The Independent.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Mail Matter.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XLII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1890. NUMBER 2146.

The Independent.

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PROSPEXIT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past."
BROWNING'S "*Prospice.*"

I.

HE watched for it—met it—and conquered!
With joy on his face,
He fronted the Fear. But the darkness
That shrouded the place
In mystery, failed to affright him;
For firmly and fast
He clung to his faith—that somewhither,
Will triumph at last,
God's ends in this earthly creation—
That Infinite Love,
Will lift the true soul that can trust Him,
All evils above!

II.

Why fear then? That trust was his anchor;
Himself hath so said.
His life shall be only beginning,
When Death shall be dead!
Why should not the smile on his features
Betoken that he
Saw the "soul of his soul" through a radiance
None other might see?
Clasped hands with her—named her in rapture—
Reached forth, as if drawn
By fingers invisible—faltered
One word—and was gone!

LEXINGTON, VA.

"L'ANGELUS."

(*After Jean-François Millet.*)

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

THE faint bells chime athwart the low lit leas,
And all the air is mellow with their sound;
With bowed, bared heads, upon the tillage-ground,
Still as the sculptured marbles of Old Greece,
Two toilers stand, in reverent surcease,
With burdens laid aside, with bonds unbound,
Their humble brows, their heavy labors crowned
At eventide with sunset-gold and peace.

Shall not Death's music sweetly call to us?
All we who till our bare, unfruitful land,
Our fields bestrewn with stones and sterile sand
For scanty harvests, poor and piteous;
Shall we not joyfully arise and stand
To hear the sound of our last Angelus?

LONDON, ENGLAND.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY MARIA A. MARSHALL.

LOOK not so pitifully on my state;
I am not always on this bed of pain.
This very morning when reluctantly
My eyes I opened on another day,
I saw the curtain softly move aside;
A silent, unseen messenger came in.
A fragrant breeze of joy called me to leave
My fetters and my grief; and I went out
Into the perfect sunlight, and each leaf
Became a symbol of the Infinite Love.
The Real Presence shone from every flower,
The glory of the Highest filled this frame,
And I partook of the eternal life.

NEW YORK CITY.

A REPORTER'S WORK.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

THE Philadelphia papers, a few days ago, contained a notice of the death, at one of the hospitals, of F. Jennings Crute, a reporter on one of the newspapers of that city.

To the great majority of the unthinking public, the word reporter suggests an under-bred, prying fellow, whose delight it is to spy into the private affairs of his neighbors. He is Jenkins, the despicable eaves-dropper, who counts the wedding-garments of the bride, listens to family quarrels, and unearths the miserable history of the suicide, in order to furnish the morning meal of gossip to the public.

They forget that the public are hungry for this meal of personal gossip or it would not be served to them, and that the reporter whose "assignments" call him one hour to interview a tawdry actress and the next to give a list of the leaders of fashion at a ball, is no more responsible for the pettiness of his work than is the compositor who puts it into type. To-morrow he may be assigned to give to the world a clear, true account of a political conference in which vast interests are involved, or to risk his life in a plague-stricken district, in order to bring it relief.

He is not now, as he too often was thirty years ago, an illiterate penny-a-liner, trying to make a scanty living by his untrained wits. The local staff of the great daily newspapers is largely made up now of men who began their preparations for the work of journalism in Harvard, Yale or Johns Hopkins; and who are going through the prentice drudgery of their profession with a zeal and ability which deserve other reward than the sneers of an uncomprehending public.

Of this one man who fell the other day in the first steps of his career, I should like to say a word here. His life seems to me typical of his class and of the times.

Jennings Crute was the descendant of a Southern family, who since colonial times have made themselves felt in the history of the country. It was good fighting stock; the men have always been stout belligerents as politicians, theologians or soldiers. Jennings was a delicate, slight, blue-eyed lad with the low voice and shyness of a woman; but underneath was the tough fiber of his race.

He began work as a reporter on a country paper in Delaware when but a boy, and soon made his mark by the exceptionally vivid sharpness of his descriptions. In a short time he held a leading place on the local staff of one of the principal Philadelphia papers.

