest material in point of intelligence, independence, originality and vigor of mind, are not easy of access, since they have no recognized organ, and no accredited channel of communication, and withal are too indifferent to the importance of the discussion of great questions of progress and reform, to rally to the support of any movement for popular enlightenment. We have been forced to rely upon a very moderate extent of advertising through the most favorable popular journals, with such commendatory editorial notices as have been freely and most generously extended us.

Could we afford to sustain the publication —or such a publication as, with improved title and strengthened editorial support, we had hoped to make—long enough to reach and interest this wide and worthy army of individuals, we feel assured ultimate success would crown our efforts, especially with the help of the "graduates" from that most excellent school for liberal thinkers—"Modern Spiritualism."

Our decreasing subscription list, however, which was originally composed chiefly of the names of Spiritualists, indicates more plainly than words could do, the fact that the majority of that class of readers are more interested in phenomena than in philosophy, and prefer papers with gossip, communications, and personal news, to a Magazine with thoughtful essays, choice poetry, and able reviews. We make no complaints—simply mention a fact. This state of things will not always last; indeed, every year the number of those who grow up out of this condition increases, and the loss of our Magazine will be most felt by those who, when it was published, least appreciated its excellence.

The experiment has been a costly one to the Publishers, but the outlay will not be regretted if it shall prove serviceable in aiding the final establishment, on an enduring basis, of a free, able, and independent organ of the most liberal and progressive thought of the age. Our conviction, however, is that, when papers advocating movements directly in the line of the popular current require large funded support, such an unpopular journal as we propose, giving utterance to the most advanced opinions, and combating the most bitter and deep-seated prejudices, should also have a large sinking-fund upon which to rely. Until a number of able and willing minds shall unite to thus sustain the movement, we can only expect feeble and fragmentary efforts, pointing in the right direction, but falling far short of success.

Greater than Leaders.

BY R. J. HINTON.

A quaint English writer, in speaking of the various estimation in which genuis is held by an ignorant or educated age, says: "Would any poet be so out of proportion to his contemporaries, as Chaucer was in England, or Dante in Italy, during the fourteenth century? What Madonna of Raphael awoke equal wonder in the people's mind with the Madonna of Cimabul, which all Florence followed to its home in the church of the Dominicans; or what later face of the Virgin obtained the national consecration of Uzolino's, and drew crowds as to a shrine? Continual intercourse with men one inch over the average soon takes off the awfulness of the giant. An era of cleverness is the worst season for a grand intellect—the descent of an angel is most dazzling through a cloud."

The criticism common among us during the progress of the great rebellion affords a vivid illustration of the idea thus prettily expressed. Yet, it is not that our statesmen are so much less as that our people are so much greater. Genius is not less rare; but the average intellect is more abundant. Men of ability, in countries where the masses are uneducated, assume proportions greater than those to which their caliber justly entitles them. Intellect, amid ignorance, is in the midst of a mirage lighted by the sunshine. Military chieftains become autocrats only where the mass waits their appearance. The corruption and uneasiness of the social elements, combined with that want of culture which in an awakened commonalty enables it to judge somewhat clearly of those who aspire to lead, make fit the moment for the advent of an iconoclastic or creative intellect. When such hours come, talent and culture, if spurred by ambition and gifted by insight, often become little less than transcendental; and under the necessities of occasion loom through history in gigantic proportions.

It is better for representative institutions, better for the guarantees of freedom, which centuries past of struggle, embodied in constitutions and institutions, have bequeathed to us as the safeguards of centuries to come—it is better for these and growth, that our national life should be directed by the hands of men whose reverence for them is so great as to induce even over-cautiousness in the exercise of doubtful power. History will bless our martyred President—Abraham Lincoln—not as possessing transcendent intellect, that we delight to call genuis—not as a mighty soldier or great statesman—but as a man of true, conscientious, and weighty powers, holding in his hands the control of a great nation, firmly and wisely directing it for the triumph of the underlying democratic idea—for the success of the People, and not of a Leader—at a crisis when its destinies might have been changed for all the future, by rash words, impetuous blows, too imperious action, or that vaulting ambition which is "the last infirmity of noble minds." His fame will not be the less great, because he chose rather the slower method of law, the accepted channels of action—waiting to learn of public opinion ere he essayed the untried remedy. This course may have its evils. But they are temporary and evanescent. The permanent results born of this wise and wholesome respect are fraught with blessings.

Too many of us are impatient. We forget the wide difference between thought and action. The teacher's duty is to tell the truth and discern its relations to life—that of the administrator to establish as fast and far as possible. Said Bacon, "A statesman considers even the prejudices of a people." It is not often the Idealist is the safest ruler. A truth is sometimes a great tyrant. It may dominate a man, till his mind is thrown from its center, and the harmonious relations of affairs and things are no longer perceived.

So it is that, because Napoleons have not gleamed meteor-like upon our pathway, therefore we forget that the age of Napoleons has passed, and that this is not the nation to afford them a fitting field. One great truth is to be deduced from the progress of our struggle, and that is, not that we have not able men, but that the American People are greater than all leaders. It is the first time in the history of nations that the average mass, by virtue of their average intelligence, aspirations, heroisms, and even prejudices, have forced forward a great struggle to a successful result, without the interposition of chieftains and leaders to direct by autocratic power. Let this be said as the crowning glory of President Lincoln's fame, that he so directed his administration as to prove beyond cavil the great capacity of an educated and intelligent Democracy in all the necessities which the exigencies of nationality may bring.

The Uncertainties of Property.

The great question which presents itself to every man on entering the active life of procuring a living, is, not merely how to acquire, but how to keep what is acquired fairly; and when in the arduous struggle in which he sees all so energetically engaged, he becomes acquainted by experience with the fact that few, compared with the multitude, can preserve what at one moment they may acquire, he naturally, if he have an inquiring mind, asks himself the reason, and seeks to ascertain the why and wherefore of the grand difficulty. Without taking into consideration the distressing and fatal consequences of failure, a simple calculation, as dry as heartlessness, would show to a candid investigator, that the losses in wealth, both national and individual, are enormous, and that these losses come from the fact that instead of men acting in concert in the production of wealth, they act against each other, or antagonistically.

The whole point seems to be this: that which should be positive, solid, and unchangeable, because it is a material reality, is by some singular incapacity, uncertain, unreliable, and fleeting. Instead of being a fixed fact, it is almost a shadow; instead of being governed by fixed laws, it is a lottery; instead of being real, like honest labor, it is fictitious and criminal, like gambling.

If every man, as the political economists, the statesmen, the lawyers, and politicians say, has a right to the property he fairly acquires, why is that right not made a reality? Why does the law not establish the fact? It is perhaps because the human mind has not yet grasped the evidence. Groping and quarrelling, and struggling for the substance of fortune, each one occasionally—but only occasionally—tearing off a rag or a shred of it, he becomes so enchanted with his good luck, that he believes all the world happy and contented, (if not rich,) now that he grasps for an instant this miserable representation of it, while, it is true, others are openly or secretly chasing him with a view to wrest this rag of comfort from him.

Just as long as the material thing acquired is not secure from depredation, intellectual or other; just as long as it can be taken from the individual who has made it, without a full equivalent—by dint of falsehood, force, or fraud—it has no real basis as property. The aristocracy have sought to make property permanent in families by the law of entail, and that is an attempt, rude and imperfect as it is, to remove property from the arena of scrambling. It is the selfish effort of a few to carry out what the human instinct demands as a right, in accord with sense and feeling, for every man.

It has been shown on many occasions, that if we inquire for the men who were wealthy and prosperous in our cities twenty years ago, few now remain. They have gone down into the lower ranks of society again, to the work-house or the jail, while not a few have committed suicide. If we look around us today, we may ask ourselves, how many of our leading men, merchant princes, bankers, &c., will be rich and prosperous twenty, ten, nay, five years from this time? To many, these misfortunes—for misfortuue is in the rise and in the fall—are a subject of unreflecting congratulation: evidence of the activity and recuperative power of a young nation! But an examination of the case is less satisfactory, both morally and materially. This changeableness, with all its dire consequences to the individual sufferers, is due to the same lawless condition, which respects not property in the person of the poor. The fortune made on the competition of the many falls a prey to the same destructive agency. While it is not everybody of the people who continually suffer by the pest of competition, or the insecurity of their acquisitions, so it is not everybody of the rich, who, during their lives, are victims of this lawless habit—yet sooner or later none escape.

In a well-constituted society three things would be apparent:

First. That everything that man creates by his well-applied capital, skill, and industry, must have a distinct object of use, utility, comfort, and profit, and to that end must be as *durable* as the art of man can make it, whether house, ship, carriage, bridge, road, product, or instrument.

Secondly. That thereby all man's energies, and all his additional accumulations, may be devoted to creating new riches, new inventions, new arts, new uses, new luxuries, which are endless.

Thirdly. That whatever a man acquires by fair industry, shall as irrevocably be his as law can make it.

In an ill-constituted society, capital, skill, and labor work together badly. They are antagonistic. Capital wants to accumulate

of itself, and out of itself, as it were, and seeks the depression of wages, and chooses often the cheapest skill. The house is badly built, and is not thoroughly comfortable or fire-proof; the ship is leaky and hardly fit for the storm, &c.; and hence capital is continually wasted in reproducing the same objects, which should have constituted a part of the almost permanent property of the nation—that is, a property, which, by the length of time it lasts, pays the capital and labor applied, a hundred, or five hundred times, in comfort, utility, and profit.

In the same ill-conditioned society, immense capital, skill, and labor, have been and are applied to the creation of unprofitable buildings, which make no return in comfort, utility, or profit. The Tower of Babel, the Pyramids and temples of Egypt, the temples and palaces of despots and charlatans, have in their construction exhausted the wealth and resources of the richest nations—blunders of the pride of temporary success and of ignorant superstition.

To obviate these inconveniences and avoid these errors, the property of the people of every class must be placed on a more solid basis. The instinct of man prompts to this end; riots and revolutions are manifestations of it, when sorely pressed by the error carried too far—and as we have seen, a class, having the law-making power, has sought by the law of entail to perpetuate property in its own families. The churches have labored to the same end, and called their acquisitions "sacred"—universities, colleges, schools, professions, associations, have had their possessions and moneyed interests chartered—while individuals have sought refuge from the universal uncertainty and insecurity, by establishing communities of property, associations for mutual support or relief, insurances of life, &c.

All these efforts are an indirect admission of the inefficiency of the law to protect all individuals in their lawful labor and property, from the assaults of other individuals, whom the accidents of position and circumstances enable to profit by the misfortunes, ignorance, or dependence, which belong to this unsatisfactory condition.

Society is not blind to her failings—but she lacks courage. When she passes laws against lotteries and against gambling—when she acknowledges by law the right in every man to liberty and to a voice in the affairs of a nation—she in fact acknowledges her errors, and seeks to check the evils which specially belong to an unprotected condition of property, so far as she dares without offense to those whom temporary success blinds to the law of social existence. But by going a little farther, she will learn that the more security she gives to the least and the weakest, the more permanency she will give to the strongest; and that a nation loses by impoverishing a man, while it gains by every one she enriches. Now enriching does not mean the accumulating of mere wealth in the hands of all, for that is an impossibility; but it means giving reality and permanency to the acquisitions made by honest labor; and the great multitude of men are always sufficiently rich with that assurance. The craving for mere accumulated wealth is a disease created by the unfortunate training of many intellectual men. It is derived from the mental habits of the parents, from the effects of education, and finally, from the fear of starvation in old age.

