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## WHAT IS CHRISTIAN FAITH?

BY CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

IT IS easy to chop logic about matters of which you have no experience whatever. Men color-blind have more than once learnedly discussed the laws of color-sensation, and have made interesting deductions from those laws. But when it comes to positive knowledge, such knowledge as a lawyer has of the practice of the courts, that can only rest on long experience, direct or indirect. So, a man may be an accomplished theologian without ever having felt the stirring of the spirit; but he cannot answer the simple question at the head of this article except out of his own religious experience.

There is in the dictionary a word, *solipsism*, meaning the belief that the believer is the only existing person. Were anybody to adopt such a belief, it might be difficult to argue him out of it. But when a person finds himself in the society of others, he is just as sure of their existence as of his own, though he may entertain a metaphysical theory that they are all hypostatized the same *ego*. In like manner, when a man has that experience with which religion sets out, he has as good reason,—putting aside metaphysical subtleties,—to believe in the living personality of God, as he has to believe in his own. Indeed, *belief* is a word inappropriate to such direct perception.

Seldom do we pass a single hour of our waking lives away from the companionship of men (including books); and even the thoughts of that solitary hour are filled with ideas which have grown in society. Prayer, on the other hand, occupies but little of our time; and, of course, if solemnity and ceremony are to be made indispensable to it (though why observe manners toward the Heavenly Father, that an earthly father would resent as priggish?) nothing more is practicable. Consequently, religious ideas never come to form the warp and woof of our mental constitution, as do social ideas. They are easily doubted, and are open to various reasons for doubt, which reasons may all be comprehended under one, namely, that the religious phenomenon is sporadic, not incessant.

This causes a degeneration in religion from a perception to a trust, from a trust to a belief, and a belief

continually becoming more and more abstract. Then, after a religion has become a public affair, quarrels arise, to settle which watchwords are drawn up. This business gets into the hands of theologians; and the ideas of theologians always appreciably differ from those of the universal church. They swamp religion in fallacious logical disputations. Thus, the natural tendency is to the continual drawing tighter and tighter of the narrowing bounds of doctrine, with less and less attention to the living essence of religion, until after some *symbolum quicumque* has declared that the salvation of each individual absolutely and almost exclusively depends upon his entertaining a correct metaphysics of the godhead, the vital spark of inspiration becomes finally quite extinct.

Yet it is absurd to say that religion is a mere belief. You might as well call society a belief, or politics a belief, or civilisation a belief. Religion is a life, and can be identified with a belief only provided that belief be a living belief,—a thing to be lived rather than said or thought.

The Christian religion, if it has anything distinctive,—and must not aspire to be the necessary ultimate outcome of *every* path of religious progress,—is distinguished from other religions by its precept about the Way of Life. I appeal to the typical Christian to answer out of the abundance of his spirit, without dictation from priests, whether this be not so. In the recently discovered book, “The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,”\* which dates from about A. D. 100, we see that long before the Apostles’ or any other creed was insisted upon, or at all used, the teaching of the Lord was considered to consist in the doctrine of the Two Ways,—the Way of Life and the Way of Death. This it was that at that date was regarded as the saving faith,—not a lot of metaphysical propositions. This is what Jesus Christ taught; and to believe in Christ is to believe what he taught.

Now what is this way of life? Again I appeal to the universal Christian conscience to testify that it is simply love. As far as it is contracted to a rule of

\* Edited with translation and notes by Roswell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown. New York: Scribners. 1884. Also, by Philip Schaft. 3d Edition. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. 1890.

ethics, it is: Love God, and love your neighbor; "on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." It may be regarded in a higher point of view with St. John as the universal evolutionary formula. But in whatever light it be regarded or in whatever direction developed, the belief in the law of love is the Christian faith.

"Oh," but it may be said, "that is not distinctive of Christianity! That very idea was anticipated by the early Egyptians, by the Stoics, by the Buddhists, and by Confucius." So it was; nor can the not insignificant difference between the negative and the positive precept be properly estimated as sufficient for a discrimination between religions. Christians may, indeed, claim that Christianity possesses that earmark of divine truth,—namely that it was anticipated from primitive ages. The higher a religion the more catholic.

Man's highest developments are social; and religion, though it begins in a seminal individual inspiration, only comes to full flower in a great church coëxtensive with a civilisation. This is true of every religion, but supereminently so of the religion of love. Its ideal is that the whole world shall be united in the bond of a common love of God accomplished by each man's loving his neighbor. Without a church, the religion of love can have but a rudimentary existence; and a narrow, little, exclusive church is almost worse than none. A great catholic church is wanted.

The invisible church does now embrace all Christendom. Every man who has been brought up in the bosom of Christian civilisation does really believe in some form of the principle of love, whether he is aware of doing so, or not.