The lad, who looked like a sensitive girl, was a remarkable specialist in his way. He had a peculiar faculty for unearthing crime, and for bringing hidden wrongs to light. Set him on the track of a concealed misdoing which exposure would right, and he would follow it with the silent energy of a blood-hound. Through his obstinate pertinacity in a famous murder case which baffled the lawyers a year or two ago an innocent man was saved from the gallows. Two winters ago he penetrated in disguise into the worst "dives" of Philadelphia, publishing each morning an account of tne horrors which he saw. After the first exposure he continued this work at the risk of his life; but he persevered until the city authorities were able to close all of these houses and to punish their keepers. Hordes of young girls and lads who had been lured to ruin in these dens owed their rescue to the quiet courage of this boy.

He had inherited consumption, and knew it. He knew, too, that the all-night work, the irregular hours, the exposure in every kind of weather, would hasten the end. But he had no thought of himself. He had but one idea—his work. How to do it best; how best to serve his paper and the world. He had two or three attacks of serious illness, but after each he staggered to his feet again and went to work with breathless haste. A stranger in a great city, and beset by the temptations which come to men at his work, he lived a clean life, now and then stopping to drag up other men out of the slough. He was a reserved man, with but few friends, and to them he probably never spoke a word of affection; but his loyalty touched them as something strange and unworldly. His feeling for them was part of his life as was the blood in his veins.

He was worn out with a hard winter's work when there came one day last spring the vague report of a disaster at Johnstown.

I wonder if the readers of THE INDEPENDENT ever thought of the work done by reporters at Johnstown? They hurried to it from every city of the country. The whole district around was laid waste—railways, bridges, roads washed away; the valleys were still flooded. They passed through this awful scene of disaster in boat, on horseback, on foot; some of them crossing the rivers in baskets slung on a rope. They suffered from exposure, hunger and the poison from thousands of decaying bodies; but they remained for weeks at their post, like soldiers ordered to lead a forlorn hope. It was wholly owing to their work that this country and the world were roused to the extent of the misfortune, and to the urgent necessity of help. The first credit for the help given is due not to the generous donors safe in their distant homes, but to these obscure young men who quietly sent home their daily reports and stood their ground in the face of disease and death.

They paid the penalty. Of the thirty newspaper men who were in Johnstown, but two, it is stated, escaped without serious illness. Three have since died from the effects of the work done there.

Jennings Crute was the first man from Philadelphia to reach the place. His reports of its condition were masterpieces of description—vivid, simple, terse, without a word of attempted fine writing. The powerful black strokes of his picture were drawn in the presence of death itself, for a waiting people, dumb with horror, to look upon.

The exposure, the severe work and the malignant poison of the air were too much for his strength; but he would not give up. One reporter after another was ordered home on furlough, ill; but Crute remained.

"I knew I had my death-blow," he said afterward; "but there was so much to do there!"

After his return home he had a brief rest, and rallied, going back to work. He was assigned to report an encampment at Mt. Gertner, and with the hand of death upon him, rose before day to march with the troops instead of following leisurely with the other reporters, because he knew that he could describe more accurately the thing which he had actually seen.

He was brought home to die; but in the weeks which passed before the end, he fought death inch by inch, planning with indomitable energy work for the future. Even when he was actually dying he made his nurses dress him and wheel him into the sunshine "to gain strength so that he could go to the office next week."

The weak, girlish-looking body is at rest now, under the clay; but he is at work somewhere, eager, strong, hopeful, with the Chief whom he trusted and served so faithfully here.

The ambition of this man and of his class may seem petty to you—to get the first news for his paper, to tell it to the world in strong, exact words—anonymously, too; for the reporter has no name nor credit.

The favorite heroes of the world are still the gallant crusader or the soldier; yet to my commonplace, modern mind this weak lad, who never spared himself, who was zealous and faithful unto death to the obscure work to which he had pledged himself is the hero we need to-day.

There was room, too, in that obscure work for great triumphs. He closed the doors into which, as openings to Hell, thousands of children had been lured to the ruin of body and soul; and he gave his life at last in the work of bringing help to Johnstown.

There are thousands of other ambitious lads, poor, friendless and alone in our cities. It seems to me that the story of this dead boy should come to them with no uncertain meaning.

