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MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.

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THE COMING AGE

VOL. IV AUGUST, 1900 No. 2

CONVERSATIONS

THE TRUE NATURE AND SCOPE OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION, BY PROFESSOR THOMAS ELMER WILL.

THE TRUE NATURE AND SCOPE OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION

A TWENTIETH CENTURY EDUCATOR.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

In Professor Thomas E. Will we have a splendid illustration of the sturdy and vigorous moral and intellectual manhood which has so frequently come from the farms of our republic and aided in furthering the world's thought and the nation's destiny along the highway of enduring progress. He was born in the opening years of our Civil War, at a time when the moral energies and impulses of all the people, no less than their passions, were at white heat, and when all eyes in the North were turned toward the great, gaunt figure in the White House, whose moral heroism was only matched by the sympathy of his great heart, and who was just then beginning to grapple with events and conditions of far greater moment to the nation and civilization than the people then were able to realize fully.

Like the great president, Mr. Will was a farmer boy, being born in Stone's Prairie, Adams County, Illinois, November 11, 1861. And indeed, in his indomitable determination to obtain an education, in the hardships of his early life and the obstacles overcome, and lastly but chiefly in the sturdy moral fiber which enters into his very being and makes him at all times loyal to his convictions and a passionate lover of humanity, we see present the same noble spirit which animated Abraham Lin-

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coln. But here the points of resemblance cease, for in personal appearance it would be difficult to conceive two men more unlike. Professor Will bears all the appearance of culture and refinement in face and figure, as well as bearing, which we are accustomed to expect in one whose family for generations has known little of the stern battles for bread with which the millions of earth are so deeply concerned; and in nature he possesses the refinement and sensitiveness which the world is not accustomed to expect among those who have almost from the cradle, step by step, battled their way through life, and I imagine this very sensitiveness, wedded as it is to an awakened conscience, has served to intensify his interest in bettering the condition of the poor, especially in broadening their mental horizon and enriching, dignifying, and making more happy and comfortable the lot of the people, and especially that of the farmers.

Those whose early life has been spent, as was my own, on a farm in southern Illinois, know full well how hard and in a way barren is the life during childhood; and this was the case even in the homes of children where there were fine libraries, for the demands which farm life makes on all members of the family leave few hours for culture of brain or restful recreation of body. The school facilities also in the sixties were very meager in the country districts, and so it was that in the early years of Thomas Will's life he had a hard struggle for the education he early determined to acquire. The schools were poor, but with superb determination and courage he resolved to supplement the limited education they afforded by a carefully prepared course of reading. He possessed, even from his earliest years, an orderly and systematic mind, and with his head and heart set on obtaining a liberal education, he began the careful perusal of such of the world's best books as he could obtain, and which he felt would further his education when in later years the opportunities for enjoying the university curriculum should come to him; for he early dreamed as boys love to dream of the future, and he possessed what so many boys of the present, and especially boys in towns and cities, lack—the fixed determination to conquer success and achieve the goal in view, let the obstacles be what they may.

The school terms were very short, and the greater part of the year was spent by the farmer boy in hard toil. At night, however, he was never too weary to read some things of importance in his course, and during the succeeding day he pondered on the facts he had learned; and thus the information he acquired sank into the brain never to be forgotten. Our modern schools are prone to crowd the mind, and when the child lives in a city where there is much to divert his attention, or when he has many books to read, he is liable to absorb a vast amount of matter in a confused way. The mind becomes overloaded with ill-digested facts, and we too frequently have the sad spectacle of a child leaving school with health impaired by a long sustained mental effort to assimilate the food crowded into the mind. Or, on the other hand, the pupil not infrequently comes from the school with his mind filled with many things, but with little that is clear to his intellectual vision and few facts so riveted in the thought centers as to be of permanent value in after life. And here, I think, we may find one reason why so many country boys come to the front and excel over their class-mates who have been born and reared in homes of culture in the cities.

While still in his teens Professor Will secured a position as teacher in a district school, and after two years in the schoolroom he was enabled to enter the Illinois State Normal School, from which he graduated in 1885. He next taught three years in the public schools of his native State, holding important professorships. During the last two years of this period he was principal of the grammar-school in the State capital, where ten teachers were employed. He was then able to carry forward his early formed purpose, and accordingly he entered the University of Michigan, from which he went to Harvard, where he graduated in 1890. He continued his studies and was awarded a Henry Lee fellowship of political economy for proficiency. He spent a year as a post-graduate, during which time he also assisted Professor Taussig in the department of political economy. In 1891 he

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took the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard. On completing his college work he married Miss Marie Van Velsor Rogers, the daughter of an able Methodist clergyman in the university city, and in the fall of 1891 accepted the position of professor of political economy in the Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. After holding this chair for two years he returned to Boston, where he was engaged to prepare a series of important papers on sociological subjects for the Arena. During this time he was also a leading spirit in the organization of the Union for Practical Progress, and did much lecturing on subjects relating to economic and educational advance.

In 1894 he was appointed to the newly established chair of political economy in the Kansas State Agricultural College, of Manhattan, Kansas. This position was filled with great efficiency during the next three years, and in the spring of 1897, when the reorganization of the college occurred, Professor Will was elected president of that institution, which position he held until July 1, 1899, when, after the election of a republican administration in Kansas, which held to the Jacksonian doctrine of "to the victor belong the spoils," he retired from the school, which in the brief term of two years had risen from comparative obscurity to a commanding position among the foremost agricultural colleges of the land. The record of the Kansas State Agricultural College under the presidency of Professor Will is one of which any State may justly be proud. The college increased its number of students from seven hundred and thirty-four to eight hundred and seventy-one, an increase of almost one hundred and fifty pupils; but its chief glory was the raising of the standard of work, increasing the time given to agriculture and kindred instruction, and in the efficiency of the work, together with the enlarging of the course of study, which greatly increased the culture, broadened the intellectual vision and enriched the thought-world of all the pupils. During this time it has been truthfully observed that "the actual work of the experiment station and the agricultural, mechanical, horticultural, veterinary, and domestic science departments was pushed to the front and made to occupy a more important place than ever before, while at the same time political science, political economy, and oratory were highly developed." Professor Will, in the course of an exhaustive review of the conditions of the college at the time he retired, said:

> What now has the college within the past few years been doing for agriculture? First, as to its course of study. Its position two years ago among the agricultural colleges of the country may be shown by the following table:
>
> Number of class hours in agriculture taught in a four years' course in various colleges and universities: Wisconsin, 540; Iowa, 529; Illinois, 482; New York, 420; North Dakota, 390; Rhode Island, 382; Texas, 368; Missouri, 342; Georgia, 324; Delaware, 322; Colorado, 300; Arkansas, 296; South Carolina, 270; Mississippi, 240; Louisiana, 232; New Mexico, 220; Kansas, 185; New Hampshire, 160; New Jersey, 158.
>
> Kansas, that is, at the time when its alleged tendency away from agriculture began, stood within two numbers of the foot of the class, as regards agricultural instruction, among the institutions named. Now, with 424 hours, when purely agricultural studies are counted, it stands within three of the head; while, if horticulture and veterinary science, two subjects intimately related to agriculture and perhaps equally important, are also taken into account, the Kansas College leaps well to the front, with a splendid showing of 1090 hours. Again, one hundred students have taken the 424 hours of agricultural work in this institution, while only eight have taken the 540 hours in the Wisconsin.
>
> To be more specific, June 3, 1897, found the college with a single course of study, highly general in its nature, and containing two terms, or 130 hours, of agriculture and one term, or fifty hours, of agricultural chemistry. The college now maintains, in addition to several other courses, a four years' course in agriculture, including the following studies: Agriculture, 60; hygiene of farm animals, 42; tillage and fertility, 70; dairying, 60; crop production, 50; agricultural chemistry, 70; agricultural mechanics, 24; stock feeding, 60; breeds and breeding, 50; agricultural bacteriology, 70; agricultural physics, 60; agricultural economics, 50.
>
> The last on the list, like most of the others, is taught by the agricultural department.
>
> The ratio, then, of opportunity in the college for strictly agricultural work at the date first mentioned to that at the present time is 180 to 666, or 1 to 3.7. In other words, the student now has more than three and two-thirds as much opportunity to do strictly agricultural work as he had two years ago.
>
> A word next as to the college dairy school. For ten years the college had talked about

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the need for a dairy school in Kansas. The biennial report of 1896-'97 contained a request for a legislative appropriation for this purpose, though the writer was sent to Topeka in the interest of the college, with private instructions to ignore this request. After July 1, 1897, the college determined to have a dairy school, and to show its determination by making a start without awaiting an appropriation. The barn office and an adjoining room were taken for this purpose, and later supplemented by a grain bin and the young men's dressing-room. Three hundred dollars were put into apparatus, and a scrub herd was purchased. The dairy school opened in January, 1898, with six special dairy students, while twenty-four others from the four years' course received dairy instruction during the year. The second term of the dairy school opened in January, 1899, with twenty-five special dairy students who were reinforced by twenty more from the other courses. These students fairly trod upon one another in their crowded quarters. Legislative committees came, saw, and were conquered. Thirty-four thousand dollars were voted for a dairy building, equipment, herd, and shelter.

To provide milk for the use of the dairy school, and to ascertain what proper feeding and care would do for grade animals, a scrub herd of thirty cows, much inferior to average Kansas cows, was purchased. The average receipts from these cows were more than double those from average Kansas cows. The worst cow in this herd produced butter fat at a cost to the college of fifteen cents per pound; the best cows produced butter fat at an average cost of seven cents. Were the lesson taught by this experiment utilized by Kansas farmers and dairymen, and the grade of the average milch cow in the State raised by the difference between the worst and the best cows in the college herd, the gain to the State would be $3,000,000 per annum. Conservative dairymen have declared the value of this experiment to be greater to the State than that of any other work ever done by the college. One editor says:

"When Professor Cottrell went out and bought a number of cows of the kind the average farmer keeps, and put up a cheap milk shed of the 'every-farmer-can-afford-it' sort, he did so because he knew that the farmers of Kansas are not farming for fun merely, and that they want some common-sense experiments up at Manhattan, and that they want some experiments that will do some good as well as read well."

Seed, like cattle and horses, can be improved by breeding. The Gartons of Lancashire, England, by crossings and selections for seventeen years increased the oat yield on experimental fields sixty per cent, and the wheat yield one hundred per cent. Were similar work to be done for Kansas, the increased yield in oats would amount annually to 50,000,000 bushels, and in wheat to 120,000,000 bushels.

Experiments indicate that the proteine or muscle-producing content of corn may be increased by selection and breeding two to three per cent. An increase of but one per cent would be worth to Kansas corn raisers $380,000 per annum.

The work of seed breeding has recently been taken up by the Kansas Experiment Station. A member of the force is now at Cornell University, at his own expense, devoting his entire time to the study of this subject under the direction of experts. The three departments of agriculture, chemistry, and botany at this college are co-operating in seed-breeding experiments. They have already found that surprising variations exist in the nitrogen content of corn as respects varieties, individual ears of the same variety, and individual kernels of equal weight on the same ear; and are practically convinced that the per cent of nitrogen in corn may be materially increased and its feeding value thereby correspondingly enhanced by the improvement in varieties through intelligent selection and breeding.

The results of the experiment-station work are distributed through bulletins.

The great value of these bulletins was recognized throughout the country, and even in foreign lands, calls being sent from Egypt, Cuba, and other remote lands for copies. One seed house in New York requested the privilege of reprinting several thousands of the bulletins on plant culture for distribution.

Professor Will is a twentieth century educator. He is thorough, systematic, and scholarly, yet broad, progressive, and sympathetic. He is one of the men of the new age who believe in the development of soul, brain, and body in such a way as to dignify labor and life, and spread abroad that joy which can only come where the spirit of brotherhood abounds and where social and political affairs rest on the eternal granite of justice and truth.

THE TRUE NATURE AND SCOPE OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

CONVERSATION WITH THOMAS ELMER WILL.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the true nature and scope of the higher education?

A. In my opinion much that has heretofore passed as higher education is sadly inadequate. We have thought of young men as educated who had completed an

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academic course of study, the object of which was to fit them for college, and who have then taken a college course composed chiefly of the "classics." This classical education has been largely medieval in its point of view. Medieval conceptions were primarily theological. To these conceptions education responded. How to escape this world and win the next was its chief problem. Philosophy, in full sympathy with the current theology, was studied. Logic and geometry were cultivated that the student might be prepared effectively to convince sinners and confute heretics. Rhetoric, by cultivating the arts and graces of speech, contributed to the same end. Greek, as the language of the New Testament and that in which ancient philosophies and models of correct style were embodied, was taught; and Latin—whose universality in the middle ages rendered it as indispensable then as is English now among Anglo-Saxons, and Spanish among Mexicans and Central and South Americans—was the vehicle in which practically all instruction save Greek was conveyed. Science was neglected, for it dealt with worldly and therefore unholy things. Questions of human society were of little consequence except as reflecting the effects of sin and emphasizing the need for theology. Hand work, it is true, was practiced by the monks, but to gentlemen's sons it was distasteful, and by the accommodating Jesuits was not insisted upon.

Modern education, on the contrary, seeks to prepare for this and for all other worlds. Individually, its idea is the sound mind in the sound body, the tender conscience, and the reverent, expanding soul; industrially, it seeks to develop the fully equipped worker or director of the work of others, while socially it endeavors to raise up intelligent, sympathetic, public-spirited citizens.

Q. Do you think our colleges and universities have responded readily to the demands of the times?

A. By no means. Few institutions are more conservative than colleges. The tendency to dwell upon the past and to live in the seclusion of libraries walled off from the currents of every-day life often blinds college men to the need of change in ideals and methods, and fetters them to the traditions of the past. The conservatism of colleges, of culture, and of the classes who enjoy both has led to the perpetuation of medieval ideas and methods in educational centers after these should have been buried in the dust of monasteries. Only recently have colleges and universities, especially those controlled by the State and subject therefore to the influence of laymen, shaken themselves in a considerable measure free from the influences of the past. The fact that Bacon left England's chief university in disgust, and that Herbert Spencer, descended from a line of educators, could never be induced to attend an English university and to this day congratulates himself upon having "successfully resisted" the influence of current educational methods, is suggestive.

Q. Speaking of the church in connection with the university, do you think the church has exerted a material influence upon university thought and methods in modern times?

A. Yes. The theological bent given education in the middle ages is still observable in many institutions. In these institutions boards and professors have until recently been chosen largely, and presidents almost exclusively, from among the clergy, and an overwhelming and absurd importance has been attached to Latin, a language which fits our linguistic needs about as closely as do camels the needs of modern transportation. Ecclesiastical influence upon higher education in America is, however, waning. Laymen like Presidents Eliot, White, Lowe, Angell, Schurman, Canfield, Jordan, and Hadley, are placed at the heads of many of our greatest institutions, while not even denominational colleges discriminate in favor of clergymen when selecting professors. Latin is gradually losing its grip as a sine qua non, and Greek in many institutions is dropping far behind the natural and social sciences, or going out altogether.

Q. While modern higher education is doubtless losing its theological bent, do you regard it desirable that college education should confine itself to the things of the mind and ignore the heart?

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A. Far from it. Head education alone, like any other one-sided form of education, is a failure if not a positive danger. A man who is as brilliant, but at the same time as heartless and selfish, as Aaron Burr is at best but a doubtful gain to society. Ignorance, it is true, is a menace to American institutions, yet it is an open question whether the safety of the republic is more threatened to-day by an army of ignorant voters or by a regiment of keen, conscienceless corporation lawyers, editors who will advocate for pay any policy, however mischievous, and clergymen and teachers who ignore the truth the world most needs to hear lest they thereby injure their chances of promotion or threaten their subsistence. Such men to-day constitute the dangerous class in America.

Q. Can the evil of selfishness be corrected by education?

A. In a measure, yes, if our education is made sufficiently broad and our training truly practical. Our teachers must first grasp the fact, however, that selfishness is the dry-rot that consumes individuals and nations, and set themselves as resolutely to the task of its reduction as they now do to the work of instructing in the principles of mathematics and language and the facts of history. The lesson of interdependence, as illustrated by life in the home, the school, the community, and the nation, must be taught in season and out of season from the beginning to the end of the student's course. Each must be brought to see that what is good for all is good for each, and that what truly benefits one benefits all. The base ignobility of selfishness should be impressed in every possible way upon the mind, and a student sentiment created that will make this vice odious. The sentiments of patriotism and personal honor, already strong in the majority, can be built upon to excellent advantage, while the spirit of Jesus, which, though it cannot be dogmatically imparted, can be radiated from lives possessed by it, will melt down the walls that separate individuals and classes and fuse all into an indissoluble brotherhood.

Q. Do you favor industrial training as a part of a well-balanced education?

A. Unquestionably. The old days of exclusive head education are, let us hope, forever past. Horace Mann taught us a generation ago that, since we are not disembodied spirits, we must educate our bodies as well as our minds. In fact, intellectual education unaccompanied by manual and industrial training must largely fail of its own purpose. Industrial education should be encouraged, because, first, it conserves the health, develops the physique, and so makes boys more manly and girls more womanly; second, it prepares many for the actual work of life; third, it inspires in those who may join the professional and commercial classes a wholesome respect for their neighbors in the industrial classes, and thus establishes another bond of brotherhood in society. For the millionaire's son to array himself in overalls and roundabout, and work at forge or bench or in the barn or garden with the student who is working his way through college and expects to work it through life, is a means of grace for both, and may aid in preventing "the deluge."

Q. Where must we look for the best expressions of our higher educational institutions?

A. Not usually in the sectarian colleges. While men whom I revere have given their lives to teaching in schools of this character, the best of these men have suffered from repression and mental asphyxiation. The church college stands not for universal truth, but for a creed. The professor in such an institution is expected to serve as a "counsel" for this creed. And he who follows his light outside the sectarian walls that hem him in is accused of disloyalty and is subject to discharge. As I write, the papers bring news of the investigation by the board of directors of Chicago Theological Seminary of the theological views and utterances of Professor Gilbert, it being apparently conceded that, wherever the truth may lie, if these views be found out of harmony with the supposed standards of his church the professor must recant or retire from his professorship. The spirit of the denominational college is usually but a degree less intolerant than that of the theological school, as teachers of evolution, for example, in church colleges can testify.

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The privately endowed schools are likewise limited, often in fact by the same creedal restrictions just mentioned. In any case the "money question" here comes boldly to the front. The grand problem facing the institution is, how to get and keep the funds necessary to the satisfactory conduct and growth of the institution. Whatever would deter possible donors from contributing to the college funds must be sternly repressed. For this reason the college man is placed under a subjection to the wealthy class not unlike that of the old-time literary man to his patron. Such a relationship means death to freedom, and without freedom there can be no teaching and no education worthy the name. The student taught by a slave becomes himself servile or arrogant,—in spirit a slave or a slave-driver.

A third class of schools rests upon a purely business basis. These institutions are run, like a factory or store or newspaper, for money. To draw students and tuition fees such a school may indeed place some strong men upon its faculty, and it is far more likely to adapt its methods in a measure to the demands of the time than are the church and privately endowed colleges. At the same time its commercial end is fatal to work of the finest and highest character.

The institution for higher education which to-day most nearly approaches the ideal is the state college and university,—the crown of our splendid public-school system. It is subject to the control not of church or millionaire, but of the people themselves through their regularly constituted authorities, provided the people choose to exercise this control. It may be as broad and free and strong as the people are willing to have it.