Let us, at any rate, get all the good from the vital element in which we are all at one that it can yield: and the good that it can yield is simply all that is any way possible, and richer than is easily conceivable. Let us endeavor, then, with all our might to draw together the whole body of believers in the law of love into sympathetic unity of consciousness. Discountenance as immoral all movements that exaggerate differences, or that go to make fellowship depend on formulas invented to exclude some Christians from communion with others.

A sapient critic has recently blamed me for defective cocksureness in my metaphysical views. That is no less than an indictment for practising just as I have always preached. *Absurd* was the epithet ever coming to my tongue for persons very confident in opinions which other minds, as good as they, denied. Can you induce the philosophic world to agree upon any assignable creed, or in condemning any specified item in the current creeds of Christendom? I believe not; though doubtless you can gather a sequacious little flock, quite

disposed to follow their bell-bearer into every vagary, —if you will be satisfied so. For my part, I should think it more lovely to patch up such peace as might be with the great religious world. This happens to be easy to an individual whose unbiased study of scientific logic has led him to conclusions not discordant with traditional dogmas. Unfortunately, such a case is exceptional; and guilt rests on you who insist on so tautening the lines of churches as to close them against the great body of educated and thinking men, pure and undefiled though the religion of many of them (you are obliged to acknowledge it) be. Surely another generation will witness a sweeping reform in this respect. You will not be permitted to make of those churches a permanent laughing-stock for coming ages. Many things are essential to religion which yet ought not to be insisted on: the law of love is not the rule of angry and bullying insistence. Thus, it seems plain to me, I confess, that miracles are intrinsic elements of a genuine religion. But it is not half so important to emphasise this as it is to draw into our loving communion, almost the entire collection of men who unite clear thought with intellectual integrity. And who are you, any way, who are so zealous to keep the churches small and exclusive? Do you number among your party the great scholars and the great saints? Are you not, on the other hand, egged on by all the notorious humbugs,—votaries of Mammon or of Ward McAllister,—who deem the attitude of a church-caryatid to be a respectable or a genteel thing? Your voting-power, too, is repleted with many who, as soon as they are a little better informed and educated, will drop away from you; and in these days that education will come speedily.

To those who for the present are excluded from the churches, and who, in the passionate intensity of their religious desire, are talking of setting up a church for the scientifically educated, a man of my stripe must say, Wait, if you can; it will be but a few years longer; but if you cannot wait, why then Godspeed! Only, do not, in your turn, go and draw lines so as to exclude such as believe a little less,—or, still worse, to exclude such as believe a little more,—than yourselves. Doubtless, a lot of superstition clings to the historical churches; but superstition is the grime upon the venerable pavement of the sacred edifice, and he who would wash that pavement clean should be willing to get down on his knees to his work inside the church.

A religious organisation is a somewhat idle affair unless it be sworn in as a regiment of that great army that takes life in hand, with all its delights, in grimdest fight to put down the principle of self seeking, and to make the principle of love triumphant. It has something more serious to think about than the phraseology of the articles of war. Fall into the ranks then; fol-



low your colonel. Keep your one purpose steadily and alone in view, and you may promise yourself the attainment of your sole desire, which is to hasten the chariot wheels of redeeming love !

# GOOD LUCK TO ALL.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

"WANTED : an amanuensis—must be well educated, and capable of correcting manuscript. To a young man who fulfils these requirements a permanent position and good salary is offered. Apply in person, at 7 P. M. sharp, to Dan'l Dexter, No. 6 West Oddth street."

This advertisement appeared in the *New York Daily Era*, and was read early in the morning by two men, to both of whom it presented a strong attraction—by Willett Beekman, young, of olive, Latin complexion, brown hair and eyes, journalist, up town over his modest breakfast, and by Johann Geldstein, grizzled and gray, forty-five and an immigrant, at a news-stand in the Bowery.

Poor, hungry Geldstein, only half a year in the savage city, almost penniless, weary of ransacking the streets for work, seized the chance like a drowning man, and at five—his well worn clothes and hat furberished up as best he could—appeared at Mr. Dexter's door.

Early as the hour was, Beekman was there before him. By six a dozen more applicants were on hand, but on the stroke of seven the brown stone steps of Mr. Dexter's house were cluttered with fifty or more, all, it is safe to say, ravenous for a chance to work.

It seems a pity, does it not, in a great, half civilised land that some call Christian, so many cultured men should find it hard work to get work ?

Something of this sort Geldstein said to Beekman, and in the two hours together the men got friendly and compassionate, each after his own fashion. At last the time came, the door opened, and the American went in.

Twenty minutes later he came out.