Among eastern nations, the security demanded by the increasing intelligence of the western man, has been so poor, that the people have the habit of burying in the ground every piece of gold or silver, and every precious stone they can procure by sale of their productions or acquire by accident or violence. In this manner, there is a constant drain of the metals in Europe to pay for the cotton, sugar, spices, and other productions of the Indies and China. A loss of the circulating medium results from this bad habit. As we progress westward, we find the despots' authority lessens, and that other classes become the law-makers, and that the effect of their protective system is to create a rich aristocratic, and then a rich and prosperous middle class. But a rich and prosperous people is as yet a thing unknown. It is coming. Just as much as the despot's position has been rendered more happy and actually more permanent, by the modification of his absolute power—hence emperors and kings can not only die in their beds like honest people, but their children succeed peacefully to their thrones and possessions—so, when the people shall have their rights to their property confirmed to them and protected by law, so that they cannot impoverish themselves, or be divested of them by any legalized unfairness, will the possessions of the other now called "upper" classes become based on a more secure and permanent foundation.

Inequality is one of the conditions of mate-

rial things—none are equal, physically, intellectually, or morally; and nothing is equal in form, size, fertility, utility, &c.; therefore an equality of possessions among men is not to be anticipated.

When the despot was absolute, the nobles were continually in rebellion; for they were in constant dread of life and property. When the aristocracy were in the ascendant, the middle class, oppressed by exactions, worried by seizures and confiscations, were continually in rebellion. Now the people, feeling the oppressions of antiquated, one-sided, nonsensical laws, the torments of which the lawmakers see not any more than the despot did in older times, are in continual rebellion, by strikes, riots, movements, &c. And in all these movements, from the noble to the plebeian, the despots for the time being have the law and the lawyers on their side. The law being modified, the law-practice was modified also; and with loud flourish of trumpets at each succeeding move, the lawyers have taken up and hugged to themselves all the praises of the high sounding "liberties" of which Noble and Bourgeois have boasted in their turn, but of which the people have as yet had little practical experience.

The people are still "out in the cold" in their right to their labor. Under the despot and the noble, they gave several days a week of that labor *for nothing*. Under the middle class, they are allowed wages at competition prices, and generally for only a part of a year—so that their condition is but slightly changed. Under the despot, they were tolerated in the land—it was something to let such vile creatures live! They ought to have been content indeed! Under the middle class, they are tolerated in the warehouse, the store, or the mill, but on condition that they give all the surplus product of their labor to him who agreed to give them employment at a competition rate. Hence, by this mode of engaging labor, a man beginning with, say ten thousand dollars, may in a few years be worth a million; while the makers of the million—the clerks and hirelings—are as poor, or often poorer, at the end of those years, than when they commenced! And by imprudence in the management—this product of their labor, being squandered in some foreign or other wild speculation, may be lost, and all of them ruined.

Now the effect upon the national wealth and prosperity, of this one-sided way of doing things, may be seen by showing what would result from a mere increase of wages, without keeping in view even the right which every man possesses in all the fruits of his labor.

Let us suppose we have a million of clerks and laborers who are paid fifty cents a day; we thus have three millions of dollars a week to purchase food, clothing, and other necessaries of life. If wages were one dollar a day, or wages fifty cents and each man's share in the profits fifty cents, then we would have six millions a week to spend in the home market.

If wages and profits amounted to two dollars a day, then twelve millions a week, or over six hundred millions a year, from one million of working people. It is easy to imagine the effect of this increase on home trade, manufactures, and commerce.

Let us suppose, now, that the people have well-built, permanent homes—that is to say, homes that are solidly constructed and fireproof—whether built out of their own united capital or by associations—to become ultimately the property of each family at a fair rate. As there would be little waste of the accumulated wages and capital, all such accumulations would be necessarily applied to creating more wealth of a productive character.

It is easy, therefore, to see that by an intelligent organization of our working or industrial system, the creation of wealth would be absolutely boundless, and pauperism become a thing unknown, a myth of the past.

The first step in this new road or "way of life" is, as before said, the giving security to every man, woman and child, in their property, acquired by labor or descent, even against the consequence of their own ignorance and foolishness—as irrevocably and honestly as the firm friend seeing his drunken associate or an imbecile brother distributing around or casting into the gutter the contents of his purse, collects the scattered pieces and forces them again into the pocket of the unconscious creature. This is the duty of law—but of a law whose law-practice does not necessitate a share in the plunder as a means of fortune-making or support.

Still there would be risks. If men could not ruin themselves through the active agency of their fellow-men, they would still be liable to accidents from natural causes. If we removed one—the greatest cause of natural loss within the control of man, namely: fire—there are others, such as inundations, storms, droughts, &c., which cannot be

controlled, and against which we have no remedy beyond an insufficient and often spasmodic charity. These calamities, however, are of so regular a nature—as if controlled by law—that the average loss in a given number of years may be approximated. The fires in the United States alone consume some thirty or more millions of property every year; and in various other ways, with the greedy end of raising prices, of obtaining insurances, through the spirit of competition, &c., hundreds of millions are lost or destroyed—of houses, ships, crops, fruits, food, merchandise, &c. These disasters of man's direct or indirect causing are more impoverishing to a nation than those occasional accidents resulting from natural and incontrollable causes. Yet man proposes to cover all these losses, of whatever kind, by the system of insurance! Let us then extend the system a little farther, so that while the law shall give all the protection it now only professes to give to the fairly acquired accumulations of everybody—rich or poor—capitalist or working man—insurance shall give security in all those cases which are the real moral accidents of life, from rashness, ignorance, unforeseen circumstances, and other events occurring independently of any human control, good or bad, so that the individual or the family shall not be ruined or impoverished and thereby become a burden to themselves and to society. The amount of insurance to cover these deficits by moral accidents would be nothing compared with those which result from the existence of a general insecurity and want of protection, control, and healthy direction.

The last, and by no means the least important modification of our law system, is the necessity of elevating the standing and moral character of the law practitioners. As a profession, the dispensation of justice has been thought so important, that, in the old time, it was connected with the priesthood. And if it could have been kept pure of the fortune-making mania, the benefits to the people resulting from a union of Justice and Charity—Law and Religion—would have been immense. But the degradation of individual interest crept into the system, as into every other profession, and established those antagonistic practices, by which the lawyer gains most in prolonging litigation, procrastinating decisions, betraying clients, inventing fraudulent stories, producing false and forged statements and documents, (for momentary effect upon judges and juries,) removing and deceiving witnesses, and a multitude of other tricks, sharp practices and crimes—for crimes they are, tolerated by Courts of Justice (!) and an unconscientious public—crimes far greater and more morally destructive than the crimes of passion and avarice, which they have been devised to hide or to protect. Hence lawsuits without sense, which could be settled in ten minutes, have lasted years—ten, twenty, fifty, and even one hundred and fifty years! torturing, agonizing, perpetually deceiving with false hopes, and ultimately ruining rich, highly cultivated, and intellectual families!—a torture in a sense worse than the momentary tortures inflicted by the savage.

From these immoral practices, and from the moral degradation of an antagonistic and competitive training, there is but one remedy, namely: to reduce every case to its simple fact, without interference of a third or newly interested person, and allow no taking sides for or against. Raise the student of law to the high position of an interpreter of law and an arbitrator in the *very few* cases where a doubt of the meaning of a law may exist, and give such a real lawyer a salary. Such law would be cheaper and more wholesome and profitable to the community than the present practice, which presents a people as a prey to those who can manufacture litigation out of trivial quarrels, misunderstandings, greediness, and rights assailed by wickedness and jealousy. By this practice every vice is fomented and every passion of the bad finds gratification. None are safe from the assaults, however illegal or preposterous, of the designing, or of the fortune-making practitioner. Thus are innocent men oftentimes proved to be criminals, and criminals daily proclaimed innocent men!

It is pertinaciously asserted that the law cannot meet all cases or prevent the frauds which the perverse ingenuity of man contrives to prey upon his fellow creatures. But this may be answered by the simple fact, that daily, aye, and hourly, the very same perverse ingenuity prompts the poorer intriguer and criminal to the same acts; and that these acts are thwarted and punished by the police and magistrates almost immediately upon their attempt or consummation. The reason for this rapid remedy, for this prompt administration of justice, for this much-boasted acuteness in detecting wrong, is to be found in the fact that there is nothing to be made out of it beyond a few miserable dollars in the shape of

ees, and that the more cases thus summarily disposed of, the more fees!

When more security is given to the property of all—when men shall not make fortunes by ruining other men—the law, being administered according to justice, will meet every possible case that can be conceived of. The insecurity of property is the source of the present criminal law-practice. Men who have made up their minds to accept a profession as they have found it, and as they have been trained in it, will find it hard to believe again, as they once believed in youthful and more unsophisticated times, in the propriety of its immoral practices and fatal social effects. To be called "criminal," for using all "legitimate" means in their power to gain their case, good or bad—by putting a witness out of the way, altering or misstating a date, misquoting a letter, garbling a passage, exaggerating a point, insinuating a slander, abusing and calumniating an opponent, using the press to propagate wrong impressions and circulate false official reports of trials and decisions in favor of the rich and the powerful, and an endless variety of other ingenious criminal practices—to be called "criminal" for following the accepted practice, and putting into action what has been done thousands of times, and is the constant theme of joke and merriment in the profession, is no doubt very hard indeed.

Yet the influences of this system of making a shuttlecock of every man's property, and destroying the consciousness of right and justice in social life, are such, that in considering the question of giving more stability to every man's fortune, and so increasing the public wealth by lessening the number of parasites, it would be impossible not to point out the fatal road in which the practice of law has run for many centuries. The remedy lies in elevating the profession to a higher standard—making the lawyer the interpreter of the law and dispensator of justice—an arbitrator between litigants, independently of any pocket interest in the cases at stake; rendering illegal any taking sides to plead for or against, and giving, as already said, more protection to the individual in the products of labor and the acquisitions fairly made, without injury to what another possesses.

The law, interpreted by justice instead of chicanery in the interests of the intriguer, will make an end of all shams. The man who can procure a contract will not underlet it to the poor at starving prices, reaping a fortune on the miseries of others—robbing them of the fruits of their labor. Mere words, however cunning and eloquent, in morals, religious dogmas, or law, will not sell for thousands of dollars. Men will want profitable returns for money and labor, in accordance with social law, and no profitable or worldly returns for words, in accordance with the moral law. He who labors for salary or wages shall not be dismissed or exchanged without equivalent—ruined, to gratify whim, spite, or opinion. Property being rendered more secure to rich and poor, strong and weak, men will have less work to do whereby to live, and more time for the cultivation of all those arts which tend to civilization. And the highest state to which he can reach must necessarily be that where the human or manly faculty of feeling shall become so fully developed as to give to man the noblest traits of the woman; removing him thus so far from the animal or unfeeling characteristics, that the heroism of goodness will become permanently combined with the heroism of action. A.

Frankness.

BY J. B. L.

The tear repressed
When the burdened breast
Is moved to overflowing,
Is like the sky
When the clouds run high,
And vail the stars' bright glowing.
We are then at fault, and wander far,
And lost our path and leading star—
Distrust in friendship growing:

But the tears that flow
From the full heart's woe,
And know not artful hiding,
Are the stars that rise
In friendship's skies,
Unvailed by Truth's abiding;
We are then aright and know each breast—
Life's day is clear, its pathway blest,
And friendship is confiding.