It seems to me, too, that it is time we understood the work of the class to which he belonged, and recognized its wide and often heroic service.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

THE SEARCH FOR AMERICANA IN MEXICO.

BY THE REV. BISHOP JOHN F. HURST, LL.D.

MEXICO is still a storehouse of treasures for the bibliophile of choice Americana; but wise is he who knows where to find the jewels. The Spaniards, very early after the Conquest, brought over the busy printing-press, and the literary productions of the Hispano-Mexican period in the sixteenth century are not only among the rarest of all American issues, but the objects of long and careful search by agents for the larger and wealthier European libraries, and even by the few men of every land who are so unfortunate as to be at once millionaires and bibliomaniacs.

These early literary achievements of the Spaniards in Mexico are constantly getting scarcer. The best time to secure them was during the complete social and political convulsion which lasted from 1820 to 1830, when Mexico passed over from its provincial character as a Spanish possession into an independent nation. Until then the old

preciation of Browning meant the depreciation of Tennyson.

I do not believe that this is true. Must we hate England because we learn to love Italy? I do not believe that the two poets have ever desired to lead parties each against the other. No truer tribute was ever offered in the brotherhood of art than the wreath which Tennyson laid but yesterday upon Browning's coffin as it rested among the glorious living dead of England. Nor do I believe that the fame of Browning, however brightly and broadly it may increase, will ever darken or diminish the fame of Tennyson.

For that fame rests, as I have said before, not upon rivalry or comparison, but simply upon the value of his work to the human spirit—upon the security of the refuge which his poetry offers to those who are distressed and wearied by the dullness of the common and prosaic view of life—upon the sweetness and power of the refreshment which his music gives to those who would fain be soothed and strengthened into a deeper joy, a more ardent love, a more stedfast courage to live and die.

And will this latest volume really add to his fame? Is it a thing for which any one will be honestly glad and grateful?

Let us admit at once and frankly that it contains much that will not count at all in the estimate of Tennyson's poetry, tho it may find a place in the catalog of his poems. It could hardly be otherwise. No man paints masterpieces every year. To most men the power of perfect expression is altogether and forever lost when the eightieth year of life has come.

With what surprise, then, and with what thankfulness do we recognize in this little book many things which certainly enrich our world of thought and feeling—gifts which are rare and precious, not merely for the sake of the giver, but for their own sake. There are poems here which increase the volume of Tennyson's good work—the work in which his personality is expressed and the excellence of his art illustrated. There are also poems here —at least two—which belong distinctly to his best work, and add a new luster to the brightest point of his fame.

Let us take three or four of the finest qualities in Tennyson's poetry as we have known it in the mass of his work, and see how far we can trace them in this latest book.

Take, first, his sympathetic interpretation of Nature. Wordsworth was the leader here; he was the first to lift Nature to the level of man and utter in human language her most intimate meanings; but Tennyson has added something to the scope and beauty of this kind of poetry. He has caught more of the throbbing and passionate and joyous voices of the world; not so deeply has he entered into the silence and solemnity of guardian mountains and sleeping lakes and broad, bare skies; but he has felt more keenly the thrills and flushes of Nature—the strange, sudden, perplexed, triumphant impulses of that eager seeking and tremulous welcoming of love which flows like life-blood through all animate things. And so he is at his best with Nature when he comes to the springtime. The lines on "The Oak" are Wordsworthian in their simplicity; the last stanza is a model of austere expression:

"All his leaves
Fall'n at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength."

But in "The Throstle" we have something that none but Tennyson could have written. Immortal youth throbs and pulses in this old man's song. The simple music of joy, so swift and free that its cadences break through and through each other and overflow the edges of the verse—

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it:
Light again, life again, leaf again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet."

That sings itself. The longer poem on "The Progress of Spring" is richer, but less perfect; yet it succeeds in expressing the complexity of budding life, the gentle thronging of new things into the world, each coming swiftly by itself, but all together moving without haste and with harmonious confusion to the fruition of love. And its lesson is the lesson of hope, which renews the heart even at eighty years.