Q. In the East the objection is sometimes urged, you know, that collegiate education is not a function of the state. What would you say of this view?

A. The old laissez-faire conception of the functions of the state is now out of date. Progressive men are to-day practically agreed that the state is simply the people acting together through the machinery they have devised to carry out their will, and that whatever the people can best do for themselves in their organized capacity they should do. Identically the same argument used to-day to prove that the state should not support higher education was used a half-century ago by Herbert Spencer to prove that the state should not support education of any kind. The state college and university and the coming national university stand on exactly the same broad and solid foundation as the public schools. The two must stand or fall together. Popular government rests on intelligence and virtue. These the educational system seeks to promote. The state may therefore educate its people, if for no other reason than that of self-preservation.

Q. But is it not true that the colleges reach but a trifling minority of the people, and is this not an argument against their support by the whole people?

A. Directly, it is true, the colleges now reach a discouragingly small number of people. Indirectly, they reach far more. Each collegian is in some degree a light-bearer in his community, a diffuser of intelligence and a shaper of opinion. Again, the enrollments of our colleges and universities are rapidly increasing. More and more are learning that they cannot afford to forego the advantages of college training.

I would not, however, for a moment justify the spirit of complacency with the present net product of our collegiate effort. What we are now accomplishing is insignificant in comparison with what we might accomplish.

Q. Why, in your opinion, do not our colleges and universities reach a larger per centage of the people? And how would you remedy this defect?

A. The colleges reach few, because, as stated, they are slow in responding to the demands of the age. They drop behind the times and crystallize. This I would remedy by influencing public opinion. Let the people realize that at least the state colleges and universities are their own. Let them demand that these institutions shall be raised to the point of highest possible efficiency. Let them appropriate so liberally to the maintenance of these institutions that the equipment

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and general facilities of the state colleges and universities will be ideal, and the strongest men and women in the country and in the world will be attracted to their faculties. Next, let the managements of these institutions unhesitatingly cut from these faculties every stick of dead timber, removing every idler, every dullard, every barnacle, whatever his family, his earlier achievements, his wealth, or his political support. Better far retire such men on life pensions than permit them to obstruct the path of progress, deaden enthusiasm, and cripple our noblest agencies for progress. Next, let them make the tenure of genuinely competent men so secure that they can work in peace and thus bring forth for their institutions the richest fruits.

Again, many a bright, earnest student is kept from college because of the character of the entrance requirements. He has mastered the common branches, done creditable work in history and the sciences, learned to think, and in cases acquired intelligence beyond that of men already in college, but he has not spent years on Latin and Greek, and he may be intelligent enough to refuse thus to waste his life. He is therefore barred out from most of the colleges. This evil I would remedy by making intelligence rather than specific subjects the test for entrance. Harvard has already taken some notable steps in this direction, with highly satisfactory results.

The chief barrier, however, to a college education is that of poverty. It is hardly putting it too strongly to say that in large measure college advantages are the monopoly of the rich and well-to-do. To go to college is for many a poor boy today an undertaking almost as serious as to go into modern competitive business. A great gulf is fixed between him and the college, and every gate to the higher education seems barred with gold.

Q. Would you regard this condition a loss to the community as well as to the individual denied the advantages of college education?

A. Unquestionably. A nation's wealth is her people. Rome fell, it has been well said, because of a "failure in the crop of men." Our nation cannot afford even a partial failure in this crop. In war time such a statement would pass unquestioned; but it is equally true in time of peace. We have been reminded countless times of the severity of old-world competition with American industries. Putting it on so low a plane it must be evident on reflection that the most effective of all forms of "protection" is that resulting from the wide diffusion of intelligence and the complete, all-around training and development of the greatest possible number of American men and women.

Again, the inventions and discoveries that are revolutionizing industry and suggesting the day when we may all live in "White Cities" show the result of intelligence stimulated and applied. Conceive the possible results if this intelligence, instead of being confined to a few, were extended to practically the whole population! If a few educated men can work miracles, what might not be expected of an educated population with each spurred to emulate and surpass the best already done?

Q. How would you bridge the gulf of poverty which, as you say, separates most of the youth of the land from our colleges and universities?

A. The complete solution must be found in the solution of the general poverty problem. But we can make a beginning at once. First, our college policies should be shaped by men in sympathy with the whole people rather than with a smaller class. Next, these institutions should be liberally supported. Scholarships and fellowships should be provided in state colleges and universities as they are now provided in some private institutions; and more abundantly, for the whole people should be able to employ and improve upon any good thing initiated by the few. Again, the necessary cost of attending college should be reduced. Not infrequently a student body is looked upon as the lawful prey of boarding-house keepers, landlords, and book-dealers in the college community. Dormitories, dining-halls, and book-stores can be maintained by the institution for the benefit of those desiring these advantages, to the great relief of the necessitous student.

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Again, remunerative work may be provided for students. This is especially true in institutions emphasizing the industrial feature and maintaining a farm, orchards, gardens, shops, printing-office, etc. The dining-hall, dormitory, and book-store also afford opportunity for student labor. The cooking and serving may be largely done by students. The dormitory may be cared for in the same way. In this manner long steps may be taken toward making the student self-supporting. This goal once reached, the student's individual problem is largely solved. True, he may still be detained at home to aid in supporting the family, but here again we encounter that Banquo's ghost, the problem of general poverty.

Q. You must realize, however, that a large majority of our people have passed the school and college age, and are occupied with the serious duties of life. Must these abandon the hope of an education?

A. Not at all. Many of these, it is true, seem lashed for life to the oar with no time or energy for things of the mind. That such a condition of affairs should exist in a community that boasts of its wealth and freedom must seem strange to a "traveler from Altruria," or even to the visitor from the old world. We may safely trust a growing intelligence, however, to solve this problem as it has already solved problems incomparably more intricate and complicated, for example, those connected with the practical application of electricity. Many, however, who have passed the school and college age can give some time and thought to serious, continuous study. For them correspondence instruction is especially adapted. This should be made a regular feature of our state colleges and universities, thus carrying the waters of culture to every city tenement and to every farm-house, to the toiler in the mine, the cow-boy on the plain, and to the soldier in the camp. All this work should be done absolutely without charge. In all its stages and departments education like salvation should be free.

Q. But the people to-day groan under the burden of taxation. How would you provide means for supporting education on so broad and comprehensive a scale?

A. Taxes are to-day indeed a crushing burden. This burden, however, I would lighten rather than increase. The people pay millions in taxes of which they are unconscious. Of this character are almost all indirect taxes and the frightful tribute direct to monopoly in its countless forms. I would shift the burden of taxation from the people to the monopolies. With the proceeds the people could accomplish without cost to themselves educational works as magnificent as the Rockefellers and other millionaires are to-day able to accomplish at the expense of the people but to the credit and under the control of themselves. Were but a few of the leaks stopped whereby the wealth of the people is drained away, they could make of their educational system an inconceivable power for enlightenment and progress. And one of the things a rightly conducted educational system will do will be to show the people how to stop these leaks and how to protect themselves against the forces that are destroying them.

Q. I infer, then, that you would give a prominent place to economics and sociology in colleges and universities.

A. Most decidedly. A university should cover the whole field of human knowledge and should advance knowledge in every possible direction. And especially should it work in those fields that relate most intimately to the nation's life and well-being. America to-day faces a social crisis. Never was it more terribly true that we must educate or perish. For the colleges at such a time to ignore the forces that are sapping the foundations of our national life and devote their best energies to work that distracts the attention from present-day social and industrial conditions or soothes the mind to fancied security and peace is like Nero fiddling and posing while Rome burned.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

GOD IN THE UNIVERSE: A CRITICISM OF "THE NEW THERAPEUTICS"

BY T. F. HILDRETH, D. D.

The article by Dr. R. Osgood Mason, which appeared in the November number of The Coming Age, cannot fail to interest those who have watched the changes and progress of thought, and have noted the trend of scientific investigations.

The relations of mind and matter, the psychic principle and its phenomena, have recently arrested the attention of the observant and learned in a marked degree. The interest excited by these investigations is shared alike both by the theologian and the man of science. Lovers of truth have nothing to fear for the final outcome. All creeds and theories that are timid and shrinking are hardly worth the effort it requires to maintain them. The only serious danger with which the lovers of truth are confronted is the substitution of mere theories for facts, and the influence that antecedent prejudices may have on the minds of the investigators. But so immutable is truth that all that is real in any form of religion or system of science will remain unchanged, even if in the progress of thought we are obliged to abandon many long cherished opinions. The antagonisms that have occurred in the fields of religious and scientific investigations are only such as are liable to arise in all investigations in which men of equal intelligence and honesty of mind look at the same phenomena from different points of observation. Both science and theology have so frequently been obliged to recede from positions long and tenaciously held that any charge of ignorance from either side would be unseemly and ungenerous. The limitations of knowledge will always expose us to error in our positions and conclusions, for, while there is an unknown factor, our best judgments are liable to prove defective, and the positions we have held with great confidence may finally fail for want of support.

The spirit of candor with which the learned doctor presents his thesis inspires the respect and confidence of the reader, however he may differ with him in his positions and conclusions.

The article before us is devoted chiefly to the discussion of two topics, namely, a restatement and vindication of Mr. Tyndall's doctrine of the potency and promise he claimed to have found in matter, and the application of this inherent potency —which the doctor calls the psychic force —as a remedy in the treatment of disease.

It is the purpose of this article to review these positions, both as to the doctrine of Mr. Tyndall and the relation it is supposed to sustain toward diseases and their treatment.

Following the order of "The New Therapeutics," it will be seen that the first part of the article is devoted to a brief review of the early positions held by both scientists and theologians upon the doctrine of causation, the origin of life, and the mode of its introduction on the earth.

The writer seems to have overlooked the fact that the positions held by the early theologians were also held by the

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early teachers of science as well, and that the theologian and the scientist were often one and the same person. The controversies which at a later day sprang up were not so much as to the mode of the creative scheme as they were to the source or cause of it. A class of men arose who, in the name of science, undertook to divorce God as a Creator from the universe, and who, while admitting mainly the order of things as set forth by the teachers of religion, assumed the creative power to be matter itself. This was, as it is now, the real storm center around which the battles of thought have raged.

Because theologians have not always been willing to concede that all that has been taught in the name of science is therefore necessarily scientific, they have sometimes been held up to ridicule and charged with ignorance. It was at one time considered unscientific that the blood circulates through the veins and arteries. In the name of science we were taught that the earth is stationary and that the sun revolves around it.

If it is answered that it was theology that held the latter position, let it be remembered that until a later date no scientist dissented from this position.

It is not contended that theology has taken no false positions, nor that at different times it has not been obliged to change its tenets. But it is equally apparent that much of the work of science has been to correct its own blunders.

Dr. Mason approvingly quotes Mr. Darwin as to the origin of species and the descent, or ascent, of man, in whose theory he admits that the battle, which he says raged furiously, was because God was being left out of the making and managing of his universe.

Were men of equal intelligence and scholarship with Mr. Darwin to accept, without questioning, this materialistic and atheistic doctrine, because it was put forth in the name of science? Is it not true that men of science as eminent as Mr. Darwin, as well as theologians, assailed his positions as illogical and unsustained by facts?

In his theories Mr. Darwin gave no adequate cause for the phenomena of life, and this was the real reason for the "battle of the giants," of which Dr. Mason speaks, and not the mode of the life development. Theology held then, as it does now, that the declaration, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," is a more rational solution of the universe of matter and the origin of life than that presented by Mr. Darwin.

In "The New Therapeutics" it is assumed that in the controversy theology—or, as the doctor puts it, "ecclesiastical authority"—lost, and was almost brought into contempt. The contempt of an opponent does not establish the validity of his positions. The opposition to the assumptions of Mr. Darwin was not confined to ecclesiastics.

"After the smoke of the battle had cleared away," Dr. Mason writes, "thinking men began to look about them . . . to realize, if possible, what it was that had been lost, and what won." He adds, "Whatever had been lost, the right to think had been secured."

Henceforth, then, the theologian had the same right to dissent from the dogmas of scientists as the scientist from the postulates of ecclesiasticism. Has ecclesiasticism ever been more arrogant in asserting its authority, or more exacting in its demands, than have the various schools and systems of science?

From this indorsement of Darwinism Dr. Mason passes to a brief consideration of some of the postulates of Herbert Spencer, whom he calls "the great collater and expositor of science." He quotes Mr. Spencer as saying, "We are obliged to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of an unlimited and incomprehensible power," and then adds, "Science declares this is the ultimate idea regarding a first cause, and religious statements cannot go beyond it."

In this declaration of Mr. Spencer, and the admission of the doctor, they have assented to one of the fundamental truths of theology, that the phenomena of the universe of matter and life are but the manifestation of an unlimited and incomprehensible power. This power theology calls God.

By whatever name this power may be called we are obliged to endow it with

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all the attributes of personality before we can form an intelligent conception of its existence and operations. The intelligence of the world will decide which position best satisfies the demands of reason,—an impersonal, unlimited, incomprehensible power, without attributes and intelligence, or a power which, though incomprehensible, is expressed under the conditions of intelligence and personality.

The doctor quotes Mr. Spencer as saying, "Science has marked out its domain as regards man, namely, his physical structure and the intelligence which it regards as the outcome of that structural development." In this quotation the doctor indorses the position of Mr. Spencer as to the efficient cause of man's intelligence.

Intelligence, according to Mr. Spencer, is the outcome of structural development, and hence must have been potentially contained in the matter out of which the physical structure was built up. Is it a postulate of science that mind is only one of the attributes of matter, that needs only to be organized in a certain way in order to develop consciousness and volitions? Has science in its possession such facts as to justify the assertion that the powers of the mind inhere in matter, and are a part of it? Are not these assumptions rather the dictum of men who speak in the name of science, as if opinions and facts are of equal authority? Theology will cheerfully accept even these bald statements when science can clear them of intelligent doubt, and its champions can agree among themselves. Till then we wait developments, and will calmly adhere to the "manlike idea," that life and mind had some other origin than mere matter.

The doctor quotes from Mr. Spencer, "Some do indeed allege that, although the cause of things cannot be readily thought of as having specific attributes, yet it is incumbent on us to assert these attributes."

Indeed! Why should it be deemed incumbent if they do not exist?

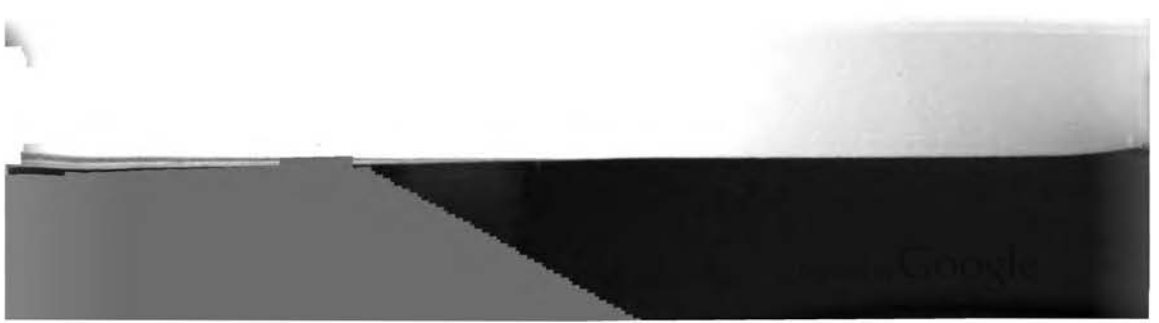
But from this position of the "great expositor of science" the learned doctor in part dissents. He says, "While this may be strictly true in regard to a full comprehension of the ultimate cause . . . we know something of the ultimate cause from the effects which we witness."

Do not these effects reveal, in part at least, both the nature and attributes of the cause? Though we may have no full comprehension of the cause, do not these effects reveal the kind of cause from which they proceed? Whatever the ultimate cause may have been it must have contained in itself the possibilities of all the effects for phenomena that are witnessed in the matter and life of the universe.

Following the order of "The New Therapeutics," we are introduced to one of the most eminent scientists in the history of modern investigation, John Tyndall. Of this learned man Dr. Mason writes: "It was reserved for a man of scientific culture . . . to speak the word which . . . will constitute the ground upon which science and religion will more nearly harmonize than ever before, presenting a form of thought relating to a first cause which, in the highest degree, satisfies the understanding of science and the sentiment of religion." Before the British Association for the advancement of science, of which Mr. Tyndall was then president, he said: "Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of all experimental evidence, and discover in matter . . . the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

Since Dr. Mason has said we are left with the right to think, before theology will accept this materialistic doctrine it will be necessary to have a clear understanding of the terms employed.

After Mr. Tyndall had crossed the boundary of all experimental evidence, what kind of evidence did he find on which to base his faith in the promise and potency of matter as containing every form and quality of life? By this confession—made in the presence of that body of learned men—he had failed by his experiments to find any evidence that satisfied his search, and hence he says he passed behind them, and found in unor-



ganized atoms the assurances which he failed to find in his experiments. Men of science in that assembly dissented from Mr. Tyndall's positions. If he failed to harmonize the thought of his fellow scientists, it can hardly be charged that none but obsolete theologians antagonized this deification of matter.

When Mr. Tyndall said that he found in matter this potency, he put before the mind two distinct ideas—matter and the power he found in matter. Unless these in his thought were identical—the matter in which he saw the power and the power he found in matter being one and the same—then are we still left with a potency greater than the matter it controls. The very terms that Mr. Tyndall employed to set forth his new doctrine of creation, when logically construed, impeach the validity of his positions.

Dr. Mason, in commenting on this confession of Mr. Tyndall, says: "The doctrine of atoms and molecules had simply assumed that in some manner, fortuitous or otherwise, a combination of molecules without life became endowed with life, and that these same molecules, without either life, sensation, or intelligence, by some fortunate combination, or operation of some mysterious and unknowable cause or force, became endowed with sensation and intelligence, and so the position of the man of science, predicating an unknown cause or force, was just as unscientific and really as supernatural as the position of the representative of religion who predicates a supernatural and unknown God."

From this admission of the doctor it seems that theology was not altogether to blame for the "clumsy and anthropomorphic idea of God," the chief difference in the two positions being that theology assigned a cause for the phenomena, while science admitted the phenomena but saw no cause. Was it a more intelligent explanation of phenomena to say it resided in matter, than that it was a cause operating on or through matter? Is this occult cause that controls matter more knowable, or less supernatural, because it is said to reside in matter? Matter and its phenomena are before us, and unless the phenomena are self-caused we are confronted with a cause which is superior to the matter through which it is revealed. When Mr. Tyndall passed beyond the boundary of all experimental knowledge, did he not find himself in the region of the supernatural—or that which is above nature? Seeming to fear that science might feel obliged to concede something to theology as to a First Cause, and yet try to free itself from presenting phenomena without a cause, the doctor says there is no dead matter, that matter has within itself the potency and promise of organization, the development of life, intelligence, consciousness, and personality. If these are indeed attributes of matter, they must have existed in every atom and molecule long before science recognized their presence. As each atom, being matter, cannot be conceived as dead, but has all the functions that belong to personality, the universe must from the first have been made up of as many conscious, intelligent atoms and molecules as were at any time in existence. This is a logical inference from this new doctrine of science. Does this theory of potency in matter clear up the mystery of the origin of life, and dispense with the unknown and unknowable? May we not as logically ascribe potency to a personal God as to find it in a universe of atoms each of which is conscious, intelligent, and possessing personality? Is it a more scientific solution of a first cause than that contained in the Book: "His invisible things"—thoughts—"from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made?" After all is not science indebted to theology for the basal truths upon which it predicates its authority? Before science can even unite two atoms it is obliged to assume the existence of some power competent to control them, and whether it is in them or outside them it must be superior to them.