"I can't say I'm sorry," said he to Geldstein and the rest, "but Mr. Dexter has engaged me, it's no use for you to wait."

A few, perhaps incredulous, or very, very hungry, stayed on, still hoping for a chance, but the German took his new acquaintance's word as final.

"Would you tink it impertinent to ask vot he pay for dot work?" he asked as they walked towards the avenue.

"It's no impertinence," answered Beekman good humoredly, "the pay is twenty dollars a week, ten hours a day."

"Twenty dollars," muttered Geldstein, "zo mooch as dot. Vell—glück auf !"

So he was about to turn away when a thought occurred to him.

"Bote it may be you vill not vant to stay. Something better may durn up vor you. Here—here is my address. Vill you not gif me vord?"

Beekman promised, and they parted at the corner.

This was Thursday. On Saturday evening Geldstein received a postal card :

"I am going to quit. Couldn't stand it. If you would like the place meet me in the park Sunday, at six P. M."

At the time appointed the German came.

"Don't be in too big a hurry to thank me," said Beekman gloomily, "wait till I tell you the sort of man you'll have to deal with. I doubt if you can stand it either."

"I assure you," replied the other, "I am not particular ; I dink I could stand anyding, yes, anyding—"

Beekman shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, perhaps. For one thing, I suppose you do not mind working on the Sabbath—"

"On Sunday ! No, vy should I ?"

"I suppose not," continued Beekman ; "most Germans are, I believe, indifferent. Well, that was one thing I couldn't do. I was brought up by a Christian mother. I have always kept the day holy, and I always will. Mr. Dexter insisted upon my coming to work to-day. I declined, and that was the end of it. I spoke of you though before I left. You asked me to, and I did. But that wasn't all, nor the worst, as I look at it, for you ; the man is rich, but he is a low, illiterate blackguard. He did not want help in what he called his literary work,—he wanted a flatterer. He was profane, coarse, and vulgar. I need employment, but not badly enough to sink my manhood or forget that I am a gentleman."

"I respect you for dot," said Geldstein.

"You say you respect me ; I suppose you intend to apply for the place, and yet you, too, are a gentleman."

"Yes," responded Geldstein slowly, "I am, or perhaps I better zay—I vos."

"And could you stand to be cursed and sworn at?"

"Could I?" Geldstein smiled. "Oh yes, I dink so ; I would like to dry it vonce."

"Then you'll have the opportunity ; Dexter said he saw you out of the window last Thursday and liked your looks—"

"He did—he did zay dot?"

"Yes, and he told me to tell you he'd keep the place open till to-morrow at ten."

"I dank you," exclaimed Geldstein earnestly ; "Gott knows I dank you. I vill be dare, be sure I vill be dare. I dink I can serve dis man's purpose. I am a university graduate—Bonn."

"Oh! you'll do. It's easy to see you have the education. But I can hardly believe you will stick it out, and stand his abuse and flatter his miserable vanity. How can you,—a refined man like you?"

"How can I? Do you ask, how can I?" Geldstein leaned forward, feverish hope in his eyes, deep, truthful earnestness in his voice. "I vill dell you vy I can,—because I vant vork,—vork vor money, and money vor food,—not zo mooch vor myself, bote down on Mulberry street I haff two little girls; my Gretchen, fife years old, and my Elsa ten years;—poor little dings, day haff note dis day enough to eat, do all I can, and twenty dollars,—my Gott, vot vould dot do? Stand bad language, yes,—vy not? Be cursed and sworn at, yes,—vy not? Flatter and lie, yes, yes,—vy not? I vould do all dese tings, yes, and glad,—for money, you zay—no, bote for dem vot I love."

"Under the circumstances," said Beekman soberly, "I can hardly blame you: that would be asking too much of human nature; but there is another point I must warn you against: Mr. Dexter is a strict deist in his belief; he was down on me because I am a professed Christian. Do you believe in a God, Mr. Geldstein?"

"Beliefe! vot is it do beliefe? Do zay a ting is zo vid vun part off de brain vot all de rest zay is note zo? Is dot do beliefe? Bah! no. Ven dis Meester Dexter zay, vos dare a God? I sall zay, vy yes. Vun God? Only vun? I sall zay, certainly, only vun. On de udder hand, off he zay six. I swear dare vos six, and, off you please I dell heem I vos intimately ackervainted vid em all."

Geldstein smiled cynically, but Beekman shook his head.

"I am sorry," said he, "that you are not a Christian—"

"Note a Christian. How do you know I am note vun?"

"Why, you do not profess to be one, do you? Besides," Beekman hesitated, "I thought,—that is,—are you not—a Hebrew?"