The future must bring a new birth of the esoteric Christianity, or a new and higher form of religion, in which philosophy, religion, and poesy, shall melt together in unity.

[SCHELLING.

New Belief and Old Opinion:

A Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

BY EDWARD C. TOWNE.

Chapter VII.

Mr. Beecher's God.

I.

We come now to that part of Mr. Beecher's teaching in which he is most characteristic and least satisfactory. He suggests to us, as we have heard him, or as we read him, a grown-up—we might say a Titanic—baby. His order in discourse is precisely the order of a baby-house. There are rows and top, bottom and middle. There is a prodigality of pretty wares, with enough of wondrous value and beauty to suggest that the gods do veritably visit the play-house of this glorious youngster. In several most manly particulars Mr. Beecher is very great. But his handling of himself is absolutely infantine; his method is that of a miraculous baby. When he thinks, when he writes, when he speaks, his inspired fashion is to let his soul kick, crow, and shout. Now he is as lovely as an infant rosy from the bath, and about as naked in the newness of his faith; and now he is in the common dirt of the world, screaming like any brat of Adam's stock. He grovels but little, however, with the bigots of tradition, for he does not love dusty roads nor the vicinity of trampled and barren ways; this young Hercules of spiritual souls delights to bathe in the pure dews, to be sprinkled with the fragrant dust of flowers, or to breast, with grand thrills of vigor and the delicious sense of perfect cleansing, the strength and sweetness of the great waves on the "shining shore of the sea."

The personality of Mr. Beecher amazes, delights, and amuses, because of his manner of displaying it, and not chiefly because it contains qualities denied to all other men. Put any man of good natural capacities under the spell of Titanic babyhood, and he would act as marvelously as Mr. Beecher, and as creditably. Unconscious for the most part of logic, of method, of definite aims, Mr. Beecher is a spiritual improvisatore. In everything but the material of the discourse he is often juvenile, and his material is sometimes childish. He makes long and loud talks which would be very dull but for the acting—the bits of low comedy even, which are supposed to make them "delicious as a play." He speculates as he might play jack-straws, with the air of consummate superiority, and with results purely accidental—sometimes precious beyond his suspicion even, sometimes worse than worthless.

Conscious that his way is hedged round with divinity, he imagines in all simplicity that it is because it is *his* way, and he really believes his magnificent juvenility the new method of the knowledge of divine things. He gravely assumes that when we understand the baby-house style of rows of pretty things, and the fashion of a frolic before the Lord, we shall attain the consummation of experience and of the science of invisible realities. Abundantly, almost miraculously spiritual in his inner man, he tacks upon his great bursts of inspiration certain catch-words of ridiculous materialism, and dreams that by these latter he has become possessed of the former. He "plays" in his child comic fashion that God "feels bad," that "his heart aches," that he "sits up nights" to take care of us, that he was born a baby, that his name was Jesus, and that Jesus-God died; and the play is so real in his serious sport that he fancies *this* the way to find God. He is importunate that we should be children with him and "play God." Sometimes he is petulant as a child if his miracle-play is made light of, though oftener he turns away himself from the charming sport with prophetic intimation of the grand manhood which will follow the putting away of childish things.

If we bring into comparison with Mr. Beecher the author of the closing verses of the third chapter of Ephesians, when he "bows his knees unto the Father,* of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man, That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with the fulness of God,"—the grandeur of spiritual conception in the latter contrasts

* The words, "of our Lord Jesus Christ," are interpolated. See Alford.

strikingly with the puerilities of childish materialism and commonplace under which the wiser utterances of Mr. Beecher are too frequently buried.

II.

"Christ Jesus is the name of my God. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence arises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, or accessible. * * * Christ stands my *manifest* God. All that I know is of Him and in Him. I draw all my life from Him."

This well-known statement of Mr. Beecher, *if it were true*, would be a confession of atheism. God is a Spirit, and he is Our Father. To have no sense of these two facts is to miss the knowledge of God. If Mr. Beecher strictly believed in accordance with his statement he would wholly leave God out of his faith, and in worshiping as God the man Jesus, without faith in the Spirit and the Father, he would as much worship an idol as if Jesus were an image instead of a man. But Mr. Beecher's celebrated statement is entirely destitute of truth, not from the least willful neglect of truth in its author, but from the extreme confusion on this subject in his own mind.

In other passages Mr. Beecher says Christ was "the declarative God" (609); "God under material conditions" (672); "the comprehensible form of God—God translated—the easy manifestation of God," as compared with "a shadowy ideal of a Spirit of God" (572); "God concentrated and applied" (600); "the Father incarnated and brought down to us" (671); "the Father of Life, the Creator of life, and the Source of life" (729); the "tender Parent" of souls; and the "common Father and Head" of us all.

To explain the case of "God under material conditions" Mr. Beecher makes the following positive statement:

"The Bible teaches just this: that the *Divine mind was pleased to take upon itself a human body.* We have no warrant in Scripture for attributing to Christ any other part of human nature than simply a body. Christ was a divine nature in a human body—nothing more. If there was more, where is the authority for it? There is not a syllable in the New Testament which teaches that there was a double mind nature, a double soul, a human mind and a divine mind." (572.)

Jesus then was not a *man* at all, but the only God put into a body. Is not this as heathenish as any belief could be? God put into a body is every whit as absurd as God put into an image of wood. The only God under *such* conditions? We may well believe that all idea of the true God goes out of Mr. Beecher's mind as often as this notion comes into it. Where was the indwelling Spirit and omnipresent Father while God was "under material conditions" in a body of flesh? But there is no occasion for much criticism here. Such absurdity is a disgrace to a Christian Teacher.

It is part of Mr. Beecher's notion about Jesus-God that God died. He says that "God clothed with all divine attributes, the absolute Father, laid down his life" (708); that "God descended, clothed his soul in the flesh, subjected it to the conditions of natural law, suffered and died, was raised, went up on high, received all power again, was restored to the glory he had with God, and now lives to make intercession for us." (572.) We thus learn "how *God feels.*" The following *explanation* of God's death, however, makes it a wretched farce:

"Some people are shocked to hear that *God* DIED. But what do you mean when you say that your babe died? Did it die as a candle dies when it is snuffed out? Did its soul go out, extinguished? Do you mean anything more than that its body has died, while its spirit lives on? The body is the cage of the spirit, and when the spirit escapes from the body men say that the man is dead, meaning merely that the cage is empty. And if it pleased Christ to take on him the form of man, and live with him, why could not he go out of the body just as men do? The separation of the soul and body of Christ was not different from the separation of the soul and body of a man. He died in the same way that all men die. No man, in speaking of the death of God, means that the spirit, the divine nature, suffered death."—(572.)

"And if it pleased God, in the person of Christ, to descend and take upon himself the human form, is there any more absurdity in speaking of his dying, than of speaking of a man's dying? I do not hesitate to say that God died. My God is Jesus Christ. He, as an eternal Spirit, became clothed in the flesh, and limited himself by being subject to the laws of nature as we are; and when he had fulfilled his earthly mission he laid the flesh aside—and that was dying. And that is all that dying means to anybody. I do not know why an inclosed God cannot die as well as the inclosed spirit of a man. God can both suffer and die: and it is taught that he suffered and died for the sins of the world. But men were so shocked at the conception of God's suffering and dying, that they invented

the idea of worshiping a quaternity instead of a trinity. There was God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit; but to save a philosophy which was itself false in root and branch, it was taught that Christ had two natures—a divine nature and a human nature—and that he carried his human nature to suffer with, and his divine nature to strengthen the human and enable it to bear suffering. Now, any such doctrine as this of the two-fold, the double nature of Christ, is preposterous and unscriptural."—(707.)

God went into a body and was inclosed! Then he went out of this body, and *this* "shows us the Father"! This is no more theology than the notion is which puts God into an image in a heathen temple, and Mr. Beecher knows it perfectly well, as we shall see.

Mr. Beecher attempts to profess strongly his faith in the Trinity, in the following:

"You must not, however, suppose that I regard it as a matter of indifference whether Christ is divine and coequal with his Father or not. I think it is of the utmost importance to believe that he is. The key to my theology is the belief that he is absolute God; not that he is the Father, but that he is one separate person, that the Father is another, and that the Holy Ghost is another. It is said that this is tritheism. *I do not care what you call it; I would as lief believe in three as one.* I believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as three distinct persons; but I believe that above our knowledge there is a point of coincidence and unity between them. What it is I do not know. That is the unrevealed part. The revealed part is that the divine nature stands forth to us as separate, individual Father, separate, individual Son, and separate, individual Spirit; and that in the vast recess of the being of God, which transcends our knowledge, there is a coming together of the three. I hold that in the New Testament there are manifestations of Father, Son, and Spirit, as three separate persons—and when I say *persons*, I mean individuals, having separate judgments, wills, and affections, and capable of separate actions, but morally united, and seeking the same great ends.

"It is not, therefore, a matter of indifference whether we believe that Christ is divine and coequal with the Father or not. The belief that he is, is the very initial step in my theological reasonings. I hold that our real knowledge of God is very faint. It is sufficient for our needs, to be sure, but it is very faint."—(603.)

Very faint indeed, if this is to express it. But Mr. Beecher is not always so doubtful of the truth, though, when he is feeling the truth of God, he is much less confident as to the dogmas of orthodoxy. He tries hard to argue the godhead of Jesus, from the alleged fact that Jesus taught himself to be divine, but to so little purpose that we need not quote his words, especially as he advises us to come to faith in the divinity of Jesus *by trying it*, by assuming it without waiting to have proof of it. He calls this "the spiritual and experimental method," and says, "If your heart wants to worship Christ as divine, do not stop to convert an affection into an intellectual idea." (853.) It is thus that a gross superstition in regard to a fellow-man is propagated. Mr. Beecher says Jesus taught his disciples to take him as God, and mentions that Peter was shocked at "the idea that God should wash his feet," and yet he also says that there was a "vague, unsettled conception of Christ among men," and that "the disciples for the first year, or two, or three, thought him to be but little more than a superior man—a *reformer* we should say." (628.) There is very little *honesty* in Mr. Beecher's teaching on this topic. He takes views of the facts such as he finds convenient. Of course they do not agree.

III.