In this new combination of science and religion, according to "The New Therapeutics," we have misapprehended the nature of matter. "Instead of its being the dead, soulless thing we have considered it, it has in its constitution—by virtue of simply being matter—certain qualities, affinities, and preferences, and these pref-

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erences cause constant changes in its arrangement."

Preferences imply judgments and volitions. Are the changes that we see occurring in matter because of atomic preferences for some other position? Do the atoms decide to sever the relations they have sustained, and with the concurrence of other atoms dissolve old combinations and form new ones? These atoms are not soulless, the doctor tells us. Then, as each atom has a soul of its own, these new arrangements must be by mutual consent. By the terms employed, the soul of the atom and the atom itself are not two entities. The atom has a soul by virtue of being an atom, and the soul is in the atom because an atom cannot be soulless. Until Mr. Tyndall had crossed the boundary of all experimental evidence science had taught that matter in itself is helpless,—that when at rest it will forever so remain, until put in motion by some power greater than itself. According to the new science, if matter rests or moves it is because of its own preferences. As a substitute for a personal God as a Governor and Controller of the universe, we are offered instead an impersonal potency residing in matter—the matter expressing in its various changes the existence of the potency, and potency depending on matter for its existence.

Can science and religion join hands and worship at such a materialistic altar?

Passing from life as potentially contained in the atom state, the doctor next introduces it to us labeled, "Protoplasm," —life stuff.

In all the long line of unfoldment in which potency had the control of every atom, and had directed all their preferences, nothing had been added to the original atoms either in substance or powers, for both the protoplasm and the life were contained in the original molecules, for as yet their affinities and preferences had not taken on any life form.

It must be admitted that potency exhibited a most remarkable sagacity to delay the development of the life stuff till the exact time when conditions were the most favorable to sustain the new life matter had produced. All these must have been but varying modes in which the psychic force expressed its almightiness! What, after all, has science given us but a new name for the God of theology?

Anticipating certain objections the biologist, psychologist, and chemist may make to his positions, the doctor says: "It is plainly evident that the organism alone, without mind, can produce nothing."

Here is introduced a new agency—or helper—in the work of organization, an outside power, and because of the impotency of matter to organize itself.

Whence comes this mind power? If there can be no organism without mind, the mind, then, must be superior to the organism, and must have existed in some form before it. In this matter of organization we have this order,—first mind, then organization. Here the doctor stands side by side with the theologian.

In the answer the doctor makes to the objections to his explanation of the phenomena of organized life, he says: "Matter is not the dead thing the objectors have supposed it to be; but it has a psychic quality which is ever striving to express itself in higher and more perfect ways."

This psychic quality—of the nature of which we can only judge by its phenomena—seems to have been inspired with a purpose to bring the matter in which it inheres—but of which it forms a part —into higher and more perfect conditions, and hence it proceeds to arrange it into an inexpressible number and variety of forms. Is this psychic quality an attribute of the matter which it weaves into the organism, or is it generated when the atoms combine through their preferences? From whatever source this psychic quality, it is evident that it has the power and sagacity to manipulate the atoms in a manner that transcends human ingenuity, and we find ourselves in the presence of a power greater than the atoms in which it resides, and of which it is said to be a part.

The doctor says that "matter, in its lowest estate, has this psychic quality, but those who call it affinity do not recognize that it is simply love. Unconsciously two molecules . . . move toward each other and become one."

If the atoms combine because of their preference or love for each other, can they

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be unconscious of their preferences? "Because of these preferences," the doctor says, "the psychic principle sought and found a newer and higher form of expression; life had dawned. . . . The same psychic principle formed for itself a wonderful organ, . . . a perfect cell . . . with its manifold functions, its absorptions, nutritions, and magnetic forces,—its perfect life."

This cell was built up out of pre-existent atoms endowed with the possibilities of consciousness, but which were not conscious, and the atoms were striving to build up higher modes of expression, and actually contrived a most wonderful cell with no knowledge of what they were doing. After this cell was built up the psychic principle took possession of it, and unconsciously evolved all the life forms on the globe from it.

We agree with Dr. Mason in that this was a most wonderful cell, but not, after all, as wonderful as the mode of its production.

"After a hard fought battle between science and religion," the doctor writes, "evolution in some form became an accepted fact, . . . but religion still to a degree holds to the old, clumsy idea of a personal, anthropomorphic God,—a Creator and Governor."

Is the idea of a personal God who creates and governs the universe more clumsy and manlike than an impersonal potency in every atom of matter to which the doctor is obliged to give all the attributes of personality? What is this new something but a term dressed up in theistic conceptions? To endow atoms with the power of mutual love,—to give potency desires and aspirations, and endow it with mechanical skill to do more wonderful things than the highest human intelligence can accomplish,—seems to the ordinary thinker very manlike, if not an exceedingly clumsy conception.

"The psychic element," the doctor says, "finally evolved the human organism, and it is this power that regulates and controls it." It is on this fact that he bases "The New Therapeutics." "This psychic force," he says, "is receptive as well as formative."

Does he mean to say that this all-originating, all-controlling force receives impressions from some power outside of itself? Being the only real source of power in building up the organization, by what other power can it be depleted or destroyed? If it receives as well as forms, that which it receives must come from itself. Having built up the organization solely by its own power, what is the power that deranges it, and finally sends it into decay? This psychic force is supposed to have every particle or atom of matter in the organization under its control at all times, and, it would seem, could keep it in perfect order. If it is answered that disease is the result of violated laws, and the limitation of our knowledge, let it be remembered that according to this doctrine all our endowments of thought and reason are but modes in which this psychic force expresses itself,—that any blunders we may make are under its control. If, as the doctor says, there is no such thing as dead matter, how can there be death, —threatening, diseased matter? While it is admitted that the mind and will have great influence on physical conditions, that these mutually affect each other, still the doctor admits that the medical and the whole intelligent, thinking world are not decided as to how the action of mind in one person can produce physiological effects upon another. In this statement it is logically admitted that we have a dual nature the parts of which are so intimately related that no analysis can find the exact point of connection; yet they are so unlike in their attributes that they cannot be reduced to one entity. If mind in one person can, by some occult law, affect for better or worse the physical condition of another, then must we conclude that the true source of psychic power is in mind and not in matter. We can well afford to hold our faith in a state of non-acceptance until science can give us a better basis on which to build than the mere guesses or uncertain experiments of widely differing theories.

As an efficient remedy in the treatment of diseases, it is evident the psychic force must be well within the knowledge and under the control of the skilled operator, who is so well versed in the law of sug-

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gestion as to know what kind of suggestion will best answer the mental and physical states of the patient. It is to be inferred from "The New Therapeutics" that not all remedies are to be superseded by the law of suggestion, but that the psychic power will efficiently operate through or in the remedy according to the suggestions of the operator. If the patient is negative, instead of positive—that is, unimpressible,—both the suggestion and remedy may fail, because of the absence of the psychic force in him.

It has pleased the doctor to give some special attention to the remarkable things that are said to have occurred in the life ministry of Jesus. He admits that he was a wonderfully endowed man,—unusually gifted; but that he did anything that can be considered supernatural—that is, beyond the power of natural laws—he denies. Whatever wonderful things Jesus did, he thinks were done by the law of suggestion, and that Jesus did not claim for himself any other than human powers, though it was claimed by his ignorant followers that he possessed supernatural power.

It must have escaped the doctor's memory that at different times the language Jesus used concerning himself would lead those who heard him to believe that both as to his origin and his character he was superhuman.—above natural human conditions. If it is said he has been falsely reported, who has impeached the integrity of the record? If it is claimed he was ignorant of his true origin and nature, who has convicted him of the deception? If Jesus was but a man—deny as we may the possibility of the supernatural—the survival of his influence over the world must itself be admitted to be supernatural. It will hardly do to say that this idea of him is only shared by the ignorant. Look over the fields of thought, call the names of the men of science, study the world's philosophies, and see who are they who say, "Never man spake as this man." It is a bold assumption of men of science to say there never has been and never can be a supernatural event. Does science know all the sources and modes of power, and all their possible manifestations? The sum of the known to the unknown is as the finite to the infinite. Science will lose nothing by being reasonably modest.

The limits of this article will prevent a fuller discussion of these great questions so full of interest to every lover of truth. We have only space to consider one or two of the doctor's closing postulates: "There are two principles in nature that can never be divorced, ... matter and spirit. Neither can exist without the other."

Neither matter nor spirit is a principle. They are substances, or entities, and cannot be reduced to the same conditions. They are fundamentally unlike in their attributes, and though closely related, so unlike are they that one cannot be conceived to be the product of the other. For reasons that we do not know they are united, and from one or the other, or both in co-operation, come all known phenomena. But who knows that their term of union cannot cease; and that, being unlike, they cannot exist apart? If matter is spirit, and spirit is matter, then they are not two principles, but one and the same.

Equally emphatic is the doctor's declaration that "God himself could no more exist without a universe than a universe exist without God."

Who knows enough about God and the universe to say with authority one cannot exist without the other? Is the fact of the divine existence limited by our conception of it?

It may be true that we cannot conceive of the universe as existing without God, but that does not signify that the universe is God and God is the universe. Turn where we will the unknown and the unknowable are before us. Something must have been First.

What was that Something?

Look about you and mark the examples you admire or abhor, and study well the path in life you enter.

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A WORD CONCERNING THE MINORITY

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

Many persons find it painful to be classed among the few, in contradistinction to being members of the dominant party. I know full well, too, that there are reasons for this dislike of a minority position, whether it be political, social, or fraternal; and, as my place has been more often in the ranks of the minority, I may in consequence consistently express an opinion concerning the subject.

Let it be admitted that talented men striving for adulation or popularity have greater opportunities in the ranks of the majority; let it also be granted that the man of mediocre attainments or of weak mentality is best cared for by the numbers that go to make up the majority; and let it also be conceded that the unscrupulous person finds in the majority a field to ply his abilities for self-aggrandizement or for self-conspicuity that could not be at his command in the minority. That this is all true is exemplified by the manner in which a great number of weak brethren flock to what is seen to be the popular side of an issue, as well as by the way in which gifted but selfishly ambitious men desert a defeated though just cause. But while the majority must rule in party affairs, it does not necessarily follow that their cause is the right one or that the principles advocated are correct. It has been said that "treason never lives," for if successful it is afterward viewed as a struggle for liberty and by that success ceases to be treason. So it is with the issues advocated by the minority if success follows the effort.

A new principle of government, an issue against existing conditions, may be advocated by a few persons whose augmenting numbers multiply until the minority becomes a majority, and then their word becomes law. But it does not follow that augmenting numbers are indicative of right principles, nor on the other hand does it follow that a minority which remains a minority is in the wrong. As a rule, I believe minority parties begin their work by advocating reforms that are desirable; and while the men concerned in the movements may often be impracticable enthusiasts or "visionary reformers," still their aims are for the most part unselfish and are directed either toward the bettering of conditions or the elimination of what they believe to be existing error. Nor is it rare for the leaders of the majority to perceive the strength of the principles advocated by the minority, and artfully seize and appropriate them to their own use, thus robbing the originators of their rightful property. But a principle established does its own good work, and it is not an evidence of failure, by any means, for a minority party to be worn out because it has been a feeder of higher ethics and principles to the majority party. Occasionally, instead of being sapped of its life blood, the minority draws to itself the disintegrating parts of older organizations, beginning with the better element, and comes into power; and therein lies danger, for power brings flocks of men who desire to be with the numerically great, either for self-protection because they themselves are weak, or for self-aggrandizement because of ambition. Both the good and the bad elements of the old parties ultimately find homes in the new when the old parties disintegrate, and then the dominating bad begin anew their schemes for self. Thus, since "absolute power in human hands is always abused," the wrongs that might be wrought by the arrogant majority had it continued a power become a part of the work of the minority when it creeps into popularity, assimilates those elements, and reaches a position which enables it to become despotic. Designing men now artfully manage to gain control of the organization, and ultimately brush aside the pioneers who established the good works, and on whose name the intruders, without other change than that of name, take a new lease of life.

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I have said that I have found myself more often in the ranks of the minority than of the majority. But it is true that when the minority to which I have belonged, either of a section or of a distinct body, has by chance become the majority, I have not observed the same enthusiastic strife after higher things. There seems finally to be a relinquishment of upward effort, a failure to progress, a lowering of ethical principles. To an extent this may be accounted for by the retirement of the "wheel horses," who, finding their principles successful as they believe, and having accomplished their mission, voluntarily withdraw and cease to take an active part in affairs. It is also partly contingent on the enforced withdrawal of others who find little recognition from the domineering new-comers who step in and take upon themselves the work prosperity makes easy, but who would not be in the ranks were it not for the prosperity that has come through the efforts of others.

I now shall pass from a review of my experience or observation concerning fraternal and political minorities, to the minority school in medicine, with which I have been earnestly and zealously connected for the third of a century. The eclectic school is a minority school, and this fact relieves us of the presence of many ambitious or selfish men who always seek the majority for the personal power they can obtain through its strength, and keeps from us also weak men who need to be cared for by reason of the power that results from numbers. No man seeks a minority section for either of these objects, and by reason of this we are in my opinion favored, and the regular* school is correspondingly unfortunate. The work and ambitions of the members of our school have not been understood as well as they should, partly because we have been content to work among ourselves, but largely because the regular school in medicine has been of the opinion that we are not only illiterate, but have neither principles nor objects worthy of the earnest attention of physicians. That these gentlemen have so long allowed themselves to maintain this view seems not, however, to further the conspicuous position they occupy and the broad stand they desire and should have established in science, and this I say in all kindness. The scientific man is a searcher for facts, liberal to whomsoever works and contributes to science, and is not given to personal prejudice. But are not we of this medical minority largely responsible for the condition just mentioned? Have we not been clannish and indifferent to the opinions of outsiders, and aware of the views the majority of the members of the regular profession hold concerning us, yet made little attempt to undeceive them? Knowing, too, that we are a minority section in medicine, and appreciating the richness of our materia medica and the effectiveness of our practice, we have been encouraged to go our way indifferent to the opinions of others, even though conscious of the fact that we are considered as charlatans by conscientious men of the regular school, who, did they know us better, would not misjudge us in this manner. As a minority we have lived content in the belief that we are doing a good and great work in our chosen field, are benefiting mankind, and have done much to develop the materia medica of the world by these seventy-five years of study that we have given to the investigation of the remedies native to America. But I question if this work has constituted our whole duty. My close connection with the former leaders of our school, now most of them numbered among the departed, has led me to appreciate them the more from the very fact that they were ever content in their minority position, even while giving freely to the majority party that abused them unmercifully; and yet, who will deny that they had faults? Misrepresentation and hard words soured these men, and kept them aloof from earnest men in the other section of medicine; and thus it is to be lamented that so many of the treasures we have uncovered are not known beyond the confines of our circle.

As an associate member of the eclectic school in medicine (for I am not a physician), I have met my share of mis-state-

*Regular.—"I use this term as applied to the dominant section of American physicians, because their members seem as a rule to prefer it to allopathic. The term irregular I do not consider opprobrious as applied to those of the minority." —J. U. L. (Amer. Jour. of Pharmacy, 1890, p. 243).

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ment and personal abuse, merited or unmerited; but I feel to-day, as I have in the past, that such antagonism is to be expected if one holds opinions that are not elaborated by the men who lead the majority. Realizing these conditions and fairly understanding human nature, I bear no ill will toward the leaders of the regular school who promulgate and believe in a code of ethics which demands of their party in medical politics that the minority in medicine—regardless of qualifications, aims, or works performed—be classed as charlatans and quacks; while all members of their own organization, regardless of morality or even of their educational qualifications, be considered as the professional equals of the purest and highest. This fast fading day of school antagonisms seems to me a monstrous wrong toward themselves, toward science, and toward ourselves; and the more so as I firmly believe the aim of the framers of this code, and the object of the leaders in the school heiring it was, and is, alike to elevate the standing of the physician, benefit humanity, and oppose quackery. Yet the majority of the members of the regular school, although aware of the great unexplored unknown, firmly believe, to express it mildly, that we of the minority school in medicine have no excuse for working in lines they have either neglected or abandoned, or of even existing as a distinct body.

But let that thought pass. Our professional family is not a large one, but we are contented. Can the majority say more? Our discoveries are being used to help mankind, and the result of our investigation into drug action and our development of American drugs during the past half-century is creeping gradually into the fold of the majority. Our eclectic remedies are found in the pharmacopoeias of all countries. What matters it to us whether the ethics of the majority school in medicine will not permit them to give us credit for these discoveries, if in the end humanity is benefited? As a member of the minority school in medicine, ambitious in behalf of America's materia medica and of the elevation of medicine generally, I say in all earnestness that when I consider the outcome of our efforts my position in this minority school is one of contentment, but I would be better contented were there no school antagonisms. Nor do the opinions others hold concerning us lessen in any degree whatever my good will toward them or my admiration for the great and good works done by them in humanity's behalf. In the ranks of the dominant school are to be found men whom I honor second to none, whose aims are high, whose lives are pure, and whose love and friendship I value dearly. But to return to ourselves, I see no cause for disturbance or alarm over our future, unless it be in unexpected aggrandizement. As long as we move onward in the course the founders of our school in medicine mapped, as long as we continue to be harmonious and contented, working toward the good of humanity, I can see no objection to the minority position we occupy. But, to be absorbed into the majority, unless that majority recognizes the value to humanity of our works and objects, and not only grants the fact, but enters with spirit into the furtherance of this work, or to become by growth the majority (the latter fortunately is not likely to occur), would in my opinion be the beginning of the end. Our mission would soon terminate were we to become too powerful, for the advent of a few ambitious men, antagonistic or indifferent to higher objects, and of a multitude of antagonistic persons prejudiced by heirlooms from the vicious past to give them the support of numbers, would close our onward movement in the field that for seventy-five years we have been persistently developing.

Opposition and oppression have, I repeat, for me no concern. I fear more the effects of prosperity, for prosperity attained by the minority too often brings disaster to its cause. The danger lies not in the attacks of powerful rival schools of medicine. This history proves, and I say in all earnestness that my personal study of this subject, and my experience as a member of the minority, lead me not only to be content among old friends, but to view with apprehension all attempts toward making ourselves popular at the expense of the principles which have governed us heretofore.

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THE CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY HOSPITAL

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Hospital is a thoroughly equipped, modern hospital that will compare favorably with any similar institution in the country. Accommodation is provided for all classes of cases; the same care and attention is bestowed upon all. It is situated at Clifton Forge, well known to travelers as one of the most delightful and picturesque sites between Cincinnati and Gordonsville.