"Yes," answered Geldstein, soberly, "I vos a Hebrew,—a Jew." Then passionately: "Profess! Vot is profess? Now listen: let me dell you vot happen dis very day. Ven I got dot postal card how glad I vos. I zay to my dear little Elsa, I vould dake de last dollar vor vot you call vun square meal. I did, and den trust—to vot?—to de Lord, you zay; vell, yes,—to de Lord; bote I dink,—I put it—joost trust—trust and wait, ven vun moost vait, trust and vork ven de vork comes. Do de best vun can every time, all de time. I did dot always. Ve came offer in de ship—Normannia, and my wife she die at de quarantine; yes—cholera; den dare vos my poy, my Carl; ah, a nice, goot poy, he vos; ve got rooms, clean, goot rooms; I got zome vork for a vile,

and Carl sold papers to help his papa, and Elsa she dake care off dings. Vell, last Fall my dear leedle Carl vos taken down sick; he vent to de hospital, and dare he die in a week—scarlet fever. Yet I do note dispair. I trust,—note vor myself, bote for Gretchen and Elsa.

"Vell, I vos going to dell about it,—dis morning I left dose kleine kindern, and I walk up de avenue. I moost vork; I moost go and go. Den by and by,—it vos dime for de church do go in. I vos near von, and I dink do myzelf I do zo vant vork, I zo vant Meester Beekman to help me get vork, it may be to pray Gott vill do no harm. It vos a big church,—oh! a grand church, blenty of vine carriages at de vront and on de side street. De music too,—dot vos vine. Vell, I go in; I sit down by de door, and I vait. De minister vos big and handsome. Dey sing, he read de Bible, and den he preach; he zay his text vos, 'Vence shall ve puy pread dot dese may eat?' Den he go on do dell how goot his congregation had been vid offerings to de Lord, and how de moneys had been spent. He dold zome stories off poor old people vot dey got out off trouble till he made me believe he vos really vot he said,—about his master's business.

"I zay do myzelf I vill vait and zay a vord to heem after de church vos offer. Zo I vait, and ven he got done talking and laughing and shaking hands vid zome vine ladies, I zay could I speak vid heem. 'Vell,' said he, 'speak up, vot you vant?' Den I dold heem how it vos vid us, he all de dime looking at me and never smiling vonce. I dell heem how it vos vid us,—vid me and my leedle vuns; dot I had hopes of vork, and I zay, suppose I do not get dot vork, vill you note help me den?"

"He look at me very sour. Vos I a drinking man? he ask. I dell heem honest, zomedimes I drink beer, bote never ven de children haff no bread. 'Ah,' he zay, 'dot's it,—you drink.' I zay, no, no, earnest, because dot vos note true. Den he ask me, vos I a constant attendant on divine worship? Vot could I answer to dot? I zay, vot he mean by vorship? Ven I zay dot, he dell me at vonce he could do nodding vor me. 'Sexten,' he zay, loud, 'show dees man out.' I zay, vos dot to be about hees master's business? 'Sexton,' he zay, very loud, 'put dees man out,—he is deranched.'

"Den de sexton he dell me to go, and I vent. Ven ve got to de door I zay, 'Sir,' to de sexton, 'Sir, vot might dees church haff cost perhaps?' He zay, 'about a million.' And I zay, I dink dot vos a very expensive church vor de Lord to approve, ain't it?"

To all this Willett Beekman listened intently, affected by the man's earnestness, affected by the flood of his broken speech, much in the same way that it has, or ought to have affected you,—with a deep conviction of his sincerity.



And yet, because of his orthodoxy, Beekman could not restrain his endeavors to lead this man who was an infidel in his own narrow way.

"Can you not see," he said, "that even if this man was an unworthy minister of the gospel of Christ, it is no reason why you should reject Christ himself?"

"Ah, my vriend," broke in the German, "haff I note asked you pefore how you dell I reject Christ?"

"Do you accept the doctrine of the atonement?"

"Doctrine! ah, vot vos doctrine? Vot do you mean ven you zay, accept Christ or reject Christ? Now, dis minute (he went on impetuously) I am grateful vor de hope of vork,—grateful to you. Ven you vant to know vedder I am grateful to Gott, I zay grateful,—note as zome dink to nodding, pecause I vind no Gott as I vind you: bote—joost grateful, vedder I vind vork or note—always grateful. Den you vant to know vedder I reject Christ. Dell me, vot you mean by Christ? Vos Christ Gott or man? Ven you know vot in you vos Gott and vot man, den vos dare no more doubt dot dare vos Gott and man,—dot dey vos different and yet de zame.

"Oh, Meester Beekman, I haff read dot story in de Bible dot Gott came down from heaven. I dell you de preaching off it,—vot you call doctrine,—is most all—vot de Bible zay itself—foolishness; bote ven I dink off my leedle vuns, I—a fadder—I dink dot Christ-idea vos no foolishness. Vedder it happen I don't know; nobody knows; bote off I had been Gott; off I vos Gott, I vould haff died vor a vorld dot I love. To live thirty years and den die, dot vould not be so hard, I dink vor Gott."