Mr. Beecher undertakes to have faith in the atonement, but he rejects, he says, *every* theory of it. He only holds "the inexplicable fact" that "the expiatory sacrifice of Christ for sin prepared the way in God's administration for the forgiveness of sin." (853.) He *crawls out* of Calvinism by pretending that the New Testament distinctly reveals the *fact*, but gives no explanation of it. He tries thus to get the benefit of orthodoxy without assenting to its theories, when those theories are just as much advanced by Paul as "the fact" is. Neither fact nor theory are worthy of credence, as Mr. Beecher has often said, but he cannot, on his principles as to the Bible, take one and leave the other. Moreover, Mr. Beecher does not honestly accept the fact. His ordinary view is that God himself eternally *suffers* for man. He says that "what men saw of God during his life on earth was only a specimen of his life before and after"; "that the atoning nature of God existed from all eternity and is going on to all eternity"; "that the atonement is God himself—and the historical fact a revelation of the everlasting divine nature." (814.) It is not, then, true, that Mr. Beecher has no theory of atonement. He holds tenaciously to the absurd notion that *God in himself suffers* for man. Thus he does not hold the or-

thodox fact, but another fact, and his pretense of holding the "inexplicable fact" is only his way of trying to seem orthodox. The one point on which Mr. Beecher speculates with most confidence and most confusion of ideas, is this point of God's *suffering* for us. No one can require us to refute in detail this pet absurdity of Mr. Beecher. If God were not absolute *life*, without possibility of death or hurt, we might imagine him suffering in a human sense. But to think of God at all *as God*, the Spirit of all being, we must get quite away from such gross imagining as is the staple of Mr. Beecher's faith in this direction. No wonder that he loses the sense of God the one Spirit and Father of souls, by whom we have a life in which there is no death or woe. It is by making the man Jesus his God that Mr. Beecher falls into this wretched thought of the Being of beings. He has set out to hold on to Jesus as God. To do this he must argue the suffering and death of God This he fancies easy, because he does not well enough consider that God does not and cannot experience *human* limitations. This construction of a theology in which a man is the God, and godhead is made grossly human, shows conclusively that the so-called Christian mind has hardly begun yet to appreciate the work of understanding and receiving in its purity the truly Christian idea of God. Here is a great preacher, before his church and the age in inspiration, and yet the best he can do is to take Jesus for God and assume that God must be such as Jesus was! There is fearful need of reformation in theology, of a regeneration which will convince the Christian mind even that it has not attained a true knowledge of God.

IV.

"If you think of God as *God*, I doubt whether you will ever be greatly exercised with love toward him. But if it is your habit to think of your maker as *Christ*, your mind will naturally fall into that condition in which God designed to make himself manifest to his creatures as an object of affection.

"The first great difficulty, therefore, which I mention, as a hindrance to a Christian life, is that men are trying to love God instead of the Savior."—(705.)

" The evil of not worshiping Christ will be upon ourselves. It is the difference between having before the mind the conception of a shadow and the conception of a real Being. They that worship God as a mere Spirit, worship under the most difficult circumstances in which it is possible for the human mind to worship."

Mr. Beecher offers his *doubt of God* as reason for faith in *Christ*. It is sad to find a vail on the mind of such a teacher when he reads the life of Jesus. It actually makes him lose the sense of *God's* presence and love. God becomes "a shadow" in comparison with this idol which he has made out of a fellow-man. Yet Mr. Beecher knows perfectly well that the grand lesson of Christianity is that GOD is with our spirits, and that it is hurtful rather than helpful to bring in any image on which the senses may rest. Mark, in proof of this, the following statements.

"But in its nature the soul responds most, not to those collateral motives which are drawn from the things which exist around about us, but to that which brings upon us the influence of God's own personal presence. The sense of his being, of his eternity, and of the immortality that dwells around about him —*this is that to which the soul responds most.* The things that influence us more than any other are the considerations that bring the divine nature directly into contact with our own."—(672.)

"Now the apostle, knowing how such language must be understood, quoted this passage, and of course designed to be understood as teaching the early disciple that the human body and soul were to God's Spirit what they had always believed temples to be to divinity. He transferred all their standing convictions from a temple of stone to a body of flesh, and said to them, substantially, 'As you believe that God dwells in a temple, understand that you are yourself that temple. He dwells in you.'"—(691.)

"Now *I believe, and I declare, that it* is *possible for a man to love an invisible being;* and I am neither deceived myself nor deceiving other people. And that it is an easy thing, every soul knows when it has found out the secret."—(563.)

"For we are to interpret *divine presence, divine company, divine abiding, divine indwelling*, as teaching us the presence of the divine mind with ours simply. It is being together that is meant!"—(691.)

"I declare that there is a manifestation of God to the moral sentiments which amounts to a sense of the divine presence, that is more real than a sense of the presence of a human being! *I would not thank any man to interpret God into a form.*"—(711.)

"God has no other manifestation for our bodily senses than the natural world affords, which is not God, but only a sign and effect of his presence or power. *God has no body to show you. God is a spirit.* What is there about him, then, to present to your senses? He has something, as I shall show, to present to your spirit, which shall be real and definite; which ought to be satisfying, and which shall be. But God has no flesh, no bones, no blood, such as we have—nothing for the physical eye to take in. If he should assume

some form for the sake of satisfying the craving of your eye or ear, that would not let you see God. It would be a mask, a disguise. It would not be a spirit that you saw, but the incarnation of a spirit. That which you did not see would be God, and that which you did see would not be God. The fundamental conditions of our existence in this world are such as preclude the possibility of our seeing God. Practically, would a sensuous manifestation of God be profitable? *I think not.*

"*The spiritual kingdom cannot be adulterated to the low condition of our material life.* The human mind must, rather, be purified and developed till it is brought up to the range of the spiritual kingdom."—(711.)

"God is united to us, and we are united to him, not by any form of matter, not by physical conjunction or contiguity, but by the intersphering of soul-life. It is that which knits us to him. Our thoughts reach out and thread themselves to his thoughts, and thus bring us toward him.

"Christ was not so much with his disciples when wearing a human body, and walking with them, as after his ascension. He did not go so much away from them when taken into heaven, as he had done while on earth. *He had been separated from them, as it were, in the body. The spirit has its poorest chance in this world, where it has to work through an untransparent body.* And it was needful that he should be taken up, that he might consummate that spiritual union which was possible to a less degree in the body than out of the body."—(589.)

"It is the soul that finds the soul. *It is spirit that recognizes spirit.* Inward spiritual unity is first; and the unity of sense is but its representative or symbol. The only substantial union of affection is that which comes from the touching of soul to soul. It is invisible and spiritual.

"Christ ascended is nearer to the world, more apprehensible, and more at one with the soul of every believer, than if he stood clothed in a body, visibly, before men. It was needful, perhaps, for the disciple, that Christ should disappear from the sense, in order to reappear to his inward life and spirit. Perhaps this may be the key to the mystery that God is forever hidden from our senses, except so far as they recognize him in his works in nature. No eye sees him, though it has longed and longed to see him; no ear hears him, though it has implored, in anguished tones, to hear him; no hand clasps him, though it has often been eagerly outstretched to clasp him. He is hidden, silent and intangible. He appears to us in no whit so as to encourage a sensuous approach.

"It seems as though God was saying to the whole Christian world, in the same way, "Touch me not: draw not near me by the senses—only by the inward, the spiritual, the invisible, the soul approach."

"And *that is the only real union.* All other is lower, and more in the nature of mere physical juxtaposition."

Could there be a more complete instance of inconsistency and confusion than is furnished by a comparison of these passages with Mr. Beecher's theory that Jesus is God revealed to us by means of a human body? It is exceedingly painful to see any mind driven and tossed on the conflicting waves of a troubled speculation. But to see such a teacher as Mr. Beecher has the opportunity of being, making utter shipwreck of the intellectual conception and explanation of his central point of faith, is more sad than we can express. Mr. Beecher has been for many years "bringing souls to Christ," and he does not yet know whether he thinks Christ, as God manifested to the senses, or God, who is a Spirit without form, the better object of faith and worship. He cannot hold both views—that God was "inclosed" in a body to make him manifest, and that such a manifestation would not be profitable. As he does abundantly testify that it is not desirable to have God set forth to us in a visible form, and that even Christ was less influential when present to the senses than when present to the spirit only, we are entitled to judge that all his declamation about God "inclosed" in Jesus is the merest crudity of a man who has never taken pains to reflect, but has suffered himself to be persuaded to accept, and to teach in some fashion, the old tradition of superstition that very God walked the earth in the Galilean Teacher. Is not the contradiction plain and complete? He says, "I would not thank any man to interpret God into a form; God has no body to show you; God is a Spirit; the spiritual kingdom cannot be adulterated to the low condition of our material life"; and yet his theory of Jesus is that he was God inclosed in a body—God under material conditions—God translated to our senses in that way and brought near us!

The effect on Mr. Beecher himself, of thus dwelling on Jesus as God in a body, is to make the true "God and Father" of our souls "a dim and shadowy effluence," "a tenuous and invisible film of thought." As he tells us that we cannot expect to succeed in trying to love God as *God*, we have to infer that he has found this difficult for himself. No wonder that *he* does not succeed, for he has made of a man a God for his senses, and has given all his thought to this *idol.* But think of it! A Christian warning us against simple obedience to the first and great commandment! Mr. Beecher is in a most unhappy position.

He is utterly inconsistent with himself, with common sense, and with the teaching of Jesus—and all as the result of his attempt to make a God out of a simple man. No man is better qualified than Mr. Beecher to start from these three points, God is a Spirit, God is Love, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and work out a grand spiritual view of pure religion. Why does he not do it? For but one reason. He has not dared to sit down alone with his inspired thought of God and man, and think himself out of orthodoxy. The fear of the "religious world" is a bondage to him. He is not strong enough to lift the cross laid upon him. Though he does in fact spurn orthodoxy in every form in which it can be consistently held, yet he makes the best show he can of being orthodox, and in one great point, the deity of his Galilean brother man, he clings like death to the old superstition, now giving one reason for his faith, and now a reason wholly inconsistent with the other, until he compels us to see that the real reason with him is the overwhelming *motive* he has to hold on to the old faith. And here the greatness and the littleness of the man both appear. Mr. Beecher is great in good feeling. He wants of all things to keep on the good side. He is great, too, in demonstration. No man can take up better what may be upon appearance assumed to be the good side, and push it with irrepressible energy. But he is little, very little indeed, on the purely intellectual side of his nature. He has scarcely any intellectual honesty or courage. He dare not face a *thought.* He will utter, in the excitement of rapid discourse, any number of radical ideas, but to sit down in his closet, take one of these great thoughts, think fearlessly what it involves and requires, then prepare to launch its full meaning against the rotten fortress of old faiths—this is no task for him—he had rather lie on his back among the dandelions and let somebody else tug at the lonely task of trying to lift the cross of *conscientious thought.*

We but recognize what Mr. Beecher is, and in no spirit of unfriendly criticism. He is unequal to the intellectual effort of honest study. He is *morally* unequal to this—that is, he is not great enough in loyalty to truth as truth, in courage against the world, in the high spirit which ventures *all* for the cause which is truest. In no age could Mr. Beecher have been more than a popular voice. The lonely vigils of Jesus, who persisted in going contrary to the faith of his people until his life paid the penalty of his radicalism, Mr. Beecher could not have shared. He would have been the magnificent preacher of a new view of Judaism. There has been but one Jesus. Paul unconsciously adulterated the pure doctrine to make it all things to all men, while the other apostles barely flavored their Judaism with it. And since Paul, every man who has conceived with any real purity the teaching of Jesus has had to take up a cross heavy with the malediction of all the churches. Not many are the souls whom nothing could daunt that they should not be as radical as Jesus was, believing not at all with the churches and the ages we hear so much about as the monopolists of Christian verity, but in simplicity of the truth holding faith in God as *God*, not as angry Jehovah, nor as flesh-clad God-man. The great Brooklyn preacher, who has so many personal virtues, so delightful a character in all relations with his fellow-men as they are in the better class, and so deep a *sympathy* for the souls that suffer, has yet no call or ordination to the great labor of taking God's side against the old Adam in human religions. He is a preacher. Prophecy he declines. No man living has pushed from him more suggestion of the new faith for which the world groaneth together and travaileth in pain until now. O Lord, how long! Will not the heralds speak? Dare they not forget their orthodoxy, remember that their souls are their own, and suffer the true inspiration to touch their lips with new fire, and consecrate their utterance to the cause of truth long desired? The time is coming. Patience, souls that perish! Patience, for the fear of man cannot forever stay the Spirit of God!