The poem of "Demeter," which gives name to the volume, is valuable for several qualities. It is an example of that opulent, stately and musical blank verse in which Tennyson is the greatest master since Milton died. It shows also his power of re-animating our old-world legends with the vivid feeling of present life. The ancient myth of the earth-goddess whose daughter has been snatched away into the dark, shadowy under-world, is quickened by the poet's genius into an impassioned utterance of the sharp contrast between the spectral existence of Hades and the sweet, homely familiarities of the earth, the clinging of the heart to simple mortal life, and the preference of its joys and sorrows to all the "hard eternities" of passionless gods. But to my apprehension, the best quality in this poem and the most vital, strange as it may seem, is its revelation of the depth and power or the poet's human sympathy.

Somehow or other Demeter's divinity is forgotten and lost in her motherhood. Take that strong, sweet, simple passage which begins:

"Child, when thou wert gone
I envied human wives and nested birds."

it would be impossible to express more directly and vividly the dependence of the mother upon the babe who is dependent upon her, the yearning of the maternal breast toward the child who has been taken from it. It is the same deep, generous love which is set to music in the song in "Romney's Remorse"; but there the love is not robbed and disappointed, but satisfied in the outpouring of its riches:

"Beat, little heart, I give you this and this."

That is the fragrance, the melody, the mystery of the passion of motherhood—profound, simple, elemental. And when a poet can feel and interpret that for us, and at the same time express the rude and massive gratitude of the stolid peasant in a poem like "Owd Roä," and the troubled, sensitive penitence of a vain, weak artist in a poem like "Romney's Remorse," we have a right to call him a great poet; for he proves that nothing human is foreign to him.

Tennyson's peculiar and distinctive quality—that by which he is most easily recognized and best known to those who know him best—is the power of uttering a delicate, vague, yet potent emotion, one of those feelings which belong to the twilight of the heart when the light of love and the shadow of regret are mingled, in an exquisite lyric which defines nothing and yet makes everything clear. To this class belong the songs like "Tears, idle tears," "Blow, bugle, blow," and "Break, break, break." And this volume gives us another lyric, which has the same mystical and musical charm, "Far, far away"—this is a melody that haunts youth and age—the attraction of distance, the strange magic of the dim horizon, the enchantment of evening bells sounding from beyond the bounds of sight; these are things so aerial and evanescent that they seem to elude words; but Tennyson has somehow caught them in his song.

But there is something still nobler and greater in his poetry than any of these qualities which we have noted. There is a spiritual courage in his work, a force of faith which conquers doubt and darkness, a light of inward hope which burns dauntless under the shadow of death. Tennyson is the poet of faith—faith as distinguished from cold dogmatism and the acceptance of traditional creeds—faith which does not ignore doubt and mystery, but triumphs over them and faces the unknown with fearless heart. The poem entitled "Vastness" is an expression of this faith. It was published nearly five years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and those who know its impassioned force are glad to see it placed at length among the poet's acknowledged work in this volume. But there is even a finer quality, a loftier, because a serener power, in the poem with which the book closes. Nothing that Tennyson has ever written is more beautiful in body and soul than "Crossing the Bar."

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bells,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

"For tho from out our bourne of Time and Place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

That is perfect poetry—simple even to the verge of austerity, yet rich with all suggestions of the wide ocean and the waning light and the vesper bells; easy to understand and full of music, yet opening inward to a truth which has no words, and pointing onward to a vision which transcends all forms; it is a delight and a consolation, a song for mortal ears and a prelude to the larger music of immortality.

Men say that faith and art have parted company—that faith is dead and art must live for itself alone. But while they say this in melancholy essays and trivial verses which perish at birth, our two greatest artists, Browning and Tennyson, face to face with death, are singing a song that will never die, because it is a prophecy of eternal life. And one has crossed the bar with music; and the other waits with music for the call and the voyage, without fear, not silent nor despairing, according as it is written: I believe, and therefore sing.

NEW YORK CITY.

HENRIK IBSEN, who is meeting with a good deal of ridicule in this country, is literally leonine in appearance, and would attract instant attention in any company. He is under rather than above the medium hight, with very broad and square shoulders. His head is naturally large, and is made to seem larger by the bushy mane of iron-gray hair (now almost white) which frames it. His forehead is of abnormal hight and development. Short-sighted eyes, of a moist, chill gray, look out steadily, and to all appearances, unobservantly, through gold-rimmed spectacles. A short and blunt nose, full flushed cheeks and a very long upper lip surmount a mouth which gives the face its main character.