I believe that no statistics from printed reports could be half so interesting or convincing as a quotation I give below from a letter received from an employee of the Chesapeake & Ohio. He says:

One would have to be acquainted with the conditions to appreciate the benefits. Now, when a man is sick or injured, instead of being an expense and burden to his relatives or friends, he is taken to the hospital free of charge, and has the very best medical attention and nursing possible. The hospital is up in the Virginia Mountains, and the trip is just elegant. My young brother is there now sick with a fever, and he says everything is so nice and comfortable that a fellow just has to get well.



CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY HOSPITAL AT CLIFTON FORGE, VIRGINIA.

The railway company donated this beautifully located and thoroughly equipped building to the Hospital Association. The employees of the railway company pay a small amount monthly, some as low as fifteen cents per month, and receive in case of illness all the benefits. They do not have to be injured by accident while performing services to the company, but disease or illness incidental to any mode of life entitles them to the privileges here given, and they are assured of the services of most skillful surgeons and nurses.

What a testimony this is in favor of the hospital, and the forethought and care of the railway officials. This is the way to smooth out the rough lines, and level all barriers between employers and employees. Humanity, love, and appreciation for the one by the other will bring greater results than money expended in any other way.

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I have conversed with several employees on this road, and I find but one feeling, that of earnest good will and thorough appreciation of the efforts made by this company for the comfort and welfare of their employees. The Railway Department of the Young Men's Christian Association deserves the very highest praise for their excellent work in this line, and the red dots on the map of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway are the winning card of this great company, for it shows Christian fellowship from trackman to president.

ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

Milton's heart was greater than his head. His intellect accepted the theology of his time, but his heart, like the heart of every true poet, kept breaking away from it. With his head he accepted the idea that God had made a great spiritual being who became a devil, but in his effort to portray that devil Milton breathed into him his own spirit of freedom and Satan became a hero.

The Eden legend is taken literally, and the fall depicted in awful grandeur, but between the lines you read something truer than the mere words of the poet. The fall is not downward, as Milton himself says and tries to believe, but is upward, for his heart makes it so in spite of his professed belief. Though driven from Paradise, companionship, love, and the divine fatherhood still bless and guide the fugitive pair. Eve is never so beautiful and lovely as when she accepts the almighty decree and goes forth from the garden.

With thee to go, is to stay here:
Without thee here to stay is to go hence unwilling.

So says Eve to Adam, or, in other words, hell with thee is better than heaven without thee. Try as he will, Milton cannot create a genuine perdition. His heart is too great, the inspiration of truth is too powerful. Born to a creed cruel, abhorrent, nature within him arrests itself, and like Baalim, trying to curse in good orthodox style, he must needs bless.

It is this heart of the poet that gives "Paradise Lost" what little life now remains in it. Its dogmas have long been outworn and laid aside. Its descriptions are grandiose and unnatural, but the spirit of freedom, love, and truth will not be suppressed. Because Milton was a man more than he was a philosopher, a theologian, or a poet, we read him to-day.

The foregoing suggests the query whether it be possible that the conservative side of theology, of civilization, or of art can raise up a great world teacher? Can a man be true to his conservatism and still say anything the world will long care to hear? Can orthodox theology raise up a great poet who will not break his fetters, or can one by slavishly copying conventional art achieve true greatness? The answer is easily in the negative. All theology cries, "Back to God," and art cries, "Back to nature." No teacher is great enough to stand forever between a human soul and its creator. No artist can see for us sky, forest, mountain, sea, and river.

So with government. No set of men, however good and wise, can fix constitution and laws that will endure forever. Back to human needs, is earth's eternal appeal to her governors. I sometimes think it would be a blessing if history could be blotted out, so that men would be forced to seek their true present welfare unrestrained by precedents. History may have its uses, if its abuses are not greater, but when precedent is used to destroy liberty the spirit rebels and bathes the earth in blood. The meaning of all this is that man is meant to be free. His true teacher is nature, and nature's God. The noblest souls cannot be shackled, the noblest imaginations cannot create what cannot exist without dethroning love and reason. Hence Milton failed to create a devil and a hell; how much less, then, can God create them.

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THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

EIGHTEENTH PAPER

"SAADI."—III.

Let the great world bustle on
With war and trade, with camp and town;
A thousand men shall dig and eat;
At forge and furnace thousands sweat;
And thousands sail the purple sea,
And give or take the stroke of war,
Or crowd the market and bazaar;
Oft shall war end, and peace return,
And cities rise where cities burn,
Ere one man my hill shall climb,
Who can turn the golden rhyme.
Let them manage how they may,
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.
Seek the living among the dead,—
Man in man is imprisoned;
Barefooted Dervish is not poor,
If fate unlock his bosom's door,
So that what his eye hath seen
His tongue can paint as bright, as keen;
And what his tender heart hath felt
With equal fire thy heart shall melt.
For, whom the Muses smile upon,
And touch with soft persuasion,
His words like a storm-wind can bring
Terror and beauty on their wing;
In his every syllable
Lurketh nature veritable;
And though he speak in midnight dark,—
In heaven no star, on earth no spark,—
Yet before the listener's eye
Swims the world in ecstasy,
The forest waves, the morning breaks,
The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,
Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
And life pulsates in rock or tree.
Saadi, so far thy words shall reach:
Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech!

Ere one man my hill shall climb,
Who can turn the golden rhyme.

No poet has yet realized Emerson's ideal of the "one man" and the "golden rhyme" in such perfection as satisfies the exorbitant demands of this critic. Even "Homer" is "ballad grinding." But in the high levels yet achieved we may speak of great and small in our contemplation of poets. In this way we find our "one man" and our "golden rhyme." But the lines above indicate the slow and infrequent advent of this surprise.

> Seek the living among the dead,—
> Man in man is imprisoned.

Emerson uses the word "dead" elsewhere in this sense. He says in 1852: "I waked last night, and bemoaned myself because I had not thrown myself into this deplorable question of slavery, which seems to want nothing so much as a few assured voices. But then in hours of sanity I recover myself, and say, God must govern his own world, and knows his way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to free than those negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man,—far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman or lover or defender but I."

"Dead" in the above lines does not have the meaning as in the phrase, "Dead in trespasses and sins," oft quoted in the technique of many religious denominations. It obviously means one low and undeveloped in his intellectual and spiritual capacities. In the former sense one might be "dead" though endowed with fine culture and social rank, while the opposite term, life, could be applied to a slave and one quite low in knowledge and mental power. But dead in our poem must have the connotation given above, and refer to the undeveloped man in the lines of what are commonly called education, if it does not also carry the implication of a humble social state.

"Life is a train of moods, life a string of beads," says Emerson, "and as we pass through them they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. The more or less depends on structure or temperament. Temperament is the iron wire on which the beads are strung. Of what use is genius, if the organ is too convex or too concave.

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and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life? Of what use if the brain is too cold or too hot, and the man does not care enough for results to stimulate him to experiment, and hold him up in it? Or if the web is too finely woven, too irritable by pleasure and pain, so that life stagnates from too much reception, without due outlet? Of what use to make heroic vows of amendment, if the same old law-breaker is to keep them? What cheer can the religious sentiment yield, when that is suspected to be secretly dependent on the seasons of the year and the state of the blood? I knew a witty physician who found theology in the biliary duct, and used to affirm if there was disease of the liver the man became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sound he became a Unitarian. Very mortifying is the experience that some unfriendly excess or imbecility neutralizes the promise of genius. We see young men who owe us a new world, so readily and lavishly they promise, but they never acquit the debt. They die young and dodge the account; or, if they live, they lose themselves in the crowd."

"Temperament also enters fully into the system of illusions, and shuts us in a prison of glass which we cannot see. There is an optical illusion about every person we meet. In truth they are all persons of given temperament, which will appear in a given character, whose boundaries they will never pass; but we look at them, they seem alive, and we presume there is impulse in them. In the year, in the lifetime, it turns out to be a certain uniform tune which the revolving barrel of the music-box must play. Men resist the conclusion in the morning, but adopt it as the evening wears on, that temper prevails over everything of time, place, and condition, and is inconsumable in the flames of religion. Some modifications the moral sentiment avails to impose, but the individual texture holds its dominion, if not to bias the moral judgments, yet to fix the measure of activity and of enjoyment."

"How many individuals can we count in society? how many actions? how many opinions? So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours. So in this great society wide lying around us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense. There are even few opinions, and these seem organic in the speakers, and do not disturb the universal necessity."

"A deduction must be made from the opinion which even the wise express of a new book or occurrence. Their opinion gives tidings of their mood and some vague guess at the new fact, but is no wise to be trusted as the lasting relation between that intellect and that thing."

"Our moods do not believe in each other. To-day I am full of thoughts and can write what I please. I see no reason why I should not have the same thought, the same power of expression to-morrow. What I write whilst I write it seems the most natural thing in the world; but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity in this direction in which I now see so much; and a month hence, I doubt not, I shall wonder who he was that wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this infirm faith, this will not strenuous, this vast ebb of a vast flow! I am God in nature; I am a weed by the wall!"

Thus are we prisoners to our temperaments, to our moods, and equally to our circumstances, our experiences, our vices, our virtues,—all we are and all we have been or hope to be,—that vast, complex whole which we sometimes call the "personal equation." Who can deliver us from such bondage? And yet the gentle Saadi would say still,

> **Seek the living among the dead,—**
> **Man in man is imprisoned.**

The high as well as the low are in prison, and the low as well as the high are "on the way to all that is good and fair."

> **Barefooted Dervish is not poor,**
> **If fate unlock his prison door.**

"It is impossible that the creative power should exclude itself. Into every intelligence there is a door which is never closed, through which the creator passes."

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So that what his eye hath seen
His tongue can paint as bright, as keen;
And what his tender heart hath felt,
With equal fire thy heart shall melt.

In the following sixteen lines we have a beautiful example of vicarious expression, in which song or eloquence is given under the similitude of a series of events and pictures out in nature. Each has the force of a symbol, and helps to translate the poet's meaning into the language of things.

And thus to Saadi said the Muse:
"Eat thou the bread which men refuse;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing,—Fortune seeketh thee."

This is what the same Muse said in the essay on "The Poet:" "O Poet! a new nobility is conferred in groves and pastures, and not in castles or by the sword-blade any longer. The conditions are hard but equal. Thou shalt leave the world and know the Muse only. Thou shalt not know any longer the times, customs, graces, politics, or opinions of men, but shalt take all from the Muse. For the time of towns is tolled from the world by funeral chimes, but in nature the universal hours are counted by succeeding tribes of animals and plants, and by growth of joy on joy. God wills also that thou abdicate a manifold and duplex life, and that thou be content that others speak for thee. Others shall be thy gentlemen, and shall represent all courtesy and worldly life for thee; others shall do the great and resounding actions also. Thou shalt lie close hid with nature, and canst not be afforded to the Capitol or the Exchange. The world is full of renunciations and apprenticeships, and this is thine,—that thou must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season. This is the screen and sheath in which Pan has protected his well beloved flower, and thou shalt be known only to thine own, and they shall console thee with tenderest love. And thou shalt not be able to rehearse the names of thy friends in thy verse, for an old shame before the holy ideal. And this is the reward,—that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious but not troublesome, to thy invulnerable essence. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor, the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy. The woods and the rivers thou shalt own; and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true land-lord, sea-lord, air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or waters flow, or birds fly, wherever day and night melt into twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds, or sown with stars, wherever are forms with transparent boundaries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee, and though thou shalt walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble."

And thus the song goes on:

Nor mount nor dive; all good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep.

Says Emerson, in "Experience:" "I compared notes with one of my friends who expects everything of the universe, and is disappointed when anything is less than the best, and I found that I begin at the other extreme, expecting nothing, and am always full of thanks for moderate goods."

Wish not to fill the isles with eyes
To fetch thee birds of paradise:
On thine orchard's edge belong
All the brags of plume and song.

For Nature, true and like in every place,
Will hint her secret in a garden patch,
Or in lone corners of a doleful heath,
As in the Andes watched by fleets at sea,
Or the sky-piercing horns of Himmaleh;
And, when I would recall the scenes I dreamed
On Adirondack steeps, I know
Small need have I of Turner or Daguerre,
Assured to find the token once again
In silver lakes that unexhausted gleam
And peaceful woods beside my cottage door.

We animate what we can, and we see only what we animate. We find beauty and music if we bring them with us. The psychologists have made it plain that half the phenomena must be furnished by the mind, and the beauty and the music are all in the mind. Bring plume and song, and we shall find them. Things, says

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Lotze, come to appraisal and value only in feeling. To the intellect one thing is as good as another.

> Open innumerable doors
> The heaven where unveiled Allah pours
> The flood of truth, the flood of good,
> The Seraph's and the Cherub's food.
> Those doors are men: the Pariah hind
> Admits thee to the perfect Mind.

Emerson says, in "History:" "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent." "A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts." All the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as laws. The individual mind may trust its fortunes to the fact of its residence in the "one mind." And shall we not claim a common destiny as we have a common origin? How can there be high or low in this equal relation? A man's future must lie in the fact that he is a man. What is difference but an insignificant trifle? And who made us to differ? Let us say that a man is saved, not because he is a good man or a great man, but because he is a man. He that is admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. A man's character has its causes. "Everything refers." "I see nothing at last in success or failure," says Emerson, "but more or less of vital force supplied by the Eternal."

"Open innumerable doors." The doors are men. What is seraph's and cherub's "food" but love and truth? The rabbis say the seraphs love most, the cherubs know most. When we sweep away all superficial distinctions, and take account of what our fellow-men have given us as men, we have everything in the sum that is worth computation.

> Blessed gods in servile masks
> Plied for thee thy household tasks.

The lower is potentially higher than the actual highest. Gleams and scintillations, shed forth by common things and persons, some mysterious function shall gather, sort, and compact into the good, the true, the beautiful, which instinctively we choose and long for. That must be a prophecy. Man, like God, is a world maker. All our present lives we have been making our worlds better, and still,

> The fiend that man harries
> Is love of the best.

Browning, in the poem "Jochanan Hakkadosh," makes the dying rabbi say to his disciples, just as he is passing from them:

> To love—
> That lesson was to learn not here—but there,
> On earth, not here!

He is so far away from earth that he speaks of it as "there." The glory of another world is around him in this moment of transition, and he calls it "here" as if he were already "across the bar."

Thus it is for all. The scintillations we gather from common things and persons, the imagination, a "domestic artist" given to all, shall sort and compact into heavens and angels. Man, like God, is a world maker.

Our experience when young and in obscure circumstances, it may be, gives us in the persons about us those wonderful distinctions of high and low, and the laws and the illusions in which they instruct us, just as well as in the subsequent and larger theaters we call "society." The "good and bad" of the great world are the same "good and bad" of the first lessons. We find our angels and our devils at the start in life,—and no better angels generally than in our early homes.

Only the man who has command over his thought can arrange ideas and think systematically.

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THE HEBREW PHILOSOPHERS: THE PHILOSOPHER AS A MYSTIC—JOHN

BY PROFESSOR NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, PH. D.

FOURTH PAPER

A hundred years had passed since the death of Jesus. It had been filled to the brim with rich experiences. There had been glowing expectations and grievous disenchantments, an unspeakable joy in believing and cruel persecutions for the faith, a fellowship of love extending to community of goods and fierce internal dissensions, a zealous missionary propaganda and much idle speculation, a pious gathering of memories fragrant with the aroma of life, and a busy retouching of tradition to adapt it to growing needs and demands.

A hundred years of the Nazarene! What a ferment he had left behind in the world! How simple in all its grandeur the cause, how curiously complex the result! It was but the old story, ever new in the life of the race, of devotion to duty, obedience to conscience, loyalty to conviction, sincerity of thought, integrity of motive, boldness of speech,—a battle in some center of strongly intrenched traditions, and a crushing defeat by the overwhelming hosts arrayed in defense of things as they are. The career of the prophet of Nazareth could only end on Golgotha's cross. But the cross could not sever his life from the throbbing life of humanity. His disciples had fled from the scenes of his death; they could not flee from his spirit.

Among the hills of Galilee, upon the shore of its blue lake, when they dragged in their nets, as they brake the bread at their humble board, while they searched the scrolls of their sacred books, they felt his presence again. There were those who said they had seen him in visions of glory, appearing and suddenly vanishing. Out of love for him and faith in the prophetic word grew the hope that he would speedily return on the clouds of heaven.

Rabban Gamaliel had five hundred disciples, according to the Babylonian Talmud, whom he instructed in Greek wisdom. Among them was Saul of Tarsus. He had reflected intensely on the Christ who was to come, and what manner of man he was to be. He had learned to regard him as a pre-existent, celestial being, the archetypal man who was to appear on the earth in the fullness of time. He had thought much concerning the law that demanded an obedience seemingly beyond man's power to render, and the position of Israel that apparently involved divine partiality. To regard a crucified malefactor as the Messiah would lead to monstrous consequences, was blasphemy deserving of death. It was absurd to think that the law could have spent its force upon the head of the Christ that was to be. His hands were red with the blood of the disciples of Jesus. But a guilty conscience has its visions, and what his inner eye beheld on the road to Damascus convinced him that this Jesus whom he persecuted was indeed the Christ. In condemning the Lord of glory, the legal institution had then condemned itself; the law had lost its authority and ceased to be a partition wall between Jew and Gentile.

No sooner had the storm occasioned by this radical gospel passed than the Roman eagles swooped down on the Holy City. Robbed of its temple, Judaism clung the more tenaciously to its law, and built high the hedge about it which shut out the Christian world. The infant church then commenced to gather in its memories of what the Master had said and done. It was in the last decade of the first century that our first three gospels were composed.

As the century turned a new situation began to develop. Men who had received their education, not in the synagogues

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but in the academies of the Greeks, began to embrace Christianity. These educated converts had left the myths and cults of their pagan faith for the unsearchable riches of Christ, and many of them found it impossible to accept the cult and fables of the Old Testament along with Christ. Without any synagogue training to warp their judgment, they perused those sacred scriptures. They read of a god who had fashioned man out of clay, and to them matter was the very source of evil. They read of a god who repented of what he had done, who commanded the sacrifice of animals, who decreed one day the destruction of the world and the next day regretted it. This god, they reasoned, could not be the god and father of their Lord Jesus Christ. Who was he, then? He was a demiurg, a subordinate divinity, the god of the Jews. This was the conclusion drawn by Marcion and other thinkers of the time. What other conclusion could such men reach than that the god who revealed himself in the Old Testament was an inferior divinity? The Christian epistles and gospels seemed to them the only authoritative scriptures, Christian sacraments the only true ritual, the knowledge of Christ as the unique emanation from God the highest wisdom. These men wanted everything to center in that first emanation from the Most High God, the Christ, in whom they found the wisdom that passeth all understanding.

Confronted by this new situation, the church was left without guidance. With these bewildering questions to solve she looked in vain to the clouds. The Master delayed his coming. On earth men found no Paraclete to comfort them with the word of truth. The rivalry with the Johannine sect, which had grown apace, became more intense. Men like Apollos, with Alexandrine methods, had shown the superiority of the teacher to the disciple, of the one who was commissioned to baptize to the one who only was baptized by him. Fortifying themselves with Alexandrian speculation, some men seemed to have proclaimed that John was the incarnation of the eternal wisdom. In Jewish synagogues Christians had disputed daily concerning the Old Testament prophecies and attempted to show their fulfillment in Jesus. The Jews had suffered great hardships in the quelling of the insurrection of Barcochba, and they had taken fearful vengeance in Cyprus, Cyrene, Antioch, butchering whole populations, and attracting universal hatred. In this hatred the Christians naturally had become involved. This was the situation. If ever there was a time when the Master's thought upon the questions of the time was called for, it was now. And if ever the right man came to the rescue, it was when the fourth evangelist stepped forth to utter the message of his Lord.