V.

In closing our survey of the Beliefs and Opinions of Mr. Beecher, we may remark a significant fact. Dr. Lyman Beecher, the celebrated father of all the Beechers, considered himself the successful Regenerator and Defender of Orthodoxy. On the one hand, he let into the gloomy system all the light he could. And for his pains he was outrageously abused by the more conservative of his sect. He rationalized orthodoxy all that he could, and got well persecuted as a heretic. On the other hand, Dr. Beecher was

firmly of the opinion that *his* orthodoxy could not be resisted by a fair-minded believer. He imagined himself on the ground of absolute truth. He waged a crusade against liberal belief with infinite spirit, and, according to his own opinion, with infinite success. He concluded himself the pillar of orthodoxy. But look at his most eminent son! What work he has made with the very orthodoxy for which his father labored and boasted so much! An anecdote from Dr. Beecher's life seems to us an admirable illustration of the way Henry Ward Beecher has been all his life undoing the work of his father. It is as follows:

"A cow had been purchased of a farmer residing two or three miles distant, and, being rather wild, she had led the Doctor, mounted on Charley, quite a steeple-chase, twice swimming the Ohio and back again, and performing sundry other exploits of an exasperating nature. But, by infinite perseverance, the Doctor had succeeded in getting her home and safely fastened in the stable, and was reposing victorious in the house. Just at this time, Henry Ward, who had been absent, and knew nothing of the new acquisition, chanced to visit the barn for some purpose, and finding, as he supposed, a strange cow, was seized with indignation. 'Why, here,' said he, 'here's a strange cow in our barn! Get out! go along! whey!' And, suiting actions to words, he seized a whip and drove the astonished brute out into the street. 'There,' said he, coming in, panting, where the Doctor was lying stretched upon the sofa, 'there! I guess that cow will not get into our barn again in a hurry!'

"'*What* cow?' says the Doctor. 'What do you mean?'

"'Why, I found an old cow in our barn, and drove her out into the street, and chased her until I was tired out, and gave her a good beating.'

"'Well, *there!*' exclaimed the Doctor, in despair; 'you have done it! Here I have been chasing half the day to get that cow in, and you have gone and chased her out again!'"

Undoubtedly Henry Ward had to pursue and recover the cow, but exorcised orthodoxy who can bring back! That is driven out for good. It is only to be deeply regretted that there should be, nevertheless, on the part of this preacher of new belief, a thorough and almost desperate attempt to have the credit of old opinion without the fact—the name of orthodoxy when there is no more of the reality in his faith than in the faith of Theodore Parker.

If and If.

BY ALICE CARY.

If I were a painter I could paint
  The dwarfed and struggling wood,
And the hillside where the meeting-house
  With the wooden belfry stood,
A dozen steps from the door—alone,
On four square pillars of rough gray stone.

We schoolboys used to write our names
  With our finger-tips each day
In th' dust o' th' cross-beams—once it shone.
  I have heard the old folks say,
(Praising the time past, as old folks will,)
Like a pillar o' fire on the side o' th' hill.

I could paint the lonesome lime-kilns,
  And the lime-burners, wild and proud,
Their red sleeves gleaming in the smoke
  Like a rainbow in a cloud—
Their huts by the brook, and their mimicking crew—
Making believe to be lime-burners too!

I could paint the brawny wood-cutter,
  With the patches at his knees—
He's been asleep these twenty years,
  Among his friends, the trees:
The day that he died, the best oak o' the wood
Came up by the roots, and he lies where it stood.

I could paint the blacksmith's dingy shop—
  Its sign, a pillar of smoke;
The farm-horse halt, the rough-haired colt,
  And the jade with her neck in a yoke;
The pony that made to himself a law,
And wouldn't go under the saddle, nor draw!

The poor old mare at the door-post,
  With joints as stiff as its pegs—
Her one white eye, and her neck awry—
  Trembling the flies from her legs,
And the thriftless farmer that used to stand
And curry her ribs with a kindly hand.

I could paint his quaint old-fashioned house,
  With its windows, square and small,
And the seams of clay running every way
  Between the stones o' the wall:
The roof, with furrows of mosses green,
And new bright shingles set between.

The oven, bulging big behind,
  And the narrow porch before,
And the weather-cock for ornament
  On the pole beside the door;
And th' row of milk-pans, shining bright
As silver, in the summer light.

And I could paint his girls and boys,
  Each and every one,
Hepzibah sweet, with her little bare feet,
  And Shubal, the stalwart son,
And wife and mother, with home-spun gown,
And roses beginning to shade into brown.

I could paint the garden, with its paths
  Cut smooth, and running straight—
The gray sage bed, the poppies red,

And the lady-grass at the gate—
The black warped slab with its hive of bees,
In the corner, under the apple-trees.

I could paint the fields, in the middle hush
Of winter, bleak and bare,
Some snow like a lamb that is caught in a bush,
Hanging here and there—
The mildewed haystacks, all a-lop,
And the old dead stub with the crow at the top.

The cow, with a board across her eyes,
And her udder dry as dust,
Her hide so brown, her horn turned down,
And her nose the color of rust—
The walnut-tree so stiff and high,
With its black bark twisted all awry.

The hillside, and the small space set
With broken palings round—
The long loose grass, and the little grave
With the head-stone on the ground,
And the willow, like the spirit of grace
Bending tenderly over the place.

The miller's face, half smile, half frown,
Were a picture I could paint,
And the mill, with gable steep and brown,
And dripping wheel aslant—
The weather-beaten door, set wide,
And the heaps of meal-bags either side.

The timbers cracked to gaping seams,
The swallows' clay-built nests,
And the rows of doves that sit on the beams
With plump and glossy breasts—
The bear by his post sitting upright to eat,
With half of his clumsy legs in his feet.

I could paint the mill-stream, cut in two
By the heat o' the summer skies,
And the sand-bar, with its long brown back,
And round and bubbly eyes,
And the bridge, that hung so high o'er the tide,
Creaking and swinging from side to side.

The miller's pretty little wife,
In the cottage that she loves—
Her hand so white, and her step so light,
And her eyes as brown as th' doves',
Her tiny waist, and belt of blue,
And her hair that almost dazzles you.

I could paint the White-Hawk tavern, flanked,
With broken and wind-warped sheds,
And the rock where the black clouds used to sit,
And trim their watery heads
With little sprinkles of shining light,
Night and morning, morning and night.

The road where slow, and wearily,
The dusty teamster came—
The sign on its post and the round-faced host,
And the high arched door, aflame
With trumpet-flowers—the well-sweep, high,
And the flowing water-trough, close by.

If I were a painter, and if my hand
Were cunning, as it is not,
I could paint you a picture that would stand
When all the rest were forgot;
But why should I tell you what it would be?
I never shall paint it, nor you ever see.

Our Library.

Reason in Religion: By Frederick Henry Hedge. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co.

This book declares its purpose honestly on the title-page. It is an application not to theological, strictly speaking, but to religious themes, of Reason; and of reason in the ordinary sense of the word as meaning ratiocination, logic, learning, reason*ing*. No man can do this better than Dr. Hedge. He has an acute and ingenious mind, severely trained, carefully cultivated, richly furnished with various knowledge. In speculative philosophy, biblical criticism, and ecclesiastical history, he is one of the most competent men in the country. He is a believing skeptic. The cast of his intellect makes him analytical and destructive. His large erudition and his exact training in history make him synthetical and conservative. He speculates on a fund of credence so great, that even his mordant teeth cannot nibble it small; he rationalizes against a mass of tradition which no amount of rationalizing will dissipate. His veneration for the historic past is proof against the sharpness of his criticism; so that his disbeliefs, however audacious, seem to bear but a small proportion to his beliefs. Deep as he cuts, he never touches the quick, but leaves the impression, always, even after his most radical discourses, of a man who holds the accepted body of opinion sacred. He is utterly fearless; what he has to say, he says, without counting cost; and he is entirely frank, so that what he does say may be fairly received as representing what he honestly thinks.

No man ever put forth a volume more ingenuous or sincere than this. It is openness itself. The motto of it is taken from Schleiermacher's "*Monologen*": "The most intimate gift man can offer to man is the utterance of his own inmost communing." This book is such an utterance. The chapters are a series of soliloquies on all the great themes of religious thought—Mystery, Revelation, Providence, Prayer, Evil, Sin, Death, Immortality, Freedom, The Spirit, The Letter, Miracles, Christ, Grace, Predestination, Moral Ideals, Formalism, and Liberalism; and through the whole flows a stream of rich, racy, original thought, which few can drink of without gaining new vigor. Such a volume of essays on Religion never issued from the press before. No sectarian could produce it. No "Unitarian" could produce it. It is the fruit of the ripest culture of the Liberal School within the domain of accepted "Christian" ideas. No party man will take comfort in it. The Conservatives will be

shocked at many of its avowals. The Progressives will be discontented with many of its reservations. The true-hearted will honor its thorough manliness of tone and temper, and will respect its breadth of reflection. It is grandly Protestant through and through. No belief, in Dr. Hedge's judgment, is too sacred to be criticised. He comes up against the most cherished and petted persuasions of Christendom with a force that to many will appear rude and unbecoming, if not irreverent; and he plants on many a sweet flower of sentimentalism a sturdy heel, which seems not to care what it crushes. He avows the frankest optimism. Evil is good, undeveloped or perverted. Sin is a negation, not an entity. It does not exist until it is perceived. When the consciousness of it ceases, it ceases —"devils are sinless."

Dr. Hedge believes in the literal—as we should call it the *mechanical*—power of Prayer. "Disbelief in prayer is a kind of atheism." "God is moved, constrained by prayer." "George Muller prayed for pecuniary succor in his charities, intent on the good of others, and again and again received an answer to his supplications in pecuniary supplies."

He is a stout champion of "Revelation," as the source from which our acquaintance with fundamental truths in religion is derived. Science reveals no God; it is atheistical. "It is time this phantasm of a 'natural religion' was exploded." "Let philosophers say what they will, there is no natural immortality." This and much more of the same kind will be eminently satisfactory to the large class of people who deem themselves religious in proportion as they think meanly of man and his relations. But it would be pleasant to behold the countenances of these same sanctified persons, as they persevere in their reading, and come upon declarations like the following: "It is doubtful if Christians have made any great advance on the ancients in their feeling about death." "There are cases in which the moral life is apparently too feeble to weather the crisis of death and survive the dissolution of the mortal body." "There are human creatures with whom it is impossible to connect the idea of immortality." "The soul, as an entity, may and will survive; but the soul, as a conscious agent, may, nevertheless, suffer death." "The question of conscious identification is a private affair, important only to self-love."

Again, of miracles: "A miracle is insusceptible of historic proof; because, as a matter of external evidence, to be weighed in the balance of probabilities, the *a priori* assumption against such facts outweighs any testimony that can be adduced in its support."

We have quoted with the view of exhibiting the characteristic freedom and boldness of the author's mind. Our limits forbid quotations which might illustrate the wealth of intellectual power or the splendor of rhetorical statement in which the book abounds.

