

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

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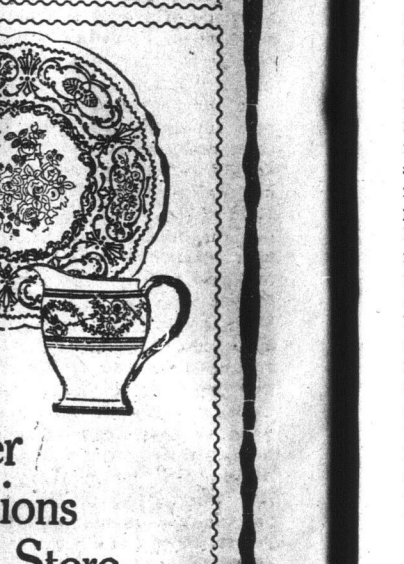
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"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

"Now we see through a glass darkly," said the Apostle Paul in writing to the Corinthians. The quotation is from that beautiful chapter in which he describes the attributes of Charity. It is preceded a few sentences back by the statement that "we know in part." It occurs to us that one of the reasons why religious teaching finds so little sympathy from active business men is to be found in the fact that so many religious teachers, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say teachers of religion, speak as they saw everything clearly and knew all that there is to be known. Paul, who next to Jesus Himself, is to be regarded as the greatest exponent of Christianity, to such an extent indeed, that some orthodox Christians speak of our religion as Pauline Christianity, did not claim to be an infallible teacher. Indeed his writings are rarely dogmatic and almost always argumentative. He appealed to the reasoning powers of his hearers, and in doing so sometimes made use of arguments which must be perceived as being in the meaning in order to make them applicable to our day. Some-times this leads preachers to read into Paul's epistles things that are not there. But there is no need of inquiring what he meant when he used the expression which forms the caption of this article, and if all teachers of religion would only recognize their limitations, as Paul recognized his, there would be less of what is wrongly called unbelief in the world.

In the very nature of things there are matters which are beyond the grasp of human intelligence. Eternity is one of them; boundless space is another; the absence of a beginning in time, and perhaps the most unthinkable of them all, for when we see that a thing is we may after a fashion think of it as always continuing to be, but we are absolutely powerless to grasp the idea that anything was without beginning. We can say the words, but that is all. When we speak of the spiritual world, by which we mean the arena of the forces which are not appreciable by physical science, we have to deal with something which we only understand in a very imperfect way and for the various phases of which we have as yet no vocabulary. Hence we are compelled to express the little we know about it in words applicable only to material things. Nevertheless there are hundreds of teachers, who will argue from the dictionary to establish the truth of their own particular conception of what is, according to Paul, and we submit according to the dictates of common sense, not capable of being fully understood. There are teachers to whom form of expression is of more value than manner of living and correctness of ritual more to be desired than correctness of conduct. Such people cannot comprehend that they may not only be seeing through a glass darkly, but that they may be absolutely blind to anything worth seeing at all.

If you read the life of Paul critically, not as so many pages of inspired writing, which it has come in some way to be your duty to peruse, but as the record of the career of a man, who was very much alive to things around about him, and who had enjoyed the privilege of a good education, you will see that his Christianity took the form of an experience of a new power. After his conversion he was not simply a man endeavoring to govern his life by new rules, but one filled with a new influence. This was the real thing, not his invective nor his arguments, nor his inactivity nor his efforts at explaining the unexplainable. He was like the blind man in the New Testament narrative, who did not pretend to know how he was cured, but was certain that, whereas he had been blind, he was able to see. It is very clear that Paul felt that he enjoyed a new spiritual vision. We do not mean that he dreamed that he saw things, as we in the case of the baskets that were let down from Heaven, but that he had present with him always a new insight into the relations of man to the Creator and to his fellows. And yet inspired as he was with this new power, as no one since his time appears to have been inspired, we find him saying that he knew only in part, that he was able to see only as through a glass darkly.