Of course this was heresy to the brown-eyed American. The thoughts of the steel-gray eyes are always heretical to those of brown; but a deeper thing than thought tugged at his brain and made him recognise in spite of his narrow creed the common brotherhood they shared. They sat long together, parting at last with an honest hand-clasp, Beekman with "Good by and good luck," Geldstein with a brave "Glück auf."

So may it be with all of us,—every one.

## TWO SYSTEMS OF PENOLOGY.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

THE editor of *The Open Court* handed me of late two books, official reports of penitentiaries, and requested me to say a few words in comment thereupon.\* These two books are issued by institutions having the same purpose, the correction and reformation of offenders, and the prevention of crime, but they radically disagree as to the principles of penology and

\* *New York State Reformatory at Elmira. Seventeenth Year Book.* Containing the Annual Report of the Board of Directors for the year ending September 30, 1892. N. Y. S. Reformatory Press. 300 pp.

*Penological and Preventive Principles*, with special reference to Europe and America, by William Tallack, Secretary of the Howard Association of London. Wermeither, Lee & Co., London. 400 pp.

as to the means by which the work of reformation should be done. Harsh treatment for the sake of society seems to be the plan of the Howard Association, while mild correction for the sake of the offender appears to be the principle of Elmira. The Howard Association seeks to punish, while Elmira tries to cure.

The revengeful spirit of the Howard Association appears in its criticism of the merciful method adopted at Elmira, which it ascribes to "maudlin sentimentality on the part of many well-meaning persons, who have ignorantly sought to improve upon the Divine Wisdom, and upon the operation of the fundamental laws of moral discipline, by rendering the condition and treatment of evil-doers a positive source of encouragement to themselves and of strong temptation to those who are struggling to remain honest and thrifty." The advocates of the merciful system are "quasi-philanthropists," actuated by a "false charity" and a "spurious piety," while the United States is complimented as having "a larger proportion of this spurious philanthropy than any European nation." If John Howard could visit London again, I wonder what he would think of the Howard Association. He never supposed that his efforts to soften the harsh code of Leviticus were an attempt "to improve upon the Divine Wisdom."

With all its imperfections, the Elmira plan has achieved beneficent results of the most encouraging kind. According to the report of the Board of Managers, the Elmira system converts criminals into self-sustaining, law-abiding citizens. "That such a result," say the Managers, "is accomplished by the agencies in operation in the Reformatory to the extent of eighty per cent. of paroled men, is reasonably assured by statistical tables already shown."

The Howard Association doubts the accuracy of the report, and says: "Even if it be so (and the matter is open to question), such a result, however good in itself, is quite compatible with an increase of criminality being produced amongst the outside community, by the knowledge that the discipline of so large an establishment furnished so many advantages to the evil-doers." Not a word of testimony is offered in support of this objection, and the argument contained in it is so thoroughly protected by the ironclad armor of prejudice as to be quite invincible.

That crime is to some extent an accident resulting from artificial conditions, is a truth recognised at Elmira, and crime is treated there also as a moral disease to be quarantined against and "cured." In the admirable report of Mr. Brockway, the Superintendent, he says: "There is no safety for society, but in quarantining and curing, in reformatory prisons, the criminally infected individuals brought to our attention by their crimes."

Much of the crime for which we take such cruel revenge is our own, the consequence of the conditions we have made, and most of us ought to sentence ourselves to "do time" in a moral penitentiary. Here is a short sermon, full of spiritual power, for it smites upon the conscience of every man who has influence or authority in this land. It is by Mr. Brockway, where speaking of youthful criminals, he says: "Not too harsh judgment should be visited upon them, for they are not altogether responsible, and society is not without responsibility for the above-named conditions of character. A vast number of young men in the great cities are environed with false and fictitious social distinctions and notions of happiness; the speculative spirit of the times diverts, and the crowding-out influence of monopolies, whether of organised capital or labor organisations, discourages." There is warning in those words. The causes of crime are social, the punishments individual, and "vengeance is mine" says the State.

The course of discipline at Elmira appears to be chiefly physical and moral. Physical culture forms a foundation on which is laid all sorts of handicraft, by which the patient, after he is cured, may earn an honest living. In addition to that, a good academical education is provided in order to strengthen the moral faculties and the front of the brain. The Howard Association complains that there is not enough religion in the discipline administered at Elmira, but the statistics prove that less than five per cent. of the prisoners need religious training, as all the others had more or less of it before they went into the prison. Of the whole number of prisoners at Elmira, 89.4 per cent. are Christians, 6.3 per cent. are Hebrews, and 4.3 per cent. are classified as having no religion.