A perusal of the volume gives no indication of the sect to which Dr. Hedge belongs. But it does better than that. It shows him as belonging to no sect, but to that growing order of independent men who deal with truth at first hand, and throw upon it the light of powerful and fresh intelligence. We know none who grace that order more than Dr. Hedge. *

The Radical. (Monthly.) S. H. Morse, Haverhill, Mass. $1 per year.

This neat, unpretentious Monthly, representing a liberal wing of the Unitarian body, will interest those who love thoughtful, advance effort. It deserves to become larger, more earnest and potential.

But—we know quite as well as we wish to know—how indifferent is the public to radical thought. It suffices with most of those who enjoy freedom from sectarian bonds, to wrap the mantle of self-complacency about them, and lie down to pleasant dreams of the world's inevitable progress. They care not to help the car along, lest they are forced to draw their kids, and soil their hands with the world's mire. Hence, instead of gaining strength, force of character, courage, and personal growth, from actual conflict and healthy attrition, they lose moral power, become weak, cowardly, time-serving, and conservative.

If Dr. Winship lessened, rather than increased his burdens day by day, he would, instead of developing a giant's power, dwindle to or even fall below average capacity. No amateur gymnast ever needed more constant and increasing effort of muscle, to gain strength and vigor, than do so-called liberal thinkers require action for the world's progress, in order to secure a high state of personal advancement.

It is not enough to sit quietly under the ministration of a liberal speaker, or to read radical books as they—all too unfrequently—appear. Private individuals have higher work to do. Unless they interest themselves in the wide diffusion of progressive ideas, the popular schemes of propagandism will continue to flourish, and our children be left to do the work we ought to have accomplished for them.

The war for physical freedom has tested and developed our immense powers of endurance as a people. We are now pouring our money into the Treasury, casting our lot with the government, to survive or perish with it. All this is but the price for long years of

indifference to a great question of right and duty.

If not experienced before, the fearful perils of a coming struggle for spiritual freedom will test and develop similar necessities, and we trust equal fidelity and devotion to the ideas of freedom and progress. Immense capital, great intelligence, and wonderful power, lie unemployed in the liberal ranks, which, if nothing else can do, some great trial-time will awaken, consecrate, and apply. Those of us who have striven before the time must learn the lesson of patience, and calmly wait.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The following, or any other books, will be mailed by us on receipt of price.]

Voices of the Morning. By BELLE BUSH. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co. 270 pages, $1 25.

[This is an exceedingly tasteful collection of poems from the pen of a graceful writer. All lovers of the poetic should possess it.]

The Children's Progressive Lyceum. A Manual containing directions for the organization and management of Sunday-Schools adapted to the bodies and minds of the young. With Rules, Methods, Exercises, Marches, Lessons, Silver-Chain Recitations, Hymns, Songs, &c. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. 316 pages, 80 cents; postage 8 cents. Boston, Bela Marsh.

A View at the Foundations, or First Causes of Character, as operative before birth, &c. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston, W. V. Spencer. $1.

The Gist of Spiritualism. Five Lectures, by WARREN CHASE. William White & Co., Boston. 50 cents.

Be Thyself. A Discourse, by WILLIAM DENTON. Boston, Walker, Fuller & Co. 15c.

The Water-Babies. A Fairy Tale, by REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston, T. O. H. P. Burnham. $1 50.

[This book we purchased upon the recommendation of the late MRS. FARNHAM, and name it to our readers, that they may not fail to secure a copy. It is the rarest of rare books.

Mrs. Farnham's Works.

The time seems not yet arrived for a popular appreciation of the works of MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM. No Woman who desires the elevation of herself and her sex, should fail to secure a copy of *Woman and her Era.*

For an intelligent opinion of *The Ideal Attained,* see last number of the FRIEND OF PROGRESS. *Eliza Woodson* is her own all too sad, yet intensely interesting Autobiography.

The prices are as follows: "Woman and her Era," 2 vols., $3; "The Ideal Attained," $2; "Eliza Woodson," $1 50. The three together, sent paid, for $6.

To Subscribers.

Those of our subscribers who have paid to the end of the volume, (No. 12,) will receive with the Magazine for this month two back numbers, which, it is hoped, they will accept in lieu of the two numbers due. Every such extra number can be used advantageously by all friends of progressive thought, as a tract for lending and gratuitous distribution. The heavy loss incurred by the Publishers in carrying on the publication during the high prices of labor and materials, will suggest to all friends and readers the propriety, if not the justice, of sharing the burden to this small extent.

Any subscriber unsatisfied with this settlement of account, can, on application for the same, receive the balance of his or her subscription in currency.

Back Numbers.

We can supply several complete files of the *Friend of Progress,* and will fill any orders that may be received soon, for single numbers or sets, at the rate of ten cents a number. It is hoped that our friends will aid the cause by making use of these as tracts for distribution.

Bound volumes furnished complete (ten months), in muslin covers, $1 50 postpaid. Extra library binding, $2.

[We solicit the attention of all interested to the following notice. Mr. Armstrong's skillfulness as a printer, his accuracy as a proof-reader, and perfect integrity as a man, —of all which qualities five years' association in intimate business relations qualify us to judge,—peculiarly commend him to those who, at a distance, may wish to secure the preparation of works for the press. We trust he will receive a liberal patronage from Friends of Progress everywhere.]

AUTHORITY IN THE PULPIT.

A DISCOURSE,

Preached to the Graduating Class of the Meadville Divinity School, June 28, 1865,

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

MATTHEW vii : 28, 29.—And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his teaching. For he taught as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.

And yet the Scribes made a point of teaching on authority. They taught nothing except on authority, and that the best. They were the very mouth-pieces of authority; men of the book, the letter, the tradition, were they all. They did not profess to have anything new to say, or to be able to say anything new as from themselves. They were reporters, not revealers; parrots, not prophets. To study the holy books of their nation till they could repeat them by rote was their business. Moses and the prophets they knew by heart. The requirements of the Law they had at their tongues' end. They could extract the last quintessence of meaning from the sacred oracles. For every doctrine they advanced, they had chapter and verse, line, letter, and vowel-point. It was not they who taught; it was the divine Moses, the inspired Isaiah, the illuminated David. A legion of sanctities backed their word, or it was nothing. When they taught, the God of the nation taught. Surely that was teaching "with authority." That would be considered as teaching by authority to-day.

But this is precisely what Jesus did not do. He was no pundit learned in the Law. He rarely quoted Moses or the prophets; and when he did, it was to rebut some technical objection, or to meet some literal cavil, or to make a bridge from the old thought to the new. Sometimes he quoted them, as in the Sermon on the Mount, in order to express his disagreement with them. He never makes a point of getting their sanction. Such truth as he has to give, he gives as coming from himself, or from his Father directly to himself, imparted as to a dearly beloved son. The discourse that called forth so much astonishment was spoken in the strength of his own conviction, for the soundness whereof he cites no Scripture, and in the enforcement whereof he strongly combats some of the authoritative teachings of the "old-time men."

It is fair to ask, then, what it was that gave Jesus his authority as a teacher, and what made people feel that he spoke with authority? Clearly it was not any established or traditional sanctity. It was not the national Church, it was not Scripture, it was not the weight of great names. What, then, was it?

There is but one thing left that it could be. It was the weight of personal conviction in his own soul. Beyond this, he made no appeal; nay, to this he made no appeal. It spoke for itself; and they who heard it speak seldom cared to ask who gave it the right to be heard; when they did ask, he left them answerless. Both speaker and hearer stood on the fact of personal faith, and were satisfied. He did not criticise himself—they did not criticise him. What he said, he said from his heart. He spoke with such intensity of assurance, there was such an air of *certainty* about him, the things he spoke of he had so evidently seen with his inward eye, that open minds could neither doubt him nor resist him. When he said that God was the Father of all men, he said what his nature told him was the only truth about God. When he said that mankind were all of one nature, and under one law, he said what his own humanity assured him was the truth, whatever the common doctrine may have been. When he spoke of the vision of the pure heart, the beatitude of the lowly, the divine inheritance of the meek, the overflowing joy of the aspiring, the heavenly sonship of the children of Peace,

the celestial rewards of the martyrs for Truth —he spoke what every thought, wish, hope, persuasion of his being, made him certain of; and his words carried strong conviction to all who had thoughts, wishes, hopes, persuasions, of their own, or who were capable of having such. Jesus preached with authority because he preached himself, pure and simple. He gave no reasons; he *affirmed*, and let the weight of his affirmation tell. Yet not as his individual affirmation; of himself he was nothing. The Law and the Prophets uttered their deepest word through him.

In the discussion on the question of authority, now going on, it is well to remember that the Jesus of the Evangelists is clearly on the side of those who affirm that authority is of the living spirit; immediately of the *individual* soul, but mediately or immediately *of the living soul*, of the personal character and conviction working on the instant. Whatever it might be that from a distance worked through these; whencesoever the inspiration came, it appeared and operated in a *living man;* and except as so appearing and independently operating, it made no appearance and had no operation. The elements might be present, but the *power* was not.

This truth has always been protested against, and has always been acknowledged. Now, as always, there are men who ask, in alarm, Where is the seat of authority in religion? The old guarantees of faith, they say, are called in question; the old appeals to faith are disregarded; the old grounds of faith are removed. The land is full of preachers who broach new doctrines; and when asked respectfully for the proof that their doctrines are true, have no sufficing proof to give. They cite no sacred text, they quote no holy tradition, they point to no great names. Young men come from the schools of divinity and preach precisely what their fathers did not believe, precisely what their teachers did not inculcate, precisely what the Church declares to be heresy, precisely what the Bible has always been supposed to disavow. They ignore the Church, they set Bible inspiration aside, apostles early and late they hold of small account. They stand forth as so many independent teachers, each on his own authority proclaiming his own word, in his own day.

What, it is anxiously asked, is to be the end of all this, if not absolute anarchy in the realms of moral and spiritual ideas? How can we help becoming utterly lawless, till we find ourselves straggling about like Bedouins, pitching our tent for a night where there may chance to be a water-spring and a handful of grass, but having no fixed dwelling-place in the domain of thought?

This is the protest made, age after age, tending to throw the doctrine of immediate personal authority into disrepute. But parallel with the protest goes the recognition, tending to keep the doctrine alive. Against all this apprehension of decay and dissolution stands the fact, that the people seek, love, and follow the man who claims the authority of the living spirit in his day. These individual, independent, outside preachers, are listened to as devoutly as any; and, if they can make their power felt, have their authority conceded. No complaint is made that they know not whereof they affirm—that they have no grounds for what they say. When, in favored hours, the voice the people love to listen to, rolls out from the deeps, rich with its divine music, bearing on its tremulous tides the heart's burdens of want and desire—the yearning, the aspiration, the sorrow, the faith of the hour—the listeners are content; they ask no more. They have the church, the creed, and the litany; they hear the chants tremble and roar among the arches and pillars; they have felt the Rock of Ages come up from the waves of their troubled existence and touch their feet.

The spiritual life of any age is coincident with the belief in immediate inspiration. It is not enough to say that all this confidence in the individual teacher is but a relic of the ancient reverence in which mankind have been educated; and that when this formal reverence dies—as at last, when detached from its symbols, it will—the regard for the authority will vanish, too. The popular confidence has a ground of its own, which, perhaps, cannot be exhibited, but which certainly cannot be shaken. This confidence is strongest with those who have departed most widely from the old ways, and have given in their allegiance to the new; and it will grow stronger still, as its real grounds become better understood.

