

his intention he was very far from causing a sensation by his heresies ; he simply followed his conscience.

The editor of *The Open Court* has met Professor Pearson only once, and that many years ago when he was still in the odor of orthodoxy. He knows him to be the author of a thrilling epic in enthusiastic glorification of the Methodist faith, and has not seen him since he came before the public owing to the waning of his belief. It is quite sure, however, that in spite of his heretical attitude, Professor Pearson remains as religious and as devout as he ever was ; and it gives us pleasure to notice in a little periodical entitled *Good Will*, published by the Church of Good Will of Streator, a paragraph concerning the personality of Professor Pearson which seems to be a faithful description of the impression he naturally gives. It is as follows: "During the [Unitarian] conference, it was our pleasure to meet the gentle and modest man whose utterances provoked so furious a storm in the Methodist world lately. Never was so boisterous a tempest from so mild a source, we thought. Mr. Pearson is a simple, quiet, unobtrusive man ; retiring in manners, unaffected in demeanor, and with a Quaker-like simplicity of speech ; not in the least spectacular, assertive, or combative ; the last man one would pick out to do a sensational act or court newspaper notoriety. But he is direct, sincere, a lover of truth, and when the time came to speak plainly he could not deny himself the luxury of self-expression—and so became a victim of the wrath of men, perhaps equally honest, but not equally well informed, broad-minded, or sweet-spirited as himself. He has an idea that if a message of love and sacrifice were preached by a man who exemplified these virtues in his life, men would be drawn to it as they were in the time of Jesus. He talked about it sincerely and earnestly, but we shook our head. Egoism is too strong in the Western heart."

THE STORM.

BY CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

There was an awful majesty, in that wild fearful storm,
 And a dim and floating shroud was wrapped around old Tempest's form ;
 The thunder spoke a language dread, and mystical, and grand,
 Which shook the sky-crown'd mountain shrines, that circle prairie land.
 And lightning torches lit the sky, with fierce and blinding glare,
 Revealing shapes of dreadful form, in cloud-gloom, and the air ;
 The wind-king's hosts were on the hills, and aged moss-grown trees
 Were broken as a boy would break a reed across his knees ;
 A pall of blackness hid the stars in chill and ghostly gloom,
 While rain-drops fell upon the earth, like tears upon a tomb ;
 And all that long and cheerless night the tempest's wail and roar,
 Were a horrid dirge-like anthem to the dwellers on that shore.
 And when gleam and boom were wildest, in the battle of the storm,
 And gloomy clouds were wreathing into every ghostly form,
 Then I thought of human empire, and the struggles of the brave—
 For the sacred right to freedom, which have ended in the grave.
 And when the thick gloom parted, and starlight floated down,
 And moonbeams silvered broken clouds,—a smile upon a frown,
 Then I thought of Freedom's triumph, in the coming of that day,
 When the human race shall all be free from despotism's sway.