We read lately in *The Open Court* an article on "Christ and the Christians; a Contrast." The Elmira penitentiary and the system pursued by the Howard Association present the same contrast. The Elmira penitentiary management is actuated by the spirit of Christ, while the Howard Association is an embodiment of the principles of the name-Christians.

The success of the experiment at Elmira will civilise the whole science of penology; it will restore the Lord's prayer to jurisprudence, teaching men to forgive others as they hope to be forgiven; it will awaken society to a knowledge of its own responsibility for the sins of its victims; and in due time it will reform the spiteful and sanguinary criminal codes of all the world.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

Two or three weeks ago I spoke with misgivings about the art of rain-making which I thought might be perverted to malicious and mischievous uses. I did not think my fears would be justified so soon, but it appears from the dispatches, that Mr. A. B. Montgomery of Goodland, Kansas, is a rain-maker of remarkable power,

and a few days ago he dropped a deluge on to the farm of Mr. James Butler of Lyon county, and thereby destroyed a promising field of wheat. Whether this was done inadvertently or maliciously the papers do not say, but whichever way it was, Mr. Butler has begun suit against Mr. Montgomery for damages amounting to the full value of the injured crop, and the verdict is waited for with great interest by all the farmers in Lyon county. I predicted something of that kind. A law ought to be passed forbidding rain-makers to practise their profession except by permission of the County Commissioners, or the City Council. I should like to see the City Council of Chicago debate the question on opposing petitions from the citizens, some of them desiring rain, and the others dry weather. Or, the whole matter might be left entirely to the Mayor.

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A cynical moralist once remarked that a man ought to be good unless he got a higher praise for being bad. Few of us are candid enough to say that, although many of us adopt the sentiment as our guide in practical religion. The gate money not amounting to the expected sum, the Directors of the World's Fair are now convinced that it was wicked to open the Fair on Sundays. They have therefore ordered that hereafter the gates be closed on the Lord's day. The boycott imposed by the churches is now lifted from the Fair in words of patronage and praise. At Ravenswood, Chicago, the Baptists and the Methodists laying aside for the time their theological disputes, have united in passing the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, Promise is made that the great Columbia exposition is to be henceforth conducted in such a manner that as members of the churches and community we can render unstinted support and coöperation without violating our conscientious convictions,

"Resolved, That so far as possible between now and November next we will arrange our business and recreation with a view of availing ourselves of the great educational and ennobling influences of that splendid exposition, which has come to our very doors, and that we will encourage our friends at a distance who may have hitherto hesitated or remained away to visit the World's Fair."

\* \* \*

Ever since the appearance of the "Sunday closing" question, sinful persons have asserted that the Fair was a moral teacher, and that its lessons ought to be learned on Sundays by those who are not able to study them during the week; but those advocates of Sunday opening have been branded by press and pulpit as "mockers," and "scoffers," and "anarchists." They are in good company now, for the righteous people themselves declare in deliberate words that the Exposition is not only "splendid," but also "educational and ennobling." It seems from this confession that because of its "educational" influence the clergy were jealous of the Exposition as a Sunday school teacher. All "educational" influences except their own must be suppressed on Sundays, or be boycotted by them on every other day. They must be protected on Sundays from the competition of all "educational and ennobling" institutions. "Educational" Mondays and Tuesdays, or even Saturdays, may be tolerated, but Sunday must be preserved as a festival to ignorance. On Sundays the gospel of the arts and sciences and of all realities must be forbidden; the gospel of pictures and statues, of coal and iron, of corn and wool, of handicraft and engines, of electricity and steam. This gospel is too "educational and ennobling," therefore it must not be preached on Sundays. Better the gospel of pure idleness than that. The reproach of their master "Oh, ye of little faith" applies to his over zealous disciples now; for if they are afraid of "educational and ennobling" influences on Sundays, they can have but little faith in him. A true religion is friendly every day in the week to everything that is "educational and ennobling." Only a false religion is afraid.