It is my belief that the grounds of authority on which the preacher of fundamental truths in morals and religion is privileged to rest, are becoming more unquestionable all the time; that the bulwarks of Faith are become lesss assailable—because more rational,

because more spiritual, because more universal, because more evidently laid and built up in experience and knowledge. The abandonment of the outer line of works has revealed the impregnability of the citadel. It is the scaffolding only that has been taken down. The temple stands disclosed.

Let me illustrate what I mean:

To the majority of people in Christendom, the final source of authority is the Church. The word Authority starts up that august Fact which has so beautifully represented the binding Law. All that is imposing and impressive centers there. Providentially instituted and preserved, divinely illuminated and inspired; its altars builded by the Holiest, its priesthood ordained by the Sanctifier, its ordinances made saving by the Spirit of Grace, its creeds fashioned by minds that were filled with wisdom immediately from the Source of all wisdom; sanctioned by the usage of antiquity, hallowed by the allegiance and devotion of saintly men and women, compact with the reverence and love of long generations, rich in pious memories, its very walls saturated with prayer—the Church, in the regards of most, is the inner citadel of Faith. What she teaches, is the permanent, substantial truth; what she announces, is law. To her, Reason may gracefully submit, and Conscience bow without shame. At her feet Science and Philosophy may sit, and not feel dishonored. It is not for any to penetrate behind her mysteries, or to call in question her decisions. What she institutes, abides; and what she establishes, is secure. Authority here is palpable. It is organization, it is emblem; it is a man, an altar, a staff; it is bread and wine.

We have no dispute about the authority—only about the validity of that particular sign of the authority. For enlightened men, the validity of the sign is questionable. Everywhere outside of Romanism and Episcopacy it is challenged. Sentimentalism may fondle it; but Sentimentalism never digs deep for foundations anywhere—is never enough in earnest to seek ultimate authority—never will dash an idol to get at a God. No earnest Liberal takes his stand on the Constitution of the Church. Give the word as broad a definition as you will—broaden it till only the word "Broad" remains—the Church constitution is no longer the reliance of thoughtful and honest men—of the Liberal communion. That reliance has been too terribly shaken to be restored. History proves that large portions of its superstructure rest on the shifting sands of time, not on the solid adamant of eternity; on the moldering, sinking piles of policy and state-craft, not on the firm soil of truth. Reason makes fearful work of its Articles of Faith, showing how they originated in ignorance, willfulness, or passion, oftentimes, or how they were fashioned by politicians' art for purposes of secular influence. The growing independence of the human mind levels its priesthood with humanity, renders its altars deserted, leaves its sacraments unvisited. Venerable its every emblem is from its antiquity, beautiful from its associations, touching and impressive from its memories; but *authority* it is no longer. For definite truth we go it no more. Teaching is not the truer for being her teaching; influence is not the holier for being her influence; assurance is not the firmer for being fortified by all the grandeur and dignity she can command. She is a symbol now, not a fact; a legend, not an institution; a poem, not a power. In vain she spreads before us the long roll of her saints; we wonder and venerate, but do not emulate nor sympathize. In vain her martyrs display the instruments of their death; they do not win us to the form of doctrine for which they died. In vain she sets forth the antiquity of her tradition; there is an antiquity before hers, which makes her tradition look recent, and there is a spiritual newness, which makes her tradition look obsolete.

For what she has done, we honor her; for what she has been, we revere her. She has our grateful memory for many things, but our working faith she has no more. The scepter of power has fallen from her hand. It is easy to go into rhapsodies over her, like Ernest Renan, but who shudders at the encyclical of Pius? You may make a dream of the Church if you will, but the Faith of to-day demands more substantial basis than the fairest dream. Until the Church can, once for all, define herself, she must be content to see the people stray from her fold.

As men pass from the state of unconscious reception to that of conscious reason, the authority of the Church declines. But mark how much broader and more rational is the authority that takes its place. To the authority of the Church over the will succeeds that of the Bible over the mind. And how much grander it is! For the Bible also has its an-

tiquity; it is older than the Church. The Blble has its immemorial sanctity. The Bible is an institution, founded as much as the Church was, by the Lord, and as much as the Church was, inspired. But the Bible was not fixed and rigid like the Church. It was a Book. It could speak to men in their own language. It would be read in many different ways. It could yield a great many different senses. It was pliant to the soul. The mind found in it a voice for its thoughts; the heart found in it an expression for its experiences; every sect in Christendom went to it as to an inspired oracle, and heard or made it utter its own word. The authority of the Bible was broad, elastic, and intellectual.

It was the authority of a vast number of earnestly thinking, feeling, purposing, and working men, living through long reaches of time. It was the authority of a long line of lawgivers, poets, philosophers, moralists, and prophets. It was the authority of an immense body of accumulated experiences or experiments, in right and noble living. It was authority, therefore, that rested on spiritual grounds. It was as noble as it was broad; for, while it *did* hold the mind to its truths, it gave almost unlimited freedom to find out what its truths were.

So long as belief in the literal inspiration of the Bible lasted, people could go to it without misgiving; could appeal to it with confidence; could feel that there was the ultimate resort and the final arbiter. They might by no means all find the same things there; but what each did find, was for him the final, conclusive, and absolute word. But its time ended when the epoch of scientific truth dawned.

This authority lasted its time. For thoughtful men its time has ended now. Criticism has thrown floods of light upon the literal Scripture. We know what the books are made of, how they were composed, how they were collected; and we know, as well as we know anything, that they cannot be trusted on questions of science or philosophy, of personal and social ethics, of the higher spiritual life. Full of wisdom, doubtless, but of Semitic wisdom—full of pure and noble sentiments, but of sentiments colored and qualified by the genius of a peculiar people. The mere fact that so many conflicting sects appeal, with equal sincerity, to the Bible, undermines its authority. Every controversy between conflicting parties, who rely on the inspiration of Scripture, is a blow at that inspiration. Every difference in interpreting the letter is a stab at the authority of the letter. This is too self-evident to be spoken.

But this is not the main consideration. It is time to say now that the spiritual life of Europe and America no more can appeal to the Hebraic Scripture. "Now that these old bibles are opened in the light," says Michelet, "it is easy to see that the Jewish bible belongs to another race. Unquestionably it is grand, and always will be; but it is shadowy and full of weird lights, beautiful and nebulous like the night. This precious monument, where for so long the human race has sought its religious life, is admirable for history, less admirable for edification. It has a dogmatic air, but is too incoherent for dogmatism. The principles of morals and religion wander infinitely from the Elohim to Jehovah. The fatalism of the Fall, arbitrary Election, and other doctrines which abound there, are in violent disagreement with the beautiful chapters in Ezekiel and Jeremiah, which promulgate the rectitude of our age. The variety of the book, its elasticity, helped the severe Israelite greatly as he read choice fragments to his family, and suffused them with a feeling which is not always in the text. But who would venture to put the book into the hands of a child? What woman would dare to say without a blush that she had read it? Suddenly the natural impurity of Syria presents itself, or the exquisite, finished, delicious sensuality of the somber and subtile minds that have labored on it smears the page.

"Jerusalem can no longer stand, as it did once in the old maps—right in the middle of the sphere, blotting out the human race—Europe imperceptible on the one side and Asia dwindling on the other.

"Humanity cannot forever sit on that soil of ashes, admiring the trees 'that once were green there.' It cannot stand, like the thirsty camel, who comes at the close of a hot day to the dry channel of a stream. 'Drink, camel, this was a rivulet. If you would have a sea, hard by is the Dead Sea, with its pasturage of salt.'

With its enormous toils, its immense tasks, its titanic needs, it must have air, water, sky—all the sky there is—space and light, the boundless horizon, the earth for its promised land, the world for its Jerusalem."—*Bible de Humanité*, vii.

But with the decline of Bible authority, have

we lost authority? I reply: we have gained authority of a broader and more steadfast kind. To the authority of the Bible succeeds the authority of the great spiritual Person whom the old Bible prefigures, and whom the new illustrates. The appeal is from the Book to the Christ. Does this look like a verbal change merely—seeing that we know the Christ only through the Book? But we do not. The image of the Christ, as he stands in the Christian consciousness, has been fashioned by many hands. The Evangelists have done their part, but only their part. Paul, who never saw him, and to whom those who did see him "contributed nothing," added to the traditional conception which he received, and with his noble Gentile hands helped to fashion the image which European Christendom adores. Tradition and legend made further contributions still. Practical experience in the application of his principles reflected its hues on his qualities. Admiration and worship defined his attributes. The Christ is not the Palestinean, but the world's Ideal. To appeal to him as an authority, is something very different from appealing to an organization or a letter. It is appeal to *moral character*, to spiritual qualities, which, august, holy, and firm as they may be, address the sentiment, and not the understanding; speak to the soul, not to the ear; uplift, instead of paralyzing the will. A Person accommodates himself to many individualities, at the same time that he overawes them, touching each separate will at its impressible point. This authority is elastic and varied. It is authority, too, that expands, emancipates, liberates, makes the subject of it cease to be a slave. It is authority that lifts out of bondage to form and letter, into the liberty of Faith and Love.

So long as it was necessary that spiritual qualities should be gathered up in a person in order to be perceived, so long as Truths could not be generalized as Truths, but must be individualized as private opinions, so long as Faith remained undomesticated, this authority of the Person endured. But that cannot be forever.

If it could be shown that the Christ was indeed historically the Person that Christendom worships; if his claim to be regarded as the Ideal Man, the normal standard of humanity, could be critically justified; if it could be proved, as Martineau finely says, that "he was placed by the hand of God upon a fresh world—the world within—and commissioned to explore its silent and trackless ways, to watch and rest in its darkness, to use and bless its light, to learn by instincts divine and true its blossoms and its fruits, its fountains and its floods;" if all this were manifestly so, and if we had the veritable beliefs that he held, and the veritable words in which he uttered them, without contradiction, equivocation, or obscurity, then indeed the Christ would be for us authority, and final authority; because he would speak for the normal human nature. More than an Agassiz in natural history, more than a Lyell or an Owen in geology, more than a Gay Lussac in chemistry, than a Müller in language, than a Grote or a Merivale in history, would Jesus be in the science of man's religious consciousness. His truths would be universal, his principles would be coincident with humanity. We should bow to him as to the perfect stature of the human soul—as to the divinest we could know.

But all this manifestly cannot be proved. Criticism does not verify the Christ. If the spiritual sense verifies him, the authority belongs to the spiritual sense which verifies. When Jesus becomes attenuated to a moral Ideal, the worship of him is the soul's worship of itself. The moral ideal slips into the place of his personality, and the scepter passes from the hand of the spiritual man to that of the spiritualized humanity.