TWO DECADES OF PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

BY PROF. E. D. MORRIS, D.D.

IT was on Wednesday, the 10th of November, 1869, that the two General Assemblies, Old School and New School, met together in the City of Pittsburg for the purpose of consummating formally the ecclesiastical union of the two bodies which they represented. On Thursday the 27th of the May preceding, the two Assemblies, then convened in the City of New York, had adopted the plan by which, after the approval of the presbyteries in both bodies should be secured, the union was to be effected. They had also held, in the famous Brick Church, a joint communion service, which was a virtual recognition of the coming consolidation. Both assemblies adjourned to meet in Pittsburg at the date designated, and were organized in due form for the purpose of hearing the reports from the presbyteries, and of taking such final action as might be needful in the case. It having been found that the one hundred and thirteen New School presbyteries were unanimous in favor of the union, and that of the one hundred and forty-four Old School presbyteries only three had voted in the negative, the way was fully open for the desired combination. Both assemblies were, therefore, formally dissolved to meet as one Assembly in Philadelphia in May following, in the old historic First Church of that city; and there followed immediately the commemorative celebration.

The event was every way memorable. The two bodies left the sanctuaries in which they had been convened respectively, met in parallel ranks in the public street, joined their columns by grasping hands and pairing off with many cordial and tearful greetings, and then proceeded to the Third Church, where the religious and congratulatory services were held. The spectacle of that fraternal union of forces, of the procession and march that followed, of the fraternal greetings by the way, of the plaudits of the spectators, of the gathering in the chosen house of God, was one to be forever held in remembrance. The exercises in the church were opened with the Coronation Hymn; and, while the two moderators clasped hands in the presence of the congregation as an act symbolic of the union, the Doxology was sung. Addresses were made by the moderators, and by others who had taken prominent part in the preceding negotiations. Dr. William Adams, in his address, referred pleasantly to the usage of the Moravian Church, in which at a certain point in the communion service it is customary for each communicant to grasp the hand of his neighbor, saying: "Here is my heart, and here is my hand." Instantly the congregation caught the happy suggestion, and hands were grasped in all parts of the house, while many repeated with emphasis, and even with tears, the cordial Moravian formula. So the historic union was formed, which now for twenty years has stood with increasing cordiality, and with growing fruitfulness and promise of perpetuity.

It cannot be denied that there were many who contemplated the step then taken with misgiving, and in some instances with positive apprehension. The interests involved were very grave, and serious possibilities were visible in several directions. Some felt that the union would become a check to the prosperity which the two branches had been enjoying separately; some feared that the conflicts of rival theologies would prove destructive to the common body, or injurious either to liberty or to orthodoxy; some apprehended that the jealousies of individuals, the antagonisms of local faction, the jarring of committees and boards, and other such elements of mischief, would provoke divisions, and lead on to greater rupture in the end. Nor were these apprehensions wholly without foundation: there was real ground for solicitude; but the good hand of God, the presidency of the Master, the common grace of the Spirit, the prevalent temper of love and trustfulness, and especially the providential pressure of as grand an opportunity for Christian enterprise and service as any denomination of believers ever enjoyed, have combined to avert disaster of every sort, and to make the union both real and positive in itself, and a source of large prosperity to the united Church.

The growth of the denomination during these twenty years is palpably greater than that enjoyed by the two branches during the same number of years prior to 1869. The following table may serve to illustrate this growth:

	1869.	1889.
Ministers	4,229	5,936
Licentiates and Candidates	982	1,522
Churches	4,371	6,727
Communicants	431,463	758,749
Sunday-school Membership	426,353	843,188
Contributions	$8,145,014	$12,902,829