Without Philo of Alexandria the new evangelist could not have accomplished his task. From this philosopher he had the Logos conception, this idea of an eternal reason, a divine word, through which a world came out of chaos, and by which it is sustained, this "second god" illumining every human soul and the prophets in particular. From him he also had the allegorical method of interpretation.

His Christian experience taught him what Philo never dreamed, that this Logos had become flesh. To his thought this was the solvent of all difficulties. The creation of the world and its preservation were indeed mediated by a divine agency, but this was not the god of the Jews, it was the Logos. The prophetic inspiration in Israel was not the product of a Jewish deity, but of the Logos that illumines every man who comes into the world. There runs a cleavage through mankind, but not between Jews and Gentiles, rather between those attracted by the divine light and those held in darkness. The scriptures must be understood allegorically. The supreme sacrifice, the paschal lamb, is but a type of the true Lamb of God; the sacred feasts are only symbols of his work. When the Jewish feasts of Passover, and Tabernacles, and Dedication come round, the Logos appears in Jerusalem to offer his flesh for food, his spirit for drink, his body for a temple. On the sabbaths he works, as his father does, but for the good of man.

So the earlier gospels are allegorically treated. They are before the fourth evangelist, who is a student of them. They are seen in the new light of the Word made flesh. In the fourth gospel there

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is no virgin birth, no conception by the Holy Ghost. Why not? Because the Logos exists from eternity to eternity. When he appears in the flesh, he has a father as well as a mother, but these earthly relations are of no significance, the spiritual relations being alone important. "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" That is the voice of the Logos, which in the last moment again says: "Behold thy mother." There is no messianic temptation in the fourth gospel. Why not? Because the Logos cannot be tempted by evil, and because he is the promised Messiah. In the earlier gospels Jesus does not use concerning himself or accept for himself any messianic title, and he even forbids his disciples to say that he is the Messiah. Not so in the new gospel. Here he appears from the first in this role, and is at once recognized as such by John the Baptist and his disciples. While in the older accounts he proclaims the kingdom and speaks of the Father, he here points incessantly to himself. There is no transfiguration in the fourth gospel. The cross is his mount of transfiguration. There is no struggle with demons for the healing of men possessed as in the earlier gospels. Why not? Because the Logos cannot come into contact with this world of unclean demons. It is doubtful whether the author believes either in demons or in miracles. The miracles of this gospel are of a different character from those in the Synoptics. In fact, it is a question whether they are miracles at all. They rather appear to be meant as allegories. In place of the formalism of the Jews, with their purificatory rites, Jesus pours out a quickening, joy-giving wine. The bread he multiplies is the heavenly manna, himself. He heals men who are blind, restores their sight, that they may see the glory of the Son of God. He calls his poor friend Lazarus from the tomb, since he is the resurrection and the life, and those who believe in him have now eternal life. Everywhere symbolism, nowhere a real miracle. There is no paschal meal before his death in this gospel. He is himself the paschal lamb, and hence his death is placed, contrary to the other accounts, on the day when the Passover was celebrated. Nor is there any institution of the Lord's Supper. The author knows the eucharistic formulas; the eating of the flesh and the drinking of the blood are indeed necessary, but the flesh, he adds, profits nothing, the teaching is spirit and life. There is no agony in Gethsemane and no cry of God-forsakenness on the cross. The Logos walks in calm, unruffled majesty to his glorification. There is no ascension after forty days. The risen Lord breathes his own spirit on the disciples; there is no need of ascension and benediction, for he leaves his spirit with them. And that spirit is the only Paraclete needed; he will remind of what Jesus said, and also things of future import will he reveal. Everything in the earlier gospels is treated with a sovereign freedom such as no modern interpreter would ever dream of using. The evangelist moves amid the traditions of the past with the majesty of a soul that has but one all-consuming passion and one ever-controlling thought. This thought sincerely held was what the age most deeply needed. Herein lies the evangelist's justification.

The Baptist had indeed preceded Jesus in history, but in reality the Logos was before John appeared. He was not the true light, but only a witness bearing testimony concerning his own inferiority and the atoning work of the Christ.

The chief opponents of the Logos are the Jews, those "children of the devil," proud of their descent from Abraham, forgetting that before Abraham was the Logos existed, misinterpreting their "law," failing to grasp its deeper meaning. Even the Samaritans, who had abandoned their five Assyrian gods and were now worshiping another that was not their true god, were more ready for the temple-less worship of God in spirit and truth than the Jews. Not even their spiritual leaders had eyes to see and vital strength to cling to the healing symbol, God's only begotten Son. While the Jews seek to compass his death, the Greeks, led by Philip, the later Phrygian bishop, come with eagerness to see him, and that is the hour of his glorification.

Yet after all it is neither the philosophy of the fourth evangelist nor his dialectic skill that has endeared this gospel to the

church. Rather is it his mysticism, for his Logos is no mere speculation. It is a living personality, feeling and thinking, speaking and acting among men. His allegorical methods brought forth no dry commentary on the Old Testament, but pictures of life, half concealing, half revealing forms of celestial beauty. His heavenly Logos is a present reality, filling his soul with light and life and love; the vine sending its sap through every smallest branch, the peaceful resting-place while the world might pass away. He feels the hand of this invisible friend who holds his own; he leans upon him; it is an everlasting rock on which he rests his feet. This unseen Logos is to him a greater reality than all the world around him. The evangelist knows what it is to be one with the Logos, one with all who live in him, and through him one with the Father.

This is the language of mysticism. It is no wonder that this gospel has become a favorite with the mystics of all times; with all who feel the need of something beyond the veil of sense, akin to man yet far as the ideal above the imperfections of a friend ready to sympathize and able to succor in every hour of need.

It is not my purpose to trace the influence of this doctrine of Logos incarnate on Christian dogma, or to inquire into its intrinsic value and historic justification. But it may be profitable to set over against it for comparison that estimate of the Master's life and work to which historical and literary criticism of the records points.

From his native town, where the son of Joseph and Mary has grown up, Jesus comes to the Jordan to be baptized of John, attracted by his piercing cry, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." In Galilee he repeats the proclamation. This coming kingdom is the highest good he can announce to the laboring and heavy-laden, those bearing the brunt of life's hardships, plagued by demons, oppressed by fellow-men, the outcasts, the little ones, the children who would grow up to enjoy its blessings. As a preparation for this kingdom he lays down those principles of conduct that he conceives will be the ruling ones in the kingdom itself; for war, love of enemies; for retaliation, the overcoming of evil with good; for foolish, arrogant oaths, truthfulness; for cruel abandonment of women, faithfulness and continence and sympathy; for the amassing of private wealth, the sharing of goods; for worry and anxiety, confidence and fearlessness; for public prayers and alms and penitence, a richer life in solitude; for outward forms, inner reality. He watches the effect of his word of the kingdom, how it attracts good and bad, bears different fruits in different lives, calls forth endeavor and eager search, but also ambitious hopes and selfish desires, and prepares but a few for the kingdom that is to cover the world. He breaks through social and religious conventions, denouncing paragons of piety as hypocrites, celebrated biblical scholars as rogues, eminent lawyers as Mammon worshipers, esteemed preachers as wolves in sheep's clothing, the chief magistrate of the state as a fox, well-to-do citizens as thieves filling their banqueting boards with the proceeds of robbery. Meanwhile he eats himself with notorious thieves and harlots, discards the temple service, rejects the sacrificial cult, criticises the Mosaic law in fundamental points, works on the sabbath and defends it, neglects sacred washings and ridicules them, pours sarcasm on ministers offering eloquent prayers in public and rich men giving to the Lord's cause publicly to set an example, and missionaries making proselytes for their ancestral faith among the heathen without considering whether the heathen are really served thereby. Moved with sympathy for the sick he seeks to exorcise the demons supposed to be the cause of certain ailments—sometimes successfully effecting a cure, sometimes a temporary relief, sometimes no cure at all. Having shocked the prejudices, disappointed the hopes, alienated the sympathies and aroused the antagonisms of all but a few, he sets his face to Jerusalem, there to proclaim the coming kingdom. He is not beguiled by the messianic expectations, assumes no messianic title, accepts none for himself, forbids his followers to say that he is the Messiah, rejects the current messianic ideal, treats its application to himself as a devilish temptation, holds up an ideal of society

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where there are no kings and lords, and leaves with the Father the designation of places of service in the coming kingdom. To these conceptions he is faithful to the end. At the last meal the traitor betrays himself, and gloomy forebodings fill the Master's breast as he eats for the last time with his friends. He is arrested, and his disciples see him no more, except the women who, standing afar off, behold him on the cross, and hear his parting cry of agony.

Is this a less impressive figure? Does it present a king dethroned, a monarch robbed of crown and scepter? Is this Jesus of history less great than the Messiah taken out of Joseph's tomb and put on the clouds of heaven with a scepter in his hand, to wreak vengeance on his enemies? Nay, he is infinitely more worthy of reverence and love and humble imitation. Stripped of these empty paraphernalia of royalty, the man of Nazareth becomes a manifestation of the inmost truth of the universe, an incarnation of that reason which presides over the evolution of the world, an embodiment of the love that belongs to the essence of life.

Jesus did not wish to be a king lording it over his brothers. Men have placed him on a throne he spurned. He himself would rather walk to the end of time among the little ones who need him, among the sufferers and victims of man's lust and greed, forever unnoticed and never even looking back to see the effect of his healing touch. Precisely because his disposition was the very opposite of this, his influence has been so great. He has offered himself to every soul that would be aided by him as a brother, a friend, not as a master or a king. Through the centuries his mighty spirit moves, liberating, stimulating, elevating, strengthening the race. Men are helped by him to become what he was, simple, true, and good; reverent, loyal, and brave; incarnations in their day and generation of all that is best in life.

The significance of such a life and character goes beyond the individual, preparing the way for the coming of a better order of things on the earth, a nobler society, an organization of mankind that shall incorporate in its collective life the highest principles of conduct.

WHAT THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR FORESTS MEANS

BY B. S. HOXIE, PRESIDENT OF WISCONSIN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

Many unthinking people, or I should say uninformed, are ready to assert that, because we have always had a bountiful supply of wood, timber, and lumber in the United States, and within easy access of all our wants, this condition of things will always exist. Until within a few years past public attention has not been called to the rapid decimation of our forests, so we must look to those more particularly engaged in the lumbering business, and to the thoughtful practical men of our country, who have made a comprehensive study of forestry, the rise and progress of the lumber interests, and the rapid depletion of our forests, to present facts in such a way that all interested or in any way depending on the consumption of wood, the product of the forest, may have an intelligent idea of the present wealth and future worth of our forests.

There is no sentiment in this of

> Woodman, spare that tree,
> Touch not a single bough;

but it is solid facts of dollars and cents and the future good of our country which actuate those most prominent in advocating the State and national protection and conservation of the natural forest area, or more properly speaking that portion of timber land not absolutely fit for agricultural purposes.

When we speak of agriculture, and measure the wealth of a country agricul-

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turally, that is, the annual products of the soil, such as hay, grain, live stock, wool, butter, cheese, poultry and eggs, and place the commercial value on these articles, we are astonished at the enormous amount in value as well as the enormous amount of production and consumption for the people of the State and nation, and we have schools of agriculture established everywhere for the promotion of this source of wealth for the country.

Forestry is simply another form of agriculture, producing an annual gain from the soil of a crop just as sure but of longer periods from planting to harvesting; for we must consider that some of the best timber and lumber which we are using to-day is from pine and oak trees of more than a hundred years of growth. But, while this is true, we know that timber lands, from actual tests both in the old country and in some parts of our own, will produce a merchantable crop in from fifteen to twenty years, of ties, poles, charcoal, and pulp wood, and this at a good rate of interest on the investment.

Our supply of best varieties of timber to-day is being used up more than ten times as fast as it can grow, and under present conditions of lumbering, and lack of system in the care and protection of our forests, all kinds of wood supply are being consumed and destroyed more than five times as fast as we can produce it. The first thing that a farmer has to do in a new timber country is to subdue the forests so as to make tillable land, but the first thing a lumberman does is to build mills and denude the lands of all the valuable timber regardless of future growth or future needs of the country. So it is that in the State of Wisconsin forty years ago, when the lumbering interest fairly began, it was estimated we had one hundred and thirty billion feet of pine lumber, board measure, while now there is not seventeen billion left, and the regrowth will not amount to two hundred million feet per annum, and this amount is hardly safe to calculate on, unless some practical, scientific method be adopted to protect and foster the future growth, and to this end some radical system of fire protection must be inaugurated. What I say of Wisconsin in this respect is true to a large extent of Michigan and Minnesota, both large lumbering States, though Michigan gave up her source of wealth a little earlier than Wisconsin or Minnesota. Taking the State census for 1895, which was the last, the lumber and wood manufacturing interests of the State of Wisconsin aggregated the value of $58,971,000. But this did not include the value of pulp wood used in our paper mills, charcoal wood, railroad ties, telegraph poles, and fence posts. This rapid lumbering in our State has proceeded at a rate of nearly or quite two billion feet of lumber per year, board measure, so that it will be seen that this source of wealth of over fifty-eight millions of dollars a year will soon be exhausted, and already, since the data for these figures have been published, a number of the large lumbering concerns have dropped out of the business entirely, or have moved their field of operations to the southern pine regions or to the Pacific slope, to repeat the same operation there that denuded the forest of the north woods.

These then are some of the reasons why a more conservative policy should be pursued in the lumbering of our forests, and scientific methods adopted to protect and encourage forest and timber growth. While it is true that iron and steel are taking the place of wood in structural work and ship-building, yet the demand for wood during the past fifty years has been constantly on the increase, and one industry lately developed calls for more than two million cords of wood annually in the United States to supply our paper mills. While this industry is comparatively new, and almost any size of trees down to six inches in diameter of spruce can be used—for this is found to be the best pulp wood—the manufacturers of paper pulp are alarmed and anxious as to the future supply. We have about twenty millions of dollars invested in the paper industry on the Fox River alone in Wisconsin, besides other mills. When located the supply for these mills was quite near at hand, but now a large portion of their pulp wood comes from the upper peninsula of Michigan and the Lake Superior districts, or is towed across the lake in large rafts and then by rail transported

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to the mills. This industry means something to the State, and every available supply of spruce timber and spruce-producing forests should be as carefully cared for as any other farm or soil crop. But when we see millions of young spruce trees every fall taken from the north woods of Wisconsin and Michigan, to find a market in all our large towns and cities simply for the Christmas festivals, bringing perhaps to the contracting shippers five thousand dollars, when a growth of ten or fifteen years more would bring to the owners more than twenty times as much, it seems like killing the goose which lays the golden egg. We are told that every year this commodity of trade is getting more scarce, and the hunters for Christmas trees find it more difficult every year to fill their orders.

The United States Government a few years ago set apart or reserved lands which were denominated national park lands. Much of this, however, is more in name than degree in the manner of administration. There should be a national forestry commission and a national school of forestry. The national government has, however, inaugurated in part such a work, and is now taking active and intelligent measures to assist all land owners in a rational method of promoting forest growth, and this at such nominal cost as to make it almost a free gift to all owners of timber or forest land, for in fact owners of such tracts under two hundred acres will be furnished with working plans and examination of land free of cost, while owners of large tracts will be only required to pay the traveling expenses of the agent sent out by the department.

What is being done in other States? In the State of New York, during the past summer, two such tracts of land—one of forty thousand acres and another of sixty-eight thousand acres—have been put under the supervision of the department.

The State of New York, through Cornell University, has already established a college of forestry, of which B. E. Fernon, LL. D., is director and dean of the faculty. The first statement and report, for 1898-'99, has just been published. The holdings of timber land belonging to the State now in the Adirondack regions are nearly one and one quarter million acres, and systematic work is in progress along lines which are sure to result in profitable forest growth.

It has come to be an established fact that forest growth at the head waters of our rivers is necessary to the even flow of the waters of those rivers; not that forests increase rain fall, but rather that forest floors hold in check the rain fall and melting snows, thus in a measure preventing floods by the more rapid rush of the waters in the open field.

Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, not long since appointed a commission to look after the principal watersheds of that State and report on the same. That commission has performed the duty assigned, and reported favorably to the purchase of forty thousand acres of land at the head waters of each of the three principal rivers of that State. This land, or much of it, could have been reserved some years ago, and been a constant revenue to the State, but now is to be purchased at a cost of nearly one million dollars.

Michigan, by act of the last legislature, approved June 7, 1899, has by the governor appointed a permanent commission with Hon. Charles W. Garfield as president of the board. This commission will formulate and present to the next legislature a definite forestry policy for the State.

An excellent forestry bill was presented to the Wisconsin legislature last winter, which received strong support in both houses, but for various reasons failed to become a law. The board of regents of the State University, however, have been appealed to by the officers of the State Forestry Association, and an outline plan submitted for the establishment of a chair of forestry.

Berea College, of Berea, Kentucky, a local institution, standing in the midst of one of the richest timber districts of that State, has already opened up a department in which the principles of forestry will be taught, both as to present and future results to the commonwealth. There is a movement on foot to establish a State and national forest reserve at the head waters of the Mississippi in Minnesota. This movement is backed by men of State

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and national fame, and a preliminary survey of the lands has been made.

At Asheville, North Carolina, last November, a convention composed of delegates from seven of the south-eastern States met to discuss the propriety of establishing a national park and game preserve in the mountains of western North Carolina. It is hoped by the organization that the State and the national governments will acquire title to such lands as they do not already hold, and protect them from the ravages of fire and unreasonable lumbering.

The Dominion of Canada last August created or appointed an inspector of timber, with a view of preserving the remaining forests on the Dominion lands and Indian reserves from utter destruction by fire and other causes, and for encouraging the reproduction of forest trees.

Vermont and Connecticut are perhaps the only States in our Union which have maintained an equitable forest growth; but these were never lumbering States, and mainly the forests were of hard-wood growth, and the supply has equaled the demand.

There may be some perhaps who think the forests possess no value unless it be in dollars and cents of what the trees are worth. If space permitted I could show by proof conclusive that the agriculture of a country depended on the forests for its better production.

Almost every State now has its game and fish laws, for the protection of the food species of fish and fur-producing animals. Wisconsin expends about thirty thousand dollars annually to restock its lakes and rivers with fish, and nearly a quarter of this amount besides to protect them. Without the forests this would be a useless expenditure, but with our forests it brings into the State, as received from tourists and sportsmen, more than half a million dollars a year. So, aside from all commercial gains in wood and lumber, the forests of a State or country possess almost untold value in other directions.

THE SCULPTOR

BY T. F. HILDRETH, D. D.

He stood before the marble block, and gazed
As one entranced, upon its rough,
Unpolished sides, as if he saw concealed
Within its very heart, in clear outline,
A form of matchless beauty.

No word fell
From his lips; but in his eye there was a
Clear, strange light, as if some new-born thought had
Thrilled his soul.

The artist saw imprisoned
Beauty in that snow-white block, and fancied,
With her shackled hands she beckoned him to
Break her prison door, and set her free. Her
Mute appeal fell on the sculptor's heart like
Pleading sorrow from the depths of grief, and
From that hour one great, grand thought possessed him,
And in that thought there was contained a
New Creation.