It seems to us that if the Church is ever to play the part, which it ought to in the regeneration of society, it must step down from its attitude of superiority. It must recognize that there are limits to the knowledge of priests and bishops, and that it does not follow that the majority of any number of ecclesiastical people must necessarily be the heads of the remainder. Humanity is waiting for salvation. We believe it is to be found in the teachings of Jesus, but these teachings have been so befogged with ecclesiastical dogma that the ordinary man is unable to distinguish what is Divine Truth from what is human guess work. The time has passed when men were content to accept what they were told to believe. They demand proof, not in the form of miracles, not in the form of arguments simply, but in the form of actual demonstration. Paul, as has been said, when he wrote about Charity, was writing about it. Charity, of its qualities, he says that we know only in part. Let those who would redeem society exhibit the qualities which characterize Charity, and they will do more to draw people within the influ-

ence of the church than if they wrote a whole library of books on theology, devised the most elaborate ritual, or able or preached the most logical sermons. Let our would-be teachers be content to allow us to remain in ignorance, seeing that no matter what they can do the ignorance must remain. Let them exhibit instead of logic and theory, the Christian graces. Let them show by their daily life that they have, like Paul, become vested with a new power, which controls their life for good, and they will find the world getting very close to the ideal which the Founder of Christianity would have it imitate.

And let us add, for we think it cannot be said too often, that the world is hungry for salvation as it never was before. When we look out upon society, and observe the poverty, sin, suffering, oppression, injustice and all the rest of the medley of mistakes and wickedness, which has bred so much unhappiness in the past and is so fraught with danger in the future, we must admit that salvation cannot be secured by argument, by pleasant tales, by attractive performances, by the formulation of creeds, by anything else in fact, except a regenerating force operating upon humanity. Is there such a force in the Christian religion, as taught by Christ Himself and experienced by Paul, although only in part and as though seen through a glass darkly? We believe there is, and that if we would only brush away the clouds of ecclesiastical speculation, "the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," would shine forth in all its splendor and illuminate the path of society through the wilderness of doubt and uncertainty that is before it, and which without its rays may prove to be a veritable Valley of the Shadow of Death.

COMMUNISM.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

From the time of our youth, when in sweet idleness we dreamed of great deeds awaiting us to do, and saw the future in visions as dazzlingly beautiful as they were impossible and unreal, we have conceived of a state of things in the world quite different from the existing conditions, a state of things that would mean equal work for everyone, equal riches for everyone, equal happiness for everyone; we have planned, in short, for a lovely Utopia, a Commune in the true sense of the word, where all things useful and good and beautiful should be held in common; where the banner of caste should be done away with; where there should be neither war nor rumor of war, and where, to one and all, old and young, wise and ignorant, the winds of heaven should come with the same fragrance, and the grass would unfold in the wide meadows for every eye to see. Then as we grew older and learned of the wilful joylessness of the hurrying world; of the pitiful poverty of the city's rich; of the self-inflicted blindness of those who see only through the medium of the light in the death-stricken, shadowy places, where there is neither God nor light, then indeed we knew that our Utopia was but a laud of visions, no more real than its name, "The Land of Nowhere."

But there have been others, and there must always be others whose belief in the godliness of men has carried, and will carry them, further than mere dreaming, men who have put their ideas of a Commune to a practical test. The name Utopia originated with Sir Thomas Moore, whose great political romance has fired the imagination of many who came after him. He describes Utopia as a beautiful island where abides a happy company, who, by virtue of its wise organization and legislation is free from all harassing cares, inordinate desires and the customary misery of mankind. "The chief and only business of the government," writes Sir Thomas, "is to take care that no man may live idle, but follow his trade diligently. They, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours appoint six for work, three of which are before dinner and three after; they then put at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep for eight hours, the rest of the time is left to man's discretion. It is far from being true that six hours is not sufficient for the labor that would supply them with all things, when you consider how great a part of other nations is quite idle. Consider the great company of idle priests and of those commonly called religious men, add to these all rich men who are called noblemen and gentlemen—and to these the strong and lusty beggars who go about pretending some disease as an excuse for begging; then consider how few of those that work are employed in labors that are of any real service, for we, who measure all things by money, give rise to many trades that are vain and superfluous. In Utopia even the heads of the government, though excused by the law, yet do not excuse themselves by work that by their example they may induce the industry of the rest of the people." This was the first law of the Commune; and the second in respect to property was that the common wealth should be more and statelier in substance than private wealth; that all private dwellings for lords and dukes and other uncommon people should be built very simply, even though, but that buildings for the common use, as hospitals, almshouses and workhouses, should be of a stately, beautiful character, and the interiors furnished with many luxuries for the poor and sick. The final law of Sir Thomas' Commune, relating to wealth, insisted that no private individual should be permitted to amass a large fortune, but that the common treasure of the nation should consist of all sorts of noble and beautiful things, pictures, statues, precious books, ancient gold and silver vessels, gold and silver bullion, horses, cattle and sheep on the public lands, and vast spaces in and about the city laid out in parks and planted in grass and flowers, for the benefit of everyone alike. In this way the Utopians had a national wealth instead of a national debt.