Stated in another form, the percentage of increase in ministers is *sixty-four;* in licentiates and candidates, *fifty-five;* in the number of churches, *fifty-four;* in the roll of communicants, *seventy-four;* in the Sunday-school membership, *ninety-eight;* and in contributions for all purposes, *fifty-eight*. In general, it may be said that in all the elements and resources of this class, which go to make up a Christian denomination, the united Church has increased more than fifty per cent. at every point. The statistics for 1879, the first decade of union, showed an increase of *sixteen* per cent. in ministers; of *twenty-two* in the number of churches; of *thirty-three* in communicants; and of *forty-two* in Sunday-school member-

ship. These figures bring out the cheering fact that the decade just closing has been more prosperous, more fruitful, than the first. It would be interesting, were the data at hand, to compare this with the growth of other evangelical denominations, or of the Christian Church in general on this continent. But it is safe to stop with saying that if all other branches of that Church are growing at the same rate—doubling every forty years or less—we have the strongest grounds for hope with respect to the speedy conversion of the whole continent to Christ.

Growth is noticeable in other directions also. The machinery and instrumentalities of the Church have been greatly improved, and are about as efficient as any ecclesiastical arrangement of this sort could well be. Our foreign mission work has been pushed forward with great skill and energy, and the missions of our Church in heathen lands will now compare favorably with those of any denomination in Christendom. Our home mission work, with its record of three thousand churches organized and established in almost every State and Territory, of many hundreds of missionaries employed, of schools organized, and other evangelizing agencies set in motion, has been and now is a magnificent success. Our work among the Freedmen, tho far from being all that it ought, has grown wonderfully, especially within the past decade, in usefulness and in promise of future good. Our other boards and committees, including those on Temperance and the Sabbath and Systematic Beneficences, are rendering admirable service. The new Board of Aid for Colleges, tho but in the beginning of its career, is proving itself to be a valuable help in the planting of educational institutions of the higher grades, especially on the steadily expanding frontier lines of our civilization. Our denominational colleges, East and West, have been vastly improved in resources and in quality; and our theological seminaries are, at a low estimate, twice what they were twenty years ago in endowment and equipment, and in their practical usefulness to the Church. Indeed, there is hardly any direction in which this fact of growth, development, progress, does not make itself conspicuous.

Theologically, the situation is full of promise. It was feared at first that the various modes of stating and explaining the common Calvinism, recognized as existing in the two branches and virtually allowed in the Act of Union, would develop into serious and possibly fatal antagonism in doctrine. It was feared that some one type of theology, intrenched in this or that seminary, would claim the right to be supreme and controlling throughout the Church. It was feared that the freer terms of subscription, necessarily allowed in the union, would open the way to license and recklessness, and possibly end in the admission of vital error or in destructive theologic discords. Of course, there was ground for apprehension in all these directions, and there were many on both sides who in their hearts supposed that either sound doctrine or just liberty would in the end be sacrificed by the effort to unite elements so unlike, and in some respects so diverse.

But these fears have not been warranted by the facts. The trials for heresy have been remarkably few, and have related chiefly to secondary matters of faith; and the results of those trials have shown that the Church at large is generous as well as conservative, and is willing to allow full liberty of interpretation, and of variation also, within the general domain of the denominational belief. These trials, it may be added, all or nearly all occurred within the first decade; and there is now, so far as the writer is aware, no trace of an ecclesiastical controversy involving doctrinal diversities anywhere within our borders. Nor has this interesting result been secured by a rigid process of compression within the limits of some one type of Calvinistic belief, but rather by the free and cordial recognition of allowable differences in such belief. Men have learned that lesson which every large denomination, if it is to survive, must learn, —that the presence and the trustful recognition of differences in minor points are indispensable to a true, permanent unity in what is essential. It may also be said that the denominational belief has undergone considerable mutation in aspect, especially within the last decade, and is still passing through what may be described as an important modification, not indeed of the general system of doctrine, but of the forms in which that doctrine is conceived, stated, proclaimed. Our Calvinism, in a word, is adjusting itself happily to the age we are living in, and to the country and people we are endeavoring as a Church to reach and save.