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But Art is born of worship;
And first he sought the Holy Place where
Genius has her shrine, and offered as his
Sacrifice a life of patient toil.

The
Artist waited till he heard "a still, small voice,"
Then seized his chisel with a purpose born
Of Faith, and care and toil became to him
Like daily prayer and praise.

As surely
As the looms of life weave atoms into
Perfect shape,—as grace and beauty
In the plans of God may be evolved from
Waste and death,—so too, the artist saw his
Grand ideal, by his daily toil, emerging
From the shapeless block.

Sometimes the thought of
Failure threw a gloom upon his heart, as clouds
Throw down their shadow on the buds and opening
Flowers, but have no power to stay the
Noiseless tides of life: so fear stayed not his hand,
Nor chilled the tides of hope that daily had
Inspired him.

Success at last in triumph
Placed her crown upon his brow. The mystic
Form he first descried deep buried in the
Marble block now stood before him like a
Thing of life.

He laid his hand upon
Its cold white brow; he touched its cheek as
Gently as a mother prints a kiss upon
Her sleeping baby's lips,—then smiled as if
He heard a whispered word of love.

Long time
The sculptor stood and gazed upon the
Faultless form created by his skill. But
While in grace he saw it was complete, he
Knew it was as lifeless as the quarried
Block from which his hands had shaped it.

No blush
Of life was glowing on its cheek; no light
Of genius kindled in its eyes; no breath
Escaped its parted lips: but, pulseless,
Sightless, breathless, mindless, there it stood
(In beauty unsurpassed as tested by the
Critic's eye), a silent witness to the
Truth, that none but He, who from the dust at
First created man, can by his skill, or
Word of power, create a Living Soul.

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INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM

REV. JAMES HOFFMAN BATTEN

Democracy is that form of government in which the sovereign power is in the hands of the people collectively, and exercised by them either directly or indirectly through elected representatives or delegates.

The third book of Herodotus describes it as it existed in ancient Greece, probably the first country where it was ever allowed scope for development. The subject was also treated by Aristotle. Blackstone was of the opinion that in democracy, "where the right of making public laws resides in the people at large, public virtue or goodness of intention is more likely to be found than either of the two other qualities of government." "Popular assemblies," he says, "are frequently foolish in their contrivance and weak in execution, but generally mean to do the thing that is right and just, and have always a degree of patriotism and public spirit."

The present survey of democracy shows that in Asia it scarcely exists; in Africa it maintains a precarious existence; in Europe it is everywhere making progress, while in America it is, in a qualified sense, firmly rooted. It may be admitted that an absolute democracy, in a country of large area or vast population, is a practical impossibility. For this reason all modern democracies are such in a qualified sense only, combining with universal suffrage the representative method of lawmaking, constituting what we call a republican form of government. This system vests the supreme power in rulers chosen periodically by and from the whole body of people, or by their representatives assembled in a congress, national assembly, or, as in our own country, an electoral college. Indirectly, this is the system of referendum, the representatives being bound in honor to respect the wishes of their constituents. In doing this, however, they do not always register the will of the majority of the whole people. In this fact is found the chief reason, based on simple equity, for the election of president and United States senators by popular vote. The prevailing corrupt legislative methods used in the selection of senators gives added force to this necessity.

The republics of the United States and Switzerland are federal republics, that is, composed of a number of separate states, bound together by treaty, subject to a central government for all national purposes, but having powers of self-government in matters affecting only individual states. This principle should be so extended that cities should have the same independent power of self-government in all matters affecting municipal interests alone.

While the very success and growth of democracy makes necessary the adoption of a representative system, it must not be lost sight of that the primal and essential principle of our government is democratic. Its progenitor was the old New England town-meeting, which breathed and instilled the spirit of individual liberty, the basis upon which rests the will of the majority.

The representative system must ever be regarded as the creation for specific purposes of the democracy, the instructed servant of the whole people, whose will, represented by the majority, must be registered in the halls of legislation and crystallized into law. That this right effect of the combination of democracy with a representative system is too idyllic to exist until the advent of millennial righteousness shall lift men above the power of self-interest which substitutes personal aggrandizement for public progress, the history of our own country has abundantly shown. The general statement may safely be made that the statute books of no one State present a record of legislation in which may not be found laws that violated the undoubted will of the people. Some of them, such as the Lottery Law of Louisiana, and the Race Track Gambling Act of New Jersey, have been repealed by the vote of the whole people, in a special referendum, showing that the present system

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fails properly to represent the conscience of democracy. In other States laws of this character still exist.

All of these laws were in direct opposition to the will and best interests of the democracy, and were passed at the behest of conscienceless business interests for the financial benefit of privileged classes. That the representatives who supported them were also financially benefited is a matter of common knowledge. The average American legislator would not recognize himself in the portrait of the people's representative drawn by old Ben Jonson, when he wrote:

> **And life, state, glory, all they gain,**
> **Count the republick's, not their own.**

He counts the republic's "life, state, glory," all his own. Democracy is his tool, not his master. As a consequence, we have the indisputable growth of ochlocracy, that is, a state of incipient anarchy, in which the multitude, having lost confidence in enacted law as registering the will of the people, become habitual violators of law. Following this, the officials charged with executive and judicial functions, bowing to what they call the power of public sentiment, make no attempt at enforcement of law. Generally speaking, this is the state of American democracy at the present time. "It. is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us."

What is the remedy? More democracy. In other words, the power of the representative system should be curtailed, and the powers of the whole people, in directly affecting legislation, should be extended. Claiming to be the most enlightened of the world's nations, we yet occasionally may borrow to advantage of old-world systems. So we import from Australia our improved ballot system, and are rapidly preparing to adopt the system of Switzerland in direct legislation. There is before the American public to-day no question of moral or economic value so directly vital to its best interests as the adoption of the initiative and referendum. This is fundamental to the honest settlement of all questions in dispute. "Vox populi, vox dei,"—"The voice of the people is the voice of God." Not in the absolute sense that all majority democratic legislation registers the highest will of the Supreme Mind, but in that accommodative sense which is everywhere recognized in Scripture, teaching that the honest expression of government is to be cheerfully obeyed, unless it shall cause the violation of the specific fundamentals of the moral law.

In order that our enacted expression of government may be guarded from the spirit of selfish dishonesty, we must place the representative system between the "upper and nether" millstones of democratic action. This is the direct effect of initiative and referendum. It is simple, practical, and undoubtedly constitutional. In fact, in nearly all States a constitution cannot be legally framed but by the principle of a direct referendum. The application of the same principle to ordinary statute law would go far toward elevating it to the same high plane of respect now generally accorded constitutional law. The referendum enables the people, by the petition of a certain per cent, to compel the legislature to submit to the popular vote any act that may have been passed by their representatives. The initiative is essentially the same principle, compelling the submission to the qualified voters of any particular legislation they may desire, a majority registered in its favor compelling the next legislature to enact it into law. In one, the law submitted originates with the representative system; in the other, with the democracy itself, the registered will of the whole people preventing or compelling its enactment.

The advantages of this system are so patent that they require neither statement nor argument. When trusts, monopolies, railroads, etc., recognize that the action of legislators will be subject to the veto of those who are no longer their servants, but their legitimate masters, the use of money to influence legislation will cease, and the "boodler" will depart. Such great moral reforms as the question of the open saloon will be placed in a position where the people can, aside from partisan action, register the decision that shall bid it go or stay. No citizen of a democracy can ask more than that, for a law enacted against the will of the majority but excites contempt for all law and breeds anarchy. As

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much as my very soul hates the licensed liquor traffic, I would oppose the enactment of any law suppressing it that was not sustained by the expressed will of the majority, just as to-day I oppose the system of license, because I believe it sustained by the combined force of financial power and political expediency, in opposition to the will of the greater number. To a large extent this system would remove the baneful influence of the saloon and kindred evils in politics, by defeating their ends.

It would not produce a condition of immediate municipal, State, and national perfection. The man who expects that, even under the best laws devised by an honest but fallible democracy, "is but a stranger here; heaven is his home." But it would introduce a condition of reform in legislation and of justice in law enforcement which would make the path of the state like that of the just, a "shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

SOME DAY

BY J. A. EDGERTON

My brothers, sisters, you who long
For the reign of Truth and Right,
Does it seem that the world is ruled by wrong
And that error is infinite?
Does it seem that the light of to-day is caught
Through the dim, low-windowed Past?
Yet know that Truth is the king of thought
And will reign in his realm at last.

Does it seem that the few reap harvests while
The many have sown the seed?
That the tens are wooed by Fortune's smile
While the millions are scourged by Need?
That the multitudes, for Mammon's gain,
Must toil their lives away?
Yet know that Right as a prince will reign
O'er the earth some day, some day.

Does it seem that the shedding of human blood
Will be ended nevermore?
That the light of the dream of Brotherhood
Must be quenched in the smoke of war?
That the world must ever be torn by strife,
And that Hate sits on the throne?
Yet know that Love is the queen of life
And will some time rule her own.

For however dark the night, it flies
From the golden wings of dawn;
And evil, however mighty, dies
As the Christ-soul marches on.
As earth rolls on through the morns to be
In the younger era, then
Truth, Right, and Love are the trinity
That will rule in the courts of men.

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DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

In May I was in Washington, D. C. I contemplated stopping over on my return trip at a town between there and Cincinnati, and engaged my sleeper for the next night from the place I expected to be.

When I told my friends good-by, they knew this to be my intention. I arrived at the depot an hour before starting time, and all the while I was pressed to go directly home, as something of interest and importance had occurred there. The voice was so persistent that I could not silence it. Finally it became inperative, and said, "Go quickly, purchase your sleeper ticket straight through." I looked at the clock and found I had only a few minutes. I went to the ticket agent and asked if he had an order to reserve a berth for me the next evening from C. F. He said yes. I told him I had changed my mind and would like to have it for that train and go through. I hurried and had just time to make the train, and once seated there I felt I had done the proper thing, though I had written my husband and told my friends I would stop over. I tried to reason myself into the idea I had acted without cause, as I had no excuse for changing my mind but the persistent voice beside me.

I afterward learned that two telegrams had been sent to me at Washington, giving me information that would have caused me to act exactly as I had been directed by the still small voice. My friends can testify to this fact.

In March of the present year I dreamed that a person came to discuss an important matter with me, and when I awoke I remembered the words vividly and wrote them down. The subject matter of the conversation was no personal affair of my own, but I was approached with the hope of securing my influence with another.

On the 31st of March the servant brought to my room the card of the visitor of my dream of two weeks before, a person I had not seen for over a year. Recalling that in my dream this person was accompanied by a stranger to me, I went downstairs and found in the parlor the visitor of my dream and a person I had never seen, but whom I recognized as the same who came in the dream. The conversation that ensued was almost word for word what passed between us in the dream.

Was this mental telepathy? Had these persons, consulting together and determining to call upon me about the time of the dream, impressed me with their thoughts which recalled themselves in the conversation when they actually spoke to me?

MRS. C. K. R.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

The two following incidents were recorded by a godly German residing in northern Ohio. He is deeply religious, but eminently practical, and is profoundly versed in German philosophy. For several years he was the trusted employee of a railroad company.

One day, while sitting in the pumping station watching the steam gauge, he thought he heard a terrific wind, but upon going to the door found there was no wind and that the day was clear. He returned to his seat somewhat surprised at what he had heard. Suddenly the

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sound of singing startled him; very sweet and familiar it seemed, and came nearer. A peculiar feeling stole over him, he could not speak, it seemed as if a spell enthralled him; the music seemed right at hand; two female figures (recognized as his deceased wife and her sister) floated through the little shanty in which he sat. They were sweetly singing the old familiar melody, "Nearer, my God, to thee." Flowing white robes, enriched with girdles, infolded their figures. They were barefoot. White straw hats embellished with forget-me-nots adorned their heads. They flitted past his line of vision and the music died away in the distance.

At dinner his daughter asked: "What is the matter, father, you look so pale?" He replied: "You would be pale, too, had you seen what I have." And then he told her what he had seen; on mentioning the hymn the spirits had sung, the daughter exclaimed, "Why, father, that was mother's favorite and the one sung at her funeral."

The appearance spoken of above was that of his first wife. The second wife died suddenly from paralysis; was unable to speak, but could motion slightly, several days before death ended her sufferings. Something was on her mind which she vainly endeavored to make known. Motioned toward the dresser in her room. The drawers were all taken out and brought to her, but without satisfying her. Died on fifth day. That night a step-daughter, with her husband, occupied the room immediately above where the corpse lay. Some time in the night she was awakened; the dark room was radiant as noon-day. The deceased stood by the bed dressed in white. She took the daughter, who saw her plainly, by the hand and said: "Lydda, I have money hid; you go and tell father. You and he go to the bureau; pull the middle drawer clear out, and in the back part of the space to the right you will find a piece of shingle, which pull away and in a little recess you will find the money, twenty-six dollars in gold, silver, and paper." The money was found. Was it a dream, or a reality? The spirit had said: "I cannot rest in the other life unless the money is found and used."

C. H. A. De LANCEY.

THE DOUBLE

I have another friend, congenial, progressive; he is a doctor of medicine, and is quite interested in current psychism. One day last winter, upon calling at his home, I learned that he had been hurriedly called to the bedside of a patient, but was assured that he would soon return. I waited and whiled away the time in talking with the brother, a teacher in a high school, on sociological problems. I was sitting where a full view of the street running north could be had for several hundred yards. All at once I said, "Ah, there comes Doc. now." But no; it proved to be a drug man, and although about the doctor's height and build was not dressed like him. After learning that the doctor was away the "drummer" left and turned up the west street, going toward the hotel. In a moment after he had passed out of my range of vision I saw the doctor passing diagonally across an open lot toward the north street, and I wondered how the traveling man could have missed him as they were acquainted and must have met. I remember noticing the doctor minutely as he passed across a little wooden bridge; wore a dark derby hat, a brown overcoat, and carried a medicine case in his left hand; he seemed in a hurry. I remember saying to the brother, "Well, Doc. escaped the drug man this time; there he is crossing the street." The professor looked out, but could not see him. I looked again; he had disappeared, but we thought nothing strange of it, as the postoffice was close by and supposed that he had stopped to get his mail. In about three-quarters of an hour he came in. We asked him where he had been up the north street, and he replied that he had just that moment returned from the patient's side where he had been called early that morning, and that he had come down the west street. He was clad exactly as I had seen him; carried the identical drug case I had

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noticed. He told me later, however, in all sincerity, that he had been very anxious to leave the patient aforementioned, and had his mind on another very sick person who lived up the north street. Did I see his soul (clad in spirit body, habilitated in the auric emanations proceeding from the clothing covering his physical body), while momentarily lost in abstraction he concentrated on the other patient? Can some one tell why it is that the spirit seen as the "double" is always clothed as is the physical at the time?

C. H. A. DE LANCEY.

A WARNING

Rev. Dr. —— tells the following, which can be verified. A few months ago he was called to a former pastorate to preach the funeral of a young man suddenly deceased. The parents were traveling in Europe at the time. The doctor wrote them of the sad affair, but the letter did not reach them for nearly two months after being written, but followed them from city to city. The night before the reception of the script, the mother of the dead boy dreamed that her son was dead and that Rev. Dr. —— had preached his funeral. She awoke very much worried and told her husband of the dream, but he merely laughed at it. That day at noon the long delayed letter came to hand (after following her for hundreds of miles) and fully verified the dream. Was it coincidence, or did a spirit through telepathy, while the mother slept, impress this message upon her passive sensorium? If it had been "thought transference" from one incarnate mind to another, would not the dream have occurred at the time it was on the minister's mind, instead of after he had entirely forgotten it?

A DREAM VISION

I was standing on the shore of a beautiful lake of vast extent, the water of which was as clear as crystal. Near me grew a variety of water plants, among them being lilies of richest quality and fragrance. While feasting my mind upon the inspiring scene, I noticed a horse at my left side, of such exceeding comeliness, and perfection of proportions, and grace of movement as have never been known on the plane of nature. His withers and neck formed a complete arch, his head was exquisitely molded, his eyes beamed as with more than human intelligence, and his distended nostrils were thin and tremulous with the spirit of investigation. Turning his countenance (for nothing else can I denominate it) full upon me, he seemed searching for my inmost thought and its accompanying affection. I recognized his presence and scrutinizing look with a bow of profound regard. He gave me a look of satisfaction, and plunged into the lake, and, submerged, swam speedily and gracefully through its waters, as with head extended and distended nostrils he turned hither and thither among the plants and flowers, as if to sense the combined state, condition, and sphere of all. Having attained the object of his extended and most thorough investigation, he came forth from the waters and resumed his position at my side. Looking full into my face again I perceived in his countenance the question: "Have you seen and do you understand?" I bowed assent, and was at once awake.

Feeling that a heavenly vision had been granted me, I immediately sought its lesson. A lake of waters signifies abundance of truths. Plants growing in the waters signify truths now beginning to live by putting them to use. Standing by the lake signifies readiness to learn truths and obey them. A horse signifies the knowledge of truth and the understanding thereof.

The nose or nostrils signify perception, here the perception of truths represented

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by the waters, and the perception of love from which is good represented by the grateful odor of the flowers.

The horse swimming speedily through the waters, and among the plants and flowers, with distended nostrils, signifies the intelligent investigation of the Divine Word for the perception and understanding of its truths both in its letter and in its spirit.

To the preacher its specific injunction is: Search the Scriptures of Divine Truth with intelligent love, until you have a personal perception both of their external and internal, or natural and spiritual teaching, and thus equipped go to the people with the divinely given message for their salvation.

A. V.

WANTED EVIDENCE

My friend said many times, "If those who pass out of the material form to the spiritual do not lose their identity, and it is possible for them to return, why does not my mother make herself known to me, so as to remove the doubts which I have?" During the last three weeks before his passing out, he was rational only at times. One evening he began talking with some one. A friend asked, "Who is it?" He answered, "Why, father is here; don't you see him lying right by the side of me?" and he continued the conversation with him. Soon after he said, "Why doesn't mother come?" After a few moments, he said, "Yes, I know those dear old hands; I knew you would come, mother. But who are all these people? Yes, I see grandmother, and grandfather, and so many others." He talked some time with them. At other times he recognized others who have passed away.

A. T. W.

DREAMED HE WAS HURLED FROM A LOCOMOTIVE AND KILLED

Wm. Graw, a fireman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, dreamed that he was killed on a bridge by being thrown from the engine. When his grandmother, with whom he lived, called him for breakfast she found Graw pacing his room. He declared that the vision was so realistic that he was afraid to go out on his run. He did go, however.

His train had not gone ten miles when Graw went out on the running board of the locomotive to inspect some part of the machinery. The engine was just then entering the Sterling Run Bridge. Graw's coat caught on a projection of the bridge and he was jerked off the engine. He sustained internal injuries that resulted in hemorrhages, and the doctors say he will undoubtedly die.

The base of ingratitude is egotism and selfishness.

The more evil a man seeks and piles up for his neighbor, the more he has for himself.

Do not seek peace in a retreat in country home, seashore, cottage, or mountain if it is not within you.

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ORIGINAL FICTION

THE FALL OF PAUL LEMERE

BY F. EDWIN ELWELL

There are hundreds of men who have made determined efforts to rid themselves of the habit of drink. So many have failed that one's heart aches for the poor fellows who, despite heroic attempts, have succumbed to that death in life.