Ruskin, who planned for a limited sort of Commune in his St. George's society, wrote out three rules, for which he claimed no originality, well worth repeating and which, if everyone could read, learn and follow, would do a great deal towards making an ideal state of things possible. Of all the schemes for the amelioration of existing conditions, Ruskin's was without doubt the most practical, and if he had never written a word upon the subject, he would have become famous for his writings on political economy. The work done by St. Simon and Fourier lasted only as long as the lives of the men themselves. With Ruskin it was, and is quite different. During his life he was greatly disappointed with the lack of appreciation and co-operation which his schemes received. But the influence of his teachings is more powerfully felt now than it was during his lifetime, and while his writings along these lines have always been popular, their effect is felt today in influence far reaching and ever increasing, especially among the working classes, which he sought chiefly to impress, believing that with them lay the power of bettering the condition of society in general. His three rules of conduct are as follows:

First—"To do good work whether we live or die." And he enlarges upon it: "Mind your own business with your absolute heart and soul; but see that it is a good business first. You are to be literally employed in cultivating the ground, and making useful things and carrying them where they are wanted."

Second—"Seek to avenge no injury."

Third—"Learn to obey good laws."

And he continues: "In a little while you will reach the better learning—how to obey good men; who are living, breathing unblinded law; and to subdue base and disloyal ones, recognizing in these the light, and ruling over those in the power of the Lord of Light and Peace, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion and whose kingdom from generation to generation."

Very likely many of us recognize in Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia the very words we have pictured to ourselves as what we would help to make in a day future. Probably Ruskin's three rules of conduct are very similar to those which in an instinctive sort of way we are endeavoring ourselves to follow, not because someone has told us to do so, but because our experience has shown us the wisdom of such laws. Based as some of us are, thoughtless as everyone is, we have all, at some time or other, been altruistic enough to plan for the betterment of the whole of mankind. We may have forgotten these hopes and dreams, or we may be hoping and dreaming them still, but surely the very fact that we have all thought and felt for each other, even to this extent, proves that a true Commune is not as impossible as many of us believe, and when such an ideal state of society is established we might fitly term the realm in which the happy conditions exist, not "Utopia" but "Eutopia," the Land Where All is Well.

BOADICEA.

Our information concerning the inhabitants of Britain in the days before the Roman occupation is very vague and limited. Herodotus, who lived four hundred and fifty years before Christ, knew there were islands in the Atlantic which produced tin, and it is very probable that the Phoenicians, of whose commercial enterprise we learned something in considering the history of Dido, undoubtedly made voyages to Cornwall. Aristotle knew the names of the islands, for he speaks of them as "Britannia," and says they consist of Albion and Ierne. After Aristotle no writer, as far as is known, mentions them for over three hundred years, or until Caesar invaded the country and wrote an account of his observations. It is nineteen hundred and seventy-two years this month since this great Roman set out from Gaul to punish the Britons for having given assistance to the continental tribes, with whom he was at war. He met with very little resistance, but when, during the following year he returned with a larger force, intent upon the conquest of the country, he was stoutly resisted by Cassivellaunus, whom he defeated. Caesar then returned to Rome and Britain was left to itself for nearly a hundred years.