The present movement toward the revision of our doctrinal standards well illustrates this fact. It is useless to speak of this movement as either local or transient. It will continue, and doubtless with increasing energy, until some satisfactory result is gained. That result may be either a series of changes in the Confession or a declaratory act explaining the Confession, as a new and supplementary creed. No one can predict what its final form may be; but the fact is palpable that there are changes in the popular views, modifications of opinion as to certain elements in the received doctrine, which sooner or later will force themselves into expression, either peacefully or as by violence. What is encouraging to many lovers of the Church is to see that thus far the state of the case has been calmly and cordially considered, and that the movement is going on almost without a trace of the *rabies theologorum*. Should the present even temper and trustful appreciation be maintained on all sides, as now seems altogether probable, it is not impossible that within the next decade the theology of the Presbyterian Church may become a more broad and catholic, a more strong and winning and effective, yet none the less sound and orthodox, structure than ever before. Thoughtful minds almost universally are agreeing in this hope and in this anticipation.

Ecclesiastically, the denomination is at peace within itself and at peace with all its neighbors. There are no serious conflicts touching Boards and their work; only such occasional discussion and criticism as are needful to help these agencies in their places, and make them diligent in fulfilling their several missions. No important collisions of opinion as to our polity, in either its principles or its application, have disturbed the placid movement of presbytery or synod or assembly. We have had no quarrels with other Christian bodies; even the negotiations with our Southern brethren, tho fruitless as to their main intent, have ended peacefully—leaving us at liberty to go on unchallenged with our grand continental work. Even the proffer of the historic episcopate, with all that it implies, has not disturbed our equanimity or made us any the more ready to fold our bonny blue banner, and take our rest in the decorated tents of Episcopacy. All in all, the situation is eminently satisfactory. With the blessing of God our Church may go on hopefully for other decades, and probably for centuries, not shattered by ruptures, nor weakened and disorganized by disaffection, but abiding in unity and confirmed in its faith, and ready, more and more ready, to be the hand and minister of God in the great task of conquering the continent for Christ.

LANE SEMINARY.

LIBERTY AND DISCIPLINE.

BY PROF. W. G. SUMNER.

THE proposition that "every man should be free to do as he likes, without encroaching on the similar liberty of every other man," is commonly used as if it were a simple and final definition of social and civil liberty. It is not so, however. It is only one of those formulas which we get in the habit of using because they save us the trouble of thinking, not because they are real solutions. Evidently any two men might easily disagree as to the limits set by this formula to their respective spheres of right and liberty. If so they would quarrel and fight. Law, peace, and order would not therefore be guaranteed; that is to say, the problem would not be solved.

Civil liberty must therefore be an affair of positive law, of institutions, and of history. It varies from time to time. The notion of rights is constantly in flux. The limiting line between the rights and duties of each man, up to which each may go without trenching on the same rights and liberty of others, must be defined at any moment of time by the constitution, laws and institutions of the community. People often deny this, and revolt at it, because they say that one's notions of rights and liberty are not set for him by the laws of the State. The first man you meet will undoubtedly tell you that there are a number of laws now in force in the United States which he does not think are consistent with liberty and [natural] rights. I who write this would say so of laws restricting immigration, laying protective taxes, etc. But it is to be observed that behind the positive law existing at any time, there is the moral reflection of the community which is at work all the time. This is the field of study, debate and reflection, on which moral convictions are constantly being formed. When they are formed, they find their way into laws, constitutions, and institutions, provided that the political institutions are free, so as to allow this to take place. If not, there is opened a gap between the positive law and the moral convictions of the people, and social convulsions ensue. It is a constant phenomenon of all exaggerated philosophers of the State, that they obscure this distinction between public morals and positive law. The older abuse was to suppress public morals in the name of positive law. The later abuse is to introduce public morals into positive law directly and immaturely.

If now we turn to individual liberty, still it is true that all liberty is under law. The whole life of man is under law. It is impossible to conceive of it otherwise. It is impossible to understand society except we think of it as held and governed by forces which maintain equilibrium in it, just as we have learned to conceive of Nature. The objections which are made to this notion are exactly parallel to those which were formerly brought against the same conception of physics. It is impossible to argue against them, because, if they were true, there would be no thinking or arguing possible. If social science deals only with matters of expediency, then there is no social science. It is a question of expediency whether there shall be two Houses in the Legislature or one; whether the Cabinet ministers shall have seats in Congress; whether men shall work ten hours a day or eight; whether we should use more or less paper money inside the requirement of the country; whether university education should be based on Greek; whether women should have the suffrage, etc., etc. If all the questions of social science are of this nature, there is no social science. There is nothing to find out. All that can be said is, Go on and try it, and people who have "views" may be listened to if they show what they think to be the advantages of one or another arrangement.