During the hard winter of 1856 the climate of Marbletown was tempered several degrees by the burning heat of a contest waged between the Baptists and the Methodists as to the exact meaning of the Greek word *baptizo*. Every Sunday the Baptist minister proved both in the morning and evening sermons, and also in the Sunday school exhortation to the children in the afternoon, that it meant "immerse," while the Methodist clergyman in *his* pulpit and Sunday school proved that the genuine translation was "to moisten," "to sprinkle," or "to pour." Members of the other denominations, and the Gentiles, complained that the village had been kept in a theological ferment for three months on a question of no importance; and in the early spring the combatants themselves called a truce. They said that as it was nearly time to elect the School Board, an opportunity was thereby offered for a treaty of peace that would reconcile the factions and allay religious inflammation. Therefore, they magnanimously proposed a "Non-Sectarian" ticket, to be divided fairly half-and-half between the Methodists and the Baptists. This amiable compromise left the Presbyterians, and the Unitarians, and the Nothingarians, and all the rest outside, but every man of them was permitted to vote for the "Non-Sectarian" ticket. Last night the Bar Association of Chicago held a meeting in behalf of a "Non-Partisan" judicial ticket, and the proceedings reminded me of the Marbletown comedy. A report was made appointing a "primary" for July 28th, at which "all members of the bar should be permitted to vote provided they divided up their candidates equally between the Democrats and the Republicans." Nobody is to be disfranchised by this arrangement, as the populists and the mugwumps, and the laborites, and all the others will be permitted to vote for a "Non-Partisan" ticket composed exclusively of partisans.

\* \* \*

The province of Kansas was born to trouble, and its early days were passed in turmoil, anarchy, and fighting. In that province was the miniature civil war that, like the small white cloud in the tropics, portended the tempest close at hand. The hope of Kansas lay in resistance, and its faith in guns. By the law of hereditary passion, the new generation, like the old one, appeals to arms, and authority unarmed is imbecile. Last winter, the rival political parties at the capitol argued the question with rifles in their hands, and by a brittle compromise a conflict was averted for the time. The Chaplain of the Senate, like a judge passing sentence of death, prayed thus: "May God have mercy on this treason-infected State, Amen"; and when asked, "Which party are you alluding at?" he replied, "The party that mobbed the militia." The Chaplain of the House, being of the opposite party, prayed the other way. Next winter the militia will mob the others, for the story is that the governor is now reorganising it on a "Populist" basis, the Republican battalions being "mustered out," and there is a great deal of hopeful promise in the appeal of the "official organ," which editorially says: "Have men who will obey orders, and who will have no qualms in riddling the carcasses of those who attempt to tear down a legally elected government." Now, as the other party will probably not have any qualms about "riddling the carcasses" of the militia, the prospect is good for some excitement immediately after harvest.

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I do not know whether there is any such thing as a chameleon or not; and if there is, I doubt his ability to change his complexion from one color to another, as necessity or policy may require. I think that only a political party or a partisan can do that, and do it in a moment, like the fabulous chameleon. I am trying to discover the true complexion of the parties on the Silver Question, but they baffle me by continually changing color. And the party platforms, too; they not only change their color, but their substance. In some places they are made of gold; in other places of silver; in others, again, of paper, or wool, or iron, or

wood, or leather. For instance, I find that the chameleon of the Democratic platform is white in Atlanta, and yellow in St. Louis; against the repeal of the Sherman Law in one locality, and for it in another. The *Atlanta Constitution* rhetorically and spasmodically says: "The contest is to be between bimetalism—the double standard of our organic law—and gold monometallism—the single standard of the foreign Shylocks. The time is ripe for such a contest. The people are ready for it. The Democratic party still lives, and its platform is not destroyed." That is very much in the style of the tin-clad warrior on the stage, when he shouts to his imaginary legions in the flies: "What, ho!—my braves. Forward!—and mount the castle-walls.—By my halidome, the time is ripe;—and we are all ready and eager for the fray"; but the *St. Louis Republic* thinks the Democratic platform is of a different color and remarks: "Instead of wasting time over the organisation of a contest in which the Sherman Act will be 'held as a hostage,' the Democrats will obey the Chicago platform and wipe out the law." Strange as it may seem, those contradictory papers are appealing to the same platform; their apparent opposition is not their fault, but is due entirely to the platform, which has the bewildering but valuable gift of changing color.

\* \* \*

Like a political magician, the *St. Louis Republic* provides whole rainbows of color for the service of the party and the platform in a time of danger. It says, the Democrats will "wipe out" the Sherman Law, "in order that they may uninterruptedly study the monetary condition of this and other countries, examine the relations between gold and silver, and present a policy of bimetallic coinage, supplemented with redeemable paper, which will satisfy the business intelligence of the people, and restore healthy activity to the distribution of products." If the chameleon, besides changing his color, could also talk, that is the sort of jargon he would use. It is a programme that will bear any interpretation and change with any climate. How much more "study" must the party give to the question in order to know something about "the monetary condition of this and other countries"? "How much fish," said an ambitious young man to his physician, "ought I to eat in order to strengthen my brain?" "Well," said the doctor, "you might begin with a couple of whales." How long does the *Republic* think it will take the Democratic party to "examine the relations between gold and silver"? About what time in the twentieth century will the party be ready to present "a policy of bimetallic coinage, supplemented with redeemable paper"? What sort of a "relation," "standard," "ratio," "parity," or whatever it is, will the party establish in order to "satisfy the business intelligence of the people and restore healthy activity to the distribution of products"? Those questions are not hard, for the "business intelligence of the people" is not great, and it can easily be satisfied. Give us a definite plan, before the color changes again.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### THOUGHT-CONCEPTION.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