In A. D. 43 Rome determined to complete the work that Caesar had begun. Once more the Britons strenuously resisted. For nine years Caractacus, or Caradocius as the Romans called him, struggled for liberty, but was at last overcome and taken in triumph to Rome. Yet the spirit of the people was not dead, and ten years later Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, a tribe inhabiting the present counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, determined to drive out the invaders. The people rallied to her standard and she captured the Roman stronghold of Camulodunum, now Colchester, as well as other cities. Tacitus says that she slew upwards of 70,000 Romans, apparently not all of them in battle, for the fury of the Britons had been aroused by the merciless treatment extended to them by their conquerors. Boadicea herself had been scourged by the command of the Roman governor, her daughters had been shamelessly abused and many of the most eminent people in the country had been reduced to the condition of slavery. The queen's successes so encouraged the people that it is said her army increased in numbers to 200,000, but it must have been for the most part in undisciplined battle, for eventually she was able to defeat it with a force of only 10,000 trained soldiers, and it is said that he slew 80,000 Britons, while only losing 400 of his own men. Boadicea was too patriotic to survive the destruction of her hopes and too proud to be willing to be led in triumph through Rome, and ended all her troubles by suicide.

Substantially, this is all we know of this noble woman. We have only a very indefinite idea of the character of the people over whom she ruled, or the advances they had made in civilization. The Roman accounts are very indefinite. To Rome all the rest of the world was barbarian, a term which did not necessarily imply that it was sunk in what we nowadays call barbarism. Indeed, all that the term barbarian originally meant was foreigner. The Romans despised foreigners, judging them chiefly by their ability to fight. Caesar was the best observer of his time, and yet what he tells about Britain is exceedingly scrappy and far from giving any idea of the social or religious development which its population had attained. We seem warranted in concluding from what he does say, and from the issue of the conflicts with the Roman soldiers, that the people over whom Boadicea ruled were by no means wild. Probably their pursuits were chiefly pastoral, although we know they built cities and worked in iron and tin. The weight of evidence is that the country was divided between a number of independent tribes, but even this has never been satisfactorily established. Of their religion we know very little, and that little only inferentially from what Caesar says about the Druids in Gaul. He tells us that Druids gave ceremonies and beliefs originated in Britain, and that the priests of Gaul went there for instruction; but he does not tell us what the religious belief of the people was. The best evidence indicates that they were sun worshippers, although doubtless they had departed a long way from the conception of the sun-god as entertained by the Persians. The Druid priests were the virtual rulers of the country, for they not only controlled the religious ceremonies, but also took full charge of the education of the young, as well as of the administration of justice. Caesar records one item of their religious belief which is exceedingly interesting. It is that the soul is immortal and is transmigrated from one person to another. This, he says, is an inspiration to courage, for it takes away all reason to fear death.

Owing to the ideas entertained by the Druids that it was impious to reduce any record to writing we cannot hope to know much more about the people over whom Boadicea was queen than we do now, but it is an interesting fact in our history that the last great struggle for British independence was made by a woman. We saw in our sketch of Zenobia that the final resistance to Roman supremacy in western Asia was led by a woman, and it seems worthy of remark that the same thing was true of western Europe. The closing years of those two great queens were very different. Zenobia, after marching behind her conqueror's chariot through the streets of Rome, retired to the enjoyment of an honored life in a sumptuous villa, but Boadicea refused to survive her country's liberty. Of the two our sympathies will go out most strongly to the devoted woman of the west. We assign Boadicea the honor of being the last and best representative of the spirit of ancient Britain.

A knowledge of the art of drawing is sometimes very useful. A well-known caricaturist had done himself very well at a dance, and was being praised by some friends, none of whom knew where he lived, and he himself was more or less speechless. At last, however, he managed to extricate a pencil and a sheet of paper from his pocket, and drew a sketch, which, when finished, he handed out of the cab. The drawing was a clear picture of a well-known church steeply in Langham place. They all recognized it, and, with shrieks of laughter, handed it to the cabman, who remarked, "All right, know it—Langham street," and drove off.—Illustrated Tit-Bits.

THE STORY TELLER

The Marble Arch

Cardinal Manning by some was looked upon as the living type of all that is noble and august in the "Marble Arch." He was his playful sobriquet when the archiepiscopal burden had been placed upon him. And when he appeared in the sanctuary at Moore's fields on the day of the consecration his natural paleness and diaphanous thinness increased and emphasized by the long fast of the previous day, made one of the spectators declare that he looked exactly as did Lazarus on his resurrection from the tomb. This corpse-like appearance prompted an old Irish woman in the crowded church to ejaculate for the new archbishop to hear: "What a pity to go through a deal of trouble for the sake of three weeks' rest. I think I have more to me than that," remarked Manning afterwards. "I expect to last some fifteen years yet."