In truth, however, the field of expediency is very circumscribed. It is surrounded by the domain of forces, so that when we seem most free to adopt such plans as we please, we find ourselves actually controlled by facts in the nature of man and of the earth, and we find that it is the sum of our wisdom to find out those facts, and range ourselves under them and in obedience to them. Then our science and our art have their proper places, and fall into due relation to each other.

Thus we come to this: that there is no liberty for the intelligent man as an individual, or in voluntary co-operation with others, except in intelligent obedience to the laws of right living. His first task is to know the world in which he finds himself. He must work and he must study. He is not turned out to riot in self-indulgence because he is free. He must conform to the conditions in which he finds himself. He must obey. When he has broken all the bonds of old institutions, of superstition and human tyranny, he wakes to find that he can have no liberty unless he subdues himself. Labor and self-control are the conditions of welfare. He must not cry out that liberty is only a delusion and a juggle. He must understand that what liberty properly means for the individual, is intelligent acceptance of the conditions of earthly life, conformity to them, and manful effort to make life a success under them.

Not to follow this line of thought into the domain of private morals, I turn back to the relation of individual liberty to civil liberty. Civil and political liberty cannot release a man from State burdens. It is interesting and instructive to notice that free yeomen in the United States have to take up, of their own accord, many of those burdens which, in the Middle Ages, were regarded as the heaviest feudal obligations. The farmers in a New England township have to maintain roads and bridges, do police duty, and maintain all public institutions as much as if they lived upon a manor. A farmer who works out his taxes on a road does not know how near he comes to reproducing a medieval villein. The burdens are there, because society is there; and they must be borne. If the State does them on a larger scale than the township, they must be paid for; and when we see men eager to work them out if they can, we must infer that the burden is increased, not lessened, by being turned into taxes.

When the peasant obtains freedom, therefore, and sets up a democratic republic, he finds that that only means that he must turn about and do again voluntarily, as an intelligent citizen, what he did before under human compulsion. When he gets self-government, he finds that it still means *government;* only that now it is turned into personal discipline instead of being governmental compulsion. If he gets his personal liberty, then civil liberty is nothing but a guaranty that, in doing his best to learn the laws of right living and to obey them, to the end that his life may be a success, no one else shall be allowed to interfere with him, or to demand a share in the product of his efforts. That is what the function of the State is; and if it does more or less it fails of its function.

Discipline, therefore, is the great need of our time. It should be the first object of education. By it we mean something much more than the mental training about which we used to hear so much. We mean training of thought, feeling and emotions, so as to apprehend and appreciate all things correctly; and habits of self-control so as to hold one's self within the limits which enable free men in a free society to live in harmony and pursue their ends successfully without encroaching on each other. Our children need it. Their freedom and fearlessness give them spirit and courage; but they lack form and training. They would not be any less free if they were considerably chastened. We need it as parents. We should discharge our responsibilities in that relationship much better if we were schooled to more patience, and to more rational methods of exercising authority or instruction. We need it in social relations, because it is only by virtue of discipline that men can co-operate with each other. The notion that co-operation is a power, which can take the place of the intelligence of well-trained men, is itself a product and proof of undisciplined thinking. Men increase their power indefinitely by co-operation and organization; but in order to co-operate they must make concessions. The prime condition is concord, and it is only disciplined men who are capable of attaining to that. It has often been said that men have to surrender their liberty in order to organize; but it is better stated that they gain new power consistently with liberty by organizing. We need better discipline in social science, at least in social science. There is a great luxuriance in the production of "views" and notions on this field; and the greatest need is of a set of guarantees and criteria by which this exuberance could be trimmed down. There is one set of persons whose liberty would certainly gain by the production of such tests and guarantees—viz., those who are now likely to have to pay the expense of all the social speculation which is on foot, if any of it should be put to experiment. We need more discipline in public affairs. Our freedom would lose nothing if it were more sober, and if a great many abuses