Not so, however, my friend, Paul Lemere.

Perhaps the story is better told in his own words.

We were comrades in the same atelier at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and of all the men I knew at that time Lemere was the most brilliant. I remember him as strong, quick, and extremely intelligent. He was a natural prize-winner, and no one of the students felt the slightest jealousy at his receiving all the medals in their turn, and finally the "Prix du Rome."

His first statue at the Salon was a great success, and it was bought by a museum in the south of France.

So many were the congratulations, dinners, and "crooking of the elbows," that he fell to liking liquor for the exhilaration it gave, and on occasions would fancy that much better art could be got from his brain under the influence of alcohol.

The road was short and steep. The last time I saw Lemere, before this present moment, he was in a terrible state of intoxication on one of the grand boulevards.

The temptation was strong in me to turn away from him and not recognize this fallen atom of humanity. I finally found my better self, and spoke to him. He did not know me, and I suppose thought—if he thought—that I was one of the many who spoke to him; for despite the ravages of liquor there was still something in his face that gave out hope. Many were the pitying glances cast his way.

It is now ten years since that last picture was made on my mind, and I cannot believe that the same man is sitting by my side, a fine, handsome fellow who is loved and respected by all who know him.

After an unbroken silence of five minutes, Lemere remarked:

"That was a terrible fall I had some years ago. All you fellows saw it, and no doubt pitied me, but of what use is pity when that cursed disease has struck one?

"Yes, you all saw that fall, but did not see the other that made me what I am to-day. I faintly remember that during that hard experience you never turned the cold shoulder, and so I am going to tell you the secret of my life, and why I am here to-day.

"That I am happy and successful to-day is due to one of those accidents in life that we are apt to take as a judgment of some kind from an ever vengeful God. I see the matter quite the other way, and am disposed to think, if there be a God, that he is full of divine mercy and tender love for all mankind, despite their natural conditions.

"You see it took me nearly three years to become a real drunkard, and during that time I was slowly losing interest in things about me, until I became a charity subject of the city, and depended on what I could beg in the streets for what little money I had. It all went for drink. I wonder now how the human anatomy could support the hard usage I

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gave mine. For days I do not remember of eating anything, and drank only the cheapest of liquor, which would kill a dog.

"One day my begging had turned me five francs, and with that I procured a good meal, the only one I remember for months; after it I fell to drinking up the remainder.

"It might have been twelve or one o'clock at night, that I was stumbling along, singing one of those old songs we used to sing in the Ecole when you and I were students there. I distinctly remember that all of a sudden there seemed to stand in the middle of the street a grand statue of my own creation. It was a wonderful idea, and filled my dying soul with such joy that I rushed out into the space and attempted to embrace the feet of the statue, then a great sound as of an explosion, a rush of air by my ears, a dull thud, then nothing. I do not know how long it was that I lay in a half-upright position with one foot in something that was moving, and it frightened me. My head was wet with what afterward I found out to be blood. I reached down as best I could and found that one foot was in running water. I seemed at this time to be entirely myself, and to have absolutely come to my senses, the first time in many months.

"Where was I? How came I there? What was to be the end of it all? These were the first conscious thoughts that surged through my brain. How quickly my brain worked! The whole picture of my past life seemed to dance before my eyes, to pass and repass, until through sheer exhaustion I fell backward and knew no more, for I do not know how long.

"When I became conscious again I found that I was stretched upon a sort of siding or walk along one of the sewers of Paris. How dark and lonely it was, and I was cold and sick. A faintness seized me, and again I lost all memory of myself.

"I had read in my boy days of the prisoners taken by the Spanish at Vera Cruz, and of how the poor fellows were put into tide cells, and so departed this life at the flood. It occurred to me that they might flush the sewer, as is sometimes done in Paris.

"I felt for the first time a sense of complete helplessness. A huge rat ran by me in the dark, with a queer squeak unlike any I had heard on the upper earth.

"I pulled myself up into a sitting position and felt for the wall of the sewer, which was not far from me. There was the faintest light beginning to appear, and with some difficulty I could make out away up somewhere a tiny beam of what seemed to be sun-light. It flashed across my mind that if it were really sun-light, I might find out in which direction lay the river; and if that could be determined there was some hope of being rescued from the plight I was then in. I fancied at that time that I had been plunged into the sewer by the overturning of a manhole cover, and that the weight of my body had sent it over so far as to fall back into place, so that there was no evidence that it had been disturbed. Probably the guard, in leaving late, had thought the cover was fairly over the hole, when in all probability it was not.

"I kept my eyes riveted on the sunbeam for a long time, and fancied that it had a decided direction. By standing up I found that I could see a little more clearly, and that the slant of the ray would indicate that the sun had just risen over the tops of the houses in the street, and this single ray was giving me the direction of east. By keeping in mind the direction of the ray, I found that my right hand was in the direction of north and my left south, so that I was facing the west. This was a great comfort to me, and I began to go over in my mind circumstances that would lead me to know on which side of the river I was at that moment. I failed, however, as my mind had been so much a blank the evening before that I could not determine rightly whether I was in the Latin Quarter or on the other side. I reasoned, however, that I would likely have made my way over into the Latin Quarter, as all my soul's life that was left loved that part of the city. I was forced to do something and that right away, as I was cold and famished. My thirst was something terrible, but not for alcohol, it was for water, the

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first I had known for three years. I found, as I crept along, that there was water dripping from above and by standing directly under the drops I could secure a few for my parched mouth.

"Having determined in which direction to go, I struck out boldly, but very feeble in body, as the fall had hurt me considerably. I was threading my way out of the maze of cross sewers, always keeping in mind the general direction determined upon, when I came to the crossing of two large sewers. I stopped to rest and look in the water, hoping that some bread or discarded fruit would pass by. It was looking intently into the water that made me notice an object like a bundle done up in an old striped shirt. It had floated down from somewhere, and had lodged on a dry spot. I reached for it, and found that it was securely tied with a coarse bit of strong line. It was some time before I could open the bundle, and what was my surprise to find it contained the stolen property of some one. I examined the bundle more closely; it seemed to have been floating about for some time, finally to have landed in this dry place, and had not moved for a long time. That the contents were not more damaged was due to the fact that inside the shirt there was another strong wrapping of close-woven linen; this had swelled and prevented the water from getting inside.

"There was in the package one small bag of gold louis. The rest of the treasure was in bank notes and some bonds; and many papers in a language that I had no knowledge of whatever. I would have given the whole lot at that time for something to eat, or some good water to drink. In fact, I was so weak that I lay down, and was soon unconscious.

"When my reason had returned, it told me to take out the contents of the package and hide it on my person. This I did and started to find liberty. What is strange to me is the fact that this find made so little impression on me at the time. Once in my life I would have been so excited that it would have been painful. I suppose that the life I had led and the late return to a consciousness of the same, coupled with the fact that I was literally buried alive, drove sordid thoughts from my mind, and my only desire was for freedom and something to sustain life.

"It was nearly dusk on that evening, when I had almost given up hope of life, when to my astonishment, I saw the beautiful river and the little steamers passing swiftly by. If there is anything in heaven that will seem more beautiful, then it must, indeed, be the place of the gods. I was too weak with exhaustion and lameness to go farther, so sat down and watched the daylight leave the river. I do not know how long I had been there, when it seemed to me that the moon was shining on the river, and it was all turned into a silver lake. With difficulty I made my way to the iron gates that opened on the Seine, and then it was that I saw that I had come out near the Ecole des Beaux Arts. How strange it was that I could not, despite all my fallings and wanderings and weaknesses, get far away from the school where I had started my life's work. All of the experiences of this life seem to hover about the one place we are born to, and we seem never actually to get away from the environment into which we are cast.

I do not know what the passing into the other life will be, one cannot know that, but I do know what the passing into another life in this world means. As I leaned against the heavy iron gates, that seemed locked securely, many things passed through my mind, but what astonished me most was that the thirst for liquor did not assert itself, and there was a strange sense of freedom about my life despite the fact that I was imprisoned like a rat in a cage. I saw a river boat speed by, and to see it a little farther up the river I must have leaned heavily against the iron gates, for one of them seemed to give slightly, and by pressing still more I found that I could liberate myself. It was like magic, this opening into the new life, and as I stood out in the cool evening air I heard the rumble of carriages on the street above, and wondered how a human soul could be so easily lost to the world, and no one mourn.

"The happy thought struck me to open the money bag. From it I took one louis (twenty francs), and making sure that the

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rest of the find should not be discovered on me, I set out for the nearest 'gargote,' or cheap restaurant.

"I was dirty and my face was covered with blood; but as the restaurant was of that order that such men frequented the place, no questions were asked. I washed my face, and disposed of my dinner. When asked which wine I would have, I replied, "White wine," and I have drank it ever since. Water never tasted so good in all my life, and I am free to confess that it was better than all the wine I had ever tasted. Feeling refreshed and stronger, I made my way over to the Boulevard St. Germain, and down near the wine halls bought a rough suit of clothes complete. These I took to a lodging-house, and in the morning I dressed and walked out into the sunlight, a man with a new suit of clothes, and a new life.

"Mon cher, come up to the Salon with me now, and see my statue that has just taken the 'medaille d'honneur.'"

A PUNGENT FOOD DRINK

WITH THE TASTE OF COFFEE

"Perhaps no one has suffered more from the use of coffee or failed oftener in the attempt to leave it off than I have. Although I never drank more than half a cup at a time, it even then gave me sour stomach and a whole catalogue of misery. This kept up for a long period of time, and again I have resolved that I positively would drink no more coffee, but alas, the rest of the family used it, and, like the reformed drunkard who smells whiskey and falls again, when I smelled coffee, I could not resist it.

"Finally we came to try Postum Food Coffee and my trouble was over at once. There I had my favorite beverage,—a crisp, dark brown, rich coffee, with a fine pungent coffee taste, and yet with no sour stomach or nervous troubles after it. On the contrary, I have gained gradually in strength and sturdy health. All who have spoken to me about Postum agree, and we have found it so, that the directions for making must be followed, and it must be boiled at least fifteen minutes, or more, and it also requires the addition of good cream. We have tried boiling it a few minutes when in a special hurry, but found it insipid and unsatisfactory; whereas by proper boiling, it is dark and rich, with a delightful flavor.

"Dr. McMillan, of Sunbeam, Ill., said he had used Postum and found it to be just as good as coffee, and more healthful. He is an M. D. of fine standing. Mr. David Strong and sister have left off coffee and are using Postum. They find it much more healthful. Rev. W. T. Campbell, pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church of this city, says: 'You may say anything good that you wish about Postum Food Coffee and I will substantiate it.' He was a very great lover of coffee and yet found it very injurious to his health. He now drinks Postum three times a day and the old troubles have disappeared.

"I shrink from having my name appear in public. The statement I have given you is truthful, and I hope will aid some people to discover that coffee is the cause of their aches and ails, and they are in a way to get rid of their troubles by leaving off coffee and taking up Postum Food Coffee."

This lady lives at Monmouth, Ill., and her name can be given by letter, upon application to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., makers of Postum, at Battle Creek, Mich.

You need not use poison, pistol, or rope to commit suicide—your pen or tongue will do the work for you.

The knowledge which is not practical for good when applied to yourself and others, is an evil and a curse.

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TWO HEARTS FOR ONE*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

CHAPTER XVII.

"And my little one is just the same?"

"Why, I cannot see any difference. I do not grow a bit; but," holding up her arm, "I do believe I am getting a little flesh on me since you came and I got that horrid gold off my mind. Don't you?"

"You are looking well,—better every day. You are not going to worry about Hal?"

"No, indeed. Hal wanted to go,—always talking about it; and I am glad for him to get to do anything to please him. You are here and I am happy. No, sir; I am not going to worry over Hal."

"Bravo."

"I wish you would tell me what to study now that I am out of school, Mr. Van Horn. I wish you were to be my teacher. Dear me, if you had not got rich all at once you might have been my teacher."

"Suppose we begin to-day and keep up the morning lessons while I remain. By the way, since Hal is a Spaniard, you ought to learn Spanish."

"Why?"

"Just to please him. Of course, he speaks the language?"

"Oh, yes, and French, too. Do you?"

"Yes. Perhaps not so well as Hal, but I spent several years in France and Spain, and of course learned the languages; and I know my little one is a born linguist."

"How do you know it?"

"By your eyes."

"I wish you would teach me something else, or rather break me of something that Hal don't like."

"What is that?"

"I drawl," he says. She flushed and laughed. "We used to quarrel dreadfully about it. He said I called him H-a-a-l."

Mr. Van Horn smiled.

"You do not drawl so much as when I first knew you. So Hal has laughed you out of it?"

"Oh, yes; we have had dreadful times about it. You see, he did not try to teach me patiently as you would have done, but tried to break the habit by making fun of me."

"Your little drawl is much sweeter than to speak too rapidly. You must simply listen to yourself; few people pay proper attention to what they say or how they say it. We shall begin to-day.

"Now, first lesson in Spanish. Look around, learn the name of every object that meets your view, and by the way get your pencil and paper, make three columns, one French, one Spanish, and one English."

Off Minnie flew and returned with sparkling eyes and bright cheeks, and a blank book and pencil. She began with the sky, clouds, trees, vines, grass, birds, flowers, and indeed, when called to dinner she was amazed at her learning, and her teacher found that her love of Latin and study of it made the French and Spanish easy, and when he looked at her work he saw that she had added a fourth column in Latin.

"Oh, won't I surprise Hal? He said several times lately, 'I will teach you Spanish, may be, some day;' but the 'some day' never came. I do not think he cares to teach anything but his horse to go to the stable alone, or his dogs to tree squirrels or set birds; but, hello, there are Carlo and Bruno, as I live. Poor fellows, hunting their master."

"They knew where he would like to be," said Mr. Van Horn, stroking a beautiful setter and reaching out a hand to the squirrel dog. "I suppose you will keep them for your pets while Hal is gone?"

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"Oh, no. He said if ever he caught me petting a dog as girls did sometimes, and acting the fool over them he would shoot the dogs, and he would, too. Oh, no. What Hal told me not to do when he was here I would not do when he is gone. Bruno would have to die if I but stroked his pretty head."

"It appears to me you are more obedient to Hal than— Pardon me, darling, you are right."

"You were going to say than I used to be to my parents."

"Yes, I was; but I was wrong."

"No, you were not. I am more afraid of Hal than of them. They never get angry, or pained as he calls it, at my foolishness, and yet I know pa does not like to see girls and women pet and make much of dogs, and he heard Hal tell me that."

"What did he say?"

"He looked at ma and smiled, but ma scolded Hal for making such a threat."

"And so you are not going to do anything while Hal is away that he objects to when he is near?"

"No, no; I promised him."

"What did you promise Hal, Minnie? Tell me child."

"I promised him that I would remember him when I told you good-by, remember how he looked when you came, and never do such a thing again." Her voice sank almost to a whisper. "Was I wrong?"

"No, darling,—no."

"Then you will understand it when you come to go, and won't feel hurt?"

"Of course."

That was off her mind, and she added:

"I wish you were never going. I need you every hour. I am getting into trouble all the time when you are away, and everything goes right when you are here. But may be you can stay?"

"Darling, your father wants me to do so,—needs me, he says, and your mother, and I have made up my mind to stay until Hal returns, may be longer, going away only at intervals on business."

"Oh, joy!" She clapped her hands. "When he comes I will talk Spanish and French to him, but—"

"What?"

"He will swear when he finds out you taught me, I know he will. I had better not tell him. Oh, dear, oh, dear! I think I would be in trouble and unhappy, or else untruthful, all my life if I tried to keep Hal in a happy mood."

Poor child, those very thoughts were in her companion's mind.

"It may not be necessary for you to— to be with Hal always, or to please him when you are."

"Look here, Mr. Van Horn," said Minnie, turning her face upon him with that sad, longing look, "you know how much I need you to keep me right, to tell everything to,—you know it?"

"Yes. I feel it."

"Well, Hal needs somebody, too, and he seems to think me the one to come to with everything. I would be proud to know I was to any living soul what you are to me; that is, a sure guide out of lies and meanness of all kinds. I tried, oh, so hard, to get Hal to turn to you as I do, but he does not seem to, and, poor boy, he will have to take his lessons second hand. You must teach me the right, and I shall teach him; but the worst of it is that I shall have to deceive him as to where my wisdom comes from, for he would not want me to learn everything from you and trust your knowledge more than his."

Oh, how wise she was growing, how unerring was her intuition, and how great her heroism. He saw her, baby as she was, making herself ready for the altar of sacrifice, and his heart ached,—ached for Hal, ached for her, ached for itself.

How carefully he taught her the right, how he prayed God for strength, and how he thanked him for the privilege of pointing out a way for this child that had crept into his heart of hearts, and day by day took deeper hold upon his life, that he might strengthen her weak points, confirm the strong ones. And Hal,—who could understand Hal so well as he? Proud, passionate, undisciplined, he might have been the same; but the blight had fallen before any such trial fell in his way as had come to Hal. But so thoroughly did he understand Hal by his own hot blood that he did not censure him as others might have done; as he said to Minnie, he despised a lukewarm nature. What he wanted of Hal was to learn to under-

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stand Minnie and learn to love her in a reasonable, sensible way, and not to blight her life. If he had thought Hal simply meanly jealous, he would have despised him; but he understood him better. He pitied Hal, but his heart was sore for Minnie; for he never for one moment doubted what the outcome would be, and he resolved to spend every day that he could with her, teaching her, helping her on the thorny path, to teach her the right as God showed it to him. For he knew she was correct; the day would come when he dare not give her the counsel she would always so sorely need, and her love and trust in him might turn to be the sharpest thorn in her crown of sorrow. Oh, no; now while he might he would work for her, with her, and then, even when he knew her life must be one long, bitter struggle without him, he must turn resolutely away from her, for her sake, for Hal's sake, for his own sake.

He tried to gather from her her ideas of the future, but found that she had no more than a little child. She lived very much more in the present than in her short past, which she always wanted to date from the day she met him, but said she could not, for it always went back to when she told lies, or in the future which held a time when Hal would come and he would go.

That she had never yet dreamed of Hal as a lover he knew; that she could ever love him with confidence, trust, and joy he did not for a moment believe, unless Hal's very nature changed by wise counsel; but that would make no difference, the love that held her in fear of loving anybody else or of ever coming in contact with any other being, and the necessity of her very life to be loved, would always hold her, so to speak, suspended, with no place to anchor or rest except the grave.

So the lessons proceeded. "But," said he, one day, "my darling's mind must not continue to grow at the expense of her body. You are going cheerfully to obey all my teachings?"

"Yes, indeed, with all my heart."

"Well, then, we must be careful in the selection of food. I have made out a little menu, and Mammy, I know, will take pride in its preparation. We shall have some lessons in physical culture. There must be the morning walk, head erect, chest up, shoulders down. Come, now." He poised himself and walked to the gate, and turned around to see her imitate.

"Perfection!" he cried. "Always so. Never forget."

Then he opened a box he had placed under the trees, took out ropes, pulleys, and strong wire, and she looked in pleased surprise as he adjusted them and went through different exercises with his coat off. Then he bared his arm to show her which muscles were brought into play with different movements.

She was so delighted with it all, so apt, so earnest.