As a fact his episcopate, filled to the brim and pressed down with hard work, covered considerably more than a quarter of a century.—Toronto News.

Some Americanisms

A New York business house allows its sporting man to write its foreign business letters, and to a house in China, with which it does business, he wrote this extraordinary composition:

"Do not let Messrs. hand you a lemon in this deal. If they try it on pitch one for fair right over the plate to Mr. and if he fizzes, cable for a solar plexus."

The house that received this idiotic communication wrote back: "Will you kindly send in a modern dictionary of the American language as we are unable to understand some of the phrases in your letters."—St. Catharines Star-Journal.

Mutual Recognition

A lawyer who lives in Illinois wrote a book which his publishers, in order to give him an exact idea of how it would look, made up into a dummy with the regular law books and placed themselves at the chance steps.

"The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question 'Will you have the woman to be thy wedded wife?' Whereupon the supposed bridegroom stammered blushing: 'Please sir, I'm not the right man.' Not the right man," exclaimed the clergyman, adamant. "Then where is the right man?"

"He's down at the bottom of the church," he said, "and he's ashamed to come up."—Church Family Newspaper.

Overheard in New York

Two young Irish girls, one of whom had apparently "only landed," were walking through West Fifty-third street the other day and the following scrap of their conversation was overheard by a woman who was close behind them. In front of the Catholic church of St. Benedict the Moor the girls paused to read the name, and then glanced upward at the large figure of the saint which adorned the front of the structure.

"Why, Mary," exclaimed the "greenhorn," clutching excitedly at her companion's sleeve, "it looks like a black man!"

"Sure," responded Mary, composedly, "that's a church for colored people."

"A black saint!" repeated the other, half under her breath. "Well, and how many more queer things will I hear of in this country? I'd like to know!"—New York Times.

Precautions Against Temptation

Little Tommy had been forbidden to swim in the river owing to the danger. One day he came home with an unmistakable sign of having been in the water. His mother scolded him severely.

"But I was tempted so badly, mother," said Tommy.

"That all very well. But how'd you come to have your bathing suit with you?" Tommy paused and then said: "Well, mother, I took my bathing suit with me, thinking I might be tempted."—Punch.

A Speaking Acquaintance

"Who is your friend yonder?"

"You mean that old dodger who looks as though he thought he knew more than the president of the United States, the supreme court and all of the senators?"

"Not being a mind reader I cannot say as to that."

"That miserably looking individual who has his hands in his pockets as though he were afraid somebody might get a dollar away from him?"

"That man with his hands in his pockets. I don't know about the rest."

"He's no friend of mine."

"But I saw you talking to him."

"Sure, he's my father-in-law."

The Conductor's Solution

On an electric car in Boston one day recently a new conductor was making his first trip. A man seated in one corner of the car noticed that a fare had been skipped. He motioned the conductor to him and said: "These are fifteen persons on this car, and you have only taken fourteen fares. What will you do now?" The new man looked along the car, scratched his head and then answered: "One of them will have to get off."—Springfield Republican.

Her Disease

One day Marjorie, aged three, wanted to play doctor with her sister. Marjorie was the "doctor," and she came to make a call on her sister. She made believe she was sick. "Do you want to know what you've got?" the doctor asked after a critical examination.

"Yes," faintly assented the sick woman.

"You've got dirty hands," said Marjorie, dropping in disgust the wrist on which she had been feeling the pulse.

—Buffalo Commercial.

An Early Joke

A recent graduate from Harvard was given a confidential clerkship in the office of the president of a huge railway system.

The young aspirant was not told at what hour he should report, so the first morning he appeared in the office of the chief at 9 o'clock. He found the president hard at work. Nothing was said of the clerk's tardiness.

On the second attempt the clerk presented himself at 8:30, only to find that the president was there ahead of him, working hard.

The third day the young man went at 8 o'clock with the same result.

CURRENT VERSE

This Is Another Day

I am mine own priest, and I shrieve myself
Of all my wasted yesterdays. Though sin
And sloth and foolishness, and all ill
Of error, evil and neglect grow rank
And my there, I dare forgive myself
That error, sin, and sloth and foolishness
God knows that yesterday I played the fool;
God knows that yesterday I played the knave;
But shall I therefore cloud this new dawn over
With fog of futile sighs and vain regrets?