Driven, then, from this ground, what is our resort? Are we anchorless on the ocean of speculation? Are we rudderless on the sea of faith? Are we without compass on the broad main? What if our bark sink? Well,

> "If our bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

'Tis to a wider sea, where the Infinite Spirit blows, and the great currents of moral life roll ceaselessly, over which bend the everlasting stars—the shores whereof are too far off to threaten shipwreck. We come at last to that on which repose all churches, all scriptures, all creeds—of which Jesus himself is the First-Born Child. Far from discarding authority now, we assert it more imperiously than ever. I affirm with Dr. Hedge, that "The authority of a young man just entering the ministry, who shall be understood to speak from no warrant but his private opinion, with only his own talent or his own conceit to back him, must be placed somewhere in the neighborhood of zero;" but I affirm, also, and most earnestly, that no young man

does or ever did assume to speak on such authority as that. The most independent teacher falls back on authority at last, and would not dare to say a word if he did not believe he heard something like a voice of inspiration behind him. No pulpit would stand a month unless it stood on some confessed authority. No Mr. Emerson or Mr. Carlyle would think of uttering a single discourse as from themselves alone, nor do they claim to teach on any local or limited authority. They appeal to an authority, compared with which, that of Church and Bible, to them, at least, seems poor and weak.

We stand at last on the pedestal which the ages have been building, of which Jesus is the corner-stone; to which apostles and saints, teachers and prophets, reformers and regenerators, have been adding their blocks of marble and granite and porphyry, their bars of silver, their plates of gold, their gems and jewels, till now the structure is complete, —wide enough for all who care to stand thereon, and strong enough for the stoutest feet. We stand at last on the authority of the *educated and experienced soul.*

Not of the INDIVIDUAL soul. The individual can have no effectual knowledge of divine things, save in his private experience; but that private experience is only his vivid consciousness of an experience broader than Christendom. Revelation is to the many, not to the one. Communities, or, rather, communions and fellowships of men, receive inspirations, not *solitary* men. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them." Where the two or three are not two or three souls, but two or three millions—two or three continents or nations—and where the gathering attraction and the uniting bond is a consent of aspiration, hope, or love, the reassuring Presence is so much the nearer and more consecrating.

The superior natures who have been the centers of such communities, have owed their central position to their sympathy with the mass. They were distinguished by having the largest portion of that which the undistinguished possess. They were peculiar in having the most of that which was peculiar to none. No eccentricities were they, but persons eminent for brotherhood. The authority they wielded was not *over* their fellows, but from and through their fellows. Their voices awakened echoes in the common heart, and the echoes authenticated the voices. What they say is authoritative, not because they say it, but because we feel it. We sit at their feet because they first had sat at the feet of our holier humanity.

Power comes to the individual soul through its sympathy with the *community of souls.* Jesus spoke with authority because he spoke the truth of his age. Every age has its truth, or its phase of truth—a word which Providence utters to it and through it. Whoever hears that word, seizes it, makes it part of his mind and heart, gives it clear interpretation and speech, becomes the prophet of that age, the inspired teacher, the bringer of a revelation. He draws to him the hearts of the people. The solemn force of their unspoken convictions they carry over to him, and with the dignity of their faith they invest him. This was the experience of Jesus. His people lived in the Messianic hope. He identified himself with that hope; he drew out its significance; he gave voice to its highest prophecy; he knit to it all his thoughts, and he bathed himself with its glory. The popular faith gave him the scepter he wielded.

But more than this: Study the teachings of Jesus, and you will see that their majesty lay in their universality — in their commonplaceness, as it were. They were original because they were human. The lessons of the Beatitudes met the wants of mankind. The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount were ratified on the instant by the crowd. The doctrine of man's relation to God and of man's relation to man, found an answering welcome in every rational mind. The religion of Love and Duty was the natural religion of all who were religious at all. There is something in the moral nature of man that says "amen" to such doctrines. Their teacher has a witness in every man's conscience, and a cloud of witnesses in the air which every man's conscience has lungs to inhale. As he speaks, so he speaks boldly, freely, earnestly. A throb of assent runs in widening circles round the globe. It is not he that speaks; it is the spiritual sense of mankind that speaks through him. He is a voice from the populous regions of faith and feeling; he is a mouthpiece for the spiritual convictions of the race. The robe of authority that he wears, is put on him by the ordaining priesthood of the soul. His word is listened to, because, in listening, men seem to be listening to the oracles of eternity, and to be catching the echoes of God from behind the great white throne.

The basis of authority now, is EXPERIENCE. "Experimental Religion"—that is the thing. Not the religion of my experience or of yours, save as these accord with the religion of the GENERAL experience—with the conclusions silently arrived at in the course of centuries; not by separate men and women, not by detached tribes of men and women, but by great nations of men and women, as they have tried with noblest help to find their way to the happy life. Not in vain has been the doubt, the apprehension, the struggle, the sorrow and sin, of these eighteen hundred years of Christendom; not in vain the belief, the trust, the reliance, the consolation and penitence, of those eighteen Christian centuries. At the bottom of the great crucible, into which the European races have flung the precious substances of their life, to be melted down, there remain certain moral and spiritual deposits—certain truths, principles, faiths—call them what you will—which are in condition now to be taken up, handled, examined, and tested, on their merits. Convictions about God and his superintendence, man and his relationships, society and its laws, life and its issues, character and its destiny—principles of justice, kindness, fraternity, and freedom—come to us out of this seven-times heated furnace of experiment.

The noblest rules of life, the best established personal habits, the wisest social laws, the most venerated ideas of equity, the loveliest sentiments of rectitude—veracity—honor—the dearest beliefs, the profoundest faiths, are binding now more than ever; for they have been wrought out by thorough discipline, under every possible condition of life. This accumulated experience is accumulated authority. It is the authority of all the churches, and bibles and creeds that have gone to make it. It is the authority of all the apostles, prophets, martyrs, and saints, who have bequeathed their substance to it. It is the authority of the great Master who added to it the grandeur of his life and death.

It is a shame to say that all the travail and sacrifice of Christendom has not made our spiritual soil rich and strong to a degree which the apostolic age could not conceive of. It is a shame to say that the substance of the gospel was so foreign to the constitution of mankind, that in eighteen hundred years it remains an undigested and unassimilated mass. It is a shame to Jesus in his heavens, where we have placed him, to be making confession, that as yet he has educated us in nothing; that his spirit is still outside of the world; that his broken body is yet uneaten, and his poured-out blood has even yet become no blood of communion; that we are a helpless people yet, who must authenticate his words in the New Testament because his mind is not ours, and hold him fast by the hand, because his faith is not in us, and nestle to his bosom, because, though he has been so long time with us, he has not communicated to us the Father. Would not Jesus be more honored by a noble forgetting than by such ignoble remembering? Would not the Christ feel that his work was better done, if he was lost sight of in his fruitful inspirations, than if his fruitful inspirations were lost sight of in him? Is he not the more completely assimilated and possessed the more completely he disappears?

The result of Christendom's travail in the faith, is the Faith's guarantee of power. That pledge is vital. It is wrought into the texture of the modern mind. It can neither be overthrown nor denied. Carlyle confesses it; Emerson confesses it. The questioner of it is covered with immediate confusion. The rebel against it is doomed to instant death. A Southern Confederacy undertakes to flout it, and perishes. Daily it gives force to all just laws, and abrogates all that are unjust. Daily it is the support of good institutions, and the ruin of bad ones. Daily it invigorates noble lives, and eradicates mean ones. Every preacher of righteousness is braced up against it; every teacher of truth has his foot planted on it; the very Bible is seen to rest on it now (so far as it permanently rests on anything,) and without it the Church would sink.

Critics may do what they will with the manuscripts of the New Testament; the local investiture of Jesus may be left for the Strausses and Renans to cast lots for; historians may make what they can of the Church—we have them all with us, now, flesh of our flesh and spirit of our spirit—faith in the indwelling God, in the soul's intuition of him, in the heart's enjoyment of him; faith in the inspiration of the moral sentiments and in the absoluteness of the moral law; faith in the deathless nature of the best affections and the heavenly promise of the loftiest hopes; faith in the moral identity of the human race, in the spiritual sonship of all humankind, in the law of sympathy, in the supremacy of truth, in the blessedness of sacrifice—this is the in-

heritance of the modern Christian. In this he is strong, not in an independent attitude, but in an attitude of humblest and gratefulest dependence on all who have made such power possible.

Even Knowledge, the inveterate foe of the ancient authority, lends its aid to this authority. Science, I am aware, makes no revelations, but it splendidly illustrates revelations. It discloses no God, but it shows his foot-tracks. It supplies a superb symbolism for the spirit. As Science uncovers the hard facts of the universe, and brings us down to the last realities of things—as the chart of creation is unrolled before our eyes—as the stars and the earth and the elements tell the secrets which God hid in them at the beginning—as the mysteries of the human constitution are unvailed—there comes grand corroboration of the Truths we preach. All tell of the infinite and persistent will, of unswerving order, of perfect harmony, of onward movement towards better states—of guardianship and fellow-feeling all over the earth. All tell of the impassable boundaries of moral law, of the terrible penalties visited on transgression, of the heavenly peace that is bestowed on obedience. All speak the praise of temperance, moderation, purity. All give their sanction to the principle of brotherly kindness. All preach truthfulness with a voice of thunder, and all preach trustfulness with a million voices of sweetness.

Young men, you are going out as preachers of the glad tidings. The pulpits of the land will welcome you in that peculiar capacity. They will welcome you not as lecturers, not as popular orators, not as scholars or critics, not as Biblical students or theologians, but as sons of the prophets—ay, as prophets yourselves. They will expect you to speak with authority. Your courage is your credential. It is your calling to speak so. It is your duty not to DISCUSS, but to AFFIRM. You are to deal with the categorical imperative. You are to declare the deepest faith of Church and Bible flowering in to-day. To back you is the knowledge and experience of mankind thus far. You are to study it, draw it forth, proclaim it as the last decree of the Eternal. Fear not what skepticism, in the name of faith, may say to you; heed what faith says to you, in the name of skepticism; fear not what atheism may admonish, using the name of God. God is not a Semitic tradition. He is a spiritual fact. Stand on known and tested truth. It will not give way under your weight. If science speaks with authority, that authority is yours. If social law speaks with authority, that authority is yours. If the enlightened moral sense of mankind speaks with authority, that, too, is yours.

You must preach YOURSELVES; so only can you preach Jesus, or the Bible, or the wisdom given to the saints. You must preach yourselves, honestly, simply, telling no lies, affecting no policies. The politic prophet is a misnomer. Let the truth come straight through you—all the truth that will—and be satisfied with that. But look you that all DOES come that WILL come. Preach yourselves, not in conceit or foolish vanity, but in humility of mind. Preach your best selves; and, for God's sake, make yourselves worth preaching. Cultivate diligently the inward life; keep the simple veracity of your nature; cherish the moods of aspiration. Live in the atmosphere of great souls; lift up your eyes to the kingly forms of reformer and of saint; let your souls be always kneeling before their ideals.

Study: determine that you will have the truth wherever you can find it. Be satisfied with nothing else: be satisfied with that!

Deny nothing, but always affirm. Rejoice to find yourselves in unison with all grand believers — for the grandest believers believe alike. There is a magnificent identity of faith in those whom faith has truly possessed. Dread eccentricity; for the eccentric, however they may be infested, can never be inspired. Rejoice in the symbolical mission of the Church. Rejoice in the prophetical mission of the Bible. Rejoice in the dogmatical mission of the Creeds. Reaffirm their affirmations, for without them, you would never be able to affirm.

Work for the good of your fellow-men; grow to such work; love it; live in it; die in it; die daily in it; lose yourself in holy aims and purposes; make yourselves ministers. Then—though you quote no book and cite no talismanic name—men will listen to you, and will marvel at your teaching, and will ask no questions about your calling, but will feel called by you to the blessed life. They that have the Christ in them, need never speak of him.