"But what will make me tall?" she asked. "Have you nothing that will make me grow taller? I am so very small."

"Certainly. See." He stopped and picked up a kind of leather halter, which he fastened under her chin and at the back of her head, and adjusted it to a hook in a pulley above.

"Come, now,—slow, steady, hold your back straight; down, draw up the weight with your head. This raises the vertebra, and I have known men at twenty-two to grow an inch and a half by this practice. Now, up with you, catch the rings, swing by your arms. Why, what an agile birdie it is."

"Come, aunt, and look," cried Nellie, who stood at the window. "What on earth is Mr. Van Horn doing with Minnie? I think if Hal could see him lifting her from perch to pole he would die,—die the death of a deserter."

They stood at the window and watched the exercises, and when he bared his arm Nellie said:

"Aunt, did you ever see such perfection in human form as that man with his coat off? Heavens, how I wish he were bare to the waist!"

"Why, Nellie?"

"Because there is nothing so beautiful to me as the human form, nothing so grand as the perfect man. I do think that he and Hal are the most perfect men physically on earth. Our little Minnie has rare taste in men, auntie. Which shall

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it be, the dark-eyed saint or that fair sinner? Joseph or Absalom?"

"You foolish child,—one is a boy to her and the other almost a god."

"Just so, and I ask which shall it be?"

"I say neither."

"I say both."

Major Morgan, attracted by the conversation, came to the window and looked out seriously, and felt that Nellie was right; that these two men would be as surely forever blended and mixed up in his daughter's life as he or her mother could be, and yet only as a memory at last, may be; they might be separated very soon and never meet again. Hal in the battle, Van Horn in his weary wanderings, might drift out of their lives again at any time, for even now but for the war he would be on the other side of the Atlantic, so he said; he wanted only a passport. But surely this man had been a godsend to their child, and he felt grateful that he had in his wanderings come their way.

Day after day the exercises and lessons went on. Verbs were learned as easily as nouns and adjectives, and indeed all the parts of speech, and he showed Minnie how that when it was finished and revised she would have a valuable book of languages,—a little fortune, may be.

"Do you think so," she said, "truly?"

"Why not? Many persons would learn languages if they were intelligently instructed, practically so; instead of being put into grammar at the beginning and having their brains muddled with conjugations and declensions. You learned to speak English before you learned the alphabet, and you learned the alphabet before you were taught to read English, and learned to spell and read before you were put into the English grammar."

"Yes; oh, but you are the finest teacher in the world. You know everything that is worth knowing, and can tell anybody what you know in a way they can learn it and know it, too. I do not believe I should have learned so much in these languages in years in class at school?"

"Perhaps not. What do you think Hal will say?"

"I wish I knew that he would be glad and grateful, but—" She lapsed into silence.

"But what?"

"After his first pleased surprise when I show him what I have learned he will want to know who taught me, and then he will spoil it all by thinking how happy I was with you while you taught me, how much it must have kept us together, how grateful I will always be to you for it, and then he will turn red and white and swear. Sometimes I am tempted never to tell him, but to keep all my French and Spanish learning to myself."

"Then you would lose the practice of speaking to him, which is the only thing to perfect the languages. No, that will not do. Hal must talk to you, for you can never truly understand a friend unless you have heard him speak in his mother tongue. English is a borrowed language to him; he is her stepson, and has only a stepson's love for it. No, Hal must tell you one little story in his sweetest Spanish, and you must show him that your heart understands him so well that you can answer him in his mother tongue."

"Hadn't I better answer in my own? What story, do you know?"

"Yes, it is an old, old story, written in every language, sung by every tongue."

"Has it no voice without a tongue?" she asked, looking up quite reverently.

"Yes, it is a song without words, sung by beating hearts sometimes."

"Why, you heard Hal tell me that he had told me all he knows."

"Yes, that is true, but I knew that you did not understand him."

"Why?"

"Because—because he did not tell you in Spanish, may be."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The ninety days went by, and several letters were received from Hal. He had re-enlisted for ninety days, she might see him some fine day in May. The letter was addressed to Minnie, but was written to all the family.

She answered with a perfect diary of all that would interest him, and promised him a great surprise when he came.

"He will scarcely know me," she said to Mr. Van Horn, some weeks after this, as she gave him a letter to Hal to post in

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the village, and she drew her slender figure up to its full height.

When Minnie smiled there were dimples in her cheeks now, and the bracelet must be unclasped the length of another gem she found out one morning. She would go and have Mr. Van Horn do it now, for he was in the library. As she crossed the porch she paused to look out; it was April and the trees were green, the yellow rose in bloom. Strange that this rose, emblem of jealousy, should appear in full dress before any of her sisters donned their first robes of spring.

She went into the library, found Mr. Van Horn, made her errand known, and as she held out her pretty arm he noticed its fair, smooth surface, its round, supple form, with admiration and delight, as it betokened perfect health. How proud he was of all she said, and did, and was, and gave promise to be.

She was telling him of the yellow rose and her thoughts concerning it, and he stooped intent upon the stubborn clasp of the bracelet on her arm.

"Just one more," he said, "and then we clasp it in the perfect clasp; there," he said, indicating the laps, "are the children loops. You will soon be a woman, darling, and yet what a very child in many things you are, and I hope always will be."

She looked up and laughed, thanked him and turned to go, when she stood rooted to the floor.

There stood Hal leaning against the door. He had seen and heard it all.

She ran to him with both hands out, not up. In his hand he held a yellow rose that he had plucked as he passed by, the emblem of which he had heard her speak so confidently just now.

He did not advance to meet her, but stood quite still, and she stopped and looked at him,—the red and white were striving for the mastery, but the red was of a deeper dye than when she saw it last, and the white,—well, it was ice or snow.

"Oh, Hal, I am so glad to see you!"

She saw that he was surprised, amazed as well as angry; she came nearer, and said gayly:

"I told you I had a surprise for you. I didn't intend to let you all beat me growing. See here," and she stepped nearer, "I do not have to raise my head so high to look into your face as when you left."

"No, so I see."

And when she laughed he saw the dimples, and his quick ear missed the sweet, quaint drawl. It was not the Minnie he had left behind, but, oh, so sweet,—changed only to make him love her more.

Mr. Van Horn came forward and held out his hand. Hal could not refuse it, but there was nothing cordial in the greeting. Minnie was beautiful, too beautiful, too happy. Even in this brief moment a shadow fell upon her face at Hal's cold greeting of her friend.

Major Morgan monopolized him to gain news of the army boys, and now they learned that Hal had been discharged on account of his health; that he had been wounded at the battle of Springfield. "Here," he said, tapping his left side, and then he was the subject of still warmer welcome and congratulations.

He was glad to get out in the yard with Minnie, who had begged Mr. Van Horn to take down the exercises before they came out, but he shook his head and said:

"No deceit, little one."

She did not have to explain them to Hal; he looked at them and knew the use of all, and who had put them there. Then he looked at her in a reproachful way as they took a seat on the old bench, he wondering how often she and Van had sat there together. Had she broken her word, he asked.

Did he think so?

She must answer.

No.

Ah, so strange! Hal, dear Hal! Hal pale from suffering indeed, and wounded, was more petulant and irritable than ever, harder to please.

But after a while they took up as nearly as possible the old boy and girl life again, and Mr. Van Horn drew apart and left them alone, and then came back the merry laugh, the song, the reading.

And not very long after Hal's arrival Mr. Van Horn was called away, much to the regret of Major and Mrs. Morgan, but Minnie felt that, sad as it was for her, Hal would be happier, and he would write

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to her every week. She must bear it and learn to do without him.

"If you wish it; if Hal will not be hurt."

"Or if he will, write, for surely we cannot harm him thus."

The horses were saddled and stood ready. Daniel would go to the station to bring back the horse, and his baggage had gone ahead.

Hal walked the porch nervously. So, after all, he was here to see them say good-by. But where were they? Minnie had stood near him a moment before; Van Horn had said good-by to all but her. Hal paused in his walk, slapped his hand upon his hip pocket, turned deadly white; his right hand still behind him he stalked to the library. A tableau met his view.

They stood there opposite each other, the table between them.

"I want to test him," said she. "I want to see if he has faith in my word. Stay here five minutes and see if he watches me. If he does—"

"What then?"

"Oh, Mr. Van Horn, I don't know what I should do?"

Mr. Van Horn got a glimpse of the form, its white face, its hand behind it, and gave a warning sign to go, for Minnie with bent head had not seen him yet.

The five minutes past, Minnie looked up and smiled; but there was a strange, stern look in Mr. Van Horn's eyes, and when he told Hal good-by, he said:

"I hope she will never know."

(To be continued.)

THOUGHT AND ACTION

BY JOHN WARD STIMSON

Sometimes Thought waits on Action, and the Dream
Is born in going—and the strong desire
Comes as a friction, starts a flame of fire,
Or nearness brings attraction: and I ne'er had loved
Had I not risen first, and forward moved.

Yet Action comes of Thought, and loves to wait
Halting, as children swing the garden gate
And fear to venture forth. Their mother's voice
Sounds sweet behind, commanding, from the dust and noise;
They know, if once "run over," thought may come too late.

Ah—once, when I was young, 'twas Action brave
I sought and followed, and it led my heart.
Now, Thought and Conscience twined, have made me slave,
I wait their tender summons to "arise and start."
Lord, keep them all so linked that they may never part.

And may be, as I go, the Light will grow to more,
And growing more, the braver shall I stride.
Thought leads, but oft by Action is not spoiled,
Hounds circle hunters just to keep joints oiled,
And yet the gun and voice their wayward motion guides.

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HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

"I wish with all my heart that the Christian religion was a practical instead of a theoretical religion—our Christ had taught us practical lessons. Here I am in great need of money. I open my Bible, and read that when the disciples were in need of means for the self-same purpose, namely, to pay tribute to Caesar, the Lord commanded Peter to go afishing, and he provided a fish with the silver in its mouth—I only wish he were here to send me, having provided my fish with the needful."

"Do you believe that?" I asked.

"Certainly I do," was the reply. "But the days of miracles are past; the fish do not carry silver in their mouths, else all men were fishermen."

I looked at her as she sat there the embodiment of womanly grace and beauty. She was a firm believer in the Bible, with faith in the second coming of the Lord. Reared in luxury, it was difficult to make her slender means support her in the position in which she truly belonged. She was not extravagant, but she had the taste of the cultured and the soul of an artist, which expressed itself in everything about her from the becoming coiffure to her dainty boots. Heirlooms of rich lace were fashioned by her own dainty fingers into the most becoming collars and fichus of the latest date. Her hats and bonnets were also fashioned by her own nimble fingers, and her gowns were creations of grace and refinement, admirably suited to set off her delicate beauty.

"Take my advice," I laughed, "and go afishing here in this box of lace and chiffon, else I must needs go to a less skillful artist and have all my material wasted or spoiled. I have just received them, had to send samples of my gowns, and here I have the daintiest shades of pink and gray, all shades of white from pearl to cream."

She examined them with an eye that beamed delight, and taking me at my word turned to with a will, chatting gayly the while.

"You work with the delight a fish swims or a bird flies," I exclaimed.

"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "this is not work, this is pleasure; put before me rude tools and rough material, and you would find me but a poor workman indeed."

"That is the secret. Our Lord knew that Peter was a fisherman, and delighted in his work; he did not tell him to make a pair of shoes or plow a piece of ground."

"You still harp on the miracle," she said, gravely. "I doubt if I was right to speak as I did. The Bible is a book that we should not quote lightly."

"I agree with you; but it is the wisest of books, the best of teachers, the most practical guide."

"I wish I could read it with you, and find it so."

"You shall."

The day passed pleasantly, and my friend was happier than I had seen her for many a month. It was a joy to see her.

"Ah," she said, "how I pity these poor women who must do all their sewing with machine, hard matter of fact lines; here I loop and shirr, and the thing of beauty is created as if by magic under my hand. One, two, three, four collarettes and two fichus; and my lady's gowns become visions of loveliness with these dainty ornaments."

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That was her day's work, or rather her day's pleasure, she said; and indeed I was bewildered with the fairylike effect of dainty ornamentation, as I have them upon my gowns, mentally calculating what they would cost me if imported, for well I knew no one could detect the difference from the most expensive that our best importers offered. To pay her liberally would still make them cheap to me in comparison.

"What shall the 'Little Fishermaiden' have for her beautiful fish?" I cried, opening my purse.

She blushed rose red.

"Charge you, my darling, for this day of pleasure?"

"Oh, silly child, let us see. Here is our Bible. I know you must pay tribute to Caesar, that is, your landlord, for your board. I told you to go afishing, to cast your hook into this little sea of mine, and you did, and behold the beautiful fish all have silver in their mouths—for, were I to go to an importer, I must pay in addition to the price the duty. My little one, your fish have silver in their mouths. Here, will this suffice?" and I counted her out ten dollars. So much for each collar, so much for the fichus.

She fairly gasped, and shrank back.

"See here; one dollar each for the collars, three dollars each for the fichus. The design is your own, suited so admirably to my style. I could have bought nothing so becoming, and you have not wasted one inch of my material, and have made so much more of it than I could have got elsewhere. Shall you not have your wages?"

"Oh, no," she cried. "I cannot, I cannot take money from you."

"Come now, here is our guide again, our Bible—'Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serve me for naught? Tell me what shall thy wages be." Thus spoke Laban unto Jacob, and I must do likewise to you, and say, "Because thou art my sister, shouldest thou therefore serve me for naught? Tell me what shall thy wages be."

She looked at me once more in surprise, and tears brightened her eyes.

"Our Bible was given us for our guide. It is practical in every detail of life. Our Lord performed no miracle that he did not teach us to perform. To Peter he said, "Go thou to the sea, and cast this hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth thou shalt find a piece of money." Now, it matters not what the sea is, it must be in our own calling, the thing we are fitted to do, and is always nearest at hand, and the very first fish we catch holds the silver. And how dare I, as a believer in the Bible, profit by your labor and not pay you? The heart beneath this beautiful fichu would be cold indeed if it did not love you for your devotion to your art, and false indeed if it did not prompt my hand to pay you. Many confidential questions will be asked where I purchased these dainty trimmings, and I shall send other customers to you if you have no false pride."

"I tell you truly I have not, I have lain awake nights wondering where and how I could earn the means to add to my little income, that I should husband in order not to become a burden to my friends."

"You have a little fortune in those deft fingers. Go afishing, and ten dollars a day will keep you nicely."

"Oh, how rich I shall be. But— No, I ought not."

"What is it?"

"Only this, I made a fichu for a friend only last week as beautiful as that for Mrs. B—."

"And she told me she paid thirty-five dollars at Blanke's."

"She fancied one there, but could not afford it, and I copied it as nearly as I could from memory for her."

"Alas, because she was thy sister shouldest thou serve her for naught?"

"It is all right, for I have learned that all the world's a sea—whether the laundress casts her hook into the tub, and draws out white linen, or the railway king fishes in stocks and bonds matters not, so that a fish is caught, for each fish, whether great or small, carries his piece of silver in his mouth. Why, it might even be literally true. Peter caught a fish indeed, and he sold it for a piece of silver."

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"Exactly so. If he had not caught a fish he would not have got the silver."

"Alas, alas; that I should have lived so long to learn this one plain truth. Here I've fished and take home my tribute to Caesar, and you have the joy, if not of eating, of wearing my dainty fish. And above all I've learned that what I supposed a miracle was a practical truth, an example for us all to follow, and furthermore that I may name my wages to my brother, and thus follow the great Teacher, who never spoke except in words of wisdom from the Divine Law."

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.

RESPONSIBILITY TO THE CHILD

Children are very observant, and at a much earlier age than we give them credit for; therefore we must be very careful what we say or do in their presence unless we would have them say and do the very same thing. No one should tell a thing before a child he would be unwilling that child should repeat, for if one says, "You must not tell that," the question arises in the child's mind, Why? "Because I tell you so," will not suffice. It begins to ponder the subject; then it will tell its playmates things and enjoin secrecy. Indeed, we cannot be too careful of our little folk, and if we rear them rightly we are fitting them and ourselves for the Kingdom, for in nothing else does such rigid adherence to all the virtues behoove us as in the daily exercise of our parental duties.

BREAD DYSPEPSIA

THE DIGESTING ELEMENT LEFT OUT

Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper. Up under the shell of the wheat berry, nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

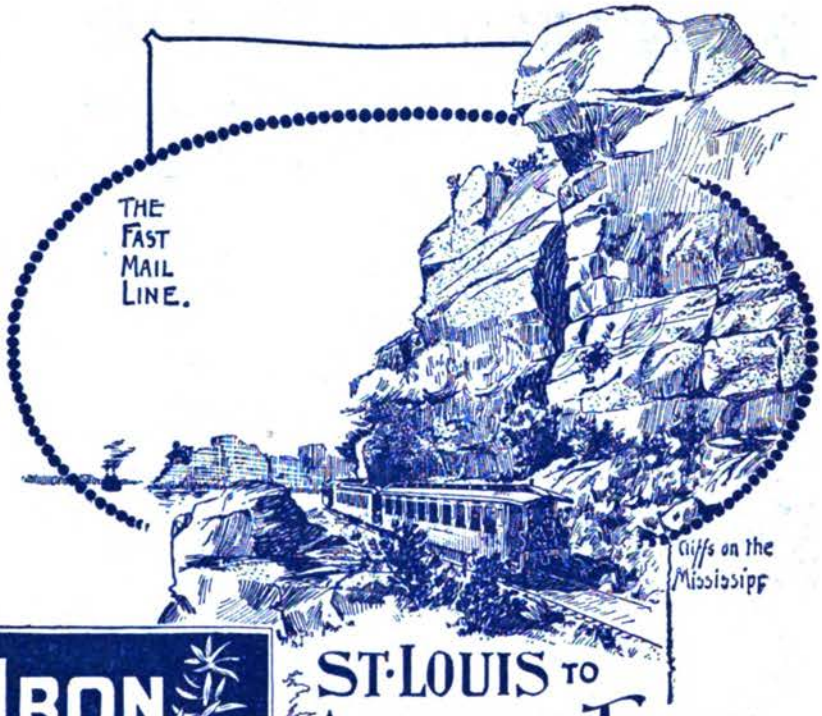
This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation, and all sorts of trouble exist, when we go so contrary to nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture, and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food, therefore, is naturally predigested, and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks, and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread, is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

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EAT

Quaker Oats

AND KEEP YOUR STOMACH SWEET



"Man has been misled by the stimulating properties of animal tissues and their extracts into an exaggerated belief in their food value. Beef tea is nearly as pure a stimulant as a glass of wine." —Dr. Haig in "Food and Diet."

Quaker Oats PUDDINGS

PUDDINGS.—To two cups Quaker Oats Porridge add the yolks of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls sugar, half a teaspoonful salt, some grated lemon or other flavoring, and finally the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven, or, if preferred, steam one hour. Serve hot with sauce, cream and sugar, or raspberry or strawberry syrup.

EAT MORE Quaker Oats LESS MEAT

A very nice fruit pudding can be made by adding peaches, apples, or other fru to the above recipe.

AT ALL GROCERS IN 2-POUND PACKAGES

QUAKER OATS makes not only the best breakfast porridge in the world, but also delicious and wholesome **bread, muffins, cakes, soups** and **puddings.** Write for our *Cereal Cook Book, edited by Mrs. Rorer.*

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO., Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

L.H.
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