This is another day! And dashed Hope
Takes down the sunward slopes with golden shoon.
This is another day; and its young strength
Is laid upon the quivering hills until,
Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick
With song.
This is another day, and the bold world
Leaps and leaps its light, and
Promethues up and wrenched the fire from Zeus.
This is another day—are its eyes blurred
With "haudlin grief for any wasted past?
A thousand thousand failures shall not daunt!
Let dust clasp dust; death, death—I am old out of all the dust and death of mine
And I dare to lift a singing heart
And living faith; my spirit dares drink
Of the red mantling earth
Of the red mirth mantling in the cup of morn.
—Don Marquis, in Scribner's.

In the Twilight

When the children come home in the twilight, come home from the field and the street,
Come home from the paths that have tempted the recklessly brave little feet.
Come home from the sun and the shadow, come home with their laughter or tears,
They find in the home place a balm for all their frets and their fears.

The lamp-light gives all of them welcome, and one will be turned from the door;
Their footsteps make merriest music as softly they trip on the floor.
And sheltering arms creep round them and fingers of love drive away
The stains of the tears and the frowns, that somehow have come with the day.

And all of the children—they know it, they know that when twilight has come,
With stars creeping out through the haze, when all of the bees hush their hum,
When over the hills and the valleys each bird returns home to its nest, they find in the home place a balm for all their frets and their fears.

And some have been given to mischief and some have been given to truant and wrong
And some have been gentle and kind and cheery, with laughter and song, but they that were bad are forgiven, for they that were good given praise.
And all are rejoiced when they gather at home through their devious ways.

I wonder and wonder and wonder if we with our codes and our creeds and our words and our judgments of words and of dreams and of deeds
Will find when we come in the twilight, a weary of life and its way,
That it come as good and kind children creep home at the end of the day.
—Chicago Post.

The Ballad of the Angel

"Who is it knocking in the night,
That faint voice would enter in?
The ghost of Lost Delight am I,
The sin you would not sin.
Who comes to look in your two eyes
And see what might have been."

"Oh, long ago and long ago
I saw you forth," he said,
"For that your eyes were all too blue
For your laughing mouth too red.
And my torn soul was tangled in
The tresses of your head."

"Now mind you with what bitter words
You cast me forth from you?
I bade you back to that fair hall
From whence your breath you drew,
And with great blows I broke my heart
Lest it might follow, too."

"Yes, from the grasp of your white hands
I freed my hands that day,
And have not I climbed near to God
As these His henchmen may?
Ah, man, ah, man, 'twas my two hands
That led you all the way."

"I hid my eyes from your two eyes
That they might see aright.
Yet think you 'twas a star that led
You to my door that night?
It was the flame of my two eyes
That drew you through the night."

With trembling hands he threw the door
Then fell upon his knees,
"Ah, armed vision cloaked in light,
Why do you honor me?
The Angel of your Strength am I,
Who was your sin," quoth she.

"For that you slew me long ago
My hands have raised you up,
For that you closed my eyes—my eyes
Are lights to lead you by,
And my touch shall swing the gates
Of Heaven when you die!"
—Theodore Garrison, in the Smart Set.

The Festival

I like not Winter with his ghostly laughs,
His icy fingers clutching at my throat,
He stands before me in my path, defies
Me in my purposes, and stands to
At my discomfiture. He lays me low,
I like not Winter with his arms of snow.

I like not Spring, her rule of rain and
sleet;
Her hissing mutters from the thunder cloud;
The flashing of her angry eye, I loath
The belabored winds, their whistles shrill and loud,
Let those who love her sing her endless praise.
I like not Spring with all her romping ways.

I like not Summer. In her arms she
bears
The curse of Eden to destroy all life,
The flames of fever as a garment wears,
And in her trail is every illness rife.
A foe to beauty and its every trace,
I like not Summer and her burning face.

I like not Autumn, fickle-hearted jade,
A yearly symbol of returning Death.
Hers to seek out what Summer may
have left
And blight it surely with her poisoned breath.
She stirs the laws of nature into strife,
I like not Autumn, and I like not Life.
—Josephine Page Wright, in the Bohemian.