After reading your Note as to the use by M. Noire of the term *Anschauung*,\* I should wish my Article† on the above subject to be taken as omitting the sentences referring to "ideal intuition." This does not, however, affect my argument, which, so far as it relates to Noire's theory, is that the perception based on sense-experience "was due to the activity of the intellect, which, and not the will, was the active principle in the origination of conception and lan-

\* *The Open Court* No. 302, p. 3694.

† *Ibid.* No. 301, p. 3682.

guage." It is necessary, however, to bear in mind the distinction between will and volition. The former may be regarded as the external expression of the latter, and as language is audible presentation, through an act of will, my view may not differ in this respect from that of Noiré. My chief point, however, is that the act of naming "did not spring from the action of the will in relation to the object, but in the perception of a quality possessed by the object, whether as the result of human activity, or of the activity of nature." It appears to me to be one of the chief merits of the English philosopher Lewes, that he insisted on the fact that what the psychologist calls an "object" is strictly a mental abstraction, and is thus to be distinguished from the external reality cognised through the feelings. Yours,

C. STANILAND WAKE.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

FROEBEL LETTERS. Edited with explanatory notes and additional matter by *Arnold H. Heinemann*. Boston: Lee & Shephard, 10 Milk st. 1893.

In this little book there are gathered together, without much pretense of orderly sequence, some new and interesting data connected with the life and teachings of Friedrich Froebel, the father of the Kindergarten. Fourteen letters from his correspondence with Col. Hermann von Arnswald, who, after having been his pupil, had in mature years become his confidential friend, constitute its central feature. But this is not all. These letters are furnished with copious notes, and several short chapters of biographical and pedagogic matter swell the volume to one hundred and eighty-two pages. Some interesting reminiscences of the second Frau Froebel—his best pupil as well as the companion of his later years and the continuator of his work,—are furnished by Marie Heinemann. A particularly interesting chapter is formed of passages marked in the books of his library, with accompanying annotations from his own hand.

Its publication was undertaken, it is stated, at the desire of Frau Froebel, in pursuance of her husband's often-repeated request, renewed upon his death-bed, to have his correspondence given to the world, "as in it he had expressed his ideas with greater clearness than in his works." On account of his involved and difficult style it was forty years before the lady could find any one to undertake the task of translating and editing them.

It cannot be said that the volume is a perfect compliance with the wish of the great educator. His letters to Von Arnswald are but a small fraction of his whole correspondence, and probably by no means the most valuable portion. Froebel's many disciples, and especially those of them who are professional Kindergartners, would doubtless give a warm welcome to a volume or series of volumes containing all of his extant letters, including those exceptionally important ones addressed to Dr. Mai and other fellow-educators, at least so far as they throw light upon his own character and teachings.

The book before us, although somewhat sketchy and desultory, will have to the student of the Kindergarten system the value of throwing a little additional light upon the spirit and aims of its founder, and upon his system, which, on account of the oft-lamented lack of a complete and authoritative handbook, such as had been planned by Froebel himself, must be gathered piecemeal from the numerous disconnected sources in which it is recorded. To the miscellaneous public, and the student of the higher aspects of human life, these glimpses of the inner and outer experience of the patient and heroic enthusiast enforce the moral that "obstacles and difficulties are the means by which Providence seeks to strengthen and elevate man" (p. 161).

M. M. S.

### NOTES.

Mr. Peirce in his article on the "Christian Faith" sets forth most vigorously his views of the policy of the churches and, in connection with his subject, speaks of "those who, in the passionate intensity of their religious desire, are talking of setting up a church for the scientifically educated." Should Mr. Peirce allude in this passage to the endeavors of *The Open Court*, we have to tell him that he misunderstands our enterprise. When we speak of the Religion of Science we do not mean to set up a church for the "scientifically educated." We only intend to make prominent a principle which must sooner or later be recognised in all the churches, viz., that religious truth rests upon the same basis as scientific truth, and that the same methods of inquiry must be applied in religion as in science. Mr. Peirce says: "He who would wash it [the grime upon the venerable pavement of the sacred edifice] must get down on his knees to his work inside the church." We have less confidence than he in the efficacy of genuflections. The work must be accomplished with reverend devotion but not by reverend devotion. It cannot be accomplished, inside or outside of the church, by piety, but by that spirit of scientific research alone, against which the churches have sinned so seriously.

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