

be bandaged, mummified, like some dead thing. No creed, no confession, no "Body of Divinity" can fully express it. "All of the Deity which any human book can hold is to this larger Deity of the working battery of the universe only as the films in a book of gold-leaf are to the broad seams and curdled lumps of ore that lie in un-sunned mines and virgin places."

Thus believing, he had no sympathy with what Lowell called Bibliolatry, or book-worship, or, to use his own expression, *Epeolatry*, or word-worship. Never irreverent, he prostrated himself not before the human, but before the divine. At that shrine none bowed more lowly than he.

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely cell,
Not from the conclave where the holy men
Glare on each other as, with angry eyes,
They battle for God's glory and their own,
Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands
Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn,—
Ah, not from these the listening soul can

hear

The Father's voice that speaks itself divine!
Love must be still our Master; till we learn
What He can teach us of a woman's heart,
We know not His, whose love embraces all.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." So wrote the beloved disciple to whom the Crucified committed the keeping of the "blessed among women," on whose loving bosom the gift of a love divine had erstwhile nestled, the only human resting-place fit for such a gift.

"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in Him." So wrote the same beloved disciple. So believed he of whom we have written, and who made the dwelling-place of which the Apostle wrote his own during a long earth-life. And because he did this, although from the windows of that dwelling he saw some things not altogether as we see them, we say of him and to him as he said of and to Benjamin Pierce, the departed astronomer:

No more his tireless thought explores
The azure sea with golden shores;
Rest, wearied frame! the stars shall keep
A loving watch where thou shalt sleep.

Farewell! the spirit needs must rise,
So long a tenant of the skies,—
Rise to that home all worlds above
Whose sun is God, whose light is love.

The Christian and the Ballot-Box.

APPROACHING State and municipal elections call for the most strenuous efforts on the part of all true citizens to secure the success of those who truly represent the supreme interests of the people. Occasionally one among the many is able to make his political power felt most forcibly in some other function than that of a voter. So Dr. Parkhurst, as president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime; so, too, John W. Goff, in his conduct of the examination into the scandals of the metropolitan police force, before the Lexow Committee. But the average citizen impresses his individuality upon the State more strongly at the ballot-box than anywhere else.

"His individuality," we say. For the ballot-box is expressive not simply of choice, but of the character behind the choice. Ever over against it stands a balance in which is weighed the man who casts the ballot. To vote for a candidate known to be unworthy is to declare one's self unworthy to exercise the prerogative of the voter. To exalt the party and its interest above the city or State and its good, is to forfeit, morally, the right of franchise. Patriotism is a grace second only to godliness; but partisanship may be a disgrace second only to devilishness. Especially true is this, if a given party supports in its platform a plank that gives encouragement to immorality, or countenances in its policy any form of public evil. The dictum of a well-known ex-United States Senator that the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in politics was answered a few years ago with his retirement. His constituents doubtless felt that such an assertion was too much of the nature of a self-arraignment. The men needed for all our offices are men to whom righteousness, temperance, and judgment are obligations which they feel called upon to fulfil—not men who, like Felix, tremble, self-convicted, when these are urged upon them. A candidate for office should be as white in principle and in practice as his title indicates or suggests that he is.